













Court And Lady's Magazine

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# COURT AND LADY'S MAGAZINE,

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UNITED SERIES, VOLUME III.



## A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,  
DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c. &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

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### MEMOIR OF EURIANT DE NEVERS, DUCHESS OF BURGUNDY,

SECOND WIFE TO PHILIP, THE GOOD, BY WHOM WAS INSTITUTED THE  
ORDER OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE,

*Illustrated by a whole length Portrait, splendidly coloured from the original Miniature in the  
Armorial of Gaigneres. No. 71 of the Historical Series of full length authentic ancient Portraits.*

THE Countess of Nevers is attired in a fashion of the same kind as that of Marguerite of Flanders.\* The high Syrian cap is of lilac silk and shoots up behind as a termination to the modest coil and wimple of white lawn. Many folds of a transparent gauze veil are arranged on this lofty top-gallant, and fall with some elegance from its pinnacle to half the stature of the

wearer. The dress is a trained gown of scarlet velvet which falls on the ground before; it is reversed in the corsage with a small cape of ermine. The sleeves are tight, and terminate with ruffles which nearly cover the hand. The waist is short, belted with a light green ribbon brocaded with gold. She wears on her neck a heavy chain of wrought gold. Her train is edged with ermine.

The motives which led the celebrated Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, to espouse the widow of his uncle, the Count of Nevers, have never been defined by the writers of his life and times. No modern author even mentions his second wife, nor deigns to declare who she was, nor how he came by her; how he lost her is still a question and a mystery. Enguerrand de Monstrelet, a brave knight of the household and court of Philip, who was afterwards the chronicler of the Burgundian history

during the reign of his father, Duke John, surnamed Sans Peur, and his own, gives us, however, some information regarding this strange union.

Euriant de Brienne was sister to the Count d'Eu, whose family was a younger branch of the blood-royal of France. She was renowned for her beauty and piety, and was bestowed in early life in marriage on the Count de Nevers, a younger brother of John, Duke of Burgundy, by whom she had two sons. While the duke harassed his country by murderous factions, the Count de Nevers stood firm to his king, and with

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\* See this Portrait and Memoir; October, 1837.  
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his wife's brother, the brave Count d'Eu, fought stoutly at Agincourt. The brother of Euriant was made prisoner by Henry V., but her lord was left breathless on that red battle-field. The husband of Euriant is consigned to immortality in the gallant muster-roll of the dead at Agincourt, in Shakspeare's tragedy of Henry V., which proves the finest requiem to these unfortunate defenders of their country.

KING HENRY.

"This note doth tell me of ten thousand French

Slain in the field; of princes in this number  
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead  
One hundred twenty-six; added to these  
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,  
Eight thousand and four hundred, of the  
which.

Five hundred were but yesterday dubbed  
knights.

The names of those their nobles that lie dead,  
Charles de la Bret, high Constable of France;  
Jacques de Chatillon, Admiral of France;  
The Master of the Cross-bows, Lord Raia-  
bures;

Grand Master of France, the brave Sir Gui-  
chard Dauphin.

John, Duke of Alençon; Anthony, Duke of  
Brabant;

And—

*The Brother of the Duke of Burgundy.*

Here was a royal fellowship in death!"

This brother of the Duke of Burgundy was none other than the husband of our Countess Euriant, the uncle of her next spouse Philip, Duke of Burgundy.

We can give our readers no account of the reasons that induced the beautiful widow to bestow her hand in marriage on her husband's nephew. We can only relate the fact that she actually did so, as detailed in the chronicles of Burgundy, written by her husband's officer, Sir Enguerrand de Monstrelet.

The Duke of Burgundy was still the firm ally of the English when this marriage took place, and on the most intimate terms with his friend and brother-in-law, the Duke of Bedford, the great Regent of France for Henry VI.—Charles VII. was the king of a small corner of the South of France, and was called in derision the King of Berri; he had not yet deserved the surname of Charles the Victorious, and while Burgundy and Bedford were in alliance, small was his chance to his rightful sovereignty. Without any previous intimation of such an alliance being in

agitation, the knightly chronicler of Burgundy declares that about the year 1427—

"The Dukes of Burgundy and Bedford tilted at a tournament given at the marriage feast of Jouvilles, when that lord wedded the Damsel of Rochebaron. And when this high feast was over, the Duke of Burgundy returned from Paris to Chalons where he united himself in marriage, by an apostolic dispensation, with the wife of his own uncle, the Count de Nevers, who had been slain at Agincourt. This lady was much renowned for her beauty and pious life."

Some days after the marriage of the Duke of Burgundy with the fair widow of Nevers, Philip quitted his bride and went to Maçon, where her near relative, Charles, Count of Clermont, grandson to the Dauphiness of Auvergne,\* came to propose marriage with Agnes, half-sister to the Duke of Burgundy. However obscure in history may be the marriage of Euriant with the Duke of Burgundy, its results were most important to her country, for, from the moment she gave her hand to her nephew, his heart was weaned from the side of the English, and he soon allied himself to the loyal party of France, among whom the brother of Euriant and the Count of Clermont stood foremost, and her influence finally led the way to the restoration of the French monarchy.

There is not, as far as we are aware, the slightest memorial existing of the death of Euriant, Duchess of Burgundy; the only intimation that such an event had taken place, is the fact that Philip the Good married his third wife, the Princess of Portugal, the year after he instituted the Order of the Golden Fleece in 1430. Three years, therefore, is the utmost extent of his union with his aunt-wife, Euriant of Nevers; and it seems more probable that she resigned her place by divorce than by death, since her demise is not mentioned by the chronicler of her husband's reign, as notwithstanding the dispensation of the Pope, it was a marriage rather scandalous in the eyes of the Burgundians. Euriant had no children by the Duke of Burgundy; her eldest son, by his uncle, succeeded to the domain of Nevers.

\* See her beautiful Portrait; November, 1838.

## THE SUBTERRANEAN JOUST.

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THESE matters settled, the Burgundians and the English forces went to besiege Melun; but that city opposed to them a sturdy resistance. It was possessed by a band of brave and chivalrous Frenchmen, under the command of the Seigneur Barbazan, one of the most renowned knights of that age.

Under his banner served also Messire Pierre de Bourbon, the Seigneur de Preaux, and a man of inferior degree, named Bourgeois, who achieved wonders during the siege. The King, Henry V. of England, and the Duke of Burgundy, seeing that it would be impossible for them to carry the town by a *coup de main*, determined regularly to invest it. The former went with his two brothers, and the Duke of Bavaria, on the side towards Gatinais and there took up his quarters. The latter, accompanied by Lord Huntingdon and several other English commanders, pitched his tents on the side nearest the town of Brie. By means of a bridge of boats a communication was established between the two armies then in position on the opposite banks of the river.

The respective encampments were then fenced with stakes and ditches; the entrances and sally ports being duly secured by strong barriers. During these operations, the King and Queen of France with the Queen of England left Troyes, and held their court in the town of Corbeil.

The siege continued four months and a half, without any material advantage being gained by the besiegers, although the Duke of Burgundy had taken a very strong bulwark raised by the Dauphinois on the outworks of their ditch, from the top of which their cannon and bombards had done much mischief to his army. The King of England in the meantime was busily engaged in projecting a mine which was to reach the interior of the town.

During the progress of this labour many scenes and incidents occurred, so full of the peculiar and characteristic spirit of the epoch, that we might be almost pardoned, were we to enter at large into a detail.

At the moment when the subter-

anean passage approached hard by the crumbling wall, Juvénal des Ursins,\* son of the parliamentary advocate of that name, in command of that part of the rampart beneath which the mine was passing, imagined that he heard some noise. He caused a drum and a vessel of water to be brought him. The drum sounded dully, and the water trembled; perceiving which, he no longer remained in doubt: he summoned his pioneers, and ordered them to commence a counter-mine in the direction of the English army. He himself sedulously superintended the operation with a long axe in his hand, when the Sire de Barbazan, his commander, by chance passed thitherward. The old knight, who loved Juvénal like his own son, examined his long axe, and shaking his head, "Comrade," said he, "thou know'st not yet what a rencontre in a mine is; there's need of a shorter staff than that same to come hand to hand." Then drawing his sword and cutting the handle of the axe to a convenient length: "Place thyself on thy knees," said he to Juvénal. The latter obeyed, and then he gave him the accolade. "And now," added he, raising him up, "do thy devoir like a brave and loyal knight."

After two hours of hard labour the French and English pioneers were only separated from each other by the thickness of an ordinary wall. In an instant that intervening space was broken through; the workmen of both parties withdrew themselves, and the men-at-arms who relieved them began to charge somewhat disorderly in that narrow and gloomy passage, in which it was scarcely practicable to march four abreast. Then it was that Juvénal recognised the truth of what Barbazan had told him; the short-handled axe wrought such marvellous deeds that the English were compelled to retreat. The newly-dubbed knight gained his spurs.

An hour afterwards the English returned in force, carrying before them a strong oaken barrier which they fixed

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\* See the Portrait and Memoir of Mademoiselle des Ursins.

crosswise in the centre of the mine, and so blocked up the passage against the Dauphinois. In the midst of this operation a reinforcement arrived from the town, and there was a great splintering of lances during the entire night. Such a novel mode of combat presented this singularity, that it was possible to wound and kill one another, but not to make prisoners; each assailant fighting on his own side of the barrier.

The next day an English herald-at-arms, preceded by a trumpet, presented himself before the ramparts of the town; he was the bearer of a challenge on the part of an English knight who desired to remain unknown; he offered to run a course on horseback with any Dauphinois knight of good family, in which each adversary should break two lances; then, if neither one nor other were wounded, to combat on foot, either with axe or sword; the English knight choosing the subterranean passage for lists, and leaving to the Dauphinois knight, accepting the challenge, his choice of day and hour.

When the herald had made his proclamation, he proceeded to nail on the barbican nearest to him his master's gauntlet as a gage of combat and token of defiance.

The Sire de Barbazan who, with a concourse of soldiers had mounted upon the battlements, thereupon flung down his glove from the top of the rampart, in proof that he took the challenge of the English knight upon himself; he then ordered a squire to go and pluck away the glove which the herald had affixed to the town-gate. The squire did his master's bidding.

Many were of opinion that it was not a wise act for the commander of so important a place thus to hazard himself in idle combat. But the Sire de Barbazan recalled to his mind the famous joust of 1402, in which he, the sixth apparitor, had conquered the same number of English knights; he felt that it was the same blood that now stirred up his soul; and his arm, although aged, had not yet lost aught of its wonted strength; he therefore let them prattle on as they listed, preparing himself for the morrow's combat.

During the night they levelled and excavated the passage to a greater

height, in order that no obstacle might present itself to the horses in career; niches were hollowed out on each side of the barrier, wherein to station the trumpeters whose office it would be to give the signal of attack, and torches were stuck along the walls to afford light to the combatants.

On the morrow, at eight o'clock in the morning, the adversaries presented themselves at each extremity of the mine, each followed by a trumpeter, and a great multitude besides, who had quitted the town and the camp to accompany them. The clarion of the English knight was the first to sound, in token that the challenge came from its master. The other answered it, and when it had finished, the four trumpets of the subterranean lists, in their turn, made themselves heard.

The last tones of the latter had scarcely died away beneath the low vaulted passages, ere the knights placed their lances in the rests.

They saw one another coming on in the distance, like two spectres about to meet in some narrow avenue of hell. The heavy gallop of their horses, however, the ringing of their armour filling the place with stunning noise, until the whole vault rang again, proved that both men and horses had nothing unearthly about them.

As the two combatants were unable to calculate the exact distance it was necessary to take for their course, it happened that the Sire de Barbazan, whether that he had a swifter horse, or that the distance was shorter on his side, arrived first at the barrier. He immediately perceived the disadvantage of his position, which compelled him to receive, whilst stationary, the thrust of his adversary augmented by the entire force of his horse in full career. The English knight came on like a thunderbolt: Barbazan had only time to unhook his lance from its rest, and fixing himself firmly in his saddle and stirrups to set it against his breast as before a wall of iron: this manœuvre transferred the advantage to his side. His adversary in his turn received the shock instead of giving it; he saw but too late that skilful shift. Borne onwards by his horse he came full-breasted on Barbazan's lance, which bent like a bow, and

snapped in twain like a wand. The English knight, whose lance fixed in its rest found itself too short and did not even reach his adversary, was, meanwhile, almost overthrown by the shock : his head-piece struck the crupper of his horse, which recoiled three paces backwards, thrown staggering upon its haunches.

When the unknown recovered himself, the lance-head of his adversary was seen to be planted firmly in his breast-plate. The steel had passed clean through the cuirass, and was only stopped by its encountering the coat of mail which the English knight had fortunately worn beneath his armour. As for Barbazan, he had not stirred a step, and appeared like a bronze statue rivetted upon its marble pedestal.

The two knights turned bridle, and regained the entrances of the subterranean passage. Barbazan took a fresh lance still stronger than the first ; the trumpets sounded a second time.

Those at the barriers answered them, and the two knights plunged anew beneath the underground vault, followed this time by a great crowd of English and French ; for, as we have before said, this pass was to be the last, and the combat was to be continued with the battle-axe, so that there was nothing to hinder the spectators from penetrating into the subterranean lists.

The distance had been so well calculated at this second pass, that the two combatants encountered each other in mid-career. This time, the lance of the unknown knight striking upon the left side of Barbazan's cuirass, and gliding over its polished surface, (leaving a deep furrow it had raised as a shell), the iron-articulated shoulder-piece penetrated an inch deep into the upper part of his arm. As for Barbazan's lance, it came in such direct and rude contact with the centre of his adversary's shield, that the violence of the shock broke his horse's girths, and the knight, too heavily armed to leap from his seat, went rolling full ten paces, carried along with the high and cumbersome saddle in which he was wedged ; the horse, however, thus embarrassed of his rider, kept firm upon his legs.

As soon as Barbazan could place foot to the ground, the unknown knight had

raised himself in readiness to assail him. Each snatched a battle-axe from the hands of his squire, and the combat was re-commenced with greater fury than ever.

Mutually they displayed a prudence in attack and defence which proved the advantageous opinions each had conceived of his adversary's prowess. It was truly marvellous to behold their heavy axes turning in their hands with the rapidity of lightning, yet falling upon their shields like the clanging hammers of a stithy-anvil, and like them striking forth a cloud of sparks. These men stooping their bodies from time to time in order to get a wider range, seemed like butchers at work ; each blow would have felled an ox, and yet, nevertheless, they had each of them sustained twenty such, and still remained standing.

At last, Barbazan wearied with this giant-like struggle, was desirous of finishing it at one blow ; he flung away his shield, which prevented him from using his left arm, already enfeebled by his wound ; he then placed his foot upon a cross-piece of the barrier, the axe, twirled with both his hands, whistled like a sling, and, traversing that side of the shield beneath which his adversary thought to cover himself, came battering down with fearful crash upon the crest of the unknown knight's helmet, gliding over the round skull-cap and meeting, as a salient point, the right hinge of his vizor, shivering it like glass, and stayed only by the *paul-dron*.

The vizor, now being upheld only on one side, hung partly open, and Barbazan, to his consternation, recognized in the unknown knight with whom he had so stoutly fought, Henry of Lancaster, King of England.

The veteran knight thereupon respectfully made two steps backwards, let fall his battle axe, unfastened his helmet, and owned himself vanquished.

The courtesy with which this avowal was made was not lost upon Henry ; he took off his gauntlet and extended his hand to the old knight.

"From this day henceforward," said he, "we are brethren in arms ; remember thee of it upon occasion, Sir Guilhem de Barbazan ; as for myself, there

is small danger of my forgetting the vigorous blows you have this day dealt me."

Such fraternity was too honourable for Barbazan to refuse; three months later, it saved his life.

Thus ended between those two ad-

versaries, without decided advantage on either part, that singular subterranean joust of which history perhaps offers not a second example, and which, during eight days, was courteously continued by the knights and squires of the two armies.

## CHRISTMAS EVE; OR, THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

BY COUNT DE WERDINSKY.

The wind blows chill, the night is dark,  
The snow is whirling round  
In drifted heaps; and yet, hark! hark!  
I hear some soothing sound.

It is the aged harper's song,  
It is his plaintive strain  
Unheeded by yon glittering throng,  
To whom he sings in vain.

Oh! haste, my child, invite the bard  
To share our Christmas mirth,  
For he above will sure reward  
The good we do on earth.

The maiden braves the wintry night,  
With joyful step she flies,  
As shoots the star with meteor-light  
Across the azure skies.

What made her step so light and free?  
What made her heart so bold?  
The thought of aged misery  
Oppress'd by want and cold.

Meanwhile, the mirthful little crowd  
That skipp'd before the fire  
With curious looks, rejoice aloud  
And throng around their sire.

They oft have heard of this old man;  
Mysterious was the tale;  
No one could tell from whence or when  
He came into their vale.

The minstrel came; his step was bold  
His eye was bright and keen,  
His age was venerably old,  
And noble was his mien.

His waving locks and beard were white,  
Like snow upon the hill;  
His garments drench'd with damp of  
night;  
His limbs were numb and chill.

"Be welcome, courteous stranger, here,  
To this, our peaceful hall;  
Our words are few—our heart sincere,  
Be welcome to us all.

"We oft have heard thy tuneful lore  
And snatch'd the mingled air,  
When winds and storms along the shore  
Were deaf to plaintive care;

"And now, where mirth and gladness  
reign  
Around the Christmas fire,  
We hail thy mellow breathing strain,  
And sweet, resounding lyre.

"But first, let generous wine impart  
Its genial charm and glee,  
And warm thy sad and drooping heart—  
Here, pledge this cup to me."

The minstrel drank; his thankful eyes  
Said more than tongue could tell,  
And now began the song to rise  
Which shed around the spell.

He sang of wars, and battles fought  
Against a barbarous host  
In distant climes, and lands remote;  
Of freedom gain'd and lost.

Where bleeding heroes strew'd the field,  
And shrieking mothers died,  
Who stood their helpless infants' shield,  
Now slaughter'd by their side.

Where despot's cause had won the day\*  
And ashes fill the waste;  
Where wolves and vultures gorge their  
prey,  
And hordes insult the crest.†

\* The fall of Warsaw, 1831.

† The Polish Eagle, forming the banner, &c.

Few of the brave forsake their home,  
Their hearth, and field, and tree ;  
Exiled in foreign lands they roam,  
For yet they will be free.

And such was too, the harper's fate,  
And many an awful scar  
Reveal'd the dangers braved of late  
In deadly strife of war.

But now his wilder'd song began  
With tears of copious tide  
To weep the loss of wife and son—  
His love, his hope, his pride.

For when retired the furious host  
Towards the close of day,  
He sought—but could not find the lost—  
Where slaughter'd warriors lay.

Nor could he learn from friend or foe  
Their death or safe retreat ;  
No ray of hope could soothe his woe  
Or guide his wandering feet.

And what is grief with all its power,  
Compared with dark suspense ?  
Which hides the danger, lags the hour,  
And leaves us no defence.

Each sorrow hath its brighter beam ;  
Each pang will die away,  
And in oblivion's listless stream  
Will sink the saddest day :

But where mysterious phantoms spell,  
Foreboding spectres frown,  
There raging ills will endless swell  
And hurl their victim down.

And hence the minstrel's wither'd look,  
His alter'd mien and hue ;  
His head of hoary ringlets shook  
Like starlight on the dew.

His plaintive strains now died away  
In murmurs sad and deep,  
Like fleeting storms, when moonlight ray  
Invites the waves to sleep.

And while the list'ning group in tears  
And pensive mood abide,  
A fair and noble youth appears  
And greets his anxious bride.

He marks their grief with heart-felt  
pain ;  
With fear and with surprise ;  
He asks the cause, but asks in vain,  
Then meets the harper's eyes.

His stedfast look, his heaving breast,  
His hands extended wide,  
Full well his dubious mind express'd ;  
Though words his lips denied.

The youth gazed on his ghastly face  
With transient hope and fear ;  
For he seem'd also now to trace  
Some features known and dear.

But when the trembling minstrel called  
His darling son by name,  
" I am thy son," he cried, " behold !  
Behold ! I am the same."

And clasping with a fervent joy  
The father to his breast,  
With transport clings the raptured boy,  
With fondness more than blest.

" Oh, Father ! raise thy drooping head ;  
Bid tears and grief begone,  
High heav'n alone thy steps has led  
To find thy friend and son.

" Yet bless with thy paternal hand,  
The maiden by my side,  
Fair daughter of this happy land,  
She'll be a freeman's bride.

" She'll cherish thy declining years,  
And o'er thy comforts smile ;  
With filial love she'll wipe thy tears  
And every care beguile."

But whilst the sire is thus address'd  
With accents sweet and mild,  
His life departs—by death oppress'd,  
He hears, no more, his child.

While horror-struck, th' affrighted crowd  
Heart-wounded at the sight,  
With shrieks and lamentations loud,  
In doleful cries unite.

In vain their tears ; their sorrow vain ;  
For aye, his soul hath fled :  
Let them their tender grief restrain—  
He's numbered with the dead.

Though pity's sweetest fountains flow  
As flows the briny wave,  
Heav'n hath gather'd the man of woe,  
The patriot—the brave.

Then let his spirit be at rest,  
In Abraham's bosom lie ;  
And share the glory of the blest,  
With saints that never die.

## THE ADVENTURES OF A MANUSCRIPT.

THE Professor Hemkengripper, wrapped in a flowered silk *robe de chambre*, quitted his library, and slowly entered his dining-room casting an ill-humoured glance at a young man occupied in repairing the panes of the large bay window which looked upon the street.

"Who art thou?" he inquired in a tone of chilling contempt.

"Jan Vos, of Amsterdam," replied the young glazier, without interrupting his work.

"Why did not the master glazier, Glaleis, come himself?" continued the learned doctor. "Did not Bathsheba apprise him that it was a difficult operation that of mending these windows and garnishing them with lead? And why have they not waited until I came to point out the way in which the inscriptions graven with the diamond should be replaced? You have, indeed, been performing a very useless piece of work!"

"See, master," replied the young man with a smile of satisfaction; "every thing is in its place. Mistress Bathsheba well knew my erudition when she made choice of me for this job; she wished, no doubt, to take you by surprise."

Hemkengripper approached the window, and, to his great astonishment, he beheld the inscriptions perfectly restored. He then gazed with more attention upon the young man, whose robust limbs, plump cheeks, and bronzed complexion seemed the more befitting attributes of a sailor than of a scholar; whilst his lofty forehead in its thick frame of fair and curly locks, his well-defined eye-brows describing an arch above his sparkling blue eyes, and his small hand and well-formed mouth revealed rather one of those extraordinary instances of talent which carves a way for itself through the world by its own proper activity.

"But where have you taken lessons in Greek?" inquired the professor with an unquiet curiosity; "is it at my lecture-room?—is it at Zahnebreker's?"

"It was the Greek Moschus who gave them to me. They cost me nothing; for he soon took a pleasure in instructing me, from the facility with which I learned the language; but, out of gratitude, I afterwards copied Greek documents for him, devoting to that study my leisure hours."

"What gave you the idea of acquiring that learned language of antiquity, which cannot be of any utility to you in your condition of life, although the Greeks in the glaziers' art, as in every other, have surpassed all the modern nations, as I can readily prove to you?"

"You will afford me great pleasure, for the Greek writers uniformly speak of oiled paper with which they furnished their windows. It was not the love of gain which urged me to that study; and I cannot think of telling you the motive because I know so little of you."

"Listen, my friend; thou pleasest me," replied the professor; "and I feel desirous of taking thee for my secretary and famulus. At the same time thou shalt put me in other panes throughout the house. These old and patched windows are, indeed, far less displeasing to me than to the students; yet, unfortunately, they have not broken them all. Thou shalt not keep company with any one; it was those intimacies with strangers which caused me yesterday to discharge my late famulus. The rogue revealed my discoveries to his friends, and that wretched bawler, Zahnebreker, lost no time in publishing them as his own."

"If you will only lend me books," cried the enchanted Jan, "I promise you to associate with none of those charlatans who would tear the very teeth from one's head ere one feels the loss of them. Eh! indeed, but mine are good ones: and, when living with my late preceptor, I was not much accustomed to roam abroad; he dwelt by himself, and I served him in the capacity of housekeeper."

They were here interrupted by the

burgomaster, at that time also a member of the academic senate, whose weakness it was to publish the fruits of his studies in elegant Latin discourses.

"He who is born at Leyden," said he, "may speak of the woes of that city, as well as of the courageous perseverance with which she has defended her ancient privileges and her new religion. In order to recompense her for her sacrifices, the nobility and the States of the Province left it to the option of the burgesses, either to be freed from all impost, or see an university rear its towers within their walls, the want of which was generally felt, since war and the difference of religious belief had hindered young men for the most part from repairing to foreign universities. The city preferred to its material interests, for which so many citizens had laid down their lives, interests yet higher: it chose an university. Thus was founded that school at a period when the very existence of Holland and the United Provinces was so perilled, that they vacillated at the slightest shock of war, in like manner to their soil, from the shock of the sea's over-swollen waves. However, to the intellectual advantages which she derived from it, were speedily joined others less noble, upon which she had never counted at the time of her decision; for the university drew from all quarters, even from foreign parts, a great number of wealthy students. The more her reputation increased, the wider did the dispute of the learned theologians, Arminius and Gomar, extend. That quarrel endowed the mind with still greater activity, and awakened it from its state of somnolency: but it became nevertheless a stumbling-block for a great number of distinguished men. Now here we are, worthy professor, in the 1635th anno domini, and your quarrel with your colleague Zahnebreker, upon the pronunciation of the Greek tongue, has not less seized upon all heads, and again brought division amongst the members of our university. To crown our misfortune, the war has sent us, from the heart of Germany, a host of students who set themselves to imitate the gross manners of the veteran soldiers of their country and have introduced the savage customs of their

land into our civilized city. Those are they who, profiting by such instruction, have armed themselves with paving-stones as implements of war, and therewith broken your windows, worthy professor; they do not blush at having so done; they boast among themselves, on the contrary, at having revenged themselves for the uproar with which your pupils assailed the great poet Vondel, who was desirous of representing, under the protection of Zahnebreker, his play of *Gysbert in the Grand Dule*.\* I am come to persuade you to disavow all connexion in the matter, and I doubt not that you will be able to justify yourself completely from the reproach of having disturbed, premeditatedly, the pleasure which the townsfolk promised themselves from the representation of the play."

Hemkengripper, who had experienced the greatest difficulty in containing himself during the burgomaster's discourse, broke forth in a storm of reproaches not only against Vondel, whom he treated as an ignorant anabaptist, but against the burgomaster himself, who had dared to call him a great poet. He had thought it his duty to preserve, intact, good sense among his pupils, and to let them see the defects of the work; he had even exhorted them to manifest loudly their opinion. If they had been in a minority, if they had succumbed, if they had been driven out of the dule, he fully hoped that they would return in force, and that they would be more fortunate another time. The burgomaster preserved for some moments an embarrassed silence, he then rejoined, in an ill-assured voice, that, "since it was thus, he could not pay for the havoc committed by the students, and that the only satisfaction which he thought it was in his power to afford the worthy professor, was to expel them from the city." Hemkengripper replied in a sharp tone, "that he protected the ignorant Vondel only because the latter knew how to flatter him." The terrified burgomaster was some time in recovering himself from this attack, and sought in the sequel to justify Vondel, by af-

\* *Dule* is the name given in Holland to their best hotel. Few towns have not their *dule*. There are two at Amsterdam; the most renowned is called *Dule Dule*.



firming that there never yet had appeared in Holland a better dramatic poet.

"You see that young man?" exclaimed Hemkengripper with hauteur. "Well, if I give him lessons for six months, he will write better tragedies than your miserable anabaptist."

Jan, on hearing these words, was at once, to the highest degree, both astonished and flattered. So soon, therefore, as the burgomaster had taken his departure, he hastened to entreat Hemkengripper to keep his promise and teach him to compose pieces for the theatre. The professor flung him a volume of Euripides and returned to his library, deeming that he had lost too much time already.

The aged Bathsheba, however, did not fail to bestow her company upon the young glazier. She assured him in a tremulous voice that he might thank heaven that her master was willing to take him into his house, for he was so distrustful, that he never yet had consented to lodge his famulus under the same roof with himself. She then gave him sage instruction as to the manner in which he ought to conduct himself—such counsel indeed as a mother would have given to her son, and Jan remarked to her that it seemed to him that he remembered having seen her at his parents' dwelling when very young. Bathsheba replied that it was very little probable; then she set herself to question him relative to his parents. He protested he knew them not, nor what had become of them. Apparently they had perished in an inundation caused by a rupture of the dykes, and which would have swallowed him up also had it not been for a swan to which he was tied, and which had carried him to an eminence upon which many people had already taken refuge. "I repeat it again, Mistress Bathsheba," added he; "it strikes me strongly that I saw you among those who welcomed me in safety, and who carried me to the House of Orphans at Amsterdam. I only quitted it to enter upon my apprenticeship with my late master, who took charge of me through charity. I have seen you often since—I am sure I have; you have even made me numerous presents, for which I shall be grateful as long as I live."

"Well, well," replied Bathsheba, "only do not speak of that to any one; for my master is very distrustful, and he might think that we were plotting in concert something against his interests."

The windows had long since been mended; Vondel had long since taken his departure; but Hemkengripper ever preserved an unfavourable impression of that day. Shortly afterwards, he learnt that his partisans could no longer repair without danger to the Grand Dule, and he saw himself forced to discontinue frequenting that public garden where cross-bow shooting, the game of ball and mallet, music and dancing—even fishing in the canal, offered varied amusements to the amateur. Instead of choosing another place of re-union, which would have been an easy matter, he haughtily preferred shutting himself up in his dwelling, in order that posterity might one day or other learn with indignation how his contemporaries had failed to appreciate the greatest man of his age, who, repulsed on all sides, had known how to live content with his own esteem. However, he was compelled to purchase the commiseration of ages to come by the loss of a portion of his scholars who were not willing to imitate their master, and condemn themselves, like him, to seclusion, which contributed in no little degree to augment his secret wrath against the calm which the learned world was enjoying. Zahnebreker triumphed then; but the joy of triumph did not hinder him from complaining on several occasions of being betrayed by his false friends. His partisans, therefore, exercised a very rigorous policy against the traitors, in such wise, that none were more to be pitied than those remaining neuter, who, in their innocence, could not conceive why so much noise should be made about such trifles. Jan, who associated with no one, had no suspicion of what was going on; he never quitted the house, and did not feel desirous of so doing, occupied unceasingly, as he was, in reading, more especially the Greek dramatic poets. He was, moreover, in the enjoyment of a pleasant office, a condition of life to which he had been but little accustomed. He finished his master's dessert

in the kitchen with Bathsheba, which ever consisted of the most delicious fruits in season, most daintily set forth ; and the hour of his repast was always enlivened by the sage and amicable conversation of that old dame, who, without Hemkengripper in the least suspecting it, related to him a host of extraordinary adventures, tales of all nations, and with so much feeling and eloquence, that the grateful Jan took upon himself all the most laborious portion of the household work, without the slightest solicitation on her part.

Notwithstanding the precautions of Hemkengripper, who, in order that he might not be rifled of his intellectual treasures, would not consent to his learning latin, Jan became in a short time, thanks to his rare talents and excellent memory, perfectly acquainted with the language which it was anxiously wished should remain a mystery to him. His resources for this study were a few old registers and some translations from the Greek authors, for the professor had refused to lend him books ; he was soon in a condition to afford assistance to the failing memory of his master, whether in making research, or in recollecting things which he had dictated to him. If the case required, he could even repeat to him word for word what had been given him to copy, which singularly flattered Hemkengripper, whose ear willingly listened only to his own productions ; it then seemed to him that he heard the echo of the learned world.

Jan employed the whole of his morning in writing tragedies. So soon as they were completed he ran to read them to Hemkengripper with the hope of meriting his approbation ; he never, however, obtained it. His master praised him, it is true, for his efforts ; but he threw his manuscripts into a corner with an air of indifference, and taking some work either in French or Italian, feigned to have read already what he had just heard. It was thus that he was anxious to prove to Jan that he had not yet arrived at originality. Nothing is so irritable as a poet's self-love. The rage of Jan was without bounds. Was he then nothing but an impudent plagiarist ? Was he destined to play unchangingly the part of a burning-glass, which

concentrates upon a given point the rays of a foreign body, without shedding a ray itself ? Was he condemned eternally to roll the same stone already placed upon the mountain as a monument of another's genius, and to run only after the shadow of fruits devoured by his predecessors ?

When he saw him thus despairing, Hemkengripper endeavoured to console him by representing that he was yet young, and that the world was wide, and counselling him to banish from his mind all recollection of the poets of antiquity when he should again write a new piece. Though he did not let it appear, he was, however, astonished at the progress of his pupil. In the heat of conversation he had indeed promised to make a dramatic poet of him in six months ; but he had never thought it possible. The tragedies of Jan were, nevertheless, good enough for him to send them to the theatre at Amsterdam under the name of Jan Vos Secundus. This surname of Secundus, Jan had bestowed upon himself in a moment of despair, on finding that he never attained higher than second-rate rank as a writer ; still Hemkengripper assured him that a poet called Secundus had lived several centuries before him, which served in no little degree to increase his spleen and anger.

Jan had already taken a disgust to several of his works which were forming the delight of Amsterdam without his dreaming of it, when the idea occurred to him of choosing a subject from his own life, and linking it with passages of ancient mythology that had never before entered the thoughts of any one, and which would be novel at least, thought he, since two lives resemble one another as little as two leaves from the same tree. The tragedy finished, he read it that same evening to Bathsheba, who thought it admirable, and triumphantly did he run the next morning to carry it to Hemkengripper.

Hemkengripper complaisantly prepared himself to listen to its perusal ; for ourselves, we must be contented with an analysis of it.

"The Muse, in a long prologue, relates how Dædalus and his son Icarus had been shut up in the labyrinth in the island of Crete, their own work, by

order of the king, who dreaded their skill: they could not find its issue. Dædalus, a man of mature age, had submitted with resignation to his fate; but Icarus, in all the fire of youth, mused, unceasingly, upon the thought of a young girl whom he had never seen, and for whom he was consuming himself with love. Deprived of all means of letting her know his passion, or even of discovering the spot she inhabited, he engraves upon a tablet the portrait of his unknown, adding thereunto several verses in which he paints his love, and addresses them to *Protea*, a name revealed to him in a dream; he then ties his tablet to the neck of a stork, the sole companion of his captivity. The stork takes his departure in the autumn; but returns in the spring, bearing round its neck other tablets in reply to his own. A young girl, one *Protea*, writes to him of the desire which she also feels to behold him. She states herself to be the daughter of *Proteus*, and describes the distant grotto in which he must seek her. From that same instant no further repose for Icarus until he has persuaded his father to invent some means of extrication from their prison. Dædalus makes wings of wax, and they both fly from the labyrinth; their voyage through the air was at first a prosperous one; conducted by the stork, they already descry the grotto of *Protea*: the blood of Icarus dances in his veins, his heart beats as though it would leap from his breast, his wings melt with his ardour, and the unfortunate tumbles into the sea.

"The Muse re-appears upon the scene, and the complaints of Dædalus at the death of his son open the second act. But shortly, *Protea* makes her appearance, and her aspect causes the groans of the desolate father to subside; he represents himself as Icarus, he has obeyed her commands; she ought therefore to love and protect him. The simple-hearted *Protea* owns to him that she expected agreeably to her dreams, to find a more youthful lover; nevertheless she will fulfil her promise, she will even fly with him, because her father refuses to consent to her ever being married. But *Proteus* enters upon the scene with *Tiresias* and *Narcissus*; Dædalus conceals himself behind a complaisant ma-

rine monster. The old *Tiresias* and the beau *Narcissus* come to consult with *Proteus*; the latter refuses at first to reply; but constrained by force, he at length speaks. They both desire to know where their mistresses hide themselves, whom they continually perceive everywhere, without the power of joining them. '*Narcissus* loves himself under whatsoever form he may be,' replies the god; 'and *Tiresias* loves himself under the form of a young girl once born to him.' At this reply, both fall into a violent rage; they draw their swords, they rush upon *Proteus*; but *Protea* calls to Dædalus, who puts them to flight one after another. *Proteus* could no longer from that hour refuse his consent. The lovers, therefore, set forth upon the road to the temple of *Neptune*, wherein their marriage was to be celebrated; but passing along the seashore the waves cast at their feet the body of Icarus. A cry of horror escapes the father; *Protea* discovers the fraud. No longer does a doubt remain in her mind at the sight of the tablets which the unfortunate young man still bore around his neck. She espouses not Dædalus, but Icarus dead, and Dædalus thinks of nothing else than preserving by his art the appearance of life in his son, by arresting the progress of corruption."

With panting chest, glowing cheeks, and tears in his eyes, Jan quietly, but anxiously, awaited his master's opinion, though he should hear the worst. Hemkengripper strongly praised the ease of his verses, and declared that scarcely anybody would doubt but that it was a translation from the nun *Rhoswitha*. At the same time he ascended to one of the topmost shelves of his library, and taking a book therefrom, began to read from it the most striking passages of the tragedy. "Stop!" cried Jan, rendered furious, and, seizing hold of the steps upon the summit of which Hemkengripper was perched, he shook them with his utmost force;—"You are *Proteus*; you foretell the future, you know the past, neither time nor space escapes your knowledge."

Hemkengripper clung to the staff of the ladder as a frog clings to the side of the phial in which he is enclosed; it was as much as he could do with

all his efforts to avoid falling to the ground, so violently did Jan continue to shake the ladder. Terrified almost out of his senses, he affirmed that it was nothing more than a joke; but the young Netherlander, like a colt with a bit between his teeth, would not allow himself to be so easily pacified, and not without considerable hesitation determined on allowing the professor to descend.

He then drew from his bosom three small tablets of thin wood, and presented them to his master, saying: "That loving Icarus is myself. I was curious to know whither the storks which I fed during the summer went in the winter season; when I carried them food, not without considerable danger, upon my old master's roof, I fastened round their necks tablets containing my name, my condition, and my projects, impatient to see what such an experiment would bring forth. The spring following, one of them returned, bearing round his neck a reply which I was unable to decipher; but wishing to keep my secret to myself, I confined myself to copying some of the characters from it, and showed them to a student, who assured me that they were Greek. I thereupon set myself to study that language most zealously; but these tablets have not the less remained a mystery to me, although I understand Greek tolerably well. I have now divulged my secret. It is doubtless, some noble Greek lady from those lovely islands that my professor has depicted to me, who has traced these characters. She requests me to deliver her from the hands of the Turks. Is it not so? Is there not something like it upon these tablets? Allowing that my piece be nothing more than a repetition of that which has been previously imagined and written, the adventure related in it, is not the less real! I see it—you know all. Your lips move—you read those characters—you restore me to joy and happiness by informing me in what spot I should seek the beauty who loves me, who inspires me!"

"Idiot that thou art!" exclaimed Hemkengripper, "to have tormented thyself for so many years, and for having very nearly broken my neck for a like

stupidity! Hast thou, then, forgotten thy native language? Dost thou not recognise it because the words are written in Greek characters, and that there is no separation between them? Hast thou then, never heard of the trick of that Leyden schoolmaster, who, during the siege of that city by the Spaniards, despatched pigeons with secret messages which the enemy could not read when they chanced to fall into their hands? Know'st thou not that ever since, young folks have employed that method of writing to conceal their loves from their parents? The young girl who writes to thee, calls herself *Primula*; she is a servant in the *Grand Dule*. She has enticed the storks by feeding them with frogs, and has nourished them during the whole winter in the garden. She begs of thee to be prudent when thou clamberest on the roof to carry them food, which she has often seen thee do, and trembled for thy safety. She has learnt that thou art a working glazier, and she begs thee to repair for her a lantern which she has broken, and which may cause her to be scolded by her mother. Art thou now satisfied?"

"Go on, master."

"The next tablet is still more serious. She exhorts thee to conduct thyself well, and praises thee for thy activity; for she sees thee at work without thy perceiving her. In the third, to conclude, she complains of being overburthened with work, as her mother's foot has become paralyzed. She would willingly exchange her condition with thine, and would like to be an inmate of the glazier's little dwelling. Her sole pleasure is to cultivate her beautiful tulips and feed the storks. She feels also a lively pleasure at seeing thee gay, contented, in good health, and singing joyously, when at thy work."

"Ah! what an excellent girl!" cried Jan. "She can no longer see me now, and I have never had a glimpse of her. It is a fact, then, that this is not a Greek girl like those the Greek authors describe; she does not live in a grotto at the bottom of the sea, amidst marine monsters."

"There are but too many monsters in the *Dule*, only take heed that they do not devour thee. Go thither, thou

canst not do otherwise. Hold, here is some money for a pot of beer ; but before quitting me, bring me thy Greek. Perhaps thou mayest get thyself a place as waiter in the Dule ; for certainly thy theatrical pieces will bring thee no fortune. Thy Icarus is still worse than all the rest. I cannot keep my promise of opposing thee to Vondel. Go, go, I forgive thee for the fright thou hast caused me."

"Master, pardon me!" cried Jan, in a supplicating tone. "You have this day rendered me the greatest service, you have deciphered for me words which I could not comprehend. I will ascertain from this very day whither the storks go in winter ; I will assure myself whether Primula is indeed the fair one of whom I have dreamt. 'Tis the only hope that is left me ; you have destroyed the confidence which I had in myself. Rendered desperate, I feel myself upon the brink of a precipice ; a thousand curses are thronging to my lips which seem anxious to give them vent."

"Go, go," replied Hemkengripper, "I would not injure thee, although I never was in such danger since I was born. But thou wilt not escape punishment, I warn thee ; perhaps thou wilt find it even when thou expectest a recompense. Come, take thy cap and thy mantle. So soon as Bathsheba returns, she shall carry to the master glazier's all that belongs to thee. From this moment we have nothing more in common together."

At these words Hemkengripper thrust him out of the house and shut the door. Jan had not time to offer a single word in reply. Hurried on by an irresistible destiny, transported with love, tormented by the furies, he ran to mix with the townsfolk and students who were hastening in crowds to the Dule.

Hemkengripper, however, was a prey to the greatest agitation. The tablets had revealed to him a woman's heart such as he had never known save in the erotic poetry of the ancients. He could not conceive that this little Primula could have made herself happy during several years with contemplating the activity and progress of a young man of no importance. The possession

of such a woman was necessary to his happiness, and the notions of marriage which he had long since renounced, returned to his mind with additional force. "I will go to the Dule," said he to himself, "and see how the partisans of Zahnebreker receive Jan ; and—in fact, if only to see Primula." But by what means could he arrange such a visit ? What ancient writer should he consult on the subject ? How introduce himself at the dule without exposing himself to recognition ?

He remembered Vertumnus and Pomona. Bathsheba's clothes-press stood invitingly open ; in a few minutes he was attired in a coil, straw hat, and gown of his ancient domestic, and then gazing at himself in the mirror, he saw that it would be impossible for any one to recognize his person. There was little danger of a beard betraying him, as nature had withheld from him this manly attribute. Besides, he might rest assured that, amid the crowd brought by the evening boats to the Dule, no remarkable attention would be paid to him in particular, and none would dream that the Professor Hemkengripper was shrouded in such a disguise. But one thing, one thing alone, disquieted him ; it was the manuscript that Jan had copied for him. Anxiously he thought within himself whether he should leave this precious document at home, or for the sake of greater security carry it along with him, in order to anticipate the possibility of any untoward accident occurring. He at length decided upon the latter course, and as he had not yet put on three petticoats, as Bathsheba was accustomed to do, so that this extra bulk could not betray him, he fastened the valuable document around his waist, after the fashion adopted in securing a sack or girdle when filled with money. He next wrote a note to Bathsheba, bidding her prepare Jan's chamber for the reception of another occupant, apprising her that an affair of importance might perhaps detain him some time from home.

It was not without considerable palpitation of heart that Hemkengripper entered the garden in which he had formerly shown forth with such *éclat* under the poplar of Hercules. Although

possessing but little space, this garden was divided into two parts, wholly distinct from each other; the grave burgesses who only went to the Dule to amuse themselves, frequented one side, whilst the other, beneath the shade of the poplar trees, was thronged by the students. There also it was that they had placed the statues brought by a captain in his ship from Athens as ballast, as he had been forced to leave them in pledge to meet some trifling necessities. Hemkengripper himself had discovered what gods they represented. The jokes passed upon them caused irresistible laughter, when the attendant called out:—

“A pipe of tobacco for Diana, two roasted pigeons for Venus, and a hash for Psyche.”

That attendant, so pretty, so agile, was none other than Primula!

“Psyche may wait,” was the peevish reply of old Agnes, her mother. “Venus is not in a hurry. Carry first that pipe to Diana.”

Suddenly a still more tumultuous shout of laughter arose; old Agnes had perceived the cause which elicited the boisterous merriment.

“Little fool!” she muttered, “she will never receive the smallest present! To repulse a rich widow in that way! What harm is there in so slight a favour! She has not a drop of my blood in her veins. They must have changed my child when I put her out to nurse. She has too slight a hand ever to make her fortune. What will be the end of it all?—fortune will leave us in the lurch. She thinks of nothing else but her tulips and storks, and I know not what.”

Hemkengripper’s attention was next drawn to an old and respectable master Bilderdick of Amsterdam, who was attired in a magnificent velvet dress, and a young actor named Brandau, whom he well remembered. They were on the other side of the poplar alley, speaking mysteriously together, without dreaming that any one was near who might be anxious to listen to them.

“Promise me,” said the old man, “not to speak to a living soul of the treasure we have here discovered so unexpectedly. We are amply repaid for the fatigue of our journey. It will be twenty per cent net profit.”

“I give my promise,” replied his youthful companion; “but do you not in turn, forget that you have given me your word to engage all your acquaintances to seek out that young poet who is at present the delight of our city, and who has already dethroned Vondel. He really must become our director, unless indeed he prove to be some person of too much consequence; for, alas! they say he is the son of a man of great wealth, and that he suppresses his name in order that he may not be subject to the tender mercies of a capricious pit audience!”

“All in good time, we are in no hurry at present,” replied the old man; “to-day you have to make me acquainted with the learned world.”

“A dull sort of world!” replied Braudau, “I feel my heart shrink within me, at the thought that I was at one time engaged in the same furious combats with these fierce game-cocks. What a magnificent idea I had conceived of ancient learning when I first arrived here, what a saint-like enthusiasm I experienced on hearing the ancients spoken of. Then would I have only existed for the time to come in the realms of antiquity, and have made myself a devotee to ancient reading; and I was greatly delighted on the first occasion of my attending the lectures of Zahnebreker and Hemkengripper, each a phoenix of philology. I hoped, however, that at last some still grander scene would have been exhibited to my view. But, alas! all ended in nothing but puerilities, trifles, that each made it his peculiar glory to have discovered something, about which he and his adversary were engaged in deep controversy, from whose wise brain it was first evolved. In the midst of these pitiful disputes they altogether forgot to instruct their pupils even in those sciences with which they were really acquainted. Zahnebreker at any rate, like a mischievous urchin, was frank and bold in his attacks; consequently he always carried the day, among the younger students, against the crafty and cautious Hemkengripper. To my misfortune, my evil genius made me fall headlong into the snares of the latter. Irritated by my connexion with him, the parents of my betrothed would

not longer hear me spoken of; even my mother, terrified at beholding the priests shrug up their shoulders at the mention of my name, loaded me with the severest reproaches; but Hemkengripper only showed himself the more solicitous about me; he deemed me truly his own and hoped to make me renowned by incessantly working at his dictionary. I might, perhaps, have still been with him, occupied in thumbing innumerable volumes to find out the quaint acceptation of some word, had not a mysterious divinity, called by men *chance*, so ordained it, that a sailor took for reality the part of a traitor in a play, and killed the actor who was performing it. The manager of the theatre to whom I had read several parts, thought of me in this sad emergency; that in his stead I might perform with success the traitorous parts by enacting sometimes the character of Zahnebreker, and at others that of Hemkengripper; in the sequel, I was greatly applauded, for no one discriminated between the originals and the copy. You see, then, how I became an actor. Look, yonder stands one of my models! observe those thick black eyebrows that frown so hideously above a saffron-hued forehead; would you not say it was Jupiter Tonans himself? 'Tis Zahnebreker. Behold him encouraging, from the summit of his throne, the students to sing a latin song which he composed long ago. See how the students are thronging round him; it is a struggle which of them shall approach him the nearest, who most promptly can obey his orders. Listen! he has just delivered himself of a jest that he has had for a long time bottled up. What shouts of laughter! and how his auditory increases!"

"Pitiful revenge," replied the old merchant; "yet these disputes will tend to attract students to the university, in the same manner as our great traffic draws merchants to our exchange."

They then separated.

Hemkengripper now found himself in a situation similar to that of a basilisk, before whose face a mirror on a sudden is presented. He soon, however, recovered himself; he reflected that Brandau, though no longer a philologist, was, nevertheless, a public man,

and that he could write against him, and so overcome was he with joy, that he fell from his seat. At that moment the string broke which bound his manuscript around his waist, and it rolled from under his petticoats upon the ground.

"Heaven aid her, poor dear soul!" cried a little old woman, who mistook the case altogether; but her daughter running up, exclaimed:—

"Dont be uneasy, mamma, it is only a manuscript."

Old Agnes, nevertheless, hastened forward, and caused Hemkengripper, who in his alarm and excitement had well nigh lost all consciousness, to be carried to Primula's chamber, and laid on her bed.

Jan, having executed the commission concerning the fair Greek, entered the garden, and seated himself at a table among the pupils of Zahnebreker, where, by custom, the latter alone had a right to be. The pupils detecting a stranger, jeered him in student-like slang, but not understanding, he heeded not their sayings.

Primula herself now made her appearance at the summons of Zahnebreker. It was like a comet appearing for the first time in the heavens before the gaze of the dazzled astronomer! She was carrying with the greatest care, a cut-glass goblet filled with red wine.

"What are you doing here?" she asked of Jan, in a low voice, as her cheeks were suffused with crimson blushes and the cup trembled in her hands. With downcast eyes she very slowly walked forward, that she might not spill the wine. Having placed the goblet before Zahnebreker, the old professor seemed disposed to pour forth sundry jests upon her, but she departed with such rapidity, that, tripping up as she ran, had it not been for a student who caught her, she would have experienced a severe fall.

Jan also sprung from his seat, but he was too late to afford timely assistance and his proffered hand, however willing so to do, she dared not, in such a public situation, unnecessarily, take.

"I would much rather see you near the stork's nest than here," she softly uttered, as she hastened towards the

temple of Apollo, whither they called her. Jan was not long left to reflect upon his hazardous situation of danger, for an extraordinary commotion instantly manifested itself around him.

"Upon my honour," said a young student, "this bold bird is the Secundus, the famulus of that old hunk, Hemkengripper; I recognise him by the Joseph-like cut of his coat. It was he who wrote those virulent articles against our master, and parodied the verses which we composed in his praise."

Jan had not a shadow of doubt but that he was the person intended, though he had not before heard of the splenetic articles which Hemkengripper had inserted in the newspaper under the name of Secundus.

Ruiter, a robust youth, several years a student at the university, now marched up straight towards him, exclaiming, with a menacing air:—

"The battering-ram is ready—beware of your fortifications!"

"Destruction is at hand! down with Hemkengripper!" shouted his comrades.

Thereupon the dauntless youth seizing two jugs filled with beer emptied them both over Jan. Alas! what mattered it to him that it was the best Leyden beer! his coat—a magnificent coat too—of delicate violet colour, was not the less injured! Maddened with grief and rage, he took a knife from his pocket, which, according to the custom of that period, each person carried, and attacked the aggressor. Ruiter lost no time in drawing his weapon, whilst the students, encircling the adversaries, forced Jan to understand, that agreeable to the laws of that sort of duelling, they must first break off the points of their knives and then measure the length of the respective blades; but the furious Jan abruptly repulsing them on all sides and placing himself before Ruiter, cried out, with an angry grin:—

"When he drenched me with beer, he took no measure how far he should drench me! I will not break off the point of my knife; I will bury it as deep in his heart as I can send it."

His attack was so impetuous that Ruiter and his terrified comrades re-

treated to the other end of the alley pursued by Jan, who being suddenly seized by some one from behind, was unluckily tripped up and bound fast with cords before he scarcely knew what had befallen him.

Ruiter, no doubt, would have revenged himself, had he not felt faint through loss of blood. His anxious young friends crowded around him and carried him out of the garden, whilst other students went to ask Zahnebreker what must be done to escape the *green rascals*, as they called the guard. The master advised them to embark as quickly as possible, that they might endeavour to prove an *alibi*.

Thus was Jan left, like a modern Prometheus, chained to the foot of a poplar tree, where he was tormented by a swarm of flies, his only companions, who nothing heeding his moanings, but tempted by the odour of the beer with which he was drenched, buzzed about and saluted him on every side, whilst he in his heart more than lamented the untoward fate by which he was pursued with such unrelenting malice.

Primula, informed of all that had happened, hastened to seek him. She was indeed agreeably surprised at seeing Jan safe and sound, with the exception of a few slight wounds in the arm.

"I warned you of this," said she, "but you would not listen to me. I saw plainly that Zahnebreker had recognized you."

"Ah! Primula, art thou beside me? all the rest, then is nothing more than a dream."

"My name is Primula, it is true; but take heed of the fever which is likely to follow this violence. I will dress your wounds, and pronounce certain words whilst so doing, which will prevent inflammation."

Saying these words, she tore her kerchief into strips, broke off a branch with which she touched the wounds, and muttered something unintelligible, which Jan nevertheless thought to be similar to the song of Protea over the body of Icarus. The operation completed, he mentally felt that he was already cured; notwithstanding, the



wound in his breast, which most assuredly would have caused his death, had not the blade of the knife encountered the little tablets which, suspended round his neck, he always carried with him. Primula took possession of them, whispering to him at the same instant: "I will return them to you; but here comes the guard, and I fear lest they should discover our secret."

The guard came up ere she had finished dressing his wounds.

"Who has wounded you?" they inquired of Jan.

"I know not," was the reply; but Zahnebreker, who accompanied them, quickly informed them that it was Jan who had first drawn his knife. Whilst thus interrogating, one of the guards had the boldness to attempt to steal a kiss from Primula. Jan knocked him backwards, and the enraged soldier accused him of interference with the course of justice and spoke of a dungeon in which he should learn to respect it.

"He is my betrothed!" cried Primula, "it is but right, therefore, that he should defend my honour. I am the daughter of a citizen, and I will be surety for him."

"With money do you mean?"

"I have ten florins in my pocket, the rest belongs to my master."

"We must have three hundred; this man has dared to resist our authority. Come, 'quick march' to the city prison!"

Scarcely, then, had Jan and Primula time to exchange a look, ere they dragged him away; and the curious bystanders having followed him, Primula was left alone with the musicians, who, profiting by the disorder, had appropriated to themselves the liquor that had been paid for but not drunk. She did not feel disposed to interrupt them in their pleasing occupation, and retired under the poplar trees to abandon herself, without restraint, to the indulgence of her grief: she was soon however disturbed from her melancholy reverie by the squeaking tones of a violin, and the discordant notes of a flute. They proceeded! from the two tipsy musicians who were thus seeking to testify their gratitude to her.

"Odious music!" she cried, "you only inflict still deeper sorrow upon

me. Cheating music!—lying music! When the heart is at rest, it is soothed by listening to your strains which seem to promise consolation for every woe, but when afflicted with grief, the heart has not then anything in common with thee, and you, serve only to increase its pangs. Get you gone, it is getting late—your presence here is unwelcome."

Mopsulus and Spizzulus—for thus had Zahnebreker baptized the musicians—instantly departed, carrying with them their instruments.

Soon afterwards the imperious voice of her mother reached her daughter's ears. Light as a kid she glided between the tables and leaped across the overturned benches, and ran to join her.

"Quick, quick, Primula," exclaimed the dame, "go speedily, and seek for camomile flowers and elderberries in the garden, and make them into tea for this poor lady."

The young damsel hastened to obey, and soon returned with a cup of tea for Hemkengripper, who had not yet recovered from his fall. The sight of Primula acted upon him like enchantment, for he instantly exclaimed in Greek:—

"Woe is me; I see before my eyes a prodigy!"

On hearing this, the old woman thought him delirious; but Primula recognized the jargon in which Zahnebreker was accustomed frequently to summon her, to the great entertainment of his scholars.

"That proves to thee," said her mother, "that madness expresses itself in the same tongue both with the wise and the ignorant;" and addressing herself to the invalid (the disguised Hemkengripper) she advised that she should be conveyed home without delay, that she might be taken better care of. But Hemkengripper was much too cunning to be in a hurry to quit the house, and accordingly pretended that he was much worse than he really was. He had, in fact, quite recovered from his fall, and had then only one thought—how he could gain his ends. Turning himself, therefore, towards the wall, that old Agnes might not recognise him, he slipped a few florins into her hand, which in an instant changed her

opinion of him. Overjoyed at the receipt of so handsome a gift, she made a sign for her daughter to approach, promising her a trifling present if she would take care of the sick lady, and left the room without caring for the ill-humoured looks of poor Primula, who saw herself obliged not only to give up her little bed, with its snow-white furniture, to a stranger all over mud, but even to watch over the intruder all night.

The young damsel, however, had too good a heart long to cherish ill-will against the sick. She busied herself driving away the flies which swarmed about and incessantly rested on the flesh of Hemkengripper, or were buzzing in his hair. She little dreamed, indeed, what emotion she excited in the mind of the professor by this display of extreme amiability. With half-closed eyes he thought alone of his manuscript, as he devoured her with his inquiring looks. He still believed it was about his person, or he would have clung around her neck in anxious entreaty that she would preserve it for him. He promised himself to have the portrait of his preserver immediately engraved, and to publish it under the name of Minerva.

The flies at length grew weary of returning to the oft-repeated and oft-resisted charge, and Primula remembered that, in the bustle of that evening, she had forgotten to water her flowers. Hastening to the well, she filled her watering-pot, and the beneficent shower soon fell in copious streams on the thirsty parterre.

A deep bass voice suddenly resounded from amongst the arbours of the heathen deities. It was Brandau, who, whilst waiting for his companion, was singing an idyl to the flowers, and amusing himself by listening to the echo repeating the sweet words that fell from his lips.

"Good! good!" cried his companion as he came to the spot accompanied by his host of the Dule; "one must take you by surprise to hear something of your own composition. Pray write down upon paper the verses which you have been just singing."

"Ah, my old friend," replied the actor, "you would, perhaps, be the

first to censure the measure in which they run, though it pleases me on account of its novelty. It is no longer permitted to write verses. Moreover, there exists but one poet in the world, Jan Voss, who succeeds in every style, and whom a vague presentiment tells me is in this neighbourhood."

"I hope you will be as lucky as I have been. I have found the tulip. That worthy man engages to have it sold to-morrow by public auction for the profit of the cultivator. I shall then sleep tranquilly. But examine it attentively. A true Enkhuyzen flag. Don't you see the three herrings and the three stars in a field azure? 'Tis the most magnificent Admiral Enkhuyzen I ever met with. It shall be mine, even though I could not promise myself to be able to keep it alive beyond a day or two."

The tavern-keeper took up the little garden-pot with the utmost precaution, and carried it into the house, assisted by Brandau and the old merchant, Primula not daring to oppose him. She regretted the loss of her flower on account of its beauty, but she little dreamed of the price it would fetch.

A singular mania then prevailed. In Holland at that period they speculated in tulips, as they do at the present day in the public funds. Such an amateur bound himself to deliver to such another, on a given day, a tulip of a certain species; he was prohibited from cultivating it himself, but was compelled to purchase it, and he lost or gained according to the rate of exchange; that is to say, as the price of tulips of that species was more or less high. It may easily be imagined that a case might happen in which it would be impossible to procure the particular tulip stipulated for, and consequently to deliver it at the price agreed upon. The loss which then resulted to him might be enormous, for his adversary had a right to exact the indemnity which it seemed proper for him to demand. There was, in those days, a peculiar liking for the black tulip, which, owing to its great rarity, fetched an enormous price, until at length many noble families and great merchants ruining themselves, the government passed a law that no one should give more than a sum equal to

500*l.* of our money for a tulip, under severe pains and penalties. The old merchant was precisely so situated. He had engaged to deliver an Admiral Enkhuyzen at the price of 20,000 florins. But he had travelled all over Holland in vain ; he could not discover that species of tulip, a late frost having done great damage to the gardens. His ecstasy, therefore, may be conceived on his meeting with the object of his search in Primula's garden !

As for the latter little personage, her grief soon yielded to fatigue ; she stretched herself upon the floor, beside the bed in which Hemkengripper lay, and was speedily sound asleep.

The mind of the old professor was, on the contrary, a prey to the most violent agitation. He had, until then, in his egotistical solitude, made in fine latin phraseology a mockery of the family ties or amours of his colleagues, without having the slightest cause to fear reprisals. That night, might in the sequel expose him to the like raillery, and he already dictated to himself the epistles, elegies, and epigrams that were likely to be thundered about his ears. He tossed about in his bed, and trembled with fear ; and his excitation of mind was such, that it was not very wonderful that another of the strings which ought to have retained his manuscript snapped asunder. What was his terror when, on seeking to tie it again, he found the treasure missing ! who could depict the rage with which he ransacked the bed in search of it ! who could counterfeit the groan he uttered when he found nothing but the pot containing the boiling camomile-tea, which sorely burned his fingers as he raised it towards the light !

"Thieves ! thieves !" he loudly shouted, beside himself with despair. Primula terrified, jumped on her feet in an instant, repeating the cry of "Thieves !"

"Where are the robbers ?" inquired the poor professor, trembling in every limb.

"Did you not see them ?" replied Primula. "'Twas you who cried out 'Thieves !' in a voice as loud and hoarse as that of a man. Ah ! no doubt it is the fever. Drink some tea, good woman ; but the tea-pot is upset !"

Hemkengripper, however, had had time to recover himself. He then told her that he had lost a manuscript which his master the professor had confided to his care.

"If that be all, console yourself !" Primula replied. "We have a heap of them in the next room, which a student left behind him when he ran away in debt. To-morrow morning you may take as many of them as you think proper."

"They would be of no use to me," retorted the afflicted professor ; "manuscripts have no resemblance to each other, and I am ruined for ever if I do not find that which belongs to my master."

"Come, come, do not give way to despair ; I will help you in seeking for it."

Hemkengripper embraced her with gratitude, and a flash of terrestrial joy shot across the dark clouds which hung over his benighted soul. But all their seeking proved vain ; the manuscript was no-where to be found, neither in the chamber, nor in the garden, and he would have died of grief had he not suddenly called Jan to his recollection, whose excellent memory had so often astonished him. Hope smiled anew within him. With his assistance he could re-write his manuscript ; time only was requisite for the purpose ; for he felt certain that Jan had not forgotten one of the annotations, or any of the Greek corrections which he had made him copy, and which not only formed the most important part of his work, but even, according to his own opinion, embraced a labour of much greater importance than that of the Greek authors upon whom he had commented. Thus consoled, he said to Primula, "I would not seduce thee, young damsel, but so soon as my work is completed I will marry thee. Thou shalt live a happy life when united to me."

"Yes, yes, my good dame, only lie still ; the fit of fever will soon pass away. I am delighted to see you already less agitated. You are, no doubt, an excellent woman, but nevertheless you have terrified me not a little. Happily it is daylight, and I hear my mother upon the stairs."

Scarcely had old Agnes entered the

chamber ere Primula ran off to pursue her daily occupation. Shortly afterwards she re-appeared, bearing a small tray in her hands with a smoking breakfast upon it. She found the stranger occupied in writing. Her mother advanced to meet her with solemn gravity, took hold of her hand, and placing it in that of Hemkengripper, "Thus do I betroth you," cried she; "I will curse thee if thou showest thyself rebellious to my will; but I give thee my benediction if thou renderest that man as happy as he merits to be."

"A man! that woman?" exclaimed the astonished Primula.

"Yes," replied old Agnes; "every one has his oddities. 'Tis the rich professor Hemkengripper, who in former days came daily to the Dule, but was afterwards hunted out of it by his enemies. He wished, however, to see you now that you have grown up; and, for that purpose, he introduced himself under this disguise. Behave thyself then properly. Thou hast more luck than thy desert. The worthy professor would marry thee, and that is saying a good deal. Give him therefore thy hand. You are now betrothed."

Primula thought she rightly understood her mother. She placed her forefinger to her forehead, winked her eyes, smiled, and then replied cheerfully, "With all my heart, my amiable betrothed; only don't study too much."

Hemkengripper hastily gathered up the paper upon which he had just penned down his first recollections of his lost manuscript, swore fidelity and devotion to his future wife, and slipped a ring upon her finger as he tenderly kissed her hand. When Primula saw him ready to leave the house, she asked her mother whether she should direct an attendant to accompany *the lady*; but the latter forbade it, assuring her that *the gentleman* had entirely recovered his senses.

On his return home, Hemkengripper found Bathsheba in tears; he thought that it was his absence that had thus afflicted her, whilst, in fact, she only wept on account of Jan, who was in prison accused of murder, and threatened death by the hands of the executioner.

"All is lost," exclaimed Hemken-

gripper, on learning the sad news; "without his aid I shall never be able to remember my manuscript."

He dressed himself as quickly as possible and hastened to the burgomaster, who received him with a solemn air, and addressed him in a florid Latin harangue, but could give him no hope on the score of Jan. "The wounded sufferer is the son of Ruiter Straaten and Company, the nephew, on the mother's side, of Deden and son of Amsterdam, and Jan has never had either father or mother. As he is not a citizen-member of the university, his execution will fall upon the city. If you could procure him a certificate of matriculation, he might be saved; this deed of his might be looked upon as a slight slip, and you would thereby save the city great expense."

"But he is a student," cried Hemkengripper; "I give you my word for it; 'twas I who received him, and no city magistrate has power over him. Yes, I accuse the city of having overstepped its privileges."

"We are unwilling to commit gratuitous injury," replied the burgomaster, in Latin; "the young man gave himself out for a working glazier; we have had no time to examine him as to the fact."

Hemkengripper ran to the prison in which Jan had been incarcerated. He found him pale, cast down, and his eyes riveted upon a string that hung from a manuscript.

"You must be hanged, my 'poor young fellow,' said he to him.

"So much the better," replied Jan, "they will save me the trouble of hanging myself; this string, besides, would not be strong enough to sustain my weight. Elzevir has just returned me my Icarus, telling me that he engages to print it providing that you will put a preface to it, otherwise he will not give himself the trouble to read it. I sent it to him only half an hour ago, and here it is back again. My rights as a citizen, however, my liberty, my reputation depend upon the issue."

"I will write a preface to it, even in latin!" cried Hemkengripper; "'tis a magnificent work, the ancients have nothing to equal it; and what can all the modern thieves produce like it?"

Only repeat to me the annotation I put to this passage."

Jan having repeated it to him word for word:—"Victory!" cried the enraptured professor; "victory! I will restore thee to liberty; but thou must promise me beforehand, by the most solemn oaths possible, that thou wilt loyally assist me to re-write my lost work—for Heaven knows whether I shall ever find it again—that work copied by thy hand alone. I dared not divulge its loss to you, for fear of the depredations of the curious, as well as those of literary thieves."

Jan could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses, he was so transported at the old professor's proposition. "But there's another thing, yet," continued the latter; "you must not think of getting married if you wish to become a great poet. Swear to me, Jan, and then thou shalt see thy Icarus imprinted by Elzevir in octavo, upon fine paper, with a frontispiece to boot. I will myself select some fine subject from the antique for this frontispiece, and, moreover, I will subjoin thereto a chart plainly pointing out the road followed by Dædalus, and the site of Protea's grotto. I will have the work bound in parchment, the leaves shall be gilded, and branches of laurel shall ornament the covers."

"Oh, what happiness!" sighed Jan, and he already saw his Icarus glittering before his eyes in all its splendour.

"But," continued Hemkengripper, "you must renounce all your love-makings, or at least only cherish a secret passion; your entire soul must breathe itself out in your tragedies."

"I agree to it," replied Jan, "there's no necessity to swear to it; for thus fate has ordained my destiny. Poor, deserted, despised, and persecuted by unknown enemies, what young damsel would have anything to say to me? Have you no harder condition to impose upon me? There's my hand; I will not marry; I promise it without the cost of a single pang, for I might quite as easily promise you not to spring through that stone wall."

"Good," replied the professor: "thou hast become reasonable; thy promise suffices me. I will hasten to the burgomaster and demand thy liberation."

He did not however, succeed in effecting an entrance into the burgomaster's sanctum, so great was the crowd collected round his door, and he profited by the hour which would elapse before he could do so, to have some conversation with the Greek moschus about a manuscript which had just arrived from the East, but which the latter would not open until it had been fumigated by vinegar, on account of the plague raging in the country from which it had been sent to him. Hemkengripper would not consent to this process, lest the vinegar might spoil it. They could not agree upon the matter, and the old professor returned to the burgomaster's residence, who, to his great astonishment, informed him that Jan had just been restored to liberty upon the surety of some female unknown, and that without much difficulty, as Ruiter's wounds had been pronounced "not mortal."

"Who can this woman be?" conjectured Hemkengripper to himself. "Bathsheba, perhaps? She loves him much; he must marry her then, out of gratitude. I free him from his promise. I shall thus also avoid his reproaches on the subject of my own marriage. But should this female indeed turn out to be Primula."

This idea caused him such unendurable torment, that he ran to the Dule in order to satisfy his doubts.

It was indeed, Primula who had liberated Jan. She had sought her master, told him that she knew very well he was about to put her tulip up to auction, and had asked him three hundred florins on account, to be deducted from the sum it should fetch. She knew so well how to comport herself when she desired anything, that the tavern-keeper could not in his heart refuse her. On this occasion, moreover, she did not wait for his consent, for having his bag of money in her own pocket, she counted out the exact sum for herself; she then ran instantly in search of the burgomaster. Accustomed as she was to make her way through a crowd, she soon contrived to reach his door, and without losing time by causing herself to be announced, she presented herself before the worthy magistrate, whilst a hundred persons at least were waiting in the street

for their turn to have an interview. The burgomaster had at first felt disposed to manifest his indignation at such audacity ; but a look from Primula disarmed him in an instant. She related the whole affair to him, how the evening before she was unprovided with the three hundred florins, how she had obtained them, and finally she counted them upon the table before him. The burgomaster showed himself disposed to raise some difficulties ; but Primula placed her finger to his lips ; the gallant magistrate kissed it, and was silent. She placed writing-paper before him, put a pen between his fingers, guided his hand, and made him sign the order which had power to withdraw the bolts. He had hoped that she would have bestowed a kiss upon him for his pains ; but she effected her escape, exclaiming :—

“I really must make haste !” and ere he had time to reply, she was already out of the house.

And thus it was she had released Jan from prison. Seated side by side upon a little bench in the garden, they were both absorbed in a state of unalloyed bliss, the eyes of both fixed upon the storks, those messengers of their first loves, whilst old Agnes, her mother, had gone to ascertain the value of her rights as future stepmother, in Hemkengripper’s dwelling.

Hemkengripper, on the other hand, had hastened to the Dule ; but on his arrival he forgot the motive that had carried him thither. The fact was, that he happened to have seen a manuscript protruding from beneath an earthen flower-pot in which a tulip was planted. This pot was placed upon a table, round which a great number of amateurs, and the curious generally, had collected. A candle was burning near it. An auctioneer was slowly, but in a loud voice, repeating the last bidding, and a constable, with staff in hand, maintained order among the bystanders. Hemkengripper recognised his manuscript by its red parchment cover. He rushed forward to seize it, but a sharp blow dealt by the constable’s staff, and a shout of “Hands off !” taught him that he should have acted more advisedly. He roared and stormed in reclamation of his property, but the auc-

tioneer entreated him to wait until the sale was over, to substantiate his claim. The unequivocal manifestations of dissatisfaction which resounded on all sides in his ears, forced him to remain quiet. Moreover, his vanity did not refrain from allowing itself to be singularly flattered to hear twenty thousand livres already offered for his manuscript. Sure of losing nothing by it, he bid against the old merchant Bilderdick as far as fifty thousand, and thus constrained him to retire from the contest. The auctioneer was just on the point of adjudging the tulip to him, when Bilderdick returned to the charge and offered ten thousand livres more.

“He’s some agent of Zahnebreker,” said Hemkengripper to himself ; “he’s not one of our known literati,” and, in a tone of the utmost indifference, he bid ten thousand livres in advance. The old merchant took to his heels as though he had been possessed by the evil one. Alas ! the dominant mania had so blinded him that he had not reflected that in bidding thus eagerly he had raised the current price of tulips. Yet nevertheless, he turned his steps back again to make another and a last effort when the candle was extinguished, and in utter despair he withdrew from the spot.

Hemkengripper, however, had already stretched out his hand to regain his manuscript, when another “Hands off !” warned him that it was necessary to pay first.

“’Tis my property,” cried he, wrathfully ; “I have been robbed of it !”

“That may be,” replied the auctioneer : “but begin by paying for it, and you can institute your claims afterwards.”

“I am in a condition to pay for it,” replied Hemkengripper ; “and I offer you ten ducats besides, if you will prevent any one—no matter who—throwing a glance over it till my return.”

“Singular caprice of an amateur,” said the auctioneer to himself, so soon as the professor had walked off. “But, for ten ducats, I may well afford him the pleasure ;” and, tearing a leaf from the manuscript, he fastened it round the flower with pins. “Ah,” cried he. “I, who ought to respect the law, am the first to break it by too much preci-

pitiation. But I must repair the mischief I have done. I have torn a leaf from this manuscript which, doubtless, belongs to one of the combatants, and which ought to be sold for the benefit of the law. What would you offer if it were unmutilated?"

"Nothing, master," cried a student. "It is not a finished work; these are annotations, remarks of every description of no service to any one but the author."

"'Twill do for me," exclaimed a butter-merchant; "the size is good, but whether it has a leaf more or less, I will not give a stiver more than its worth."

And the bystanders pitched Hemkengripper's precious manuscript about like a hand-bill. The butter-merchant alone offered to buy it, and that was by weight; and balancing it in his hand, he bid eight stivers."

"I give nine!" cried Brandau, who came up at that moment, and it was adjudged to him without a contest. He payed down his money, the conscientious auctioneer adding a stiver for the torn-out leaf, and it was thus that the immortal work of Hemkengripper was sold for ten stivers!

Jan and Primula, in the meanwhile, were learning the language of love as infants learn how to speak, that is, by repeating the same thing a hundred times over, without, however, dreaming they did so. It was the first tender conversation they had enjoyed together, and it is not for sober prose to record such conversations, in which the eloquence of the eyes must be omitted altogether. Frigid words—what a pitiful figure they cut in such matters! Thread-bare attire for such a holiday! Notwithstanding, I see the blue sky above their heads—I see them seated in the little garden—I see the little winged bodies that are watching them—that involuntarily imitate their gestures—who reflect back their looks, and feel themselves happy whilst beholding their felicity. Even the angels often forget their high stations in similar contemplations, and make themselves visible on earth.

Jan related how many times he had anxiously looked down upon the little garden which appeared to him a par-

terre of stars, although he could never see the fair gardener.

"I feared lest you might fall from the stork's nest," replied Primula. "I concealed myself carefully, and always covered my head with a kerchief, and, by that means, only got a few stolen glances at you. You would have tumbled down exactly upon my flower-beds, and would not that have grieved me? But see, how hotly the sun shines to-day; if I had only paper caps for my poor flowers!"

Jan, without hesitating for an instant, drew Icarus from his pocket, tore it up, handed her some of the leaves, and assisted her, to the best of his ability, in making coverings from them. Icarus was thus, already, wholly made use of, when the glances of Primula fell upon certain love-verses which were revealed to the sun's rays. It was a poetical passage full of soul and sensibility, which might well bring tears into the reader's eyes.

"Oh!" she exclaimed; "if I knew who wrote that! I could not help cherishing an affection for him. I love you devotedly, but I should love him still more. You know that I love you; but what name should I give to that passion! It is the soul of my soul; it is the visible form of the invisible which visits us but rarely and in secret; which, however, may one day or other bring about our greatest happiness. Jan, I talk nonsense to you, but I know not otherwise how to express what I feel."

Jan rose from his seat in transport; he seemed to soar through the loftiest regions of air. "'Tis I!" cried he with all the pride of a poet crowned by an emperor; "'tis I who wrote these verses you have just so highly praised; and, thinking all the while that you were praising a stranger, your saying has penetrated to the bottom of my soul. We need, however, pay no heed to that matter, and Elzevir need not print it; the world need not even fancy that it ever existed; what matters it to me? It is enough that it has pleased you; that it has caused you to shed tears, is more than sufficient triumph."

"Will the applause of the world be no longer needful to you!" cried Brandau, approaching Jan and placing upon

his brow a laurel-branch bent into the form of a wreath; after which he hastened to gather together all the leaves of his *Icarus* and place them in order. "I have spied you out," continued he; "'twas my duty as an actor. On hearing that young beauty read those verses, I was convinced that you could be none other than that Jan whose tragedies constitute the delight of Amsterdam, whom I came to seek out at Leyden, because from Leyden it was that those pieces were sent. Our whole theatre prostrates itself before thy feet as before a master spirit, who must become, cost what it may, our leader in the crusade that we have undertaken against the absurdities of that stranger, of that anabaptist, of that Vondel."

"My name is Jan Voss," said Jan, "although I am only known as an author under the name of *Secundus*. It is true that I have written tragedies which my severe master Hemkengripper almost always tore in pieces before my eyes. I do not understand what you mean, although what you have said gratifies me exceedingly, and I cannot accept of your wreath, although my brow has been so highly honoured by its having encircled it."

So saying, he would have taken it off, but Primula prevented him. "It becomes thee admirably," said she; "it sits as though it were springing from its native soil and had its roots planted in thy heart. I will not allow it to be removed. Only listen attentively to this gentleman stranger. Who knows what Hemkengripper may have done under the rose! Tell me, sir, what are the names of these tragedies which have obtained such great success?"

"Aaron and Titus above all," replied Brandau.

"'Twas my first performance," cried Jan, and he began to declaim some passages from it.

"Oh, I know now how they ought to be given!" rejoined Brandau. "I have been applauded a hundred times in that part, and always undeservedly I now perceive. You should be our manager. You will have a docile pupil in me. How delightful if Primula would not disdain to represent in all their native truth those admirable female characters

that Jan has introduced in his dramas, and for which parts we have not a single actress capable of giving proper impersonations. Believe me, when I say that from the few sentences that I heard her read I recognised at once the germ of a great actress."

"Oh! how delightful that would be!" exclaimed Primula casting down her eyes. "I would always read the same if I read in public. When my mother is angry, she often calls me an actress. Who knows what may come of my having accustomed myself to read in that way!"

A violent dispute meanwhile had arisen at the other extremity of the garden. Hemkengripper, aided by the good Bathsheba, had brought thither his money-bags. No longer perceiving his manuscript where he had left it, he supposed it deposited in some safer place, and great was his surprise when they presented to him the tulip-pot wrapped in a sheet of paper. But his surprise quickly changed to wrath so soon as he discovered that paper to be inscribed with his own hand-writing. It was, too, one of his most sublime hypotheses. His fury no longer kept itself within bounds, to the utter amazement of the auctioneer, who could not conceive what was wrong in the matter. He managed, however, in the sequel to comprehend the matter; but he called upon the bystanders to testify that Hemkengripper had bid for a tulip and not for a manuscript. "Where is it then? what has become of it?" cried the aged professor in the extreme of his anguish. And who can depict his grief when he learned that it had been adjudged to another for a few stivers! He had lost then not only his long labour of thought and research, but his money into the bargain. He was maddened with despair.

The tavern-keeper who, for the first time in his life, saw him in so piteous a condition—one, too, who was ordinarily so haughty, so crafty, could not refrain from entertaining sentiments of compassion in his favour. He gave him to understand that the money which had been paid for the tulip belonged to Primula, who had cultivated it. He knew then that he would regain the whole by his marriage with her.



Bilderdick experienced anguish no less bitter; he cast from a distance a covetous look at the lovely flower; and at length, able to contain himself no longer, he went to inquire of Primula whether by chance she might not have a bulb of the same species of tulip. The young damsel related to him, in answer to his question, how a shipwrecked sailor had come into the Dule, and had called for a herring. He attempted to eat some onions as he thought them, which he had rescued from the wreck in a handsome casket, but having found them of bad flavour he had flung them away in anger; and that she thereupon offered to give him common onions in exchange. Unfortunately he had only left one whole among the number.

"I would willingly give a thousand livres more," exclaimed the old merchant, "if I could only be spared such a dreadful disappointment! I shall never survive such a misfortune."

Brandau compassionately took hold of his arm, and led him away, in order that the sight of the flower might not wholly deprive him of reason.

At the same moment, Hemkengripper, Agnes, and Bathsheba approached the two lovers to prove to them that such a heaven of happiness is not to be found long upon earth. Old Agnes asked Jan in her severest tone, how he could be so audacious as to behave thus familiarly before the whole world to dare to fondle Primula by the hand, the betrothed of Hemkengripper.

The latter, on his part, addressed himself reproachfully to the youthful damsel, on her having so soon forgotten the ring which had united them.

"That old mad-woman, then, was really a man?" ejaculated Primula, in an excess of terror.

Jan spoke in a tone at once firm and modest of his anterior rights. Hemkengripper then directed his attention to the ring that Primula still wore upon her finger. He spoke of the night that he had passed near her, and asked her whether she could deny it. Primula reddened with rage, and through pride held her tongue; but Jan glanced an eagle eye alternately upon his mistress and the ring, and grew pale as he did so.

Hemkengripper, already triumphant, would have seized the young maiden by the hand, when Bathsheba placed herself between them:—

"Are you not ashamed, learned professor," said she, "thus to afflict the hearts of two young people? Does not your age reproach you for so doing? Why should I longer be silent upon what I have concealed too long already? You know not whom you are thus bringing to despair. Learn, then, that this young man is your own son!"

"Son! son!" exclaimed Hemkengripper, "I know of no son!"

"Read that certificate of baptism. You gained the affections of his mother by means of a similar ring, and you afterwards abandoned her; she was obliged to conceal her poor child, and confide him to the care of strangers, because you threatened if she did otherwise, to forsake her entirely. Listen then, all of you, whosoever shall trust in him for the future, merits a fate as sorrowful as that of his last poor victim."

"Then if he be my son," rejoined Hemkengripper, wrathfully, "I have the greater authority over him; he must pay me obedience, and I forbid him from cherishing the slightest pretension to Primula. My old sins are expiated. I dread an evil repute in the eyes of the world. Thou hast dishonoured me now irremediably. Go, thou art no longer in my service. I will, nevertheless, from time to time do something for thee. And thou, Jan reflect seriously. I will make a great man of thee. Thou shalt work for me, but not in my own dwelling. I will give thee a good salary. I will publish thy tragedy with preface and conclusion. What is there in comparison to all these advantages, like the approbation of the world! Get thee gone, Bathsheba, that I may never see thee more. Thou stirrest up this young man to rebel against his father."

"Away, away, wicked sorceress!" exclaimed old Agnes; "you deserve to be burned. Heaven pardons the faults of youth, but the wickedness of old age leads straightway to perdition."

The old Bathsheba withdrew, and Jan remained alone, to ponder upon his promise, paternal authority, and his

anger against Primula. But the extremes of happiness and misery do not long continue, and ere man thinks himself reduced to the depths of despair, succour is generally not far from him.

Brandau had overheard everything, pretending all the while to be talking with Bilderdick. He then proceeded to draw from his pocket the famous manuscript, filled his pipe, and read in a loud voice, as though to himself—"What is a *Deus in machinâ*? Assuredly it ought to be a *perpetuum mobile*."

"Master, those are my thoughts," cried Hemkengripper; "'tis my manuscript."

Brandau coldly repulsed him, and began to tear up a leaf, advancing at the same time towards a lamp which was burning upon the table.

"Stop! stop!" cried Hemkengripper in a supplicating voice. "Take all, worthy man, all that I possess, my class of pupils even, but destroy not a single leaf of that manuscript, the fruit of my genius and my toils."

"What will you offer me for it?" asked Brandau.

"A hundred thousand florins."

"Fie! I have not passed ten years in the East Indies for nothing; money has no value for me. But my caprice is to make other people happy. May not these young folks get married? I desire it."

At these words the leaf was torn a little further.

"I consent to it! I consent to it! This very day, even, I will give them my blessing. But restore me that manuscript—my precious manuscript!"

"And that worthy Master Bilderdick, will you not give him up, for the consideration of a thousand livres in addition, the tulip-pot?"

"That and all the tulips that are in my garden."

"And old Bathsheba—shall she be sent about her business through her fidelity towards you and your son? No, you must, in justice, marry her; for her attentions are absolutely necessary to your health and comfort. Yes, if I mistake not greatly, those were a mother's looks that watched over Jan. She is the mother of that celebrated Jan Voss, whose name will carry your's

across the waves of time, and hinder its destruction. Come! marry her for your son's sake; and learn now, that no name is held in more honour than his is throughout Holland. He has long since eclipsed Vondel. Your son is the creator of our theatre; he will be the director of it, and I will place its sceptre in his hands; and you—you shall bestow upon him in addition the price of the tulip-pot."

Hemkengripper was desirous of a moment's reflection, but the leaf was approaching the flame in terrific approximation; he exclaimed, at last, in a resolute tone—"You have only anticipated me. What you asked of me, I had long since determined upon. I have made known to the world the works of Jan Voss; I have kept my word with regard to Vondel. If I seemed to hesitate for a moment, 'twas that I would prove you both, youn; folks. Remain faithful to the theatreg you will enter upon a delightful career. As for thee, Bathsheba, I have no advice to give thee. Thou wilt become mistress, but all must remain as heretofore. Come, master, take your flower and pay. I give the entire sum to Jan, to enable him to make his first appearance on the stage. Now for my manuscript, or I will lay violent hands upon you."

Stromehl relates, in the eight book of his Chronicles, that a manuscript—the identical one of which we have made mention—in which Hemkengripper hoped to have gained the tact wherewith to combat numerous hypotheses of Zahnebreker, created a plague in Leyden, which carried off, in 1635, more than 22,000 inhabitants. This manuscript had been brought by a ship on board of which the plague had broken out; nevertheless, Hemkengripper would not take the necessary precautions previous to unrolling it. It was his wife who first found herself attacked by the terrible malady; but he commanded her to say nothing about it. He caused a message of peace to be solemnly carried to Zahnebreker, who, frank and honest as he was, did not hesitate to accept such overture. The reconciliation took place in the

Dule. Hemkengripper embraced his adversary, and by that kiss of peace communicated to him the plague : both died in less than an hour afterwards. Though one half of the inhabitants of

the city followed them to the grave, but few dreamed that the sole cause of the double mortality was the hatred which had so long existed between the two learned professors.

## MARY'S GRAVE.

BY TENNANT LACHLAN, AUTHOR OF "THE MILL CHURCH."

[“ After Mary's death her lover sank into a deep decline. Grief preyed so upon his spirits that his reason forsook him, and he often wandered about to each familiar spot, seeking her whom he had lost, and mourning her absence ; nor did he appear to know that she was dead, until one day he chanced to sit down beside her grave.”]

I HAVE sought thee, Mary dear !  
O'er hill and glen—far and near :  
By the abbey's ruin'd wall,  
Where the ghost-like shadows fall  
Over niche and crumbling tomb  
Spreading deep funereal gloom :  
Where the bat wheels round and round  
'Bove the dead-man's mystic ground ;  
Haunting with its sable wing  
E'en the light the moonbeams bring.  
By the altar's broken stone  
I have waited all alone ;  
But thou camest not as of old,  
And my heart grew very cold !

Then I sought thee in the hall  
Where light feet to music fall,  
And the mazes of the dance  
Drown the mind in fairy trance :  
Beauty beam'd in every look,  
But its gaze I could not brook ;  
Smiling faces seem'd to say—  
“ Wherefore art thou not as gay ? ”  
Even Love, with blushing cheek,  
Downcast eyes and visage meek,  
Woing every tender thought,  
E'er by playful Cupid brought,  
Tried in vain to steal a part  
Of my almost broken heart.  
Where the banquet's nectar'd wine,  
And the gold and silver shine  
'Mid the lamps with soften'd light,  
Shedding lustre on the night :  
Where the song and jest went round  
Till the roof gave back the sound ;

There I watch'd each stranger's face,  
But thy look I could not trace !

Then I sought thine own fire-side,  
Where thou saidst thou'd be my bride.  
'Mid the embers' cheerful glow,  
With a brow all free from woe,  
Sat the sire in his chair,  
But his daughter was not there !  
Silent were thy loved harp's strings,  
And old Time, with dusty wings,  
O'er thy books had often sped—  
Would were memory 'mong the dead !  
Ah, my bosom sicken'd quite,  
At that melancholy sight.

In the woods we oft had trod  
And communed with Nature's God ;  
Where the cowslip gemm'd the glade,  
And the rose a home had made ;  
There I wander'd to and fro—  
What could make my feet do so ?  
Into every nook I went,  
'Neath the hanging branches bent ;  
Scann'd each foot-print on the grass,  
Thinking thou might'st that way pass.  
There had been no foot so small  
Down beside the waterfall,  
Where, at summer evening's close,  
Oft we linger'd to repose.

Where soft music's trembling note  
Seem'd upon the air to float—  
There I thought I sure should find  
Solace for my weary mind ;

There I thought thy voice to hear  
Sounding all so deep and clear ;  
I listen'd long, no lay so sweet  
Did mine anxious senses greet.  
When the sun sank 'neath the sea,  
Then I watch'd, my love, for thee,  
On some crag poised o'er the deep,  
Lull'd by zephyrs into sleep.  
Every whisper that pass'd by  
Made me think that thou wert nigh,  
And I turn'd with welcome smile,  
But thou wert not there the while !

In the kirk where we had knelt,  
And the light of heaven felt,  
For each other asking more  
Than we dared for self implore ;  
Where we both had often heard  
Comfort in God's holy word ;  
Where was taught dear Jesu's name,  
Who to save poor sinners came ;  
Where has boom'd the organ's swell  
And the awful passing bell.  
There I sought thee in the seat  
Where we used at morn to meet ;  
But, alas ! thou camest not  
To that once-loved, hallow'd spot !

Cold and drear my bosom grew,  
And my mind was wandering too.  
My lips were parch'd—hot my brow—  
I was almost mad, I trow,  
When I left the sacred pile,  
Tottering down the ancient aisle,

Scarcely caring where I trod,  
Though it was on churchyard sod.  
With blank face and straggling eye,  
Anxious less to live than die ;  
Silent sat I on the earth  
To latent sorrow giving birth.  
'Twas a little grassy mound—  
A tiny pillow on the ground,  
Daisies seem'd their watch to keep  
O'er some loved one's peaceful sleep ;  
And a white stone told each name  
To the stranger who there came,  
Of those whom fell Death had bound  
'Neath the little spot of ground.

With dim eye, I raised my head  
To read the record of the dead ;  
I had not wept—I could not weep,  
For my sorrow was too deep.

\* \* \* \*

Sense return'd—I felt to be  
Happy 'mid my misery ;  
Though thou wert gone, then I knew  
That I soon should follow too.  
We should meet in realms above—  
Realms of everlasting love ;  
'Mid the glories of the sky,  
Live for ever—never die !  
Then I humbly tried to pray—  
Teach my trembling lips to say,  
“ Blessed, blessed Holy One,  
Thine own will my God be done ;  
Surely he may take who gave.”  
I knew I knelt on MARY'S GRAVE !

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## TO THE SCARLET HONEY-SUCKLE,

*Blooming in the last days of December.*

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Bright ling'rer round the death-bed of the year,  
I've watch'd thy beauties bending to the gale  
That scatter'd wide the foliage brown and sere,  
And swept with desolation o'er the vale.  
But thy light fragile form withstood the storm  
Which shook thy loftier neighbours of the grove ;  
So have I seen meek woman's angel form,  
Firm to the last, unwavering in her love,  
Hovering, unshrinking, round the bed of death,  
Though all beside have fled alarm'd away,  
Fearing to meet dread fever's poison-breath ;  
Yet she with untired patience still will stay,  
The sufferer's closing hour of life to cheer,  
As thou dost, beauteous flower, the death-bed of the year.

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# SKETCHES AND STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.—No. V.

## THE REVOLT OF REIMS, 1461—1483.

ON the 14th day of August, in the year 1461, his most christian majesty, Louis XI., made his solemn entry into his good city of Reims. His escort was composed of a long train of nobles who had assembled from all parts of the kingdom to offer their congratulations and homage to the new sovereign, on the happy event of his accession to the throne. Our readers may probably recollect that, in a former chronicle,\* we hinted at the disturbed state of the kingdom during the latter period of the reign of Charles VII., owing to the intrigues of the dauphin who had for years aspired to the crown, and who sought by every means, save that of open actual murder, to become its possessor. Death had at length put an end to the sufferings of the unhappy Charles, and the crown devolved as in right of inheritance to the unworthy Louis, then in his thirty-eighth year. Already deeply versed in the arts of dissimulation and hypocrisy, Louis XI. concealed, under a feigned appearance of candour and open-heartedness, that scowling expression of malignant cruelty and suspicion which, in after life, was so indelibly stamped upon his features. France had been so long in such a state of turmoil, that the most sanguine hopes of internal quiet had been formed, now that all apparent cause for discontent had been removed. All was, therefore, joyful anticipation.

The citizens of Reims, in whose cathedral, as at the present day, the coronation of the French kings took place, were amongst the foremost to testify, by the most lively demonstrations, their satisfaction and respect towards their new sovereign. The streets through which the *cortège* passed were strewed

with flowers; banners floated from the windows; the air rang with shouts and acclamations, whilst Louis proceeded to the cathedral, where he was solemnly crowned on the 15th of August, by the Archbishop Jean Juvenal des Ursins. Never had a reign commenced under more favourable auspices; and when the king, in token of his good will towards his faithful subjects, took, amidst the other oaths at his coronation, the voluntary one of abolishing the enormous imposts which had long weighed heavily upon the citizens, their gratitude knew no bounds. He was conveyed in triumph back to the Hôtel de Ville, where he had taken up his residence, the people passing the night under his windows, singing *noëls*\* and dancing round immense bon-fires kindled in honour of the happy event. The following day Louis XI. quitted Reims.

The people of Reims in vain awaited the fulfilment of the king's promises. A month elapsed when, instead of the imposts being abolished, they were doubled. The consequence, as might have been foreseen, was, that the inhabitants, justly irritated at this breach of faith, openly revolted. They repaired to the houses of those appointed to levy the taxes, menaced some, ill-treated others, ransacked their dwellings, seized upon the registers, and conveying them to the *place publique*, burned them in presence of the authorities, who vainly sought to quell the disturbance. The tax-collectors, trembling for their lives, fled to the court of Louis, demanding succour and protection. The king instantly dispatched one of his marshals, together with his favourite Jean Bureau, a person of low birth who had followed him from Flanders and had lately been promoted to the dignity of treasurer of France. These two persons were accompanied by another of the *worthies* of the reign of Louis XI., namely, his compeer, Tristan l'Ermite,

\* I.—The Confession, A. D. 597; published in this (the Lady's) Magazine, April, 1837.

II.—Marie-Antoinette, A. D. 1787; June, 1837.

III.—The Monk and the Buzzard, A. D. 1467; November, 1837.

IV.—Accession of Louis Debonnaire, A. D. 614; May, 1838.

\* Christmas carols.

provost of the marshals, the executor of the king's vengeance, and commonly known by the appellation of *le Bourreau du Roi*.\* These officers had orders to act with the utmost severity.

Such austere measures only served still more to exasperate the people: the trouble and confusion increased to a fearful degree. The king's commissioners entered the city, seized upon several suspected persons, many were thrown into prison until the king should have pronounced upon their fate, and others, those who had taken a more active part in the disturbances, delivered into the hands of Tristan. For more than two months the gibbet was permanent in the streets and on the *place publique*.

Things had now arrived at such a height, that the council of Reims, together with the archbishop, resolved upon an application to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, praying that he would intercede with Louis in favour of the unhappy citizens. To this measure Philip readily assented.

"And knowing as I do," said the duke in his letter to Louis XI., "that besides all the other qualities which shine in your noble person, you are, and have always been, possessed of virtue, clemency, pity, and mercy—so I, moved with compassion towards the inhabitants of Reims, venture to supplicate with all humility, that your dread Grace would, in your noble pleasure, extend your clemency and mercy towards your humble and unhappy subjects of the aforesaid city of Reims, and in consideration of the severe and heavy punishments inflicted upon many, remit and pardon the offences of all others, who may have unhappily incurred the displeasure of your excellency."

Whether Louis XI. was really touched with this letter, and that his vengeance was satiated, or whether he dreaded a general rising throughout the kingdom, is not known; but the commissioners were recalled, and in the course of the month of December following, a general amnesty was proclaimed. Thus, was the revolt of Reims brought to a seeming conclu-

sion, and a seeming one only, for there still survived relations of many of the victims who had perished innocently, and who had formed deep laid—though distant—projects of vengeance. The following is an instance.

Amongst the tradesmen of the city of Reims was a manufacturer of wool-len-cloths, named Pierre Landry—a man, not only possessed of the goodwill and esteem of the class to which he belonged, but regarded with the highest degree of consideration by his fellow-citizens in general. Although past the meridian of life, Pierre Landry had preserved, both in mind and body, all the energy and activity of youth. Being, therefore, looked upon as one of the most resolute and courageous characters in the town, he was chosen by his fellow-tradesmen as a fitting person to redress their grievances. The old man hoped, by accepting the office, to be instrumental in restoring peace to his native city; therefore, after reiterating his commands that his followers should abstain from all acts of violence, he proceeded at the head of a large body of tradesmen to the town-hall, where he formally, but respectfully refused, in his own name, and those of his associates, to pay the imposts abolished by the king's solemn oath on the day of his coronation. The collectors threatened, but he was inflexible to their menaces, and although not a single act of violence had been committed, the king's commissioners had him seized upon the plea of his being a leader of the rebellious factions, and delivered him over to Tristan l'Ermite. Pierre Landry was arrested at eleven o'clock in the morning—at twelve he expired on the gibbet. His dwelling was razed to the ground, and his property confiscated to the crown.

Landry had lost his wife a year or two previous to this event, and his family now consisted but of one child a boy in the fifth year of his age. During the short interval between his capture and his execution, he obtained permission to embrace his child for the last time. His farewell was short; seating the boy upon his knees—"My son!" he said, "the wicked King Louis XI. is about to have thy fa-

\* The king's hangman.

ther put to death; remember, I die innocent! When thou shalt have attained the age of manhood, thou wilt revenge me!"

A glowing colour instantly pervaded the child's countenance, his eyes sparkled, and his little lips murmured some inarticulate words.

"He will revenge me!" cried Landry, resigning the child to his foreman, after one long embrace; "he will revenge me, and I die content!"

"Yes, master!" cried the foreman, "he has your blood in his veins, he will revenge you. He shall remain with me, and the day he enters his twentieth year I will recall to his mind your dying words, and the oath that I here take in his name."

At this moment Tristan entered the prison.

Pierre Landry had only time to press the hand of his friend. He was bound and led forth to execution.

The old foreman followed, leading the boy by the hand. At the fatal moment he lifted him in his arms, the child no sooner perceived his father suspended from the gibbet, than he uttered a piercing cry, and sank fainting upon the shoulder of his guardian.

Old Nicholas instantly conveyed him to his home; the first signal of returning animation was a shriek caused by the pain of a red-hot iron which the old man was applying to the boy's chest, and with which he had traced in characters never to be effaced, the date, *14th December, 1461*. It was the date of Pierre Landry's death.

Each anniversary of the fatal day, Nicholas conducted the son of the victim to the *Place Royale*, at the moment when the church bells were chiming the *ANGELUS*.

"On this spot, my child," (so many years ago,) he would say, "thy innocent father expired on a gibbet, by order of the cruel and wicked King Louis XI. I have sworn that thou wilt one day revenge him; I may die from one moment to another, therefore, lest thou should'st forget his crime and my oath, I have engraven the date upon thy breast." He would then tear open the garments of the boy and display the fatal mark.

As may be supposed, these scenes,

renewed annually, together with constant allusions to the duty of avenging an innocent parent, were sufficient to fanaticise the youth, and blind him as to the culpability of the crime he was called upon to commit. Such an education failed not to produce the desired effect. Scarcely had the child merged into the youth, than his unceasing importunities to be suffered to go to seek the wicked king who had deprived him of a father, convinced his guardian that he would one day fulfil the solemn engagement he had made for him. But Landry was yet too young for such an undertaking, and Nicholas fearing that all would be lost by a premature attempt, still replied:—

"The time is not yet come!"

At length, on the fifteenth anniversary of Pierre Landry's death, and the completion of his son's twentieth year, the old man yielded to the entreaties of the youth.

"Yes, my son!" cried Nicholas enthusiastically, "the day is at last arrived for the fulfilment of this sacred mission. Let us begone!"

Louis XI. at that time resided at the *Château of Plessis-les-Tours*; thither then they repaired, and during a period of four years they watched with unceasing vigilance for an opportunity of approaching the king, but every attempt proved fruitless; all know what precautions were taken by the suspicious monarch for his personal safety. At the end of these four years, Nicholas died, leaving young Landry alone in the world. The young man's grief at the loss of his only friend was somewhat mitigated by the hope that he would ultimately succeed in his purpose.

He resolved upon one final effort, and with the highest anticipations of success, only delayed the execution of his project until the following day—that of the *Assumption*—when Louis was expected to appear in public. Again, however, he was disappointed. In the dead of night, the royal guards penetrated into his humble abode and arrested him in the king's name.

Louis XI., whose health and strength had been long declining, began to apprehend with consternation that he had not many years to live. His fears and distrust increased daily. He

had given orders that all strangers who were found in the environs of Plessis-les-Tours should, be arrested, interrogated, and sent back to their native provinces, provided they were able to prove the innocence of their intentions. This was the cause of Landry's arrest. He had, however, been able to reply to the numerous questions put to him, with sufficient address to conceal his real intentions; but he was known to be the son of a man who had been hanged by the king's order, and this was sufficient to render him an object of suspicion. Landry was re-conducted to Reims, where he was condemned to work as a plumber of the crown, during the remainder of his life. In this employment he passed three years.

In the course of the year 1483 young Landry was, amongst others, employed in repairing the roof of the cathedral at Reims. Unlike his fellow-workmen, who were in the habit of assembling for purposes of recreation after the labours of the day, our hero usually passed the time betwixt his cessation from work and retiring to his bed in a solitary ramble, where he could give free course to the sombre reflections which weighed so heavily upon his mind. One night, he remained on the roof of the cathedral long after the departure of his companions; absorbed by his gloomy meditations, he did not perceive he was alone, nor that the curfew had sounded, until he observed the whole city plunged in darkness. He began to descend rapidly, in order to gain his home, when all at once a horrible idea presented itself to his mind; he paused for a moment's reflection:—

"It shall be so!" at length he cried, while a bitter smile crossed his features. He ran to his chafing-dish, and finding a few sparks still lighting, he kindled some charcoal, and then collecting the most combustible materials he could find, flung the contents of the chafing-dish upon the whole. "There!" he cried; "'twas beneath this roof that the perjured tyrant was crowned. Perish this pile as his promises have perished. The church first—the king after!"

The flames spread with an amazing rapidity; streams of melted lead poured from the roof; the alarm bells rang,

and the affrighted citizens rushed simultaneously to the spot. Their united efforts to arrest the progress of the conflagration were, happily, not unavailing. A part of the stupendous edifice was saved; but the roof and the left steeple, called the *clocher à l'ange* fell in with a tremendous crash.

Louis XI., whose days were now fast drawing to a close, got into a violent rage when apprised of this national calamity. Persuaded that it was a sequel to the former revolt of Reims, he menaced the inhabitants with his speedy vengeance. The archbishop and the clergy, who really attributed the event to accident, sued for clemency towards their unhappy townsmen. The Abbot of St. Rémy wrote to the king, offering to have a mass celebrated daily for his soul and his restoration to health, and praying him to grant an order upon his treasury for the necessary sums to rebuild that part of the cathedral which had become a prey to the flames, assuring him that this pious act would be agreeable to Heaven. Louis XI. accepted the offer, promising to remit the funds. He then said that they need only pray to the saints for his restoration to *bodily* health, adding that they must not ask too much at a time!\* He then concluded by requesting they would send him the holy ampulla, which he knew could operate a miracle in his favour, and save his life.

This request was equivalent to an order. The holy ampulla, notwithstanding the reluctance of the clergy of Reims, was conveyed to Plessis-les-Tours, and placed in the king's chamber; but Louis again broke his word, and neglected to send the funds for the repairs of the church.

Landry's enterprise was still only half completed. He hoped by setting fire to the cathedral to see Louis XI., who he thought would visit Reims; but in this he was mistaken. At length he decided upon writing to the king, saying if he would grant him a private interview, he would make some important revelations relative to the burning of the cathedral. The king eager for information upon this event, consented to receive him, and Landry's joy knew no bounds

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\* His own words.



when he received an order to set out immediately for Plessis-les-Tours. Armed with a single dagger carefully concealed so as not to excite suspicion, he advanced towards the gloomy palace, whose gates the most powerful nobles trembled to approach, for, like the entrance to Dante's Infernal City, the motto on Plessis-les-Tours might have been—

"Lasciate ogni speranza, voi, che'ntrate."\*

Arrived at the first drawbridge, he produced his order and was instantly admitted through a narrow postern gate, inside which was the guard house of the Scottish archers, whence he was conducted through a long passage to a room where he found a person of venerable appearance, by whom he was interrogated. Landry again produced the order signed by the king, upon which the person in question desired him to be searched, and his arms, if he had any, to be taken from him.

Landry at first offered resistance to this measure, inquiring if a man who had come for the purpose of making important revelations to the king could be suspected of evil intentions; he even made an effort to retain his dagger, demanding wherefore he should be deprived of his arms.

"Because," answered the old man, who proved to be none other than the infamous Olivier-le-Daim, the king's barber, "because nobles alone are privileged to appear armed in presence of our good sovereign, and thou, my son, art only a low-born vassal."

"No matter," thought Landry to himself, "if I cannot stab, I can smother him."

Olivier then made a signal to Landry, who followed with a beating heart. They entered the palace by a private door, of which the barber had the key, and after traversing a long suite of apartments filled with armed men, they descended a narrow winding staircase which led to a long dark corridor. They then passed through two or three small chambers, and entered a splendid apartment richly decorated, and filled with nobles and guards, amongst whom Landry recognised Tristan l'Ermite, with

his two assistants, armed and standing like mutes in the deep embrasure of one of the gothic windows. Here Landry was desired to await the return of Olivier-le-Daim, who, raising the tapestry, disappeared, saying he would go to see if the king were disposed to receive him. At the expiration of an hour the barber returned.

"The king is ready to receive you," said he, addressing our hero, and at the same time making a sign to Tristan, who turned towards his two assistants repeating the same signal. The two men instantly stalked forward without speaking, and seizing Landry, who vainly sought to extricate himself from their grasp, tied his hands forcibly behind his back. The young man appealed to Olivier-le-Daim for an explanation of this strange conduct.

"This is the way, my son," said the latter with a most benignant smile, and in the mildest tone possible, "in which it pleaseth our excellent and worthy master, King Louis, whose days, Heaven and the saints preserve! to receive all vassals who seek to hold private converse with his grace; but come along, thou hast nought to fear."

So saying, he led the way across several gloomy and deserted chambers; at length he lifted a tapestry, and Landry found himself in the presence of Louis XI.

The king was seated in a richly carved arm-chair and supported with crimson velvet cushions; his hands were crossed upon his breast, and he was seemingly absorbed in profound meditation. He raised his eyes as Olivier and his companion entered the room, and his glance from that of vacancy became all at once keen and penetrating.

"On thy knees!" he cried, the moment he perceived the young man. "On thy knees, varlet! Thou art in presence of the holy ampulla;" and he pointed towards the mantel-piece whereon was deposited the holy relic. "Thou art a native of Reims, art thou not?" continued the king. "If so, thou must have faith in the holy ampulla. Kneel, and repeat a *Pater* and an *Ave* that God and the saints may yet for many years prolong the life of thy sovereign!"

\* Dante. *Dell' Inferno*, canto iii.—"Leave all hope, you who enter."

Mechanically Landry did as he was required. He threw himself upon his knees, and prayed—but not for length of days for Louis XI. Brought up, as we have said, from the most tender infancy with the idea that he was an instrument appointed by Heaven to revenge the death of his parent by that of his sovereign, the thought that it was a *crime* he was called upon to commit never entered his imagination. Landry would have shrank with the deepest abhorrence from the perpetration of a murder, but this he called an act of retributive justice. Did not “Holy Writ,” so often quoted by old Nicholas say, “That whoso sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed.” He was then ordained by Heaven for this sacred mission, and Heaven would, he felt assured, ultimately grant him the success he so ardently desired.

None but a fanatic like our young man can judge of his rage and bitter disappointment at seeing himself so near the accomplishment of his wishes and yet unable to act. For years he had sought an interview with Louis XI., and now, that he had at length reached the goal of all his hopes, he was powerless! Alone with his enemy, yet unable to harm him. Bound! bound like a malefactor, all his energy forsook him; he foresaw that this proceeding would like all the others prove unavailing. Landry retained his kneeling posture; and, when the first ebullition of his disappointed feelings had subsided, he prayed, and fervently, that Heaven would grant him courage to fulfil his mission, even though his own life should be the forfeit of his deed.

At the beginning of this scene Louis had risen from his seat, though not without considerable difficulty. He now stood leaning for support on the shoulder of his trusty Olivier, watching Landry with close attention. At length the superstitious monarch, re-seating himself, took off his hat and devoutly kissed the leaden image of the Virgin with which it was looped up at the side. He then whispered Olivier:

“Now, compeer, thou may’st leave us together; thou know’st we are under the especial protection of our holy and blessed Lady of Sales, so nought can

harm us. Stay!” he cried, seeing Olivier about to quit him. “He is well bound, is he not? Paques Dieu! if our friend Tristan or his followers have lent a helping hand, he cannot endanger our precious life. Now go, but thou wilt be within hearing Messire Olivier. Is Tristan ready?”

Olivier nodded in token of assent, and quitted the chamber.

“We are alone!” said Louis XI., addressing Landry after some moments’ silence—“Speak!”

But Landry replied not, heard not. The youth had regained all his wonted ferocity from the moment he saw the king in his power, and was making desperate efforts to burst the cord with which his hands were bound. Finding his struggles ineffectual, he at length cried in the wild frenzy of disappointment:

“So near!—yet without power to harm him!” at the same time darting towards the king’s chair.

Louis XI., terrified, shrieked aloud to his attendants:

“Help! help! Olivier! Tristan! help!”

The words were scarcely uttered, ere the barber accompanied by Tristan and his two assistants rushed into the chamber. The king was deadly pale and trembled from head to foot; Landry stood still and silent, regarding him with a look of the deepest hatred.

After some moment’s silence, during which the king strove to regain his composure, he turned an inquiring glance towards Landry.

“Well, my master!” he resumed in a voice which he in vain tried to render calm; “why dost thou not still advance upon us? Hast thou nought else to reveal? Be quick, for our compeer awaiteth thee?”

“Yes,” cried Landry, “I have revelations to make.—Yes! I *will* speak, since I cannot act. And may my words instil into thy perjured soul a terror that will shorten thy existence! King of France! thou art my father’s murderer, and I have sworn to revenge his death on thee! That hath been my project ever since my mind was capable of forming a resolution. It hath grown with my growth, strengthened with my strength. Know king, that for four

long years did I hover round these walls, spying thy out-goings and in-comings—success would at length have crowned my perseverance, but that I was exiled to Reims by thine order, and prohibited by thee to leave that town. Three years' absence have not altered my plans, for here am I again. In thy presence—so near the completion of my wishes!" he paused—"And now to fail!" murmured he, writhing in the bitterness of disappointment. "Know, king," he pursued after a short silence, "that it was I who set fire to the church—to that church wherein thou didst perjure thyself—I knew the act would excite thy suspicions and that thou wouldst eagerly catch at the hope of discovering the incendiary. Through that act did I hope at last to reach thee. So far I have been successful—and now, were it not for thy cowardice, were it not that thou didst put it out of my power to harm thee, thou shouldst ere this have paid the penalty of thy crimes—ere this have appeared in the presence of an avenging God—ere this have been plunged into everlasting perdition!"

Louis XI., a prey to the most violent agitation, sat gasping for breath; vainly his lips moved for utterance. He clasped his hands together, and sat rocking himself to and fro in his chair. At length he took off his hat, and crossing himself devoutly, frequently and fervently kissed the image of the Virgin.

"*Que notre Dame de Sales, nous soit en aide*: Our Lady of Sales be merciful to us!" at length murmured Louis.

Landry had stopped, overcome by the violence of his excited feelings.

"Now, king," he resumed more calmly, "my father's gibbet awaits me—I die happy—my mission is nearly fulfilled—I had not power to shorten thy life—but I have seen thee tremble beneath my glance, I have seen thee shudder at my words, Louis XI. My father's ashes now rest in peace, for his son hath frightened thee!"

Louis XI. was in fact frightened—nay, terrified: he had again risen from his seat, and seizing the arm of Olivier, who stood next him, receded instinctively as though he dreaded Landry's nearer approach. Tristan l'Ermite

drew a poignard from his belt, and was about to plunge it into the young man's heart, when he was arrested by the king's voice.

"Leave him, my faithful Tristan! leave him," said Louis, "call Coytier; our leech alone can cure him."

A messenger was dispatched for the king's physician.

"Coytier," said the king, on the appearance of that person, "examine this man; he is mad!"

Coytier did the king's bidding, and declared he could find no symptoms of madness in Landry.

"Thou art a fool, Coytier! Paques Dieu! thou art a fool—I tell thee he is mad. Hath he not for these two and twenty years nourished the project of assassinating his king? Hath he not passed four years outside these walls, seeking to put his murderous intent into execution? Hath he not at last penetrated into our very presence—nay, and had we not been under the especial protection of our Lady and the saints," and he again kissed the image on his hat, "would he not have succeeded in his diabolical purpose? Thou see'st, Coytier, he is mad. Paques Dieu!" he continued stamping his foot, as he saw Coytier shake his head incredulously, "we tell thee he is mad—we *will* that he is mad!"

Coytier bowed.

"Now, Coytier," resumed the king, "we give him in charge to thee; bestow him in a fitting chamber of our palace; use all thy art to effect his cure. In one month thou must produce thy patient restored to health and reason. See that he holdeth discourse with no man, he would fain persuade them, mayhap, that he is of right mind. Go, Coytier, thou wilt give us daily intelligence of his progress."

The king's order was obeyed; Landry now perfectly calm and resigned to his fate whatever it might be, quitted the apartment accompanied by the physician, and the two assistants of Tristan l'Ermite.

As soon as the prisoner was removed, the king made a signal to Olivier and Tristan to approach.

"My friends—my only friends in the world," said he, in a low voice; "for we have our misgivings of that traitor,

Coytier. We know the miscreant is not mad, but it is our will and pleasure that he passes for such. It were dangerous to let the world believe that one who hath so long nourished the project of assassinating Louis XI., and hath tried such various means to attain his end, should be in his right mind. Oh ! if we but knew that a single one of our subjects, from the highest to the lowest, had but conceived such a crime, he should not exist another hour. Now, my friends, we give this traitor three days. In three days, Olivier, thou wilt proclaim his death in presence of our whole court. Tristan, it will be thy task to enable our compeer, Olivier, to announce these tidings."

On the third day, Oliver-le-Daim entered the king's chamber, and in a loud voice announced that Landry had just expired. But Louis XI. heard him not ; he was at that moment in the last agonies of death. In a few seconds, Coytier, whose hand still pressed the now pulseless arm of his sovereign, pronounced the sacramental words—" *Le roi est mort ! Vive le roi !*"

The executioner had joined his victim, whose fate cannot fail to call forth commiseration. Though not innocent, Landry was still an object of compassion ; his crime was the result of his education and of his filial piety.

Charles VIII. was, like his father and his predecessors, crowned in the cathedral of Reims. The holy ampulla was restored to the church of St. Rémy ; but the cathedral was not yet repaired, and the citizens of Reims took no measures to hide the dilapidated state of the building in their preparations for the coronation of the young king.

Charles, not aware of the foregoing circumstances, was struck with the appearance of the church, which even seemed to throw a gloom over the magnificent pageant. The inhabitants again petitioned for funds to repair the build-

ing ; but Charles, before granting their request, inquired into the motives which had induced his father to refuse what seemed to him an act of justice. In a private casket belonging to the late king, a letter was found, bearing the superscription, "*To my successor.*" It was a detail of all the circumstances relative to the revolt of Reims, and the attempt made by Landry, and containing the most sacred injunctions to Charles VIII., that if he chose to advance funds for the rebuilding of that part of the cathedral which had been destroyed, it should only be given on condition that the new constructions should recall in some manner the "Revolt of Reims," and the summary vengeance which Louis XI. inflicted on the inhabitants of that city. "So that," added Louis ; "*the crime and its punishment should be eternally before the eyes of the people of Reims.*"

Charles VIII. conformed in all respects to the wishes of his late father. He granted considerable sums raised on the *gabelles*,\* for the necessary repairs. Collections for the same purpose were also made throughout the kingdom. The chanoines of St. Denis, together with the chapters of Châlons, Soissons, and Laon, all contributed largely.

The church was repaired ; and according to the will of the late king, the new constructions recall at once the revolt and its punishment. Five kneeling figures of gigantic stature serve to support the *clocher à l'ange* ; all five represent persons on whom capital punishments had been inflicted. One is in the act of taking a piece of money from an open pouch held in the other hand. A second bears the marks of the scourge : the remaining three, pierced with wounds, exhibit the books and rolls of parchment wherein were recorded the sums collected by the imposts.

L. V. F.—

\* The tax upon salt.

## PENSEE.—No. I.

### DEW-DROPS.

Dew-drops, the poets say, are angels' tears  
Shed through the long and silent hours of night  
Over a fallen world.

T. W.

## ADDRESS TO THE OLD YEAR.

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I saw thee, Old Year ! when thou wast born,  
 And oh, 'twas a bright and a beautiful morn ;  
 Numberless mortals awaited thy birth  
 To usher thee into this planet of earth.  
 And there was many a joyful throng  
 That welcomed thee in wine and song,  
 But, alas ! there were few who greeted thee  
 With prayer and with solemn minstrelsy.

I saw thee again in early spring,  
 When the trees in the forest were blossoming ;  
 And the sunlight that play'd on the mountains fair  
 Awoke the snow-drops that linger'd there ;  
 When the fishes that haunted the silver streams  
 Came forth to dance in the sun's bright beams,  
 And the birds that dwelt in the leafy woods  
 Flew forth from their winter solitudes.

I saw thee in summer's garb array'd,  
 All clothed in gold, like an eastern maid ;  
 Round thy radiant brow hung the mantling vine,  
 The harebell, the rose, and the eglantine ;  
 Thy ringlets were braided with perfumed flowers  
 Fresh cull'd from the depths of the forest bowers ;  
 And many a poet knelt at thy feet  
 And worshipp'd thy beauty in language meet.

I saw thee in autumn ; but ah ! no more  
 Did'st thou gladden my sight as in days of yore ;  
 Thy freshness had gone, thy beauty fled,  
 And the flowers that around thee had bloom'd were dead ;  
 Dim was thine eye, and thy forehead fair  
 Was mark'd by the fingers of Time and Care,  
 And the tears fell fast from mine eyes, when I thought  
 Of the mournful changes that Time had wrought.

Then Winter came with his stormy breath,  
 And arm'd with the viewless dart of death ;  
 And soon I beheld thee stricken low,  
 And wrapt in thy winding-sheet of snow ;  
 And I heard the sound of the midnight bell  
 That seem'd to be tolling thy funeral knell,  
 And I saw the blue lights of the torches wave,  
 And I thought they were lighting thee to thy grave.

*Bromley, Middlesex.*

J. J.

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## PENSEE.—No. II.

### THE SORROWS OF THE GOOD.

The good mourn not in vain—for ev'ry tear,  
 Shed in their hours of pain and suffering here,  
 Is crystallized into a shining gem—  
 To deck, when earth is pass'd, their heavenly diadem.

T. W.

## ON THE MUSIC AND POPULAR SONGS OF ITALY.

NATURE, who endowed man with the power of speech doubtless ordained that he should embody in song his pleasures and his sufferings: in his song he depicts his thoughts, his manners, his actions, his entire being; nay, they are the reflections of his soul. But there exist upon the surface of the globe so many different nations, that the unremitting labour of several generations would be insufficient to form a complete collection of popular songs, and exhaust the treasures which so curious a study presents.

Thus even, in our civilized Europe, the dwellers on the mountain have neither the same language nor the same customs as those of the neighbouring valley; and as, in every village, some marked physiognomical features are found peculiar to itself alone, in like manner every country has its songs, the music and poetry of which are as accordant as its modes of life, the nature of its soil; and the character of its inhabitants.

Popular music is the book of the every-day life of a nation, as national music is the volume of its history: the first, reproducing the occupations, the manners, and the popular customs; the second, obeying in its modifications the influence of the political events of a nation; the latter transmitted from generation to generation by the voice of an entire nation; the former passing from mouth to mouth, and bequeathed by fathers to their children as family property.

We apply, therefore, the term, *popular song*, to a song, which amongst any nation whatever, has derived its birth altogether independently of the influence of art, and of which the people themselves have been poet and musician.

In frigid climates, where man exhausts life in a perpetual strife against nature, he has need to husband all his energies in order to brave the rigour of his condition. Menaced unceasingly by the climate, surrounded by mountains of ice, he is compelled to seek a habitation in the bosom of the earth; there he lives, far from all social rela-

tions, solitary and taciturn, until necessity constrains him to quit his nook in search of nourishment, like the animal whose flesh he devours, whose fur serves him for vestments, having no other means of action than brute force, incapable of a pure or delicate sentiment; compressing, in short, in a dull torpor, all the faculties of his soul. In those regions where man is subjected to the iron rod of un pitying necessity there is no song, no expression of an animated feeling; for all is sad in a state of life which only differs from death by a movement purely mechanical.

In temperate climates, on the contrary, each new day is decked with new charms, and seems to bring with it a new life. The circulation of the blood, rendered more rapid by the heat of the sun is an incessant cause of pleasurable excitement. The more a nation is located towards the south, the more such excitation becomes animated and powerful. Rich and bounteous nature has provided for all the wants of man; the flower and the fruit are found together upon the same tree. Radiant days are succeeded by nights still more resplendent; it is no longer time but pleasure that measures the hours. Hence that aversion to labour and fatigue, and at the same time, that eager *penchant* for gaming, singing, dancing, and sensual enjoyments; hence that gaiety, which, among the inhabitants of the south, dreads not the attacks of old age, and that air of youth and viridity diffused over even the aged man. These are the countries that we may truly call the native lands of music, song, and dance.

Of all countries in Europe—Italy, by its geographical position as well as by its climate, presents to us a nation the most naturally organized for music; we there meet with popular songs in great abundance, and rich in melodies so lovely, that none other country can be compared to it. In Italy, the soil is fertile, the sky serene, the days scorchingly hot; but the night, that

hour of song, is there cool and fresh ; its song, therefore, bears the impress of tender melancholy, of an imagination at once vivid and meditative.

Girded by the northern Alps, and upon three other points towards the sea cut off from communication with foreigners, the Italian, whether mountaineer or the dweller upon the coast, preserves in all its purity, in all its *naïveté*, the character which surrounding nature has imprinted upon him. We cannot meet with songs truly meriting the term *popular*, save where all foreign relations cease, where no fusion with either the language or the music of another land has taken place. And therefore is it that islanders, the inhabitants of coasts and mountains, whose life is isolated and consequently uniform, preserve so well those primitive songs in which a people, subjected solely to local influences, express by words and tones invented by themselves, their emotions and their love, their griefs and their prayers, the deeds of their sires and the revolutions of nature.

But let the primitive character of a people be effaced and disappear in consequence of a daily contact with foreigners, then also are effaced, and shortly disappear, the popular songs truly so called ; replaced by foreign melodies, and by songs which, confined hitherto to the precincts of saloons and theatres, descend from thence into the streets. Hence is it that Lombardy and the Venetian States, Venice excepted, are less rich in popular songs than the Tiburtine, Sabine and Albanian mountains, than the coasts of Salerno and Sorrento, the islands adjacent to them, and the entire country which extends from Terracina, by Benevento and the Apulian mountains as far as the coast of the Adriatic sea. \*

In almost all these countries the natives have remained secure from foreign influence ; and theatrical education, the effect of which, so pernicious for popular music and poetry, has exercised over them but little empire. An opera-house was some time since established at Sorrento, and in that country so abundantly supplied with popular songs, we might now long seek to hear one given, because, wherever a theatre

opens its doors, the natural is immediately sacrificed to that which is conventional ; and popular music becomes silent before that species which is the offspring of science.

In those parts of Italy which the foreigner only visits *en passant* and as a casual observer, the natives are not affected by the influence we have marked. It is with a proud feeling of his superiority, that the Italian sees inhabitants of every country of the world land upon his native shores, remain absorbed in admiration at the beauty of the soil that nourishes him—of the sky that over-arches his head, losing themselves in contemplation amidst a crowd of objects of art, of antique temples and modern churches, palaces and galleries, statues and ruins. Oh, how far from his thoughts then is the desire of visiting other climes than his own ! How desert and void of sensation must all the remaining portion of the world appear to him !—to him who sees so many foreigners climb mountains and traverse seas in order to hail his native land ! Therefore is he so full of contempt for other countries, that his geographical ignorance seems to place at an equal distance beyond the mountains, or beyond the seas ; for he designates them all under the same generic title, by calling them *ultramontaines* or *ultramarines*. All that he hears related of what pertains to the other side of that distant boundary, appears to him fabulous, makes scarcely any impression upon his mind, and never succeeds in withdrawing him from the sphere in which he has hitherto lived.

The sentiment of curiosity can never exist so powerfully in the happy inhabitant of a fertile land as with the child of the north, frequently a wandering nomad by necessity ; one who roams afar in search of that which his natal soil refuses him. Goëthe has said—“offer a *lazzarone* a kingdom of the north, he would not abandon, in exchange for it, his idle life at Naples.” To eat *maccaroni*—to listen to the tales of the *improvisatori*—to sleep upon the quays—to inhabit the great steps of the portico of a church—to have neither house, bed, hearth—to be destitute even of a shirt—such is his existence, and yet he does not feel himself unhappy.

There are different species of popular songs: the warrior's song, which celebrates heroes and depicts battles; the nuptial song; the funeral dirge; the complaint; the historic song, that transmits the glory of ancestors; the religious song; the love song; and several others which hold relation to the different events—happy or unhappy, as may be—of human life.

As for the warlike or patriotic song, we should have some difficulty in discovering any trace of such amongst a nation which has seen its independence succumb alternatively amid the invasions of Asiatic races, of the German emperors, of French armies, sometimes amid the internal struggles of princes, dukes, and doges. The dismemberment of a country destroys the patriotism of its inhabitants; with patriotism poetry must necessarily die, which is its language. But the *naïveté*—the fineness—the satirical spirit of the Italian people—their vivid imagination—their glowing love—their superstitions—their scrupulous attachment to all the ceremonies of the Catholic faith—all these characteristic features have remained an inexhaustible source of popular poetry.

As it was always one of the principles of the pontifical government to unite the Catholic worship with the ordinary life of the people, in order to arrive at the formation of a state purely theocratic, it hence results that there are no feasts or public practices of religion that it has not allied to popular pleasures, taking care on every occasion to mix them up with processions, illuminations, fire-works, and more especially with a good number of indulgences and letters of grace for twenty-five and fifty years, or even for whole centuries. Among these *fêtes* must be noticed the marvellous illumination of St. Peter's Church, which suddenly appears to take fire from the basement columns to the very summit of the cross which decorates its cupola. Another solemnity which is not less remarkable, and which is allied to the first, is that of the magnificent display of fire-works discharged from the castle of St. Angelo. The blaze, reflected by the waters of the Tiber, appears to envelope in a vast sheet of flame the

bridge of St. Angelo, as well as all the houses situate on the opposite shore, and one may then enjoy the most sublime spectacle of its kind. Another popular *fête*, a *fête* likewise with but little of a musical character, it is true, but which presents no less interest, is that which takes place on the last day of the fast—Holy Saturday. Immediately that the Pope, from the Vatican, after the *Passion*, thunders forth the *Gloria in excelsis*, in token of the resurrection, all the clocks resound from the three hundred steeples which soar aloft from the capital of the Christian world. And with this monstrous concert the cannonade from the castle of St. Angelo blends itself, together with the deafening acclamations of countless multitudes. Fires are kindled in every street: the sky blazes with serpents and fuses; detonations of fire-arms from every door; and from every window is flung a shower of earthen pots that have been used during Lent, and which are shattered in a kind of religious extacy, often to the imminent danger of the passengers' heads. The Madonnas placed at the corners of the streets, in the houses and shops, are stripped of their mourning garments to be attired in Sunday costume; they surround them with an infinite number of flowers and wax-tapers. The vendors of pudding, ham, and parmesan deck their stalls like village altars on the occasion of some splendid nuptials, using not only elegant paper devices, but flowers and the plumage of birds entwined with ribbons and bands of gold and silver. In the streets the tumult is inconceivable, the shouting incessant and in every shade of dissonance, and the general license becomes such, that one might imagine one's-self suddenly retrograded to the times of the antique bacchanals.

But one circumstance which, in every *fête* so materially enhances the pleasure of the Romans, is the concession of *indulgences* that the pope liberally lets fall upon the heads of the people elect. Scarcely, from his high pulpit in St. Peter's, has the Holy Father bestowed his solemn benediction, ere the indulgences are announced, and almost immediately afterwards he flings his letters of grace among the people. Thousands



of hands are suddenly extended aloft to intercept the flight of the blessed paper which slowly floats in air, as though it were desirous of choosing the group amidst which it should descend. Then arises an universal hurrah. The faithful push, fight, and tear one another's clothes; and when, after a long struggle and sundry bruises, a certain number have gained possession of some shreds of the blessed paper, the victors may be descried gravely availing themselves of their conquest by wrapping up their parmesan, or lighting their cigars with it.

Returning to the musical portion of our subject, we will add that the religious ceremonies and practices of devotion furnish the Italians with a great part of their songs.

During Lent the jesuits are seen traversing the streets, followed by a few youths, who, by their songs, invite the children to come and attend their school lessons and catechism.

The Virgin is especially held in great veneration throughout Italy, and her worship holds the first rank there; she constitutes the joys and hopes of all classes, from the scarlet-robed cardinal to the pallid herdsman of the Pontine Marshes; she has her altars on the coasts of the Adriatic Sea, at Loretto, to which the people make pilgrimages, where kings lay down their crowns; she has her altar in every religious cell, as she has in every boudoir, even in that of the handsomest and most voluptuous Italian woman; she is the palladium of the pope's military power, as she is the ægis and the banner of the Calabrian brigands. Consequently the songs that the people consecrate to their Madonna are innumerable.

Scarcely have the church bells announced the *Ave Maria* than at the same instant, in the houses and streets, every one takes off his hat, crosses himself assiduously, and recites the angelic salutation. It is at that moment, in the streets of Rome, that the brotherhoods marching in procession halt before the niches of the Madonnas, and thunder forth the chant which has become so common in the Roman States and throughout almost all Italy.

" Cantiamo fideli  
In dolce armonia

E viva Maria  
E chi la creò.  
Per far la sua madre  
Pria d'esser fanciulla  
In fin dalla culla  
Iddio la mirò."

Thereupon the passengers and workmen, whose labours are over, halt likewise at the signal of the *Ave Maria*; the women with their infants come out of doors, and, throwing themselves on their knees, at such a distance off as enables them to hear the chant and mingle their voices with those of the choir, addressing their salutation and their prayer to the mother of the Saviour. When one of the singers has finished singing this solo—

" Affetti e pensieri  
Dell' anima mia,  
Lodate Maria  
E chi la creò."

There is not a single voice, far or near within hearing, that does not break forth in response with the burthen:—

" E viva Maria  
Maria viva,  
E viva Maria  
E chi la creò."

Not a church, not a village chapel, however small it may be, that, during the eve of the *fête* of the Madonna, or on Saturday evenings, days especially consecrated to her, does not resound with popular songs composed in her honour.

At the corner of one of the streets in the neighbourhood of the Pantheon at Rome, there is a small chapel which, almost every Saturday, Sunday, or *fête-day*, offers in the evening the spectacle of that simple and pious popular ceremony; the exclamations of *Viva Maria* re-echo as far as the most distant streets.

In every part of Italy there exists the same veneration for the Virgin; at Naples as at Venice; upon the mountains as upon the sea-coasts and islands. We have been present in the island of Caprea at a service of the Madonna, before a little chapel; the rosary preceded the hymn as at Rome; the hymn of the islands alone bore no resemblance to that of the Romans, neither in relation to its melody nor in that of rhythm; it was rather a psalmody accompanied by those strange modulations which place so much difference between the

melodies of the north and those of the south of Italy, and whose origin must be sought for sometimes among the Greeks, as in the instance of the Gregorian chant, sometimes among the Moors and Saracens.

On landing in the island of Procida, the traveller may see the women, who, by their costume appear to belong to a Greek colony, seated upon the two parapets leading to a little chapel, spinning; and, as they twirl their spindles, they chant the rosary in the latin language, alternatively taking up, some the angelic salutation *Ave Maria*, the others the prayer *Sancta Maria, Mater Dei*. There is in the melody, as well as in the musical execution, much similarity with the manner in which they psalmodise the verses of hymns in the monasteries and convents.

In Apulia, the rosary is sung in the same manner in latin, and with the same kind of psalmody.

A truly solemn epoch of the year in Italy, is that of Advent: there, as in all Catholic countries, special popular customs announce a time so respected by the faithful. At Rome, that central point of the Christian world, arrive, during the first days of Advent, the shepherds of the Abruzzi and Calabria, playing on the bagpipe and reed-flute, singing the carol of the Babe of Bethlehem, and announcing the coming of Christ. They walk commonly, two by two, their conical crowned hats slouched over one ear, their shoulders covered with a brown mantle which descends as far as the knee, the loins girded with a sheep-skin, and, to complete the physiognomy of their original and antique costume, they wear sandals on their feet and bandellettes twined round the leg in a fashion well calculated to show off its symmetry.

This arrival of the shepherds is a happy augury for the Romans; it is the signal for a series of *fêtes*, the prelude of a time of grace accorded to the soul—of enjoyment and recreation for the body. Thus, the shepherds who are designated under the name of *pifferari*, are eagerly invited to play and sing before the city Madonnas, for every dwelling has its Madonna lighted by a lamp, which is fed from the beginning to the end of the year with the same

scrupulous attention as though it were the sacred fire in the temple of Vesta. Before each Madonna may be seen every day during Advent, two *pifferari* playing and singing the mountain airs transmitted amongst them for ages, from one generation to another by oral tradition.

The original construction of their reed-pipe merits particular description: this instrument has four pipes of different lengths, three of which give unvarying tones; the second the octave of the first, and the third the intermediate fifth, as is the case in certain strings of the dulcimer, or with the pedal in artistic compositions. The fourth reed is the only one of the number which gives variable tones, like those of a hautboy or clarionet. The melody produced by this last pipe, frequently forms, with the unvarying tones of the three others, a discordance shocking enough to the ears of persons not somewhat habituated to it; but commonly, the melody is reinforced by the clarionet of the second *pifferaro*, and covers the other tones by thus softening down the too great harshness they would otherwise possess, for at Rome, the *pifferari* always play in couples, thus producing upon their two instruments five tones at once. When this singular blending of three unvaried tones with a varied melody is heard among the mountains, it might rather be taken for the sound of bells ringing at a distance, than a musical instrument.

Christmas-day arrives, and the *pifferari* have disappeared; they are on their way back to the mountains. Fresh bands replace them; these consist of blind men and women singing to the accompaniment of the mandolin, guitar, flute, and triangle, hymns upon the birth of the infant Jesus.

The following is a specimen of one of these hymns.—

“Dormi, dormi, nel mio seno  
Dormi, o mio fior nazareno;  
Il mio cuor culla sarà  
Fa la ninna nanna na.”

It would be impossible to enumerate all the popular songs that derive their origin from religious *fêtes* or ceremonies. Every saint on the spot where a particular worship has been voted him, or his spiritual force or celestial influ-

ence superior to those of every other saint have given him, *par excellence*, the title of *il santo*, has his hymns specially dedicated to him. It is not rare to find St. Mark figuring in the Venetian hymns, and *San Gennaro*, who presides over fine weather and storms, plays at Naples a no less important part. A Paduan beggar may be heard singing, even at Rome, that original canticle, *Tredizi grazie, &c.*, to the Saint Anthony of his native country.

Throughout the whole of Italy, there are songs consecrated to each separate feast of the church; but it is more especially during Lent that they are most frequent, and that their melodic colouring is most in harmony with the subject. We, may instance, among others, the following hymn, which is sung in Apulia during the holy week, and the melody of which, intimately incorporated with the text, renders, with a simplicity and a truth worthy of all admiration, the sentiment of grief and contrition:—

“Jesù mio, con duri funi  
Chi fù il reo chi te legò?  
Sono stato  
Io l' ingrato  
Jesù mio,  
Pardon, pietà!”

There is yet another religious act common to all the Italian people, which has given birth to a great number of popular hymns, in the south as well as in the north—it is that which consists in carrying the viaticum to the dying. The Italians pay a very marked attention to this affecting ceremony—a devotion which in no wise resembles that displayed by them in other religious practices, in which they follow the precepts of the church rather through duty and habitude, than by a true spirit of religion and faith. One cannot but admire the resignation, the marvellous abnegation with which the Italian submits his reason, suspends his judgment, and allows things so strange to be imposed upon his understanding, that his faith in the mystery appears as incredible as the mystery itself.

At Rome, when the priest bears at night the last sacrament to a dying person with his escort of bedells, chorister-boys carrying little bells and torches, grey penitents covered with

their hoods, the whole band proceeds with a slow and solemn step, singing a popular hymn composed for the occasion. At the sight of this procession, every passenger stops, falls on his knees before the holy eucharist, beats his breast, then rises to join the escort and add his voice to the hymn of the faithful. In a few minutes, the crowd becomes considerable, and the chorus general. Apprised by this hymn, all the inhabitants, masters and domestics, hasten from the interior of their dwellings to place themselves at the windows with lighted tapers, so that all the houses in a street are seen illuminated to the very roof in the twinkling of an eye. The priest is passed by, and with him disappear the procession and the chorus, and that sudden illumination which, for a moment dispelled the shadows of night, soon leaving, as before, the street in obscurity and silence. All this crowd which forgets its road and its business that it may with hymns and prayers salute with a last adieu the soul of one unknown that is winging its flight to another world, is certainly a most affecting and solemn sight: the hymn dies away in the distance, like the last sigh exhaling from the agonised, and the lights fade slowly, like the closing of the dying man's eyes.

If we revert from the religious songs of the people and direct our attention to those which have for their objects the affairs of this world, we shall see that there is no sort of event, whether grave or puerile, no family solemnity, from the baptism to the funeral, which does not furnish the Italians with subject matter for new songs. The time that these songs remain in vogue depends more or less as they may happen to have witty or *apropos* words, melody more or less original, and that the subject allows itself to be rendered of easy application.

The most widely-known songs in Italy are those of the beggars and brigands; the merits of these noble professions are therein set forth in colours so picturesque and attractive, that these songs alone are capable of nurturing among an uncivilized people, as those of the mountains especially are, a tendency to sloth, or a predilection for an adventurous life and the exploits of

the high road. It is to the south of Italy especially that the brigand songs belong. The beggar songs, on the contrary, are more common in the north.

During the heat of the day, all the inhabitants keep themselves close within doors; but scarcely does night come to temper with a little freshness the glowing atmosphere, than love and melancholy is heard exhaling on all sides in songs accompanied by the guitar or mandolin; and frequently half of the night glapses ere silence succeeds to these numerous and simultaneous concerts. In every city, every village throughout Italy, the same custom exists; for it is always publicly and in a loud voice that internal satisfaction manifests itself; the people in general would not think themselves in possession of their legitimate happiness, were they not permitted to make the streets of their city, or their valleys and plains re-echo it. Hence, in every street of an Italian town, that mingled clamour of whistling and singing, not a single voice seems to keep silence therein. At Rome especially, that ancient metropolis of the world, which during the day resembles a desert, the people promenade the streets, singing to an advanced hour of the night, songs descriptive of the enjoyments of life, the charms and torments of love.

We have frequently, during the lovely summer nights, followed the German singers to the Colosseum, equally for the purpose of seeing that gigantic monument lighted so picturesquely by the moon, as to listen to the harmonious concord of their scientific singing. Between the triumphal arches, near the temples of Peace, Romulus and Remus, the voices of thousands were singing aloud, yet all grew silent when the Germans descended from the capitol to cross the Forum, and made their cadenced and well-timed chorusses resound; but scarcely had these latter ceased, ere, on all sides, the songs of the populace recommenced, beautiful without art, correct without rules, for they are drawn from nature's inspiration. The Germans, followed by a crowd of young people, were thus accompanied as far as the Colosseum. There, beneath the ruined arches of

that colossal monument of Roman power and grandeur, a pleasing strife between nature and art arose. After the song, executed by the German musicians: "Hail, beautiful Italy, land of marvels, &c.," an English company, placed at the opposite extremity, began the simple but sublime hymn of the Sicilian Mariners in honour of the Virgin—"O sanctissima, ô piissima, dulcis Virgo," &c. If, on the one hand, the harmonic combination and the number of voices seemed entitled to universal suffrage, on the other the palm was warmly disputed by the simplicity and purity of the tones, by the perfectly natural expression of a veritable and pious love. But next the hymn to the Virgin was taken up in four parts with chorus by the Germans themselves, and what a triumph then, for art came to lend its aid to nature! It was all that might possibly be conceived of the perfect and the beautiful. Happy, thrice happy the musician, we exclaimed, who thus finds his inspirations in the very emotions of his soul, and who knows how to express them with so much art that, for those who hear only the expression, art disappears, and nature alone seems to have lent him her language. Such is the origin of all music which weaves itself into the traditions of a people, at the same time that it obtains the admiration of connoisseurs and true musicians.

Thus the songs of a people, which dare not enter into the list with those of foreigners, find in foreigners themselves defenders. After these harmonious and original trials of skill, the parties separate, mutually applauding one another with frankness and cordiality. Long after midnight the songs of the Germans still resounded in the streets leading to Mount Pincio, in the quarter near the Villa de Medicis, almost entirely inhabited by foreign artists.

We were once present at a similar and not less interesting scene in the island of Caprea. It was evening; we were sitting beneath the arched roof of the *albergo Don Giuseppe*, admiring on one side, upon the summit of the mountain, the ruins of the town of Barbarossa, and on the other those of the town of Tiberias, separated from Europe by the gulf, and from Africa by the Mediter-

anean. Notwithstanding all this luxury of nature spread out before our eyes, less happy and less beautiful doubtless, but loved with adoration, our native land recurred to our thoughts amidst a host of affecting recollections; and like the Hebrews captive at Babylon, mingling their tears with the waters of the river, beneath the shade of the willows upon which they had suspended their harps, we sang in our mother tongue some patriotic songs; scarcely had our voices and guitars ceased, than other voices and instruments were heard around on all sides; the inhabitants of the town were seated upon their roofs and upon the parapets which surround them in the form of galleries; some played on the flute, others the violin or mandolin; and as they were not performing in concert it was a singular confusion of tones, amongst which it was impossible to seize upon any melody. We repressed our elegiac songs, and suddenly all the other musicians ceased.

The characteristic form most generally adopted in Italy for popular songs, is the *ritornello* which is composed of three verses, the measure of which is arbitrary, as well as the number of syllables that compose them; the first verse is commonly the shortest and frequently has no more than two feet; the two others have rarely less than five. When to an ancient *ritornello* melody it is attempted to adapt new or improvised words, it is allowable, in order to fill up melodic structure, to lengthen out or repeat the syllable.

The melody of songs adapted for one voice is wholly different from that of pieces designed to be executed by a chorus; it is such, in these latter, that the second part may very readily be formed, a second voice may very easily accompany them by singing the melody in the lower third or upper sixth. At Rome, and throughout its neighbourhood, one hears chorusses composed of youths and girls singing in the same manner as the pope's choristers execute the plain Gregorian chant; the *soprano* and *tenor* voices taking the melody whilst the *alto* and *basso* execute a third lower, the first the same as the second separated only by the octave.

Travelling through Sienna one Sunday night in *vetturino*, we found every

street filled with young people singing in chorus in the above manner.

These chorusses, the melodies of which are generally fine and graceful compositions, have, otherwise, nothing very particular in them; they have some resemblance to our ordinary duets, being almost always in the major key.

As for the songs destined to be given by one voice only, they have for the most part, a melodic character so extraordinary, that it requires considerable musical knowledge and practice to extemporise a second to them. The rich and picturesque nature of Italy scarcely furnishes so much exercise for the painter's pencil, as these songs, with their extraordinary modulations offer to the study of musicians, whether with relation to the beauty of the melody and richness of harmony as that of their originality of rhythm.

But it is well known, that musicians in general are not the sort of men who deign to draw their chief science from popular inspiration; happy if they have but succeeded in finding the clue which may guide them through the labyrinth of a treatise on harmony as obscure as it is learned, and if they have learned to trace a few mathematical examples of the simple or double-counterpoint. Possessed of such knowledge, how can they really think of busying themselves with the rustics, or with that popular poetry whose language is so rude; with those songs, in fine, the words which are no more arranged according to the laws of prosody, than the music according to the rules prescribed by the learned treatises on harmony? And how arid does the human soul appear to these *sçavants*! How empty the heart of a child or a man of the lower classes! It is they who are ignorant that in order to endow such minds with life, songs are necessary, which shall remain engraven in them, songs inciting them to virtue, consoling them in their sufferings, which animate their pleasures during their times of rejoicing and holiday-making. And are not these songs the true popular melodies, those that a nation composes of itself, in which it preserves the memory of the deeds of its fathers, retraces its customs, manners, likings, and its feelings; those in fine, by which it wholly reveals itself and

allows the gaze of the philosopher to penetrate into its interior life? The latter finds therein scope for observation and contemplation as ample as in those matters which concern the origin, language or history of a people; for he therein discovers the forms, as simple as they are true, under which that nation expresses its fear or hope, tenderness or hatred, its joy or grief, its melancholy, its enjoyments, its pleasures and mental excitation.

In addition to the songs which depict his every-day life, his sentiments and his passions, the Italian has, in different provinces of his country, historical songs to which his imaginative character has generally given a picturesque form. Such are, upon the coasts, the songs which have transmitted the memory of the famous Barbarossa, whose very name has preserved in nursery songs every portion of the terrible formerly relating to it. Upon the islands situate within the Gulf of Naples, traces are still to be found of the Greeks and Saracens in the songs, dances, and even in the costume. At Venice, where a peculiar mode of life has preserved its insular character, where power remains buried beneath the ruins of the republic, where the easy and happy life of the people has disappeared with its political life, one still hears upon the lagoons and canals in the night time, around the silent marble palaces of its former doges, rising from the hulls of the dark gondolas, the songs that have survived the glory of the country, and which are preserved by the voices of the gondoliers and fishermen, like an echo among the tombs.

If, in Italy, there is neither town, village, valley, nor mountain that has not its particular song, so is it the same with houses, which have all their songs of the nursery, of birth, death, and marriage; songs of the domestic hearth that never descend to the streets.

A species of song often met with in Italy is the legendary, the ordinary subjects of which are histories of convents, complaints inspired by some unfortunate event, by the execution of a criminal, and more especially by the heroic life and death of some brigand chief.

Such is the legend, so frequently sung by the populace, composed the

night before his execution by a Neapolitan prisoner condemned to die as a conspirator:

"Un piu a soffrir mi resta—"

Having spoken of the invention of melodies, and before touching upon the books, histories, and traditions of a nation which have immediate relation to its songs, it remains for us to cast a glance at the peculiar manner in which they execute them.

The men in Italy commonly sing in the falsetto voice, and share, in common with the inhabitants of several of the German provinces, the habit of singing through the nose. But they have in addition, a singularity which is not common with any other nation; that of prolonging the last note during three, four, and six bars, sometimes even as long as the *ritornello* itself. We have heard in the environs of Terracina and Capua, the peasants occupied in their labours, thus prolong the last note in a most distressing manner, until they fairly lost their breath. It is inconceivable how a nation which exhibits so much natural taste in the invention of its melodies, can take delight in, and attach itself so perseveringly to such monotony, especially when it does not proceed from a habit incurred by sustaining the note whilst the customary instrument of accompaniment executes a *coda* or a *ritornello*.

The melodic character is sometimes very difficult to seize upon, and entirely refuses regular notation. According to the diversity of nation, so do the melodies present differences in character. It is with song as with the divers dialects of the language; it requires no little practice to be able to seize upon the primitive tones of a melody, and distinguish them from the accidental tones by which it is varied according to the practice of the singer. It is to this cause that must be attributed the conflicting opinions of travellers upon popular songs; some in fact, have not been able to catch any melody amidst all the *fioriture* of the "linked sweetness long drawn out." Others, on the contrary, have recognised amidst this accumulation of extraneous effect, a melody having a character of simplicity and beauty alike admirable. This it is,

to know how to distinguish the primitive melody of a melody altered by oral tradition, and to seize upon the difference that exists between the melody and the execution.

We have heard the Arabs sing ; the continual tremulousness of their voice, joined to their guttural tones, prevents an ear accustomed to European music from distinguishing the slightest melodic feature ; the oriental language and the multitude of interjective tones have something so strange, that it would not, in fact, be possible for us to recognise either the notes of the primitive melody, or of its rhythmic character. It must not, however, be concluded, that their music is void of expression and character. Some Europeans might take the songs of the Arabs for a display of buffoonery—for an attempt purposely destined to excite laughter ; and yet, notwithstanding, as one party proceeds with his song, the others are seen to bow their heads, fall into profound meditation, and end by shedding a flood of tears. Doubtless also, if some of the pieces of Beethoven and Rossini were executed to their ears, so untutored in such learned compositions, that music would appear to them not less strange and incomprehensible than their's is to us.

Goëthe speaks of a Roman song frequently executed in the streets by the common people, which appeared to him not to be caught by the nation generally. It is probably the song "*Fior de limone*," one of the most popular at Rome. It is, in fact, given in so strange a manner, and the melody transferred through the voices of the common people is subjected to so many alterations, that we tried in vain, after many attempts, to note it down in anything like an exact state. I only succeeded at last on hearing it sung in a more simple style by a vine-dresser in the environs of Rome.

Another song with which they lull infants to sleep, and which bears, like all those of the same species, the name of "*Ninna nanna*," presented to us, although given with sufficient precision, such difficulty of notation, that we could not even succeed in comprehending the melody. We should have preferred rather, we believe, to have set

that incomprehensible song of the Arabs, of which mention has just been made, than that simple "*Ninna nanna*," so slow, and endowed, as they say it is, with a virtue so narcotic, that it never fails to send both infant and nurse to sleep. As for the words, they express very accurately that extacy of the affectionate mother, whose eye fixed upon the nursing that knows no other universe than the maternal bosom, thinks she sees a heaven of gold revealed in its gaze, and all the wealth of an ideal world.

Some one, perhaps, may prove more fortunate than ourselves, and succeed in noting the melody of this mother's song, the beginning of which is as follows :—

" Testa d'argento e fronte di cristallo  
Occhi, che ci si vede il paradiso,  
Denti d'avorio e labro di corallo,  
La bianca gola e l'incarnato ciglio  
Li vostri orecchi sono tanti belli,  
Son fila d'oro i vostri capelli."

Italy is indebted for a great number of its popular songs to the itinerant minstrels and singers, and especially to that class of men called *improvisatori*, whose existence is of itself one of the characteristic features of Italy. These *improvisatori* are either poets or singers, sometimes one, sometimes the other, as were formerly the bards, the scalds, and the troubadours. We do not speak here of those men who profess to belong to the learned class and exercise their art in public assemblages and saloons, extemporising poems or tragedies on any given subject ; but of those *improvisatori* of the lower classes, living among them, who wander through the towns and villages with a guitar or mandolin, and sing in the *cafés* and inns, or under the balconies of the women, assuming at pleasure the serious and melancholy, or the graceful and amorous vein.\* Scarcely has the *improvisatore* commenced his prelude, ere the neighbours and the passengers make a circle round him, and if the song he has composed pleases the audience, the latter make him repeat it several times, until they have learned it themselves.

There is yet another class of *impro-*

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\* "Comanda qualche cosa di serio, di malinconico o una canzone graziosa e dilettevole !" ,

*visatori*; these are the tale-tellers. These latter relate the popular histories and traditions, either by improvising them, or by commenting on them, amplifying and ornamenting with poetical figures the books of the people. These books are as durable in Italy as the songs are ephemeral; the people consider what is written therein as their peculiar property; it is the collection, augmented from generation to generation, by all its fabulous traditions, its love adventures, its farces and its superstitions; it is composed of narratives of every epoch, and described therein are the ancient pagan times, the Roman heroes, the commencement of Christianity, the crusades, the invasions of the Saracens and pirates, chivalric and conventual life; it is, in a word, the epopee of the Italian people. In vain from the cradle have they been rocked to sleep or awakened with the jokes of Bertoldo, the *Æsop* of Italy; in vain have they heard his chronicles and his mythology related a thousand times over; the tale-teller's voice is an all-powerful appeal to which their hearts respond with an eagerness ever fresh and untiring.

At the Ripa Grande, at Venice, these tale-tellers may be seen surrounded by a numerous audience, who, in the most emphatic style, make improvisations upon any hero proposed to them or that they make choice of themselves, omitting no detail, either of his combats or his amours, and remaining there half of the day, as indefatigable in speaking as the people are to listen.

It is at the port of Naples especially, on the *Molo*, that they are to be met with in numbers, fecund and inexhaustible. There they remain seated for days, months, and years, in the same place, upon a log of wood, a mound of earth, or a species of throne that they erect for themselves with stones; around them stretched upon the ground, are the half-naked *lazzaroni*, the fishermen, soldiers, sailors, all with eyes fixed upon the mouth that improvises, contracting or expanding the features of their physiognomy, according as the event narrated is lively or sorrowful, happy or unfortunate; then, emerging from a death-like silence to break forth into the most frantic shouts of applause or

to melt into tears and sobs, according as it may please the historian to settle the fate of the hero. Many of these tale-tellers content themselves with reading, and not a little characteristic is it, that they then most frequently prefer the *Orlando* of Ariosto to the *Gerusalemme* of Tasso.

When he has finished a song or tale, the tale-teller holds forth his hat, and every bystander who possesses anything shares it with him. If, in the course of his narration, he perceives that a stranger is added to the number of his auditory, then it is towards him that he constantly turns, to him he seems to address his tale, extending his hat fearful lest he should walk away before its conclusion, but continuing to speak without the slightest interruption, and without his other auditors, ordinarily so curious, deigning to turn their heads to cast a single look upon the stranger.

We will not conclude the present paper without saying a word upon Italian dancing. The dance, which it is so difficult to separate from the popular music and poetry, may, like the songs, give an idea of the manners of a people; it reveals its warlike customs, as well as those of the chase, fishing, or agricultural life. The negro of the Gold Coast, who drinks the blood and devours the flesh of his prisoner, dances only round his victim, and his dance possesses a rude and ferocious character. With the Congo-Senegalian, on the contrary, who devotes himself to the labours of the field, the dance is a recreation, and presents much of the grace and freedom from restraint consequent thereupon.

The national dance of Italy is the *Tarantella*, which derives its name from the tarentula, a species of spider, whose sting can only be cured, they say, by dancing. This cure is explained by the abundant perspiration which this exercise provokes, by which means the venom is expelled. Others pretend that it is called *tarentella* because the sting of the tarentula produces on the feet and hands a motion similar to that which characterises the dance.

The *tarentella* is danced to the sound of every instrument common among the people, as the guitar, mandolin, reed-pipe, and more especially the tambourine, which is never seen in other hands



than those of a woman, as was formerly the case among the Hebrews, and as is the custom at the present day in the harems of the Musselmén. The dancers, who constantly keep their eyes fixed upon each other, execute, by balancing their bodies, the most lively and voluptuous movements.

Besides the *tarantella*, may be remarked, in the islands of the peninsula, several dances of foreign origin that have been preserved by the inhabitants. Such is that at Ischia called the *Saracen*, which the young people of the island dance with lances. In Sardinia, the popular dance is the *ballo tondo*, remarkable for the extraordinary movements of those who execute it. The male dancers are always separated from the female; it is only allowable for those betrothed to take hands, and woe to any young man who dares touch the hand of a wife or the betrothed of any other! In all the cantons of the south of Sardinia, they dance to the sound of an instrument called *launedu*, which dates from the time of the ancient Romans, and which has survived every revolution. It is composed, like the bagpipe of the Neapolitan *pifferari*, of four reeds blown into by the same performer.

The distant tones of a violin or any other instrument suffices, in Italy, especially in the southern provinces, to strike up a dance among the people; then not a fisherman or *lazzarone* who is not set in motion, holding himself on the point of his toes, and balancing his arms and body. We set out one day from Ischia to ascend the *Epomeo*, so well described in the *Titan* of Jean Paul; having reached, after much fatigue and difficulty, the highest point of the mountain whence the entire isle appeared to us like a small bark floating on the surface of an immense ocean, our first thought was one of enthusiasm at the sight of that magnificent picture which unrolled beneath our feet Naples, Portici, Resina, Vesuvius, Pompeii, Sorrento, Salerno, the islands of Caprea, and Procida; further off, the promontory of Mysene, Gaëta, Terracina, the promontory of the enchantress Circe, and, like a cloud in the distance, the rocks of Corsica and Sardinia. Scarcely had our first emotions of admiration subsided, ere our guides, profiting by a violin

brought by a Neapolitan soldier who came to celebrate his wedding at the abode of the hermit of the mountain, began dancing upon the narrow platform on which we stood. Every moment that we could snatch from the contemplation of the lovely and picturesque nature which spread out its treasures before our enraptured gaze, we bestowed on the dance of our guides, and our interest was no less vividly excited by the grace of their carriage and gestures, than by the long intoxication with which they gave themselves up, untiringly, to the pleasure of the *tarantella*.

In almost all the towns of Italy, at Rome especially, there are days on which dances are improvised and occupy the attention of whole streets. It is then one of the most animated sights imaginable, in which music, song, and dancing among the people form a most intimate alliance.

On the other side of the Tiber dwell the Transteverini, who call themselves the true descendants of the ancient Romans, and have preserved in their costume as in their character, a tincture of originality which, for ages, has not admitted of any variation. It is difficult to conceive how this population in the midst of invasions which have frequently subjected it to so many different yokes, notwithstanding its daily contact with the rest of the inhabitants of Rome and foreigners, has succeeded in keeping itself pure from all alteration; it might, indeed, be expected of mountaineers and islanders constantly separated from other races. It is, doubtless, a noble reminiscence of an antique glory and grandeur that we must attribute the religious care with which the Transteverini has preserved this costume, manners and usages of a past age. The pride which they derive from the originality, and the disdain which they testify towards the other inhabitants, have often occasioned sanguinary turmoils, veritable miniature wars, to which military intervention could scarcely put an end.

Nothing is more picturesque than the Transteverini quarter on Sundays and *fête-days*, but this is a time when the gay English world has quitted the eternal city, and it is in the summer season that these interesting peculiarities are to be witnessed. The houses are de-

serted, all the world is in the streets, from babes down to grandmothers, among the latter of whom some are found a hundred years old. Before the door of each habitation, appears a separate *fête*; dances are formed in which not only the children and young folk take part, but the aged of both sexes, who join one another in the *tarentella* until a late hour of the night. The sole accompaniment of these dances is a tambourine struck by a young girl; no house is without its tambourine; it is an indispensable article of furniture. It was only two o'clock in the afternoon when the *fête* began, and the bell tolling the *Ave Maria* has alone power to interrupt it. The first stroke has scarcely sounded, than, immediately, as if by enchantment, the singers cease, the hand which strikes the tambourine falls motionless, the foot which sprang in air gravely retakes its accustomed position; the dancers throw themselves on their knees, and numerous signs of the cross are prefigured on

every breast. To the noise of the *fête* silence has succeeded; to the transports of joy—the immobility of contemplation, or the sound of an *Ave* mechanically recited.

This sudden hush is of but few minutes' duration, and the *fête* begins again, more animated than ever, and lasts till midnight, the hour at which the Romans sit down to supper. You then no longer meet in the streets any one but the youthful lovers singing their amorous torments in a plaintive and melancholy tone which they accompany by a few slight chords on the guitar or mandolin. At length the streets become wholly deserted; the uproarious gaiety of the day gives place to profound stillness, interrupted only by the prayers of the rosary murmured by a family before its Madonna, that is about to separate and take its repose. Then, in every street, one might imagine one's self at the door of a temple at which in pra

### THE SUN GLINTED SWEETLY ON BRAID'S BONNIE BURN.

[Braid Burn is a pretty rivulet, meandering among several small hills of that name, two or three miles south-west of Edinburgh, and about half-way between the famed "Reek" of that old capital and the well-known Pentlands. The scene of this little incident is laid in a beautifully romantic dell, whose fine woods embosom Braid House, a seat of Colonel Gordon, of Cluny.]

The sun glinted sweetly on Braid's bonnie burn,  
An' gush'd the mavis's sang frae the thorn;  
Auld Reekie in bliss puffed awa tae the cluds,  
While I, wi' young Marion, stray'd lone i' the wuds.

Nae blue-bell that rowed it sae light i' the breeze  
Had mair o' her gracefu' an' innocent ease;  
An' siller tones prattlin', in soft modest glee,  
I could but compare them, glad burnie, to thee.

"An' Marion!" quo' I, as I looked in her e'e,  
Whilk fell like a bird, shot on wing that might be;  
"An' Marion!" quo' I, "wi' yere Robin wilt gang,  
An' bide in a wee cottage far frae the thrang?"

At words sic as thir, whilk she never did dree,  
Nae startled young fawn could hae started as she,  
"My faither an' mither!—think, what would they say?  
An' ken ye, it wudna dae no to obey!"

'Twas something like this, spoken archly an' shy,  
As nerveless her saft hand, in mine it did lie,—  
Then aff wi' a bound—a' dumbfounder'd stood I—  
"HAME," quoth she, "I'm for Rob—sae,—very GUID BYE."  
B. B.

## BRITISH MUSEUM.

[Our readers will find former accounts of this Great National Establishment, as under, viz.:—  
of the Egyptian Room, vol. xii., p. 292, March, 1838. The Phigalian Room, vol. xiii., p. 84,  
July, 1838.]

## PORTRAITS IN THE MINERAL GALLERY.

The last edition lately published of the Synopsis of the British Museum, as stated by *The Times*, to whose columns, in a different form, we are indebted for this interesting paper, although it is a great improvement on preceding editions, gives no farther account of the rare and valuable portraits which ornament the walls of the long or mineral gallery of the British Museum, than the simple names which have always been affixed to the paintings, and leaves the general visitor entirely in the dark with regard to the personages represented. The cases which contain the minerals in the same gallery are useful to the scholar, but to the public in general they appear but as so many pebbles, and of as little value. The words Hornblende, Mica, Abrazite, Kalomine, or Osidian, convey to the mind neither their properties nor their use. Perhaps in relation to them it cannot be otherwise, but with regard to portraits it is different: features represented on canvass bear but a relative value to the history of the persons they represent. The lives and even the names of the greater part of those in this gallery are but imperfectly and far from generally known. Some account of them, therefore, becomes necessary, and renders the paintings doubly interesting in proportion as it brings the thoughts of the spectator from the contemplation of the countenance to the more useful knowledge of the man. And as authentic ancient Portraits, together with Memoirs, have formed so conspicuous a feature in *this* periodical, it falls upon us almost as a duty to avail ourselves of the labours of the critic and antiquarian in this department of art and history—independently of the information being of a character so generally interesting.

“The long gallery of the British Museum appropriated to mineralogy and fossils,

which is situate over the King's library, has its walls decorated with a collection of portraits, in number upwards of one hundred. These form, probably, the largest collection of portraits in the kingdom. The execution of many of them is but indifferent; there are others which are exceedingly curious, and some unique. Great part of them came into the Museum from having belonged to the Slonneian, Cottonian, and other collections, which now form the magnificent library, and others have been the gifts of individuals. We are not aware that any account of them has been given, and think that a short description may not prove unacceptable, the more so as they appear with regard to the greater proportion of visitors to excite more curiosity than the cases of fossils, &c., in the room. Visitors, on turning over the pages of the synopsis, find no mention whatever of them. The gallery itself occupies the whole of the upper story of the east wing of the edifice, and has five divisions formed by pilasters, which project from the side walls, the ceilings being also divided into the same number of compartments, which give an harmonious proportion to the whole it would not otherwise possess. The light comes from elevated skylights, and it may be a question whether, taken as a whole, its advantages for the display of paintings are not superior to those of the National Gallery, in Trafalgar Square. The first portrait on the left on entering is one of James I.; it is evidently a copy, and a bad one, from one of Vansomer; it is unlike those generally given of him, and was presented to the Museum by Dr. A. Gifford. The next, Henry VIII., when in his thirtieth year; it is by Holbein, and was also given by the same gentleman. The third is a three-quarter portrait of Cromwell, when Protector; a page is tying on a scarf; he has a baton in his hand; it is a good bust handsome likeness of him, and was painted by Samuel Barnard.

5. Portrait of Edward III.; it is coarsely painted, but evidently an early picture, has a sceptre, with three crowns; it was engraved for Montagu's *History of England*, and was in the Cottonian collection.

6. Mary, Queen of Scots: this never could have been a likeness, and it is doubtful if it be her portrait; it was given by Dr. A. Gifford.—(See also Nos. 11—16.)

7. Is a full-length of George I.; he is dressed in the costume of the Order of the Garter; the picture is by Leguerre, and was originally designed for the town-hall of Yarmouth.

8. Queen Henrietta Maria: the portrait is that of a dark and handsome woman; the imperious curl of the lip, and the spirit shown in the eyes, give assurance of the courage and resolution she afterwards displayed, and bespeak the descent from Henry the Great. The picture is by Vansomer, and is no doubt a likeness.

9. Henry VII.: this picture is an original; it has been much repaired, but is exceedingly curious; the hands are clasped as if in prayer; it has a chain, with an *Agnus Dei* attached, is on panel, and gilded; it was presented by Dr. Gifford, and is engraved by Vertu.

10. Oliver Cromwell, painted by Walker, was given to the Museum by Sir R. Rich; a boy is fastening a scarf, as in the former picture, but with the difference that the position of the figures is reversed.

11. James I.: this portrait seems to be a copy of one in the library at Hatfield, which it resembles, but not so well painted; it was presented by Mr. Cook. The next is Mary, Queen of Scots, the age forty-two, face very handsome, features small and delicate; it has the same head-dress as the one in the state dressing-room, Windsor Castle, and was given by General Thornton.—(See No. 6, above, and No. 16.)

12. William III.: it is by no means a likeness; the figure is in armour, and is arrayed in the long military wig of the day; from the redness of the face we suspect it to have been taken after His Majesty had paid a visit to the schnaps bottle, to which it was said he was sometimes addicted: it was given by Dr. Gifford.

13. William, Duke of Cumberland: it is a fine likeness, and well painted; a full-length in uniform; has the riband of the Garter; the age about thirty; was painted by Morier: it has been engraved; it was presented to the Museum by General Thornton.

14. Richard II. This picture is exceedingly curious; there are but two existing of him; the other is in the Chapter-house, Westminster, and originally hung near the pulpit in the choir; the head has a jewelled coronet; it has a gold collar round the neck, and an ermined robe buttoned close up to the throat; there is no doubt of its being an original picture; it has been often engraved, and was given to the Museum by J. Goodmere, Esq.

15. Duke of Monmouth. His hand rests on a globe; the face is extremely handsome, and the attitude of the figure graceful; the dress is Roman, which costume Charles at

one time introduced into his court, as he afterwards did the Polish; the robe is red. In Windsor Castle is a portrait of James II. in the same costume; it is by Sir P. Lely, and was given by Dr. Gifford.

16. Mary, Queen of Scots, in the dress of a penitent. The face is far from handsome, and it is doubtful if painted for her.

17. Elizabeth, presented by Lord Cardross. The hair is powdered with gold; she has a sceptre and globe; the dress is brown, and ornamented with jewels; and has six or seven necklaces falling to the waist; the eyes are too dark. The age about forty. This picture is by Zuccherro.—(See No. 20.)

18. George II. in his coronation robes. This picture was painted for the Mercers' Company. The wig is that from which the one worn by George III. at the last installation of the Knights of the Garter in his reign was taken. The picture is a likeness, and was painted by Shackelton.

19. Margaret, Countess of Richmond. This is a very curious picture; the dress resembles that of a nun, and as she died a *religieuse* at the Monastery of Sheen, is in accordance with history. She has a book in her hand; the eyes are small and blue, the mouth pinched up, the countenance that of an ascetic; the arms of Tudor impaled with those of York are in the corner of the picture. It was given by Dr. A. Gifford.

20. Queen Elizabeth, by Zuccherro, in a most gorgeous dress; the face is not like the other portrait, which has been painted over. The body of the dress is black, with white satin sleeves, covered with jewels, the hair interlaced with gems and a small coronet. This portrait is supposed to be a great likeness; it was given by the Earl of Macclesfield, in 1760. (See No. 17.)

21. Henry V., the only portrait remaining of him. The countenance resembles that of his figure in Westminster Abbey; he has a crimson robe with a collar of jewels. This picture is well known, from the engravings from it in most of the histories of England.

22. Charles II., by Sir P. Lely, a three-quarter length, in the robe of the Garter, and is a fine likeness. The figure is in a sitting position; he has on a coal-black wig, which adds to the natural swarthinness of his countenance.

23. Caroline, consort of George II., dressed in the coronation robes; her hand is on a crown. This picture is by Jervia, a small whole-length, and is painted as fine as a miniature; was presented by General Thornton.

24. A whole-length picture of Edward VI. Who was the artist is uncertain, but no doubt is an original; the dress is curious, trunk hose, red velvet tunic, and a tippet of

minever, with a black cap; the features the same as those of the statue in St. Thomas's Hospital; it was given by Mrs. Macfarren. These twenty-four pictures occupy the walls of the first division of the gallery.

### Second Division.

25. Rev. Dr. T. Birch. This gentleman was an historian and biographer of the 18th century; he was born a Quaker, but took orders in 1705. He wrote a critical and biographical dictionary in the style of Bayle, and was killed by a fall from his horse at Hampstead, in January, 1765. He left a large collection of manuscripts to the British Museum, and although a dull writer may be called a pioneer of literature. Johnson says of him, "Tom Birch is as brisk as a bee in conversation, but dull as a torpedo when he has a pen in his hand." The picture is by Brown, and is a likeness.

26. Dr. A. Gifford; the figure has a roll of papers in its hand; the countenance is laughing; it is a fine likeness; was presented by himself. He left a collection of manuscripts and many pictures to the Museum.

27. A whole-length of the Grand (as he was called) Duke of Chandos. He is in a Hungarian dress, with a scarlet mantle. This is the man whom Pope ridiculed, on account of his palace at Cannons; he lived in a regal style, was attended by a body-guard of yeomen, and rivalled royalty in the magnificence of his establishment.

28. Humfrey Wanley. It is a fine portrait; the dress in the costume of Hogarth's figures, by whom it is said to have been painted. This gentleman was born at Coventry in 1726, and was a great collector of manuscripts, which he collated for Mills's Greek Testament; he was librarian to Harley, Earl of Oxford, and kept a curious account of the transactions connected with the Harleian Library. He died in 1761.

29. Joseph Planta. This picture was given by his son. He was principal librarian of the British Museum from 1799 to 1827.

30. Sir Hans Sloane. This is a fine portrait, by Kneller. Sir Hans was knighted by George I. He was medical attendant on Queen Anne in her last illness. In his youth he went to Jamaica as physician to the Duke of Albemarle, and on the death of Sir Isaac Newton was made president of the Royal Society. His museum, which by his will he offered to the nation for £20,000, not a fifth of the original cost, formed the nucleus of that magnificent establishment. He died in 1752. (See No. 32.)

31. Dr. Gorman Knight, painted by B. Wilson, and is a fine likeness of him. He was born in 1764, and wrote a life of Dr. Collet, Dean of St. Paul's, and also a bio-

graphy of the Dean's friend, Erasmus. He died in 1746.

32. Is another picture of Sir Hans Sloane. He is attired in a full-dress suit of black velvet, with a magnificent wig, sitting on a chair reading. The likeness resembles the other. It is curious, if only to show the dress of the day. (See No. 30.)

33. Claudius Rich.—This gentleman was born at Bristol in 1786, was a great oriental scholar; he wrote a work on the ruins of Babylon, and was for some years the East India Company's resident at Bagdad, where he died in 1821. He left a large collection of oriental manuscripts, which are now in the British Museum.

34. Dr. John Ward. A good portrait of a worthy man. He was a philological writer; was born in 1718; celebrated as a classical scholar and antiquary; was chosen professor of rhetoric to Gresham College. He also published lives of the Gresham professors from the foundation of the college, and died in 1758.

35. Dr. Matthew Maty. This portrait was bequeathed by himself. He was born in 1718, and wrote a review of English books, in French, called the *Journal Britannique*. He studied at Leyden, where he took the degree of M.D. He also wrote memoirs of the Earl of Chesterfield, prefixed to his works.

36. Is another portrait of Sir Hans Sloane. It is unlike his others, the face fuller and larger.

37. Robert, Earl of Oxford. This portrait is by Kneller, and was given by the Duchess of Portland. The figure is attired in the robes of the Garter, and in the hand a white wand of office. The likeness is fine. It is engraved.

38. Sir John Cotton, a small oval in a square frame; the portrait is curious, and is engraved, was brought from Cotton-house, Westminster.

39. Sir Robert Cotton. This picture was presented by Mr. Paul Methuen: he was born at Denton, in Huntingdonshire, in 1570, and was one of the earliest and best antiquaries England possesses; he assisted with his purse both Speed and Camden, was the founder of the Cottonian collection, part of which, after his death, which took place in 1631, was destroyed by fire at Cotton-house, it now forms a valuable portion of the Museum library; he was one of the first baronets of the creation of James I.

40. Arthur Onslow. A full-length portrait; it is engraved; was Speaker of the House of Commons, and was created baron by George I.

41. Is another portrait of Sir R. Cotton.

42. Sir Thomas Cotton, son of Sir Robert; the figure is in armour, he was killed at the siege of Rochelle.

43. Edward, Earl of Oxford, painted by Dahl; the figure is dressed in the robes of the Garter; it was given to the Museum by the Duke of Portland.

44. Rev. Dr. Thomas Birch. This is a copy from the other picture.

45. Humfrey Wanley, a fine portrait of him, by Whittaker.

### *Third Division, or Centre of the Gallery.*

46. Peter, Emperor of Russia; this is a copy of one in the guard-room of Windsor Castle, but badly executed, and not worth observation.

47. Stanislaus Augustus; the figure is in armour, with a purple robe and sceptre; the face is fine; it was given to the Museum by Mr. Planta. The right name of this man, distinguished in history as the last king of unfortunate Poland, was Poniatowski, his father was a Lithuanian count; when a young man he went to Paris, where he was imprisoned for debt, and was released by the famous Madame de Geoffrin; he then went to Petersburg, when he attracted the favour of Catherine II., then Grand Duchess; by her interest he got the crown of Poland, but his reign soon became involved in the disputes of the Catholics and Dissidents; on a night of November, 1771, he was dragged from his carriage by a band of forty conspirators, but released by Kólski, a shepherd; he passed an act of abdication of the crown of Poland in 1795, and died at Petersburg during the reign of Paul in 1798.

48. Charles X. of Sweden. The figure is attired in the military habit; it resembles the one at Windsor, and painted by the same artist (L. Kranack). It was given by Mr. Planta.

49. Louis XIV. The figure is in armour, and is delicately painted; the Order of the Golden Fleece is suspended from the neck, and a purple mantle is thrown over the body. There is a strong resemblance in this portrait to those of Louis Philippe. It was added to the collection by Mr. Planta.

50. Is a fine portrait; unknown. The time is that of Elizabeth, and it is of the Italian school; has a black tunic and a ruff, and is beautifully painted.

51. Sir F. Bacon. The dress is Spanish. This portrait is engraved.

52. John, Duke of Marlborough. This is a fine picture; he is decorated with the Star of the Garter, a coat of blue velvet, a superb crimson robe, the age is about forty-five; the artist's name was Hamilton.

53. Andrew Marvel. This is a fine portrait, and we believe the only one extant of him. This patriot and wit was born at Kingston-on-Hull, in 1820; he was sent to

Trinity College, Cambridge, at the expense of the corporation; was soon after appointed assistant to Milton as Latin secretary to Cromwell. During the reign of Charles II. he was celebrated for his diligence and ability in opposing that Monarch's arbitrary measures in Parliament, was a great friend of Prince Rupert, and obtained the character of the wittiest man of a witty age. Such was his integrity, that when Secretary Danby was sent to offer him the bribe of 1,000*l.*, he refused it, though then living in a garret in Holborn, and on his departure borrowed a guinea. He died in 1678. This portrait was painted by Millison.

54. Dr. Turner, Bishop of Ely. An indifferent portrait.

55. Danson, the celebrated circumnavigator. This picture was presented by the Earl of Hardwicke.

56. Dr. T. Burnett.—Is a fine likeness, and is engraved in his works; was born at Croft, Yorkshire, in 1635. He was first known by his work of *Telluris Sacra Theoria*, and was made master of the Charterhouse by the Duke of Ormond; at the revolution deserted from James II.; in 1692 published his *Archæologia Philosophia*; was rather an ingenious speculator than a patient inquirer; his theory of the earth was opposed to Flamsteed and Keil; had it not been for his free opinions would have obtained a mitre; he died in 1715.

57. Usher, Archbishop of Armagh: this portrait was given by Mr. Gifford. He is celebrated for his controversial work on the doctrines of Bellarmine; though a Presbyterian, was a favourite of James I. Cromwell courted him, and on his death, in 1656, paid his funeral expenses; he left a collection of manuscripts of the Syrian version of the Samaritan Pentateuch.

58. Dr. H. Stebbing; was educated at Cambridge, and as a reward for the part he took in the Bangorian controversy Bishop Sherlock made him Chancellor of Salisbury; he died in 1763.

59. An unknown portrait, holding a skull; the costume is Italian; it is a fine picture.

60. Is another portrait, unknown; the style of Titian; it has on a ducal coronet of diamonds; the age is seventy.

61. A very curious portrait, and we believe the only one of Chaucer; without doubt, an original picture; it came from Cotton-house, and has been frequently engraved. This father of English poetry was born 1328; who his parents were is wrapped in obscurity. He travelled over the greater part of Europe, and studied law in the Temple; he shortly after obtained the post of valettas, or yeoman of the guard to Edward III., and married the sister of Ca-

therine Swynford, wife of John of Gaunt, who became his patron; had a pension from Henry IV. His prologue to his *Canterbury Tales* is one of the most curious memorials of the time; was first printed by Caxton in 1476; he died at the age of seventy-two; the arms are emblazoned in the picture.

62. Is a small and very curious portrait of Luther, in body colour. The date is 1596; the age sixty-three. In the corner of the picture is a heart, with a cross; the figure is in a monastic dress, with a book in the hand.

63. Lord Burleigh, presented by Gifford; this picture is by Zuccherò, and is a fine likeness of the minister of Elizabeth.

64. Sir William Dugdale, from the Cottonian collection, and is a good portrait of this celebrated author of the *Monasticon Anglicanum*; he died Garter King at Arms, in 1686.

65. Matthew Prior, presented by the Earl of Besborough; was born in 1664; celebrated for his wit, aptitude, and companionable qualities; this portrait was engraved in Johnson's poets.

66. Camden; this picture has been engraved; it resembles the one in Painter's-hall, Trinity-lane, and is an original picture.

67. Is a fine portrait, but of whom is not known; the age is thirty-five, the hair light, the tunic dark, and of the style of Elizabeth or James.

68. Unknown; a youth of the age of nineteen, and from the likeness not improbably the Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II.

69. A large portrait of Sir Isaac Newton; he is sitting at a table, on which is a globe and books; the countenance strongly resembles the statue at Cambridge.

70. The celebrated antiquary Speed; he assisted Camden in his great work, and died in 1628.

71. Rev. J. Ray; he was a naturalist and philosopher, was ordained at the restoration of Charles II.; in 1670, published a catalogue of English plants, which was followed by a collection of English proverbs; he died in 1705.

72. Archbishop Cranmer; this portrait is by Gerlock Flicke; it is extremely well painted; the upper part of the countenance is serene, but much sternness about the mouth; he is at a table in study, and has a powdered band and black skull cap; it was given to the Museum by Sir John Mitchell.

73. George Buchanan; an extremely fine portrait, and has been repeatedly engraved; this celebrated master of modern Latinity was born at Dumbarton, in 1506; he enlisted as a common soldier in the troops brought from France by the Duke of Albany, and afterwards became tutor to the natural son of James V., during which time he wrote his tragedy of *Baptistes and Septhes*,

and made his translation of the *Meleæ* and *Alceste* of Euripides; was invited into England by Edward VI.; on his return to Scotland he embraced the Protestant doctrines, and was made President of St. Leonard's College, St. Andrew's; in 1579 wrote his celebrated work *De Jure Regni*, of liberal tendency, and afterwards that of *Rerum Scotiarum Historia*; he died in 1582.

74. A portrait, said to be of Skakspeare, but an indifferent composition, and far more likely to be one of James I.

[This finishes the list of those contained in the third or middle compartments of the gallery: the finest part of the collection is in the remaining divisions.]

#### Fourth and Fifth Divisions.

The first portrait which offers itself to notice on the walls of the fourth division is one of Charles I., No. 77, when Prince of Wales. The artist by whom this picture was executed is unknown, neither the features nor in the thoughtful expression of countenance does it resemble those taken in his maturer age; the melancholy which Vandyke threw into the celebrated picture of him in Windsor Castle is here wanting, yet this portrait is known to have been among those that were sold by order of the commissioners of the Commonwealth, from the collection at Whitehall. It was presented to the museum by Mrs. Gambièni in 1759.

78. This is a portrait of Andrew Vesalius, painted in the hard style of the age. There is also another picture of him in the gallery of the Escorial, from which an engraving was made, and which forms part of the frontispiece of his work, *Humani Corporis Fabrica*, and from the resemblance between the two this is no doubt a good likeness. The life of this man bears a character of romance about it; he was descended from a family of physicians, his great grandfather filled that office to Mary of Burgundy, wife of Maximilian I. When a young man he went to Paris to perfect himself in the study of medicine, and in 1587 the republic of Venice made him professor of anatomy in the University of Padua. There becoming involved in political intrigues, he fled to the Emperor Charles V., who at his request held a consultation of divines to inquire if the opening of a dead body was lawful. On the death of this prince he became physician to Philip II., and with him came to England; on his return to Spain he had the misfortune to anatomise the body of a man who proved not to have been dead, but expired in consequence. This, together with some opinions he held, brought him within the jurisdiction of the Inquisition, and he would

have perished at the stake but for the intercession of Philip; he was, however, condemned to make a pilgrimage to Palestine, where his medical fame was such that it was with great difficulty he escaped from the hands of Mahomet II. He died shortly after his return to Madrid in 1560. Thuanus says his knowledge of anatomy was so great, that place any bone of the human body in his hand, blindfolded, he would tell to what part it belonged; he exposed in his writings the errors of Galen, and acquired the title of Father of Anatomy. This portrait was painted by Sir Antonio More, and belonged to the Cottonian Collection.

79. This picture is of the age of Charles I., of whom is not known, nor by whom painted, but is thought to be Frederick of Orange.

80. Anna Maria Schurman, a learned German lady; Mr. Evelyn, in his History of Chalcography, observed, "that she was very knowing, and skilled in this art and many others;" she spoke Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, French, English, and Italian, and she also wrote the Syriac character beautifully; Cats, the pensionary of Holland, wished to marry her, but she refused. Revilius Spanheim and the learned Vossius, by showing her correspondence with them, spread her fame throughout Europe. She was religious and modest in life, and took for the motto of her work, *De Ingenii Muliebris*, the words of St. Ignatius, "Amor meus crucifixus." The famous Penn was with her at her death, which took place at Wiewart, in Friesland, in 1678. The picture, which is no doubt a likeness, has been engraved, and is painted by John Lievens.

81. Is a portrait of George, the tenth and last Earl Mareschal of Scotland, he was one of the noblemen who staked and lost their all in the cause of the unfortunate Stuarts, and died in exile at Rome, where this picture was painted. It was presented by Lord Glenbervie.

82. Is a portrait of Sir Antonio More, a celebrated painter: it is on panel. He was born in 1519, and was a pupil of John Schorel; was recommended by the Cardinal Granville to the Emperor Charles V., and afterwards came to England to paint the portrait of Queen Mary. At her death he returned to Spain with Philip, and shortly after, quarrelling with him, went into the service of the famous Duke of Alva, who made him receiver of West Flanders, on which preferment he gave away his easel and burnt his brushes. He lived in great magnificence till his death, which took place in 1573; his style was that of Holbein; some of his historical pictures are highly esteemed; Fuseli said his colouring was Titianesque. The picture has been engraved,

and was bequeathed to the Museum by Dr. Andrew Gifford.

83. Clement X.; by whom this picture is painted is unknown.

84. Frederick, the third Duke of Saxony; it is well executed, and is the work of Lucas Cranach.

85. Is a small oval picture of the celebrated Moliere. It is most beautifully executed. There is the same look of genius and intellect that is displayed in the countenance as appears in all the portraits of him. This great poet, whose proper name was John Baptiste de Pauguelin, was born at Paris, in 1620. His father was a valet to the king, and it was his intention to have brought up his son as an upholsterer. He was educated at the Jesuits' College, which, at the age of fourteen, he left for the stage, and played at St. Germain's under the assumed name of Moliere, after which he made an acquaintance with Madame le Bevoit, and formed a company. His first comedy, *L'Etourdi*, was written in 1653, and for twenty years after he continued to write and act. The best of his pieces are the *Tartuffe* and *La Misanthrope*. He performed the part of the *Malade Imaginaire*, in his comedy of that name, although ill at the time, and warned by Banon not to act, by which he broke a blood vessel, which brought him to his grave in 1673, at the age of fifty-three. It required a special order of the king to effect his burial in the church of St. Eustache, Hurton, Bishop of Paris, refusing his consent. In private life his character was good and generous, and he was declared by Voltaire the best comic writer of any age or nation.

86. Is a portrait of Mary I. of England; the painting is hard and coarse, and the artist is unknown; indeed, it has so little resemblance to other pictures of her that it may be doubted if it ever were intended for her. It was given to the Museum by Sir Thomas Mantal.

87. Peter Corneille, the greatest poet that France ever produced. This is also a small oval picture, highly finished, by the same artist as the preceding one of Moliere. Of the likeness there can be no doubt, as it resembles the whole-length of him in the gallery of Versailles. This celebrated man was born at Rouen in 1606; the first comedy he wrote was entitled *Melité*, and his tragedies of the *Horatii*, *Cinna*, and *Policlete*, have ever been considered as the masterpieces of the French stage. It appears that the greatest part of his life was passed in comparative poverty, and that on the death of Colbert, a pension which he received was stopped, he became so much reduced that D'Alembert says he was then poor, old, sickly, and dying. The king then sent him



two hundred louis, but it was too late; he expired October 6, 1684. In conversation he did not shine, and his manners were stately and reserved.

88. This is a very large picture of two celebrated men, Cosmo de Medici, and his secretary, Bartolomeo, Concini; they are seated at a table covered with papers, and the open countenance of Cosmo is finely contrasted with the Machiavelian look of his dependent. The colours are extremely fine, and the costume alone of the figures would be curious were it not certain that the likenesses are correct. Who was the artist is not known, but it is of the Venetian school, and was brought here from the Cottonian collection. Cosmo was the son of John de Medici, a merchant of Florence. He obtained from his grateful fellow-citizens the title of Father of his Country. Concini, after the death of Cosmo, accompanied Mary de Medici to France with his wife, where he rapidly rose into favour. He was made Marshal of France and Count of Normandy, but, by the advice of Luynes, a favourite of Louis XIII., was arrested and shot, when entering the castle of Filus as a prisoner.

89. Is a portrait of Jean Rousseau, a French artist, who was employed in the paintings of Montague House. He excelled in landscapes seen through architectural vistas. His skill in perspective drawing was highly esteemed. The style of the picture is hard and coarse, and is not unlikely his own work. It was given to the Museum in 1757, by Mr. Wollfryes.

90. This is a finely-executed portrait of Franke, of Borsalia, Earl of Ostervant, and bears the date 1470. It is in the style of Holbein; the face has been delicately coloured, but age and repairs have not improved it. He was a Flemish noble, and held his title from the Dukes of Burgundy. The picture came from Cotton House.

91. Ulysses Aldrovandus, a celebrated natural historian. He was born in 1522, and was made professor in the University of Bologna, by Clement X. He travelled over a great part of the world, and formed for the above establishment a great collection of minerals, fossils, and antiquities. In the latter part of his life his opinions lost him his chair, and he died in an hospital in great poverty, at the age of 80 years, in 1605. His work on natural history forms six folio volumes. This picture of him is by Georgione; it is finely painted, and belonged to the Sloaneian collection.

92. Is a portrait of Siorza Palavicini, Cardinal of St. Remigius, celebrated as a partisan of the house of Austria. The difference in the costume of this figure and those dignitaries of the same rank in earlier

times is shown. The date is 1663. It was presented by Smart Lethieullier, Esq.

93. An Infanta of Spain.

94. This is a curiously-painted picture, but by whom is not known; it is of the Flemish school, and of Elizabethan date, 1590; the age is marked sixty-six; the long beard and ruff are remarkable.

95. A portrait of Rubens; by whom it was painted is unknown; it is not badly executed, and is no doubt a likeness, as it resembles the one he painted of himself, which is at Ghent. This celebrated man, whose father was a doctor of law, was born at Cologne, in 1577. His first master was Van Ort; he then studied under Otho Venius, and in 1620 was employed by Mary de Medicis to paint the gallery of the Luxemburg Palace. He was made Secretary to the Council of the States of Holland, and when in England was knighted by Charles I. The character of his painting is free, correct, striking, and brilliant, with a tone of gay magnificence, but his beauties are Flemish, and his Venuses are broom girls. Perhaps his best picture, the Rape of the Sabines, is in the National Gallery. He died in 1640, at the age of 63.

96. This is a portrait of Charles Marquetil de St. Evremond, Seigneur de St. Denis; is a likeness, and probably painted when in this country by Sir P. Lely. It has all the character of the man, and the wit and courtier is displayed in the countenance. He was of a noble family of Constance, in Normandy, and was born in 1612. He served in the army of the Prince of Condé at Friburg and Norlingen, but trying his talent for satire on the Prince, lost his commission. He afterwards fell into disfavour with Mazarine on the same account, and got for his pains three months in the Bastille. In the war of the Fronde he took the part of the court, but his wit offending the minister, he fled to England, became a favourite of Charles II., and passed his days in a style of epicurean ease and enjoyment. He is described as being humane and generous; his morality was that of the age. His death took place in 1703, when he had reached his eightieth year, and his tomb in the Abbey of Westminster carries down to posterity the remembrance of the follies of the veteran dandy of the seventeenth century.

98. Is a portrait of John Gutenberg, the inventor of the art of printing with metal types. It is an early picture, and has all the faults of the age, but probably a likeness, as it bears a resemblance to a coarse woodcut of him done in 1450. His father was a merchant, he was born at Mentz, in 1401; between the years 1450 and 1455 the famous Bible, consisting of 637 leaves, the first known specimen of metal types was exe-

cuted between Gutenberg and Fust; he is supposed to have printed some other works, but none other appear with his name. In the archives of the city of Mentz, Schroepflin discovered a document of a process by Gatt against him, in which he had promised the latter to make known to him the whole discovery; there is mention made of it in four forms kept together by two screws, or press spindles, and of letters and pages cut up to prevent any one discovering the art. The ablest writers have differed on what material he employed; Schroepflin supposed metal, while Fournier, Measman, and Fisher thought they were of wood. The picture was presented to the Museum by Paul Vailant, Esq.

99. Robert, Earl of Salisbury; it is of the time of James I., and was given by Dr. Gifford.

100. Is a portrait of the celebrated John Locke; it is a large picture, and is finely designed, and has the same thoughtful expression of countenance observable in all his portraits: the artist is unknown. He is represented in his study in a loose gown. The life of this philosopher is too well known to require relation. The picture was the gift of Dr. Maty.

101. Is a good likeness of Alexander Pope; it was presented by Francis Annesly, Esq.

102. Is a portrait of Dr. James Parsons, a celebrated physician; the likeness is good, and the picture has been engraved.

103. Is a painting of Mary Davis, who resides at Sanghall, in Cheshire; it was taken at the age of seventy-four. When twenty-eight years old, a fleshy excrescence grew on the top of her head, which after thirty years separated, and grew into two horns, one of which the profile of the picture shows. It is coarsely painted, and is curious on account of so remarkable a phenomenon in a female!

104. Sir John Doddinge, an English judge, distinguished for his writings on judicial history and archæology; was a native of Barnstaple, in Devon; he was appointed one of the judges of the King's Bench in 1613, and died on the circuit at Exeter, where he was buried in 1628. He published a work called *The Complete Parson*, and an account of Wales and Cornwall. Although a man of genius and talent, none is displayed in his countenance, which has a heavy and lowering look. By whom the picture was painted is unknown. It was presented to the Museum by Dr. Gifford.

105. Sir Thomas Vane, jun. He was the son of the celebrated Sir H. Vane, who lost his head at the time of Charles II. on Tower-hill, and was so well known in the commonwealth. The painting is but indifferently executed, and the artist is unknown.

It was given to the collection by Thomas Hollis, Esq.

106. This picture is an extremely good likeness and a well painted portrait of Richard Baxter, one of the most eminent of the nonconforming divines of the seventeenth century. He was born at Houston, in Salop, in 1615, and came to London to seek his fortune, under the auspices of Sir H. Herbert. Disgusted at gaiety, he became master of the free-school at Dudley. In 1638, he got ordination, and went as a preacher to Kidderminster. After the battle of Naseby he became a captain in Whalley's regiment of horse, in the service of the Parliament, and at the restoration was made King's chaplain, and offered the bishopric of Hereford. At the accession of James he suffered two years' imprisonment, through Judge Jeffries, and died in 1691. His writings are voluminous, and chiefly theological. The picture was presented by Dr. Gifford.

107. Is a small head, beautifully painted by Dobson, but of whom is unknown.

108. Is a small Venetian picture of a cardinal.

109. Is a landscape by Wilson, and it is singular it should be here, as it is the only one in the gallery of this description.

110. Is unknown.

111. Is a portrait by Ramsay, of the celebrated Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, the author of the letters and would-be patron of Johnson; it was presented by Sir Thomas Robinson in 1717, and is a good likeness; he is in the court dress of the time.

112. Is a likeness of Lodowick Muggleton; neither the artist or giver of it are known.

113. Is a good portrait of Thomas Britton, called the musical small-coal man; it is painted by Woolaston; he was born at Higham Ferrars, and carried on business at Clerkenwell; so great was his taste for music, that he fitted up a stable at St. John's gate, and gave concerts which were most fashionably attended, Handel and Dr. Pepusch both performing at them; every musical work that came in his way he purchased. He lost his life by a silly joke; one of the company at a dinner party, a ventriloquist, predicted his death that night, and such was the impression it made, that it actually took place.

114. This is a portrait of Vertue, the celebrated engraver. He was born in 1684, and was patronised by Kneller and Bishop Tillotson, and afterwards, in 1756, by Frederick, Prince of Wales, whose death so much grieved him that it was shortly after followed by his own. It was given by his widow, in 1775.

115. Is a portrait by an unknown hand, well painted, of the famous Algernon Sydney.

116. Dr. John Wallis, the celebrated mathematician, and is a fine likeness. He was

born in 1816, at Ashford, in Kent, and was one of the original members of the Royal Society in 1868. He was particularly skilled in the art of cryptography, or deciphering, and was of great use to the royal cause. He was also one of the reviewers of the Book of Common Prayer, and died at Oxford, in 1703.

117. Is a picture, by Davis, of Governor Hunter. It was presented by Admiral Page.

118. Is a well painted portrait of the celebrated Captain William Dampier, by Murray. He was born in 1572. The countenance of the veteran navigator portrays the dangers he had passed "by flood and field." Perhaps no man's life ever presented a greater variety of adventure than his. The simple narra-

tive, written by himself, bears on it the stamp of truth, and shows that there is no danger, no difficulty which perseverance or resolution will not alleviate or overcome. The picture belonged to the Sloaneian collection.

We trust that the present collection at the British Museum, from its interesting character and general excellence, will prove a nucleus for the formation of an Historical Gallery, both by means of purchase and donation, that may ultimately rank with the great Historical Gallery recently formed at Versailles.

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### FRAGMENT OF AN ODE TO THE FIRST OF JANUARY.

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All hail ! thou first-born of the hale New Year !  
Cradled in hail or frost, snow, sleet, or fog,  
Right merrie dog !

Although thou seemest rather " cold without,"  
Yet " warm with " joy we greet thy visit here  
With cheers and cheer ;  
And, while we pledge thee in a can of grog,  
We shed a tear  
For poor old Thirty Eight, upon his bier  
And cry all hail !

Hail ! day decreed  
By *Jove* for *joyal* meetings,  
Presents and other pleasant kinds of greetings.  
Prolific time  
For rhymes and rime !  
When monthly editors  
Pay their *addresses* to their *courteous* readers,  
And *weekly* ones write very *powerful* " leaders."  
When hen-peck'd husbands make their *wills*  
And *birds of prey*, called creditors,  
Send in their *bills* ;  
When doctors weary of their craft  
Of making blisters, boluses, and pills,  
(No longer " i' the *vein*" to *bleed*),  
Turn sick, and so prescribe themselves — a *draft*.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bromley, Middlesex.

J. J.

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### PENSEE.—No. III.

Eternity—Time risen from the tomb,  
Heir, like ourselves, to immortality.

T. W.

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A CONFESSOR.

BY THE ABBÉ MONTELLE.

### No. I.—THE CONFESSOR'S STORY.

SOME time since, journeying through various of the great provincial towns of the continent, and during a lengthened residence in Antwerp, we became acquainted with the Abbé Montelle, who was then acting as officiating priest during their fasts and festivals.

On the first view of him, whilst standing before the lighted altar performing the rites and ceremonies of Catholic worship, his appearance was not only imposing, but remarkable in a degree scarcely to be imagined. His countenance, withered and sallow, was lined with the distinct trait of intellectual superiority and spiritual dignity. His form was imperious and stately, but it was power disenthroned and station subverted. He had the aspect of kings when divested of the crown—of mortals when driven from the inheritance of happiness; the impression of him was lasting and true.

But when we met him afterwards amid the half-dilapidated buildings and antique streets, clothed in the solemn vesture of his order, the step and presence of religious humility, the sanctified calmness of his exterior, excited sensations of respect that were, perhaps, enhanced by his reputation for profound learning, scriptural and scientific research, acute sagacity and knowledge

of men, and an unwearied perseverance in discharging the duties of his vocation. Shortly afterwards, in our literary character, we procured an introduction to him.

It is not necessary to detail the progress of our intimacy; but as his confidence in me increased, he explained his intention of publishing certain manuscripts, which he wished first to place in my hands for the purpose of revision. My surprise was not uttered, but perfectly understood.

"It would scarcely do," said he, "to make public the 'Confessions of a Confessor' in the very land where that form of religion is so generally adopted; but it is my purpose that men should know something of themselves. My experience, if it avail me not, may be of benefit to them; and if you have no objection to the task, and the world should approve other papers—they shall be forthcoming. Remember, I vouch for the facts; let them be rendered fit for publication, and—" and his words melted away into a contemplative but peculiar smile.

My task is completed; but if one of the myriads who will peruse these pages doubt these truths, let him satisfy his personal scruples by giving them the name of fiction.

It is doubtless fitting that every man should account for himself; but how he shall do so is left entirely to his own judgment and conscience. There is, perhaps, nothing more difficult than to explain the peculiar motive which actuates us in the every-day events of our existence. It is oftentimes activity without intent, or impulse with no definite reason to direct it. Nevertheless, we need not the shrewd cunning of the casuist, nor will we resort to sophistical argument to prove that man is guided, or misguided, as much by the blind agency of chance, as by the impetus, the why and the wherefore, the passion or the principle which leads him astray from, or conducts him by the right

path to the desired haven of his hopes and the resting-place of his content. This, then, we will not argue. Enough that some star or ignis fatuus has betrayed me, like other men, on this sea or amid this desert, which we are pleased to call by the flattering appellation of so dear a thing as life. I have not proved myself incapable of error, how then can I believe others immaculate in virtue! No, the sorrow and sin that have been recognised in me, have been equally witnessed amongst them; and the soothing of conscience and the palliative of vice which once were used to allay my inward sufferings—to calm the burning recollections of my mind—they are changed to the holy pleadings

of religion, and let me believe, at least, that I have not in my latter days failed to bring it to the relief of others in the like state of mental delinquency, anguish, or torture of the spirit. I will reveal the facts as they took place; and let not the world wonder, since substances immersed in certain sluggish waters assume the petrefaction of stone, that the human heart, constantly subject to the infliction of tears, can also put on the like callous hardness of insensibility, and make itself of that marble at last which no waters may penetrate, and from which no relenting drops shall ever again exude.

My mother was a Spanish lady of noble and ancient lineage. My father was born of the high blood of the Normans; his illustrious descent and lengthened line of genealogical succession being the themes whereon he most delighted to expatiate. The scion imbibes the sap and puts forth the same green leaf as the tree from whose root it has sprung, and my young mind became shackled by the prejudices of birth and bound down in the pride of hereditary distinctions—in the pretensions of that rank with which circumstances, at my first entrance into the world, had so kindly invested me. It was pride, however, that was instructed to propagate itself by acts of charitable munificence—of generous liberality, by deeds expressive of their own nobility; and this not because it was due to human necessity, but because they were indicative of true greatness, a something, in fact, to demonstrate the immeasurable distance between want and wealth. Such serene elevation—such silent superiority as the hard and towering rock holds over the sapling that grows below, which it shelters from the tempest. The peasant was born of the soil, essentially so; but the prince was sprung from the pure sunlight of heaven in created grandeur, above all.

Meanwhile, the stimulants for mental exertion and intellectual improvement were never wanting. But pride, the chief attribute of the demon, was always at hand, and yet not always, or guilt had been less known to me. Yet not this alone; the received opinions and practices of the world were averse from the after-feelings and after-passions

that swayed and ultimately destroyed me. Aristocracy of mind consists in intellect. From one world of thought into another my fancy wandered: study was my pursuit and science my delight—and this because knowledge was wisdom, and wisdom the hand-maid of kings. Alas! Reginald Montelle, the time was yet to come when, having laid aside all foolish self-esteem, humility should be the highest badge of honour that life and time had left thee.

I am willing that my nature be perfectly known, and in all respects justly understood. Fortune had denied me nothing; how then was it to be imagined that I myself should begin the contest with myself, when my own satisfaction and happiness must be the sacrifice? It was not to be anticipated. The combat offered no laurel of victory, and I despised it. Man in his true character—every living being, indeed, is an example of this principle. Pausing yet on the threshold of early youth, my senses looked back upon the beauty of the past, but it had become vulgar to my conception. Some one thing more beautiful than all that was gone, my heart sorely coveted; to-morrow must surely bring a brighter prospect. I slept the lusty sleep of health and manhood, and awoke to the just knowledge of myself, my heart, my desires, and my hopes.

Let me pause to question myself and others.. Who has not deceived his own heart and that of other men—aye, and of women, too? Who is there who can assert he never betrayed the promises of the past? Is there one soul gifted with the spirit of its first being—the nature of its childhood, returns back to the grave even as it was born—pure,\* perfect, of etherial sweetness, and of unchanging wisdom? Not one. As time breaks down the body, so life shivers the heart into fallen fragments, the one is but the semblance of the other; and I am but the likeness of other men. Take me as you find me; for I have known enough of the wisdom of religion, that my forgiveness no man shall give me, since it lies buried

\* It is not our province here to enter upon theological discussion. The abbé, it must be remembered, alone speaks.—Ed.

in the earth that opens for my grave. Herein I am silent.

I was in the first prime of manhood, when quitting my home, I departed in the direction of Switzerland. Various and easy are the current excuses to be made on the like emergency. The desire of travel or of improvement, the longing for change and diversity of scene and characters, the necessity of an intimate acquaintance with the relative condition of my fellow-men, or the old apology for visiting some respected relative from whom I had great expectations, induced my fond parents to part with me, on the terms most pleasing to my wishes. I was, in truth, bound upon an excursion in quest of something that was as yet unknown, in search of happiness or of amusement, or rather, it was a speculative inquiry into my own feelings, habits, and propensities. My father, when he parted from me, bade me never forget the honour inseparable from my name, while my mother reminded me of the virtue and courage which my high birth demanded. Above all, I was never to forfeit my dignity or degrade my station:—the words were heard, accredited, and only too well remembered.

After some days travel, as the prospect changed, the lengthening distance divided me from that susceptibility of feeling with which I had parted from all that was dear or venerable in the days of my childhood. As these unpleasant impressions wore away, other and more comfortable thoughts amused me; I was born a lover of nature, and easily charmed by all its varieties; and under every aspect, indeed, its changes, its wonders, and its glories were made known to me. In this respect, my disposition more nearly approached to that of the peasant than my vanity would, at this time, have permitted me to imagine.

My taste for romantic scenery, perhaps, directed my steps; for after weeks spent in the dissatisfactory wanderings of utter idleness, I quitted the main road, and leaving my servant and other incumbrances at a neighbouring town, hired a poney and set off alone on my solitary journey. From town to village, and so on, through devious and untrodden ways I hastened forward, my

humble guise and current coin procuring me a welcome wherever my path-way conducted me. My assumed name also, which may be now known under the feigned appellation of Montelle, saved me from all inconvenience, and answered every purpose, as well then as now, in concealing my real dignity and pretensions in society. A slight semblance of romance was also given to the expedition by the fact of my feigning to be a wandering artist, seeking employment or recreation, as the whim of the moment might determine.

I remember the day as yesterday. It was a day never to be obliterated from my thoughts, where it lives as fresh as at the first hour of its dawning. The evening sun was fast sinking, and all the skies flushed with the tracking of its glory, when I found myself on a rustic bridge that crossed the path up the steep and winding ascent of a whole range of mountains; to the right the stream rolled on, now in majestic fullness, now hurrying and tossing over broken and jagged rocks, and now breaking its way in the evenness of unimpeded progress, till, lost in the fissures of the declivity, it crept softly down into the vallies beneath, and flowed into one vast and tranquil lake. Lost in reverie, and holding my poney by the bridle, I gazed on the passing stream, when a sudden overclouding of the atmosphere warned me to hasten forward. Before me was the last ledge of rock; I clambered up it with all my native energy and impetuosity. On reaching the summit, a glorious scene was diffused around. The range of mountain heights extended on either side in solemn majesty, dreary, uncultured, and barren; but on the opening descent, cultivation and verdure resided; and small patches of table-land and neat enclosures, adorned with the budding luxuriance of the vine, like one huge hanging garden, graced the slopes and clothed the vallies that lay in the numerous recesses beneath. At my feet was one of the loveliest villages in the world, now glowing and beautiful with the mellow beams of the retiring sun. Sheltered by hills, bounded by wood and forest, it lay in the bosom of nature; what soul could the traveller have who passed it unheeding?

Was it a coming storm? Or a youthful female figure, hastening yonder towards her home, that led me after her? I watched her to her rustic cabin, but not even distance can delude the eye of admiration—she must be beautiful! Above head now, the closely compressed and struggling clouds, dyed with the sun's last tints, reflected and refracted its golden brightness; and turning with varying hues, hung over the surface of the waters, or chasing the deep and less palpable shadows of twilight, seemed as the type of youthful hopes pursuing with many changes the dark and mystic track of time and life. All this boded a storm: at least, I would have it so, and speeding my way by a circuitous course, as night closed in, I beat my summons against the door of the well-marked hut.

At length, an old woman deeply furrowed by age, and browned with the country sun, appeared at the entrance and demanded my wishes. To her my anticipations of the storm were shortly expressed and my desire of present refuge and shelter. She shook her head at the ignorant supposition, but received me with the courtesy of humble hospitality. Indeed, as chief of this patriarchal village, and being the greatest proprietor of the vineyards around, she was entitled as well from age as from ancestral precedence, to a certain rude homage and respect from her homely neighbours. This I learnt upon my road, and did not fail to make use of my accidental information. Her invitation to enter was readily accepted.

The outer door opened into an ample apartment, the ceiling being so low as to cast into total darkness the more distant portion of the room; which not even the flames of the broad hearth, for the fire was kindled for the evening repast, nor the light of two iron lamps could in any degree serve to illumine. The walls were hung with a few rude arms and uncouth implements of husbandry, save where some groups of feathers tastefully arranged, proclaimed the downfall of the eagle of the eyrie, or the overthrow of the Alpine-vulture, the scourge of the pasture. In the recesses of the casement, wreaths of flowers were hung, and sweet-smelling plants decorated the

nooks and brackets around. At this moment, however, my sight beheld nothing of this, being attracted by a far more beautiful object.

This was the peasant whom I had seen while halting on my path upon the mountain. At the further end of this room and where the light faintly beamed a shadowy twilight, the young girl was kneeling in the sanctity of prayer. Surely, all at once, the light poured its full radiance upon her! She held a rosary, the symbol of her creed. Those hands and arms were not to be surpassed by all the beauty of creation. Her flowing locks swept the marble of her shoulders and rested on the pure bosom beneath, which was now, in this hour of quiet and retirement, somewhat disclosed by the opening of the Swiss jacket which she wore clasped closely round a figure of slender and exquisite proportion. That face—those eyes—those lips. But love may not attempt to describe its object. I pause even now, as if beneath the guilt of sacrilege; yet, in the lustre of her looks, peace ever dwelt; her lips were those of young children, full of freshness and eloquent with prayer; her feet strayed with the lambs through the pastures, and knew but the ways of gentleness and innocence; and yet, oh, Astasie! my blessing and my curse, the Judas lip of fortune betrayed thee, yet art thou justified, and for ever sacred to my thoughts.

The hasty glance and quick retirement, the blushing diffidence of her manner, whispered all that the mind could, in that instant, desire. When the prayer was over, she moved to depart. The expression of my regret at her intended absence, was, perhaps, touched with the force of true feeling, for the aged mother interfered, and bade the lovely creature stay and welcome me with the reception due to travellers that halted on their threshold.

"Nay, Astasie, my child," said she, "you must cease to blush, and learn to do honour to honest kinsfolk and country, who know how to give cheer and greeting to the stranger, whether simple or wise, whether great or small amongst us."

At these words, the young peasant timidly advanced, my sight was sur-

charged with all her loveliness as she approached me, her hands were pressed together in the bending of salutation ; had nature gone to courts to learn such grace ! I heard, and yet it appeared that her words were only half understood by me.

"I give you good welcome, sir, to the humble shelter of our vallies," said she, "and may the blessing of health attend you. If you need any kindness, my name is Astasie Frantzen, at your service, sir, with all sincerity of heart."

"Gentle Astasie—" but let me not repeat the idle words ; they were ended by my touching her hand with my lips. This manner of salute was new to her, but far more surprising to me was the blushing dignity of her air, full of the perfect simplicity of nature. But still it was impossible for me not to discover that she perceived that inherent superiority which birth or education had bestowed on me, that she was awed but not bewildered ; while, as this truth betrayed itself, my mind applauded her quick perception, and was flattered by the inference to be drawn from it.

While the evening repast was preparing, and in order to quiet all apprehension or doubts on the part of the good woman, her mother, I entered freely into conversation ; talked of my family and an imaginary resemblance between the present scene and those I had been accustomed to, taking care to hint that comfort of worldly condition which, though rather above them, was only so from certain adventitious circumstances which were not likely to occur in the pastoral regions which they inhabited. There was no preconceived scheme in this, it was the idle talk of an idle hour ; however, it won the good lady's favour, who would not allow me to depart that night, but herself prepared the rustic bed, and performed all other hospitable attentions that this unexpected intrusion called for. It was evident, indeed, that my person or manners had procured me her approbation, but Reginald Montelle, who had trod the tessellated halls of greatness, was prepared for, and expectant of, every civility of life.

At intervals, my discourse glided off into casual remarks made to the young peasant, and how was it that I myself,

accustomed to all the acquired graces and meretricious ornaments of society, should still find something in the language of nature, superior and more attractive than them all ? It was surely the effect of some contrariety of humour, that my mind could recognize beauty and sweetness only where others had persuaded me it did not, might not, and never could exist.

Meanwhile, and during the accidental interruptions necessary to the preparation of sundry trifling additions to the forthcoming meal, I made myself more familiar with the furniture and other articles about the apartment. It was only as I advanced through the distant gloom that I first became aware of the presence of a fourth person, apparently belonging to the household. In the farther shade there lay the figure of a man, reclining on a kind of Gothic bench placed against the wall ; his rustic cloak was wrapt round him, and his attitude bespoke the unconscious ease and peacefulness of slumber. I had scarcely time to survey him ere the entrance of the peasant or her mother called me away. But ever and frequently my curiosity, or an indefinite desire of waking him, induced me to return to the spot ; and at last the noise of my hasty retreat aroused him, and after gazing at me through the dense obscurity of shade, he suddenly woke up, shook himself into his native self-possession, and presented himself before me. I do not know how it was, but my mind was greatly relieved on beholding his youth, or perhaps on perceiving his resemblance to Astasie.

Let not the great boast of their pretensions, if the humble possess such as these. Had Albert Frantzen been the born inheritor of a throne, he could not have more become it ; and if conversant with the camp of warriors, he could not have had a more bold, manly, and imposing demeanour. True courage and inherent honesty supplied him with that which art can never give—that expression of entire sincerity which begets and compels the like frankness in others. Tall and majestic, and his sun-burnt brow eloquent with native power and passion, he was indeed a glorious specimen of the sons of the pasture and the field. As we met, he



taught me at once to feel that personal distinction is not equal with that of private worth. But though it was then acknowledged, it was ever after forgotten.

He seemed perfectly aware of the probable cause of my presence, and, after a minute perusal of me, welcomed me with becoming hospitality, and yet with some show of cautious reserve, by no means uncivil. His conduct to his sister was marked by evident admiration and indulgent tenderness. But how were it possible to depict all the gentle acts that spring from the freedom of domestic intercourse! The quiet religious serenity of the aged woman, the manly independence of the peasant, were new and charming; but Astasie Frantzen—what world of rank or fashion could produce her equal! Besides, gallantry is one of the great essentials of manhood, and the peasant girl was attended as became her beauty. At length we retired to rest; but I—I awoke only to seek her again.

It is almost unnecessary to say, that all thought of my departure was now given up. By an apparently open exposition of the motives of my journey, and by the display of the contents of my portfolio, my assumed character of a strolling artist was not only sustained, but such perplexing doubts as were insinuating themselves into the family were entirely dispersed, leaving me the object of an unreserved confidence, which eventually procured me all that my most sanguine hopes could have anticipated.

My rustic chamber of repose was again prepared; more cunning devices invented to secure my comfort; the aid of Astasie was not wanted in its decorations—she turned the wreath, or rearranged the blossoms round the window; the peasant youth was my guide through scenes gifted with all the enchantment of romance—to rural glens and frowning rocks—to rushing torrents and languishing streams—to wild woods and cultivated vineyards—we wandered together. The light form of Astasie often greeted us on the way; but her timidity, or my respectful homage, so surely whispered its meaning to the brother, that ere long it was perceptible that he was at some pains to pre-

vent our meeting, excepting in his presence. My thoughts, meanwhile, were full of her. Every object borrowed some tone or some resemblance from her, and she gave life and love to things divested of all interest without her. And as the stemmed torrent chafes and rages till it breaks over its boundary, thus my secret thoughts were tormented, until I could meet and privately express my sentiments to her. In fact, I was in love—unknowingly, but still in love.

This jealous observation of her brother, whose penetration had discovered all my admiration of her, withheld me for some time from further intercourse than such as the familiar meetings of the family permitted. This gave fresh impetus and fire to my zeal. I sighed—aye—could have wept to tell my passion. I found her at last, by accident one morning, seated on a fragment of a rock on the banks of the lake. She was murmuring, as she knitted, one of the peculiarly plaintive airs of the country. The blush burning on her cheek told of my coming. I recall in vision the words that passed between us.

“I could look on this sight for ever,” said I, glancing on the scene to fix my gaze on her;—“lovely, always beautiful! Surely you must be happy here.”

“Happy as the day is long,” she answered. “Only when my tame bird of the woods dies in the winter time, or my goat is killed over the mountain height. You know it is hard to part with what we love.”

“You have few to love you—few whom you can love,” was my reply. “You can scarcely know the grief of parting from them.”

“Oh yes, my dear father died—my brother Albert sometimes leaves us—the grape harvest is unfavourable. Some say, that no one lives but grieves.”

“Would that my departure ever could afflict you!” I exclaimed. “But that dear consolation, sweet girl, the hope is not permitted me.”

“I shall regret you as an agreeable stranger,” said she with some hesitation, and blushing such eloquence as spoke more sweetly. “I shall remember you as one—a generous and kind gentleman—as one who came a while amongst us and is gone—yes, and for ever.”

"Remember me even as love recalls its object," I whispered—"true as honour, faithful as friendship. Astasie, \* you shall not be mistaken,"—but she broke from me, not, however, before my arms had once embraced her. It was the deprecating air with which modesty looks on greatness far beneath her.

At that instant a rushing sound was heard like the breaking of winds through cloistered ruins, and one of the larger species of the Alpine vulture rose brooding over the waters; its victim was quickly fixed and pounced upon; again it rose in towering progress to its mountain home. The girl trembled and shrunk back, but ere I could pursue her, with whispered exclamations of distress, she fled away. For me, it spoke to my senses, louder and more surely than the voice of oracles.

But the peasant was faithful to her virtue and steadfast to her discretion. We never met again alone for many weeks, but then her hasty flight and bashful retreat spoke only too keenly of her feelings towards me. And she was become more thoughtful. Let not this susceptibility of heart be reproached, for though modesty may protect it, it does not console its secret sorrows. This peasant, if she wept, it was for me.

At the same time, her brother watched us, incessantly, unrelentingly, with jealous promptitude; more particularly as I sought her in secret, with sure design. And, indeed, not even the laws of hospitality now restrained me,—for what were the promises made to myself—what possible notion could beguile me into the belief of my own honourable intention? And yet, such promises and such belief had both been entertained, for it is in the power of passion to convert all things to the likeness of itself, and the descendant of kings had become reconciled to the cottage, if only Astasie Frantzen inhabited there. I was fast deceiving myself, that the empty show and pomp of riches would be cheerfully resigned for a life passed in this scene of humble contentment, when a slight incident added fresh impulse to my love.

There is no first affection that is

not tinged with the true colours of romance; for if it assume it not naturally, it is graced with it artificially. But here was a contrast of circumstances, dissimilitude of character, all the contradictory evidence likely to encourage it; combined with beauty in the object, living fervour in the climate, and an exquisite country around to heighten and enhance this first impression of the fancy.

Well:—where Astasie was not, her image supplied her presence; and when her company was denied me, the place was sought where we had last met. The fragment of rock by the side of the lake was one of my favourite evening haunts, and often, in the cooling wave, beneath a cloudless sky, I bathed and bathed anew, as if outward freshness could allay the burning fever of the soul.

I was one evening bathing in the pure waters near this spot, where the first secret words were spoken to Astasie. The heavens were serene, in their own light reflecting mimic day-time; while the moon shone out with silver beams in place of the yellow rays of the sun which twilight had eclipsed. Every object of the landscape was distinctly revealed to the sight, as in the shadow of dreams; when, while floating at ease upon the wave, the figure of Astasie dawned upon my view, and presently she came to the spot, where she lingered in mournful contemplation. It was the thought of a moment to dash beneath the surface and, by swimming under water, attempt to gain the nearest shelter of the rocks, and there await her departure.

By the rippling of the tranquil bosom of the lake, or beholding my clothes upon the shore, she must have become aware of the fact; for suddenly she turned away; and on rising cautiously to the level, I beheld her hastily retreating, and bent upon watching her to the last, swam away into the middle of the waters, where the last outline of her form might be seen with still greater distinctness. The memory of the sensation is utterly imperfect and obscure, but all at once some slight pain came across me, I sunk downward, a reeling sensation oppressed my faculties, the heavens seemed at a glance to flash with

the fire of uncounted stars, and nothing was heard but the booming and breathing of the element as it rose over me. It was the sullen harmony that whispers us to death; yet, there was painful pleasure in the feeling. When, as the trance became deeper, the grasp of a strong arm arrested my sinking slumber, and holding me in its strength bore me above into the cool air. I felt the hard earth press against me, and all was forgotten.

When my faculties recovered themselves, the hum of manly voices was about me. I was in a hut on the borders of the lake, and Albert, the vinegrower, was one among the party.

"Bear up, sir, all danger's over," said he, in the deep and somewhat morose voice peculiar to him. "Bide you here the night, while I go forward and tell the accident at home."

"Are we far from home?" I faltered. "No, no, let me dress myself and hasten with you," for I felt fast recovering and was curious to know how the young peasant girl would receive the news of this event.

"It was a strong struggle," said he, "and hard work to uphold you, for the water had a mind to have you; and you—you firm built sinewy fellows bear a good weight with you. However, let's hope you will live and mend."

"I am as well as ever," I answered, not pleasing to take the hint, "We will go home together presently," and fumbling with my clothes as well as my weakness would permit, my attire was shortly arranged, and I walked to the village with the help of my rustic deliverer.

For the first time in my life a feeling of embarrassment came over me. This debt and this obligation weighed heavily upon me; and though it was necessary to accept the young man's further assistance to conduct me home, even this trifle, in comparison of his late great and generous services, was felt to be something oppressive and well nigh revolting to me. The whispers of my conscience, perhaps, assisted the impression, for certain it was, that my designs upon his sister could scarcely be defensible, since the open explanation of them was the last thing that could be desired or encouraged by me.

I relieved myself of my confusion by resuming the discourse.

"You must have been passing by the lake, Frantzen," said I, "or have seen me go bathing; otherwise, how could it happen that you so providentially came to my help."

"The dying then cry out without knowing it," said he, "for the noise that you made might have called one far less willing than myself to your aid. But no, I have often watched you. You foreigners don't understand the cold undercurrents and gushing of the lake. Besides, there are some, yes, more than one who might lament or—or weep for you."

His tone of voice led me to my own conclusions; and rough and indifferent as he was, he had remarked the preference of Astasie, and for her sake, had done that which, for my own, he had never attempted. The night was now far advanced, for the insensibility that overcame me, short as it appeared to myself, had consumed considerable time and skill on the part of my preserver. The night was darkened into deepest twilight that just served to direct us on our way.

"Albert Frantzen, my friend," said I, when the path was shaded with the shadow of the trees, "young man, while I have life, this service shall be remembered; you may find that I have power to be grateful. Let us henceforth be friends."

"No, not so," he coldly replied. "Let gratitude, in this instance, supply the place of honour; I bid you be honest; the debt is cancelled—the action rewarded—the lord and the labourer may then afford to pass as strangers."

We just then reached the door of the dwelling, and whether from agitation or accident the summons was unheard; we listened for awhile, renewed it, and were at length admitted.

"Why not come at the first call," said he. "Here is Montelle drowning, and none but a peasant clout at hand to save him."

The shriek of Astasie responded to his words, and, as I advanced towards her, she stood for a while fixed as a statue, gazing in white vacancy upon me; but touching my shoulders with the embrace of nerveless hands, she dropped down to the earth.

Was human philosophy made to withstand such truths as these? or could mortal wisdom ever inculcate precepts that might destroy their power? None that could be of benefit to me—to Reginald Montelle. I was above or below them. This incident discovered the full secret of my heart, if it did not reveal that of her's, I must be mistaken indeed. Oh God! when I remember all—this one all! But feigned coldness and chaste reserve, the pretence of a mistake, and that her brother was the party endangered, restricted blushes and restrained sighs, all the deceptions of betrayed modesty—the acute contrivance of wounded delicacy—all these this humble creature made her own. Virtue was native to her as truth; but my love, not according to her simplicity, was energetic and impassioned as the fierce passions of manhood; and I would fain believe that the ruthless nature of villany was no part of them.

From this hour we were almost strangers to one another. Astasie shrunk from me as from something that she feared, but loved too well. Constant to her matin prayer and vespers hymn, the beauty and the pride of the vineyard, she taught me the truth and loveliness of virtue; while here, let me vow that no thought derogatory to her ever intruded upon my thoughts. Still it must not be believed that no deceit governed my conduct in the pursuit of her; though, on such occasions, a credit was easily obtained with myself for a certain sincerity of purpose, that most assuredly was not to be relied on. There were means of propitiating Albert Frantzen, and they were carefully adopted. A show of entire confidence was assumed, my false character and circumstances pretended to be openly divulged, my prospects and connexions fairly exposed, together with hints of honourable intention—plausible artifices to assure him of my friendship, of my wish to conciliate his family; besides that my utter contempt of all distinctions and differences of fortune ultimately disarmed him of all suspicions, and he confided in my veracity. Yes, by my account, I was to marry Astasie, and the event proved all my meaning.

"Will you not tire of your little tastes for me?" said I, as she orna-

mented with flowers that recess where we used to sit together, the pretence of my painting the surrounding landscape being my excuse for sitting with her.

"I can never tire of obliging you," said she; "but that is because you are a stranger. The fear is, that ought should happen to you, and break the hearts of your friends."

"I must be departing back to them," said I, delighting in the sigh that escaped her. "I shall have this to console me—to remember you—when I am gone." And I drew forth the sketch of herself kneeling in the hut on the night of my arrival; but this spoke nothing to the vanity of the being before me.

"Why, this is myself!" she exclaimed. "On that night—aye, I shall never forget it."

"Let me live in this valley for ever," I whispered, "forsake ambition for contentment, and be philosopher enough to spurn all else that life can offer me."

"Bring your friends here to live with us," she murmured. "My mother would welcome them—I myself would tend them, watch your will and your wishes. Oh, we should be happy as the living day!"

Such was the simplicity that might well betray both her and me, and I began to argue of the impossibility that love should submit to reason. The pride of rank and power is nothing like the pride of happiness, and the one should be sacrificed to the other. Thus the humble flower is born of the lowly earth; but touched by the rays of a god-like sun, it rises up and looks at heaven. And might not this peasant do the same! But my arguments were endless, and all convincing.

In these vain fallacies and weak delusions the time, however, passed on; and my affection was unabated, nay, it was confirmed. But the period of her brother's departure drew nigh, and it wanted but the proof of my own absence and its effect upon her, to teach me to decide at once, and give free scope to all the feeling and the fire of my passion, by making her my own, by marrying her. This was surely the meaning of my mind. I was not quite enough the villain to lay the snare of ruin. Let me assert that no dark portrait of the future looked out from the

dim shadow of my present thoughts. It was surely impossible it could have been so ! However, I quitted the valley before Albert Frantzen went upon his journey. Notwithstanding her wan sorrow and regret—her changed aspect of fading loveliness, in spite of this, we parted. In truth, I dreaded the scrutiny of this labourer—this vine-grower—one of the common herd of nature's children—this being without a name—this beggar devoid of wealth—this man so rich in honour. I feared, scorned, hated, and shrunk from him. We met but once again. *That* once again—yes—bid my conscience remember it, even though willing to forget !

But we cannot palter with fate, nor will we belie events ; then be the truth spoken. Ere long I returned to the hamlet. The old mother, believing in my humble state and honesty, again received and welcomed me. As for Astasie, hidden tears and sighs and outward blushes had revealed the secret of her heart, and she met me like one who had just parted with hope, and found despair. The sight of her chased away guilty thoughts and selfish vice, and once again she bade me know myself and her ; but both were known too late—my soul was already full of sin, and lost to common honour. But all farther argument of passion was cut short by a new and unexpected event.

This was the arrival of a stranger of high rank and pretension, who, attended by his suite, passed through the valley on his route to a projected tour upon the Continent. During some conversation with him, to which my character as an artist introduced me, it appeared that the beauty of the neighbouring scenery, together with the romantic situation of the hamlet, had induced him to delay his farther progress. But the quick jealousy of love discovered that he had other reasons. It became known to me that he had seen Astasie at some distant village *fête*, and had followed her home ; in fact, that she was the true cause of his sojourn amongst us ; and indeed the object of his open admiration and pursuit, as she was of my secret and treacherous advances.

It was my turn now to become the spy, and dog and dodge him in every

attempt at private communication with her. But the count was not a man so to be put aside in his amour. Day after day did I watch over her, persuaded that the highest principle of honour directed me, that all my anxiety was but natural indignation and abhorrence of his meditated infamy. And to behold the temptations thrown out, the elevation and splendour awaiting her, the handsome person, of the count, in itself no mean accessory to his suit—to witness this, and the maiden reserve of Astasie, her firm refusal of his wealth, her decided rejection of any connexion opposed to virtue, her pain and shame at the bare supposition of such a lot. His manoeuvres to gain access to her, and the timidity and yet the dignity with which she repelled him, stimulated my passion and animated my spirit in her defence. She was sought, solicited, and tempted, but neither bought nor betrayed.

All this was regarded by me as a fresh sign of her affection, and acted as a new incentive to the natural vanity of youth. The cruelty of my nature was now amused by unkind treatment, neglect and coldness, well feigned indifference and civility, and all other malicious contrivances by which love can torture the heart and senses of its object. But she, gentle peasant ! her heart taught her to forgive sins below claim to human forgiveness. She entreated and pleaded with me in guileless acts of courtesy, till in one unlucky moment of distress and terror, she complained of this nobleman's approaches—of her defenceless situation—her need of protection ; and this was wrung from her in the bitterness and misery of shame. The door was now open for me. The trap of the ensnarer now closed upon her ; in truth, she was in my power. However, the belief still existed in me that I loved her as honour and honesty required.

The count and myself now came to an explanation, wherein my intention of marrying her was fully stated ; and there is no doubt that this avowal was afterwards communicated to her, as one of his means of obtaining her, by the contrast of our supposed separate conditions and infinite difference of fortune. Indeed, in after discourse

with him, his open ridicule of her simplicity assured me of it and in no way lessened my ire against him. Threats were exchanged, but he persevered in his pursuit in defiance of me, till one evening, heated by the pure imagination of the fact, I hastened from the cottage to seek Astasie on the borders of the lake; my feelings told me she would be there, if only as a propitiatory act to disarm me of further unkindness, for of late, my pleasure had consisted in her pain, and my amusement in tyrannous abuse of her friendship. I found her, followed as usual by the count.

Her confusion while it added to her loveliness, excited my passion anew; and one appealing glance decided me. Hastily bidding her go homeward, a liberty, that her entire innocence perhaps excused, I threw myself between them, and, under the character of her accepted suitor, demanded satisfaction for all inconvenience that she had suffered. The nobleman derided my presumption and mocked my folly, when galled at some insulting allusion, my arm was raised to strike him, but his swift sword beamed quickly to the light, while mine clashed with it on the instant; the point of his weapon, however, pierced my wrist. I was about to renew the fray, when he proudly drew back and his looks told me my inferiority of station precluded further combat. Our peculiar situation cost us both a smile. On presenting my card it degenerated into open laughter. The count was a gallant man. He recognized my name, apologized, remarked how painful was the fact that any dispute should have risen between us, and as the girl had become my peculiar right from priority of claim, so she must remain; the noble count denied all further interest in her.

That Astasie Frantzen, with all her purity and devoid of ill should be regarded as something no better than all this—as a being no more deserving of the world's respect, at first struck me with wonder; but stricter search into the ordinary rules by which society is kept together confirmed me in the truth, that her condition, birth, or prospects entitled her to nothing better.

Love, however, is not the dupe of such every-day opinion. We met again and were the same as ever. The slight injury sustained in her defence was regarded as fresh proof of the honour of my intentions; and as this idea gained ground in the mind of her mother, every precaution was used on my part that nothing should occur through which this confidence might be forfeited. Since my last return, and during the absence of Albert Frantzen, I had lodged at another cottage in the hamlet; and though so often in company with Astasie, yet doubtless this very fact had quieted all suspicion, and satisfied the anxious doubts of the old lady as to my designs with her child.

My passion now led me in the ardour of pursuit—to flattering pretences by which the female heart is won—to impassioned kindness and tender attention, all irresistible—and my enthusiasm was, at least, the natural and unrestrained evidence of an endeared esteem. So humble a creature as this might win to love; nor did she want power to secure it. I felt that her heart was mine, and this was my deepest satisfaction; but if my soul was devoted to her, it was also lost in that depth of hell, where it must go to seek and gain possession of her.

Oh, man, man—Reginald Montelle! what difference was there between this young creature and thyself? None in heaven—none, therefore, that earth ought to acknowledge. But this was not my thought at that time. My mind was searching after some human reason, or fanciful theory of philosophy, that might avail to reconcile the accidental peculiarities of fortune, or account for the uncontrollable perversity of mortal fate. But none was found: the abstract question of how it came to pass that I loved this girl—that our separate states were so utterly disunited—this was all that occurred to me, and it was all as unanswerable then as now. The secret may well live on to an eternity; it was part of my destiny. But why delay the truth? Blighting, destroying, infamous, and guilty, the sacred nature of truth is still the same, and this confession is part of it.

At early morning and latest twilight we wandered about together. She was

guiltless of deception or sin ; but my tongue had learnt the language of the betrayer—she was deceived unknowingly. Hell triumphs in the memory, and heaven can find no extenuation fitting it. Suffice it that the nature of the ruffian was subdued into the softness of the hypocrite, violence put on its best and most winning garb, and Astasie awoke from the innocent sleep of virtue lost—lost through my depravity, as if by the sudden transition of death itself, she passed from the childhood of honour into the sad womanhood of shame. Deep is the precipice, but there my infamy cast her. Let me whisper the word of love no more : hated itself might speak of truth even less destructive. But her revenge lived in me — through me — unto future years.

Seemingly as interminable as eternity itself was the hour and the day ere we met once more. Imagine health changed to the semblance of feverish sorrow, or nipped by the chill breath of niggard want, and the picture of her change is seen therein. Conceive the laugh smothered in choking sighs, and words become silent in the numbness of the heart. She had but now lost the raiment of purity, and had clothed her in the shroud of death. Thenceforth was she content for ever to reject me. At my fresh-repeated vows she clung around my knees, and whispered words of heaven, prayers of untutored nature, that made me curse myself, my state, my villany : but pride shrank from redress, honour disdained humiliating concessions—my birth and rank forbade the last atonement.

At last I quitted her, and wandered I knew not whither. But, whether guided by the fatality that led me, or by the impetuosity of passionate regret, no rest or repose from thought or conscience was permitted me, and my steps were hastily retraced. In fact, I feared something or nothing, and even began to doubt the virtue of the being whom I had thus cruelly injured ; and such is the contrariety of man, her virtue,—yes, it was still dear to me. Weeks and months elapsed, occupied by frequent absence from or return to this unhappy creature ; indeed, by all the inconsistency of conduct remarkable in

such circumstances. But ever and always Astasie was unchanged, she met me with the sad greeting of suppressed affection, we parted without an expression of unkindness ; her conduct was dictated by sentiments of genuine but undefiled affection. On me it did not act as balm, but as fire searing the wound only just inflicted. My hopes, however, were built on the idea that the hour would come when all her sweet reserve would be rejected, and she would throw herself entirely on my protection.

At this period my servant came to the village with letters from my family to summon me home, and he spread abroad the account of my wealth and distinction, my real title and possessions. This news was as the last arrow of fate, piercing the heart of misery, and Astasie looked up no more. Full of fear and distrust of my greatness, she turned away from all consolation ; and as she had never uttered reproaches, she was left alone with despair.

The letters from my father and mother spoke of my long-projected marriage with the daughter of a nobleman, celebrated for her beauty and wit ; and at one time her imperious charms had more even me to admire, nor was I willing to forswear them. She was of equally high blood with myself and the alliance was not to be rejected ; certainly not since it afforded me ample excuse to quit poor Astasie. For this reason, my servant was instructed to report this circumstance ; my frequent solicitations of Astasie were discontinued ; and shortly, the satisfaction was given me of perceiving that she was informed of the fact. But nothing could now content me :—to depart, was to be wretched, to stay was madness.

Yet, had I taken her from the arms of the spoiler, myself to be the accursed instrument of her ruin and shame,—and where was the death-destroying punishment that could repay an act so infamous ! The retribution was in my secret thoughts, in the stinging and the thorns of self-reproach ; even in this callous hardihood of purpose which, like frost freezing in my bosom, searched the deep recesses of my soul, and left all pity, generosity, affection, fellow-feeling, withered and dead as future

years have formed them. The truth of my affection was sacrificed indeed to the opinion of the world, and the world has not requited me for this forfeit to its ways.

I was still passionately fond of her,—but when we met, no answering look awaited me; her eyes kept communing with the earth, as if to shut out all knowledge remote from the one thought, that she would willingly lie at rest upon the bed of nature. But still this silence, this cold, sad, tearless serenity, but maddened me into fury, or that desperate striving of the passions which hardens while it corrupts us. As the last climax to my selfishness, it was deemed fitting for myself to tell her that the hour of my destined departure was fixed. She replied nothing and moved not,—nor sighed nor wept, but the trembling of her clasped hands betokened that, though her heart was still true to honour, her spirit fluttered impatient to flee away from her impending doom. It was not beginning hate, but rather enduring love, that bade me take delight in beholding her anguish. I repeated the necessity of my going, it did not need repetition.

“When you go,” said she, mourn-

fully, “my prayers are always with you. The memory of the past is for ever written on my heart.”

The statue of peace might be emblematic of her presence as she stood; but the words that she had uttered stirred up within me the demon of rage and desperation, or awoke the phrensy of defeated love—and thwarted love provokes the mind to madness. I do remember—and yet—oh heaven! that it should be! I caught her to me closely, in a compressed embrace of tenderness; and, with the energy of infuriate cruelty, flung her from me; like some loathsome thing, dashed her on the rude earth, and would have left her. But swift as the impulse of affection she fled after—followed me—fell at my feet—and clung about my garments. The horror of her looks still lives fresh as ever in my fancy now.

“Reginald—oh husband!” she gasped; “dear—dear—dear to me for ever! Go, leave me when you will—not now—not thus. Tread on me—kill me quite;” but my relentless rage still struggled to be free; she cast her marble gaze upon me and tremblingly held me. “You shall not leave *us*,” she groaned; “not leave *us—us—*”

*(To be continued.)*

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## SONG TO—

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Life would be a midnight sorrow  
If unblest by love and thee;  
Every hour and every morrow  
Dark and darker still to me:  
But, of other hopes bereft,  
Ne'er will I in thought repine  
While, to light my gloom, are left  
Love and innocence like thine.

Time—its blights are all forgot  
If thy blue eyes beam the while;  
Fortune's frowns—I'll heed them not,  
Whilst I see Maria smile.  
Till we yield our latest breath,  
To our wedded souls be given  
Love and truth; and, after death,  
May we meet again in Heaven!

E. DARBY, Jun.



## DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

[Having found that many of our Subscribers have been desirous of having a greater Number and greater Variety of Fashion Plates than we can possibly give in this Work, we beg to inform our Readers generally, that there are eighty-four Plates and upwards of the same description published by us annually in Paris (from which, monthly, we select two of the most novel and seasonable for the use of the Court Magazine), and that the same can be obtained from Mr. Dobbs, our publisher, at No. 11, Carey Street, or by the Order of any Bookseller in England, Scotland, or Ireland, viz., for three months, 12s.; for a year, £2, in advance, as customary in France.

No. 1.—*Toilette de Promenade.*—*Walking Dress Manteau Paletot or Pardessus.* This new-fashioned manteau is one of the most elegant articles of the kind which has been seen lately in Paris. It may be made of cashmere, velvet, satin, gros de Naples, or any other material adapted to cloaks. The top of the corsage has a plain piece put in (as in a *peignoir*) which, as may be seen by the plate, is a good deal sloped out in front of the neck (see plate). The skirt or manteau is then put on in very large flat plaits taken in in two places—at the waist, and higher up; a broad belt confines it at the waist. The sleeves are long, and exceedingly full, they are made to cover the hands entirely at pleasure, or, as in the plate, a black velvet cuff may be put on to confine the sleeve at the wrist, but these cuffs are separate from the sleeves. A *capuchon* or hood, supplies the place of a cape or collar: it is large enough to cover the head, if necessary, which renders this cloak a most useful appendage to a lady *en grande toilette*. The cloak is lined and wadded throughout, and trimmed all round with fur. The one in our plate only reaches a little below the knees; some, however, are as long as the dress. That on the sitting figure gives the back of the cloak. Hat of white *gros d'Afrique* (the newest silk material for hats), it is a thickly ribbed silk, resembling *velours épinglé*; terry velvet. This hat is by no means large: the front is a good deal *evasée*, the corners rounded, and the crown small and put on so as to sit as flat as possible; a large bow of satin ribbon is placed quite at the side, and the hat is ornamented underneath the front with a full-blown rose on each side. The dress is of gros de Naples, with a deep flounce at bottom. Hair in bands;

white kid gloves; embroidered handkerchief; black shoes of satin royal. The dress of the sitting figure shows the back of the cloak and hat, the latter is similar to the white one, with the exception of a bunch of feathers supplying the place of the bow of ribbon (see plate).

No. 2.—*Dinner and Evening Dresses.*—First figure. Dress of organdi (book muslin), embroidered in coloured worsteds; corsage *en pointe* and *a la Sevigné* with folded draperies across the bosom; the sleeves excessively short and full, but without trimming (see plate). Hair turned back entirely off the brow in the Chinese fashion, the back dressed low, in a rouleau with one small bow of hair in the centre (see plate); the wreath of roses is put on *a la vestale*. Long gold earrings; white kid gloves ornamented at the tops with a puffing of gauze. A bow of pink satin ribbon with long ends is placed at the point of the corsage. White silk stockings; black satin shoes.

Second figure.—Dress of striped gauze, with a very deep flounce at bottom. *Châle manteau* or *mantelet*, of black satin; this shawl is rounded at back in the style of the *mantelet Châles* we have so frequently described; the front ends are long and finished by thick tassels. This shawl has likewise the useful accessory of a large hood, which can be drawn over the head at pleasure. It is lined with white silk and wadded. *Coiffure a la Berthe*. This is the most fashionable style of coiffure at present adopted in Paris. The one on the figure on our plate, is composed of black velvet, and consists merely of a narrow head-piece, deep enough to admit of its turning up in a roll in front (see plate); a deep fall of black lace is put on at the edge

(bord) and hangs low at the sides, forming a kind of *oreillettes*. A bouquet of flowers is placed at each side. Three gold-headed pins are stuck into the roll at the left side (see plate); the front hair

is in braids *en fer à cheval*, the back in a single braid *en rouleau*. Half long black silk mittens; bracelets, worn high up on the arm. Antique fan; white satin shoes.

## THE NEWEST MODES OF PARIS.

BY OUR OWN PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

*Paris, December 22, 1838.*

I shall begin *ma belle et bonne amie*, by wishing you many happy returns of the new year, and hope ere long to be able to reiterate all my good wishes *de vive voix*. Our gay season is commencing; it is thought the carnival will be one of the gayest we have had for some time. I have been told that antique costumes will prevail over every other style of dress, in which case your beautiful collection of ancient portraits will be very convenient for use. But I must commence by telling you what is actually the fashion, not what is to be—I was at a splendid *fête* two nights since, *chez les Duchesse d'O*—who has just returned to town, and shall describe some of the prettiest toilettes I saw there. One was a dress of white satin embroidered all over in small sprigs, done in coloured floss silks. The dress had three blonde flounces; the heading to the top one was a *bouillon* of white gauze, through which a cherry-colour ribbon was passed; a similar *bouillon* separated the two *sabots* of the sleeves, which were terminated by deep ruffles *à la Louis XV*.

Another dress was of white blonde, the front *en tablier*, marked by two rows of lace put on in a zig-zag pattern, intermixed with small bouquets of flowers. The lace forming the zig-zag only reached about as far as the knees; it was then carried round the back of the skirt as a flounce, and had a very elegant appearance.

I saw two dresses of white gauze, both embroidered, one in red palms, the other in branches of coral. These dresses were worn with coral ornaments (which I may tell you are exceedingly fashionable just now), and were very much admired. The coiffures

were to match. One was coral ornaments, the other red flowers.

Dresses of black tulle, gauze, or satin embroidered in coloured silks, are amongst the most *distingué* to be seen.

Dresses of orange and cherry-colour satin, trimmed with black lace, are coming in, and will, it is thought, be very prevalent this season. Indeed, black lace has again become a *fureur*. Amongst the *nouveautés* which have just come out are dresses of black tulle embroidered in gold, with flounces of the same rich blonde patterns done in gold. You can scarcely imagine anything more rich or elegant than one of these dresses.

The corsages for full dress are invariably made *à pointe*; but the point is exceedingly short; it seems merely intended to lengthen the waist a little at the centre of the front. The waist of the corsage (if the dress be white) is edged with a coloured *liséré*, and a bow of satin ribbon with long ends is placed at the point of the corsage. The plain tight corsages are on the decline; the draperies *à la Sévigné* once more coming in.

The sleeves are short *à la Pompadour*. This consists of three *sabots*, and between each *sabot* a fall of lace or blonde; these sleeves are besides looped up in front with an ornament of jewellery or a flower. You have heard, no doubt, that the beautiful Mademoiselle Helena de C. was married a few days since. They say she will lead the fashions this winter. I went to Victorine's to see her dresses, that I might be enabled to describe them to you. For a *négligé* (morning dress), a *peignoir* of *pékinet*, a material composed entirely of worsted, not twilled, but very soft and fine in its texture; the ground was black, and it was striped with orange

and green; the sleeves full all the way down, and finished at the wrists with cuffs turned up, but not confined by a *poignet*. There was a small velvet cape, cut *en cœur*. The dress was wadded, and lined with green taffeta. A cap à la *paysanne* of Indian muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes, a lace rosette at one side; worsted embroidered slippers.

Morning home dress, or *toilette d'Intérieur*. This consisted of a mouse-colour cashmere dress, made *en redingotte*, rather *décolletée* in front, and to open at the side, with a frill of the same, and a row of buttons to mark the opening. Collar à la *duchesse*, with three rows of narrow lace, fastened in front with a rosette of cherry-colour ribbon. Black satin apron, embroidered in *lacet de soir*, silk braid, cherry-colour and green. Black satin cuffs, edged all round with a cherry-colour piping; a bow of the same colour of narrow satin ribbon on the top of the wrist, and a trimming of narrow black lace on the upper side only; black varnished shoes, gaiters of *coulil de laine*, the colour of the dress; white lambs'-wool mittens, embroidered on the backs and round the hand and wrist: this embroidery is done in the knitting. To make this a morning walking dress, there was a hat of mouse-colour plush, with a *torsade* (cord and tassel) and a large shawl of plush; *glacé* black and cherry-colour, and edged all round with a chenille fringe.

A visiting dress (*toilette de ville*) consisted of a *redingotte* of levantine satin (à la *Rachel*), a black ground shot (*glacé*) with orange, and a *mille pois brillans*, nearly covered with small spots like peas, and of a bright orange colour. This is one of the most beautiful materials I have ever seen. Black velvet shawl mantelet, trimmed with ermine, and lined with orange silk. Black velvet hat, trimmed with orange satin ribbon, a plume of the same colour at the side, and orange flowers (made of velvet) underneath the front. Ermine muff.

Dinner dress.—Robe of shot satin, grey and pink. Corsage half high *en cœur*, a flat tucker à la *Louis XIII.*, or à la *Ninon*, of black lace, long sleeves, full at top, and tight from the elbow to the wrist. Coiffure à la *reine Berthe*, of

black and gold tissue, turned up round the front, and trimmed with black lace, falling very low at the sides (*en oreilles de caniche*), a large rose placed at each side. Round the neck a *Saint Esprit*, suspended from a black velvet ribbon, or a very minute round black braid. In case you are at a loss to know what I mean by a *Saint Esprit*, I must tell you that it is a dove with its wings extended, the beak turned downwards, and holding a small cross or a heart: in the head of the bird is a diamond, a ruby, an emerald, or any other precious stone. This simple and pretty ornament is a revival from the antique. It has quite supplanted the ornament called the *croix à la Jeanette*, so much worn a few years since. At present, a lady cannot be seen without her *Saint Esprit*. She puts it on in the morning, and only takes it off on retiring for the night. It is worn *en négligé* as well as in *grande toilette*.

But I must finish the description of these beautiful dresses. There was a *grande toilette de soir*, or ball-dress, of *damas* (a sort of rich *broché* satin), of a most delicate shade of blue. It was made demi-antique, open in front, and trimmed with English point-lace; the skirt was looped back at distances with white roses. The coiffure à la *Berthe*, composed of white gauze striped with gold; the blonde for trimming was also *brodée en or*, the flowers at the sides blue. White silk mittens embroidered in gold. White satin shoes, with a gold flower on the fronts.

Hats.—The hats continue small, the fronts *évasée*, the crowns small, and sitting quite back. The materials worn are velvet, plush, beaver, and satin, the trimming satin ribbon, with flowers or feathers; the plush and beaver bonnets have *torsades* instead of ribbons. The pattern of the manteau which I send (see the accompanying plate) is precisely what is worn. Some are short (as in the plate), others are long. I shall just describe another manteau which I have seen, or rather another variety of the same as the accompanying one. The manteau is similar to the other, with the exception of the sleeves, which are separate, and may be worn or not. Instead of a hood is a large cape, cut like a shawl half square, with

the corner at the back as low as that of a large shawl; it comes equally long at front. At the shoulders is a cord and tassel, which loops up this cape over the arm, forming a kind of Venetian sleeve, and admits of a muff being worn with the manteau. Until these last few days, scarcely a cloak was to be seen. Muffs are *de rigueur en toilette de promenade*. The prevailing colours for dinner and evening dresses, cap-ribbons, &c., are cherry-colour, orange, apricot, groseille, and *bouton d'or*, the

bright yellow shade of the flower of this name. For morning dresses, mouse-colour, feutre, drab, and grey. For hats, mouse-colour, feutre, claret, and black.

*Voilà chérie, tu as de quoi te rendre belle, pour la nouvelle année! M. de F—— is laid up with an attack of gout. It is very tiresome; but I do not stay at home to nurse him now— pas si bête!*

*Adieu chère belle je t-embrasse.*

L. de F——.

## L I N E S

ADDRESSED BY WILLIAM TO JULIA.

Go, giddy, flutt'ring, silly thing,  
On me in vain thou try'st thine art;  
Thy thoughts are always on the wing,  
How can they pause to reach my heart?

'Tis true that thou possessest grace  
In words, in look, in smile, in action;  
True, too, thou hast a pretty face,  
But that cannot ensure affection.

I hear men praise thy sparkling wit,  
I know you can compose a sonnet;  
Your dress has always the best fit,  
And you have taste for shawl or bonnet.

To what can I compare thy song?  
Thy voice outstrips the chirping linnet;  
Ah, why so tedious and long?  
Alas! the *soul* is wanting in it.

I've seen the tear roll down thy cheek  
When reading a romance or novel,  
But never yet have known thee seek  
The poor man's cot or widow's hovel.

You're charming at a ball or rout—  
*En soirée* you are quite divine—  
Whether at home or whether out,  
In company you always shine.

Yes, your's is sure the art to tease  
Our hearts, but then we soon get tired;  
Who only cares the world to please  
Must be *despised*, howe'er admired!

S. A. G.

## Monthly Critic.

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*Cutch ; or, Random Sketches of Western India.* By Mrs. Postans.

The daily increasing interest with which present events are investing Northern India, and the limited acquaintance possessed by European readers with the remote stations which form a considerable part of our Indian possessions, render this an exceedingly well timed publication. In a plain, unpretending style, Mrs. Postans gives us the result of a series of notes taken during a residence of some years in Cutch ; during which, from the "roughing" life she seems at times to have led, she appears to have enjoyed unusual opportunities of becoming acquainted with the general and domestic manners of the population in its various *castes*. As the word Cutch is by no means familiar, we cannot, perhaps, do better than give its etymology on the authority of our authoress. The Province of Cutch is "probably so called from 'Cach' or Cach'ha, signifying a low maritime country. In the prophetic chapters of the Puránás, two brothers are mentioned as Puru-Cach'ha and Buja-Cach'ha. One of these, tradition asserts to have been the founder of the ancient city of Teja, in Cach, a country whose geographical position agrees with the present province of Cutch. 'When the Greeks sailed within sight of land,' says the learned essayist on the era of Vicramaditya, 'they coasted along the Delta, as far as the point of land before mentioned (Jakow), and then crossed the Gulf of Cach'ha, thus called from a famous town of that name, still existing. This headland is particularly noticed by the author of the Periplus (Arrian). The mussulmans, bolder, crossed from the western mouth of the Indus, to an island called Avicama, a district near D'waka.' Abul Fazel in 1582, describes the province as barren and unproductive ; the interior almost unknown, but the situation of its sea-ports similar to those at present described."

"On approaching the Province of Cutch, the coast affords few attractions to the traveller's eye, presenting as it does, a mere sandy outline, slightly diversified by a few patches of stunted vegetation and straggling palm trees ; but on landing at Mandavie, which is the principal sea-port, an appearance of wealth and unusual bustle excites the traveller's attention. A creek, which runs skirting one side of the city for about a mile inland, has its mouth filled with boats, making, mending, receiving, or discharging cargo ; whilst carts of a peculiarly rude construction drawn by strong and sturdy bullocks, struggle through the heavy sand laden with goods for the interior.

"The inhabitants seem a busy, cheerful, and industrious race, and their peculiarly bright and varied costume gives an appearance of gaiety to the place which is strikingly pleasing, and seldom seen in an Indian town of second-rate importance. The population is principally composed of Banyans, Brahmins, and cultivators ; many of whom may be seen on the outside of the town, either engaged in their several callings, loitering lazily along, or grouped together in little knots, gossiping with vehement gesticulation, on any trifling subject of profit or pleasure. Here and there, a retainer of the Rao comes swaggering along, displaying the superior height, aquiline nose, and long moustache of the Rajpoot tribe ; his arms are a sword, shield, and matchlock, and his dress and bearing are marked by an air of mingled haughtiness, foppery, and independence. Then are seen swarthy but fine-limbed children, rolling on the soft sand in childish glee, and shouting with joy, as a horseman passes them, circling and passaging with consummate skill his gaily decorated steed. Near these, a water-carrier urges on his bullock, which, laden with the water bags, slowly saunters forward, whilst his master smokes his hookah, and indulges in a passing chat with the women, who, gracefully bearing their earthen water-vessels on their heads, are returning to the well to which he journeys. Lastly, are groups of women, employed in sifting grain from light baskets, in which they display the most graceful attitudes ; the passing breeze winnows the corn as it falls into large heaps, and numerous asses wait leisurely around to carry it in sacks to the merchants' granaries."

After this glimpse at the locality of

the place and its inhabitants, let us take a peep at the portrait of his Highness, the Rao of Cutch.

"In person the Rao is remarkably stout, with peculiarly fine eyes and a benevolent and agreeable expression of countenance, although unfortunately disfigured by the ravages of small-pox. His dress is usually rich, well arranged, and strikingly picturesque. On state occasions it consists of a most magnificent Kinkaul turban, of the usual stupendous size worn by the Rajpoots, ornamented with strings of pearl, and jewels of great value, with immense ear-rings of gold wire set with precious stones. Over the muslin Ankriha, worn by all natives of respectability, his Highness has a sort of body armour of thickly wadded purple velvet embroidered with gold; a pair of rich satin trousers, also embroidered or rather embossed with gold; and crimson velvet slippers, curved upwards at the front, and decorated with pearls and coloured silks.

"His Highness's jewels are of great price, and very numerous; consisting principally of armlets, bracelets, tawees, and a succession of rings and necklace of which it would be hopeless to attempt a description. The gems most in use are pearls, rubies, and diamonds, but uncut, and set in the rudest style of workmanship. His Highness has some knowledge of the English language; and it is the custom for the European officers stationed in Cutch, to make him visits of ceremony, with which he seems gratified, and has in several cases evinced a warm friendship and interest for some, with whom circumstances have connected him. Natives of respectability visit him constantly, and once a month he holds a Durbar, when persons of all ranks have access to his presence. It is customary for such to bring limes, cocoa nuts, &c., which they lay at the Rao's feet, with expressions of allegiance and respect."

The following is a very lively and amusing description of the royal polygamist's harem.

"His highness the Rao of Cutch has five wives, who reside in a wing of the palace, separated from the main building by several court-pards and passages. The avenue immediately leading to the women's apartments is guarded at its entrance by a pair of most hideous eunuchs, who sit cross-legged, in a sort of basket-chair placed on each side of the portal. These sooty gaudians of female virtue are armed to the teeth, and in addition to that, have a huge blunderbuss lying by each seat. Having passed these retainers of marital tyranny, we enter the large court, filled on the occasion of my visit to the ladies, by about three hundred

women of the city, of various *castes* and degrees, who had come to gratify two of the strongest desires of the female mind,—curiosity and gossip. After passing up an avenue, formed by a double file of these dark beauties,—

'Maidens, in whose orient eyes

More than summer sunshine lies,'—

and being greeted by whisperings, gigglings, and other demonstrations of amusement, at what they thought remarkable in my dress and manner, I entered the sitting apartment of the Ranees, which was a stone verandah, level with, and open to the court, having sleeping-rooms, and other private apartments, leading from doors to the back.

"The Rao's mother, who resides with her husband the ex-Rao in a separate palace, came to her son's harem on the occasion of my visit, and received me with great ease, partaking of the graces of European etiquette. Taking my hand, she expressed her pleasure at seeing me, and then placing me in a chair next her own, conversed agreeably on a variety of subjects in excellent Hindustanee. She is a very lovely woman, and does not appear older than about five and thirty; she has a very fair complexion, fine figure, and lustrous black eyes; not possessing the languid sleepy softness which generally characterizes the native eye, but large, bright, and expressive. She is the daughter of a chief of Soodahs, a tribe who inhabit the great desert of the Thurr, and are remarkable for the surpassing beauty of their women. The fathers of these belles calculate their amount of property according to their 'heads of daughters,' being happy to dispose of them as brides to the highest bidder. And to judge of all, by this specimen in the person of the lovely queen-mother, 'if lusty love would go in quest of beauty,' few of the daughters of the land could, I think, compete with the passing fairness of the Soodah maidens.

"The Rance,

'Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,'

was superbly attired according to the fashions of Mandavie, which have been before described; but the materials of her dress were unusually costly and well chosen. Her petticoat was of a rich Tyrian purple satin, embossed with a border and scattered bunches of flowers; each flower being formed of various gems, and the leaves and stems richly embroidered in gold and coloured silks. Her bodice was of the same material as the petticoat, having the form of the bosom marked by circular rows of seed pearl; her slippers were of embroidered gold, open at the heels, and curved up towards the instep in front; from her graceful head flowed a Kinkaul scarf, woven from gold thread of the finest texture and

most dazzling brightness. Her soft glossy hair, parted in the Greek style, was confined by a golden fillet, and a profusion of pearl ornaments; and on her brow, imbedded in the delicate flesh, and apparently unsecured by any other means, rested a beautiful star of diamonds and pearls.

"The lovely Ranees were absolutely laden with jewels. A description of her nose-ring, ear-rings, toe-rings, finger-rings, arm-lets, bracelets, anklets, and necklaces, would alone occupy a volume.

"The young Ranees, the present Rao's wives, were seated together on a mat in a remote corner of the verandah, decked in all their finery; but the poor girls, abashed and timid, sat huddled together, afraid to be seen, yet every moment whispering to each other with a half suppressed giggle; now and then stealing a glance at me through their long eye-lashes, but turning their eyes away the instant the gesture was observed, and hiding their pretty faces in the laps of their companions. By degrees, however, they gained courage; gave me their trinkets to admire; asked me a variety of trifling questions; insisted on handling all the ornaments I wore, and would, I believe, have fairly undressed me, had I not avoided any farther familiarity by re-commencing a conversation with the fascinating queen mother.

"The jewels of the young Ranees were similar to those already described; but one of the fair dames seemed peculiarly enchanted with the beauty of a ring she wore on her first finger. It was indeed of huge dimensions; in the centre was a mirror about the size of a half-crown piece, and this was encircled with rubies, pearls, and diamonds. The fair wearers of all this barbaric wealth must have been sorely wearied ere the day was done, had not female vanity aided them to support its burthen; their ear-rings alone were of solid gold, and not less than eight inches each in diameter, and embossed with gems of a large size.

"The Ranees have no family; they are all very young, and seem perfectly happy together, and contented with their lot.

"After spending some time with the Ranees, who expressed great anxiety to hear of other English ladies who had visited them at various times. I made a movement for taking leave; when two slave girls entered, bearing trays, on which were little baskets formed of leaves, and containing betel-nuts, pān supairee, cinnamon, and other spices, with rose-water, attar, and sandal wood oil in minute opal vases. The Rao's mother then presented me with betel-nut, which in Eastern etiquette is understood to convey a permission to depart; and having (as a mark of friendship) sprinkled

me, by means of a little golden ladle, with the various unguents, accompanied by a profuse shower of rose-water, scattered through the rose of a richly gemmed Golaubdani; the Ranees all politely and kindly entreated me to repeat my visit. Afterwards, each took my hand and raised it smilingly and gracefully to her forehead. I then left them, and was ushered back through the wondering crowd to the outer gate of the palace."

The commiserating view taken by Mrs. Postans of the moral and intellectual state of the women of the East, generally does credit alike to her heart and head.

"The situation of the Ranees interested me deeply. I was pleased with their amiability, but felt sincere commiseration for their degraded, useless, and demoralized condition. These poor girls are permitted the free association of numerous beings of their own sex, all equally ignorant, and many of them far more evil in their nature: they are themselves the slaves of a web of circumstances, woven round their lives by a long and systematic practice of jealous tyranny, and a series of debasing customs, from the social injustice of which the mind of every liberal observer must recoil, when he reflects that the same beings whose moral and rational qualities are thus restricted have, notwithstanding, displayed an energy of mind, determination of purpose, and a cunning aptitude for political intrigue, which, originating in the recesses of the harem, has spread anarchy over kingdoms and deluged them with blood. If, in a state of real ignorance, and apparently habitual apathy, the women of the East display at times so much natural capacity, and mental energy, why, it may reasonably be asked, should they not be equally capable of receiving intellectual culture, and by the consequent development of their faculties and feelings, be prepared for, and permitted to take the part of real usefulness and responsibility in social life, which nature designed in the creation of woman? This question, however, can be only answered by the consideration of others, involving matters of great political interest. The emancipation of Eastern women from their present mental and personal imprisonment, would require that the prejudices of their forefathers should be laid low, and that the great spirit of change should move over their political, moral, and religious institutions, sweeping away the dust of ages, and erecting toleration as the emblem of awakening truth, over the fallen fanes of heathen worship.

"To effect this, a series of renovating circumstances must produce opinions very far in advance of those which now bow

down the intellects of this benighted people; and whether it be consistent with the objects of British power in India to introduce wise means conducive to such improvement, I leave to the conscientious consideration of those, whose information, talents, and position afford them peculiar advantage for forming a just estimate of the probable gain, but the certain risk, of any attempt to raise the people of India from beneath the yoke of their prejudices, by cultivating their faculties, imbuing them with knowledge, and softening their hearts with all the nameless graces of civilization.

"Should the political aspect of Indian affairs ever render such a course advisable in the opinion of our rulers, many years must yet roll on before the darkest institutions of heathenism shall vanish at the bright day-spring of improvement; and until then, the poor Hindu woman must be content to remain, during life, the debased slave of her master's will, and at his death, be doomed, in accordance with immemorial usage, to yield her life by cruel torture, a sacrifice to the fanatic faith of her country and the rapacious wickedness of the Brahminical priesthood;—who will thus continue to deceive their miserable votaries,

'With gay religions, full of pomp and gold,  
And devils to adore for deities.'

The work is interspersed with several legends and traditions of Western India, illustrated by coloured lithographic prints very neatly executed, which considerably enhance the value of this very unaffectedly written and most interesting note-book.

*The Mutual Rights of Husband and Wife.* By R. MENCE, Esq. H. Cunningham.

The intention of this small but important pamphlet, is the discussion and amendment of the bill framed by Mr. Sergeant Talfourd regarding the access to their children of wives separated from their husbands. Mr. Mence championizes the fair sex with eloquence and feeling; he devotes all the energies of a warm heart and a learned head to their cause, and we recommend his pamphlet to be read by every husband and wife who can read.

Before we enter into the subject, we must call our reader's attention to the fact, that the most eloquent and learned among the (benighted) Unitarian Dissenters have in their periodicals, for the last five years, loudly called the atten-

tion of the public to the barbarous state in which the English laws relating to marriage, and women in particular, are at the present day. Whatever error may exist, it is possible to apply remedies far worse than the disease; and without entering into any vituperation against this class of Dissenters, we content ourselves with observing that, their chief object seems to advocate a facility of divorce for dissimilarity of temper and other slight causes, incompatible as, in our opinion, their opinions altogether are, with the Christian dispensation. Aware that a learned and influential party in our commonwealth were agitating this question, we carefully scanned the pamphlet in question, to see if Mr. Mence was marked with any of their party badges—but he is not; the following passage will show that he belongs to our church, and owns no party but that of the oppressed. His comments on Sir Edward Sugden's speech when Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's bill—which we briefly noticed last year—was expelled, show a true view of the defects of present society, and an honest and earnest wish to amend it. We will now quote a case in which the good conduct and integrity of the wife are most unequivocally set forth in the judgment of Sir John Nicholl.

"The delinquency of the husband is now established—the wife is the injured party. She is separated from the comfort of matrimonial society—from the society of her family—not by the act of Providence, but by the misconduct of her husband. She must be liberally supported. The law has laid down no exact proportion—it gives sometimes a third, sometimes a moiety according to circumstances. In Lord Pomfret's case the income was 12,000*l.* per annum; the alimony given was 4000*l.* In that case the larger part of the fortune had come from the wife, and there was no family; but he was a peer and had that rank and dignity to support. In Taylor against Taylor, a moiety, in Cooke against Cooke, a moiety was given. In those cases there were no children.

"In the present case, the joint income amounts to 1500*l.* a-year. The greater part of this property came from the wife. The delinquency of the husband is very gross. I should be disposed to give as large a proportion as in any case. If no third parties were concerned, I should give a full moiety; but there are six children—two sons and



four daughters—whom the father is bound to maintain and educate. The suitable education for such a family will be a considerable expense. Supposing that deducted, the sum I shall allow will give the wife about a moiety of the remainder. I shall allot 2000*l.* per annum, to be paid quarterly from the date of the sentence. It appears that there are deductions from the estate for two jointures of 1500*l.* each. When they fall in, it will be open to the wife to apply for an increase of alimony.’—2 *Phillimore*, 109.

“In the above case the estate had devolved upon the wife by inheritance on the death of her brother, or, it would be more correct to say, it had devolved upon her husband. Whether any increase of alimony was applied for on the falling in of the 3000*l.* a-year, which increased the income from 5500*l.* to 8500*l.*, the writer has no means of knowing, but he recollects having seen in some newspaper the report of an application made in vain by that lady to the Court, for access to her two sons who had been placed at Eton school, where she had gone to visit them, and had been debarred from seeing them by the head-master, who informed her that he was compelled to do so by the positive directions of the father. And is it at all unlikely that her admittance to the sight of any of her children may have been made the subject of barter or bargain for her not demanding an increase of alimony, or perhaps for her even sacrificing the greatest part of that which had been allotted to her?

“Yet it has been said that no legal provision in favour of the wife is wanting—that it would be quite superfluous; or in other words, ‘Unless the woman’s conduct have been of a flagrant nature—unless the husband have a strong case to justify him in estranging the wife from her offspring, he will not be received into society if he be known to have obstinately refused this access.’

“Has Sir E. Sugden, then, taken so little note of the course of human affairs as to have any reliance upon such a substitute for positive law? The time may have been—and the memory of a man of Sir Edward’s standing may perhaps go back to it—when the old-fashioned prejudice against striking a woman, or any similarly gross behaviour, had some little influence, and the reception of a man in society depended in some degree upon respectability of conduct and character; but families were then more stationary, and the links of society drawn closer together than they are now, and thus the dependency of every man upon the good opinion of his neighbours, and his interest in cultivating it was much greater. The times are changed: the old English gentle-

man has disappeared, or is fast disappearing; his seat in the country becomes a mere hunting-box for a few days occasionally, and his pleasures and his society are in London during the season. *The clergyman and his family, once the stay of morality and decency throughout the country, and the leaven that leavened the whole lump, is dishonoured, depressed, and sacrificed:* the banker, the lawyer, the tradesman, or the merchant as he must now be called, becomes, by the mere power of wealth, independently of education or manners, the great and important personage. It would be quite out of the way of business, and contrary to the spirit of trade, that he should be nice or fastidious as to the conduct of his employers, to which, of course, he shuts his eyes, and, with a courtesy and obsequiousness proportioned to the magnitude of their accounts or dealings, requests the honour of their company to a dinner, a ball, or an archery meeting, at which all the quality of the neighbourhood are to be present. The man who has violated every decency gives his dinner or ball in return, and becomes a member of the archery meeting. All the quality are invited; and ‘what is it to them that he has beaten his wife, or denied her access to her children? What have they to do with family disputes? No doubt both parties are in the wrong, and he gives charming entertainments. What, indeed, can be more natural than that he should prevent her access to the children as an inducement to her to return, as she ought to do? What signify little faults of temper? Nothing can justify a woman in leaving her husband; and what an unfeeling creature she must be to be able to give up her children! she deserves worse treatment than she has met with. However, we know nothing about it, nor wish to know; it is no concern of our’s. Thus his reception is established; and his reception is her expulsion. Such, within the memory of Sir Edward, the tone of society began to be; and more recently it has suffered a still more rapid decline. We are no longer *adscripti glebæ*; the opinion of any neighbourhood or of any circle is of no consequence to us. We are citizens of the world; if we are coldly regarded in one place, we can fly by steam to another. But there is no danger of our being ill-received or coldly looked upon: the country is torn by political strife—we have only to join the most violent party, and we shall have friends enough, who would carry us through thick and thin. This is the worst feature of the times: in the rage of party-spirit, all morality, or delicacy, or gentlemanlike feeling is despised as weakness; and every ruffian who can render himself serviceable to a faction; or who signalizes his adherence to it

by violence and vociferation, is dubbed a worthy excellent fellow, and abetted and encouraged in any outrage he dares to commit. When party runs thus high, even the value of the trial by jury is impaired, and a man ceases to have any reliance on the justice of his cause. Advances in physical science, and command of the powers of nature—gas-light, steam-navigation, railroads, fancied political improvements—without a proportionate progress in the higher science and department of morals, are positive evils, and imply and accelerate decay. We are building a Tower of Babel, and fondly imagining that we are nearer heaven, whilst the ground is cracking beneath our feet, and the earth opening to engulf the unconscious builders with their puny edifice."

A noble passage, the emanation of a manly and right feeling mind; if all men thus thought and acted, who could dispute the propriety of a man being the absolute sovereign of his own domestic kingdom? But the positive laws of government, and the still more faulty and despotic laws of modern manners have degraded woman from the high estate in which she was placed soon after the fetters of Jewish tyranny were stricken off by the benign hand of her Saviour. The re-action is now falling upon men, and the gross cruelties perpetrated by the lower classes of men upon their unfortunate helpmates, and the cold-hearted wrongs inflicted by the profligate in the upper classes upon their hapless partners, have caused horror to pervade the minds of all good men and women, and a cry has gone forth in the land which has penetrated to the senate (generally somewhat purblind to questions of moral right), and it has actually given its attention to some means of ameliorating the laws so cruel to the female sex. The question has thus far progressed favourably with a prospect of amendment.

The origin of all this suffering and wrong, we own, may be traced to woman herself. *Women are blameable for their faithlessness to each other*; their want of sympathy to feminine anguish inflicted by the baseness of men, and for their gradually lowering that standard of moral worth in their lovers, without which, two hundred years ago, a fair virgin of honourable descent might not be wooed, and certainly could not be won. The light in

which marriage is regarded in these times, and the hasty and heedless manner of contracting it, is the origin of a dark change in female happiness, and for this *religious bigotry is answerable*. A desire to avoid the *abuses* of Catholicism made the Protestants fly to another extreme; and regarding every beautiful woman who preferred a life of celibacy to the probable anguish awaiting marriage, with suspicion, as a Popish recusant and concealed nun, the public honour in which female religious celibacy was held before the Reformation was changed into a public scorn, and Protestants have adopted Jewish and Mahometan opinions in regard to the duty of marriage in women, in direct contradiction to the words of St. Paul, who has expressly given the palm of glory to a virgin life. As to the scriptural law of feminine obedience, whether wrongly rendered by the translator or not, we are far from tracing any of the miseries of women to too strict an observance of it.

St. Paul's injunctions to that effect little more than enforce the necessity that there must be a head in a family; there cannot exist two supreme authorities in a well-ordered house, and the man whose strength or ability gains sustenance for his family, ought in justice to be considered the sovereign in its disposal, and of those who participate. After all, the obedience required by the Christian religion is little more than a practical exemplification of the beautiful Scriptural maxim, teaching, "that it is good for those who dwell in one house to be of one mind;" a real impossibility, if its government be not vested in one person. Political republics have numerous advocates, but we believe the wildest demagogue never imagined a household republic—far from it; they are proverbially rigid disciplinarians by their own fire-sides.

Our author points out defects in the translation of the celebrated Scriptural anathema, in Genesis, on Eve, and we own that his remarks recalled to our memory the historical anecdote which relates the indignation of the Saxon printer's wife when the reformers thus translated the malediction. The frow, thinking the honour of the sex was

concerned, stole into the compositors' room and altered the types from *lord* to *fool*, which, in German, only made the difference of two letters, from *herr* lord, to *narr* fool. Thus, in a numerous edition, the reading implied, instead of "he shall *rule*," he shall *fool* over thee. Tradition says the woman was burnt for her pains with all the interpolated copies. But if, indeed, Mr. Mence's readings are right, the translators were little less blameable than the luckless frow. His words are strongly accusatory, but their justice must be determined by Hebraists.

"We are not called upon to allow brutes in the higher ranks of society to beat and trample upon their wives, because we cannot prevent a brute in the lowest rank from beating his wife, or selling her with a halter round her neck in the market-place: but we are called upon to extend further relief and protection to the poor, and restrain also the brute in the lowest rank from such conduct, and society itself and public decency from such outrages, if we can. One might suppose that even the Devil, with all his ingenuity in quoting Scripture for his purpose, would hardly have ventured to quote it for such a purpose as hallowing abominations like these: yet to this length are men proceeding, and dishonouring and unhallowing the Scripture itself, when they push it to the extreme to which we now see it pushed, and insist upon it as an authority for the absolute and unlimited power of the husband and slavery of the wife."

It is not however for us to make long comment upon this passage, for no principle is laid down more authoritatively than "love thy neighbour as thyself," "do unto all men as thou wouldst they should do unto thee."

"The adversaries of such a reform can have nothing to oppose to it but their exaggerated notion of the power of the husband, founded originally in misunderstanding and misapplication of the Scriptures, which is an impious and immoral notion and an instigation of the Devil, though many of them may not perhaps hold it impiously and immorally but in mere error and being deceived; and are so inured to the deceit by long habit and prejudice that they cling to it, and will cling, till they are familiarized to the opposite opinion, which they can only be by an opposite practice under a new law. Immorality, instead of being encouraged by such a law, would be greatly discouraged and repressed; for tyrannical

dispositions and violent tempers, like all other evil passions, are strengthened by indulgence, and weakened, and even changed by habitual restraint.

'For use can almost change the stamp of nature,  
And master even the Devil, or throw him out  
With wondrous potency!'

"With the improvement of the one sex, that of the other would go hand in hand; for the infidelity of the wife is occasioned, in most instances, by the unkindness and cruelty of the husband;\* and even in the absence of such a result, the natural resource of weakness under oppression and terror is sycophancy, insincerity and cunning: and children, educated by and imitating the example of their parents, soon concentrate in their own character the opposite vices of the tyrant and the slave, and are either violent or cunning, or perhaps both, as may best serve their immediate occasion.

"Men accustomed to domineer at home, and to trample on all feelings and rights but their own, are disposed to be equally violent and overbearing abroad, and as narrowly and exclusively selfish in public as in private life. And persons in the habit of carrying their ends by violence or cunning, and of placing their dependence upon such means, soon become lost to all sound and honest principles of opinion or action. It matters not to what political party men of this sort belong, or profess to belong. Whether they call themselves Tories or radicals, conservatives or reformers, their principles are the same; they aim at nothing but their own advantage and importance, under the pretext either of vindicating liberty or repressing licentiousness. Moral reform must precede political. Families are the elements of nations. Society, reformed in its elements and at its roots, would shoot forth sounder and healthier branches—the sources being cleansed and purified, every stream would flow more pure. Husbands, accustomed to restrain their selfish dispositions and violent passions, would become less selfish and violent, even in mind and thought, and in their exaggerated notions of their own rights and their own importance. Women, emancipated from slavery, would feel that dignity of which they have been hitherto divested, and rise above the mean vices which spring from weakness and fear. Children, with better examples before them, would grow up better, and be better fitted for the discharge of all their duties, not only in private but in public life. With

\* Mr. Freshfield, M.P., was so fully convinced of this being the case, that he assigned it as his reason for supporting the whole Bill of Sergeant Talfourd in its original state.

other and sounder principles of action than the mere desire of advancing ourselves, and with greater moderation and temper, we should all take more just and liberal views of our own rights, and pursue them with more regard to the rights of others. Every party, casting out the beam from their own eyes, would see more clearly to cast out the mote from the eyes of their brethren, and be careful to use the least possible violence in extracting it, and to give the least possible pain. Christianity, morality, good policy, and human happiness, would be advanced much more rapidly than by any improvements in the material sciences and arts, or by any extension of trade or commerce. And the foundation being well laid, the superstructure would be solid and durable. We might yet perhaps retrieve our national greatness, so unhappily reduced and impaired—re-ascend to the place we have lost amongst the first-rate Powers of Europe and of the world—and our posterity, receiving it from us, and preserving it, and treading in our steps, the wish of the Patriot for his country might yet be realised—ESTO P'ERPETUA !

We own, while the monsters of our civil code—monsters of modern birth,—the crying scandals and disgraces of our land, and in the eyes of Europe rear their abhorrent heads in our courts of justice, little can be done to inspire women with that noble feminine pride which is needful to insure the respect of lover or husband. It is monstrous indeed, that so little thought should be given to the interests and for the security of married women. Seduction, breach of contract, and matrimonial infidelity are crimes openly compounded for by money mulcts according to the value of property.

Englishwomen can be little aided even by the bill proposed by our author; they are still appraised as slaves and a price set upon their heads and their injuries estimated by pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings. All this wrong will perhaps, by the next century right itself, and the brightest females in person and intellect will hold marriage in undue contempt, and leave only the vile in person, and the vulgar in manners, as fitting mates for men, who rate woman's value by such a slavish scale. By the ancient ecclesiastical law, pre-contracts invalidated subsequent marriage, with any other party; the penances for breaking the

seventh commandment involved, at least, as much inconvenience and personal disgrace, as breaking the eighth.

Our ancestors were foolishly and fondly superstitious; they worshipped saints, plumped on their knees to relics on all occasions, and honoured every rag and tag on the gaberdine of an infirm and superannuated church; they burnt women alive, too, who happened to kill their husbands, while men who murdered their wives, were only hanged very comfortably;\* but they received no money compositions for the injuries we have named, and by way of comparison may therefore be forgiven by women !

We consider that humane laws, preventing as far as possible the cruel from tormenting the helpless, ought to be enacted; but if women would be true to themselves and one another, if they would exact a longer probation, and show a greater regard to moral worth in the lover, they would find better treatment on the part of a husband, and protective laws would be a dead letter. But while women look over dissimilarity of principle, and marry for the mere sake of a maintenance, or worse, for the mere sake of avoiding the stigma of celibacy—no human enactments can prevent the fulfilment of the proverb, declaring—"that those who marry in haste, must repent at leisure."

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*A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England.* By F. S. Osgoon. Churton.

Many a graceful flower may be selected by the hand of taste from the pages of this collection: some of the more finished productions contained therein are not altogether strangers, having occasionally met our view among the selections from American poets that have been lately published in England. The volume commences with a dramatic poem on the well-known history of Elfrida and Ethelwold—the subject of Mason's magnificent, but half-forgotten lyrical tragedy. There is no analogy between the notions of the English poet and the American lady;

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\* In these days the very frequent crime of wife-murder is usually brought in by juries, manslaughter.

her strongest scenes are at the toilet of the indignant beauty, a sanctum into whose hallowed precincts Mason dared not intrude, and if he had, woe be to him.—Depart ye profane ! is the classic adoration of every woman in every age, if man dare approach that sacred altar where the graces invest themselves with ten thousand new and unsuspected enchantments. Pope, with gallantry more than usual, says on this subject—  
 “Where awful beauty puts on all her charms.”  
 His description of the “Toilet of Belinda” is indeed a master-piece, but Pope was afterwards a disappointed lover, who offended against the majesty of the fair, and died hated and hating ; therefore he is no precedent on such a subject. Perhaps the toilet of Elfrida is the most celebrated of any in the historic page ; Mrs. Osgood has then justly made it a prominent feature in her poem. Ethelwold commanded his lady not only to make herself a fright, but to cut off all her beautiful hair—an aggravation of tyranny we owe to the imagination of our authoress ; we, indeed, believe that such an outrage once entered into the head of a phrenologist, but none other mortal could expect a female out of the pale of the cloister to make a similar sacrifice. We leave Elfrida to speak on this matter in the words of our fair authoress.

GILLIAN.

Here is a rose-hued mantle wrought with pearls,  
 [cheek.  
 ‘Twill match full well my lady’s glowing

ELFRIDA.

Nay, ’tis too bright,—  
 The rose upon my cheek is dim to-day,  
 And this will make it show more faintly still.  
 What next ?

GILLIAN.

An amber velvet, madam.  
 Adown its vest the sunny topaz gleams,  
 ‘Mid wreaths of flowers in golden broidery.  
 How fittingly its gorgeous folds would sweep  
 Around that stately form.

ELFRIDA.

Out on the topaz, ’tis a beggar-stone !  
 A vassal’s wife may wear it—and shall I ?  
 I’ll have the white robe, girl, the silken one,  
 Resplendent with the diamond’s regal ray ;  
 The diamond suits the queen, and is alone  
 Of all earth’s jewel star-drops worth the wearing.

Bid them prepare the bath with perfume rare,  
 Then, with all haste unto my chamber,  
 Gillian :

And look you, my tiar of gems and gold.  
 My silver mirror, and my jewell’d zone—  
 I’ll be a star to-night, and win all eyes  
 Unto my wondrous splendour—oh ! this  
 heart !  
 [Exit Elfrida.

GILLIAN.

“The diamond suits the queen !” my lady  
 mistress,  
 That haughty head of thine is turn’d I’m sure.  
 [Exit Gillian.

## SCENE II.

*A Grove near the Castle.*

*Enter Elfrida and Adelmine.*

ELFRIDA.

Ha ! ha ! ha !

Thou wouldst have laughed as I do to have  
 heard him ;

He bade me clip my glossy braids of hair,  
 Stoop in my gait, put on my lowliest garb,  
 My coldest look,—do all I could to mar  
 What he was pleased to call my loveliness.

ADELMINE.

And will you not, dear lady ?

ELFRIDA.

Will I not ?

Nay, most obedient Adelmine, would you ?

ADELMINE.

Oh ! ask me not, Elfrida ; did mine eyes  
 Wear the soft glory of an angel’s smile,  
 I’d shut them with a still and stern resolve,  
 Nor lift their lashes at a king’s command ;  
 Waved my rich tresses with the golden gleam  
 That lighted Eve’s in paradise—I’d mar  
 Their soft luxuriance with unfaltering hand ;  
 I’d spare as soon the serpent that would  
 sting me,

Because its coils with changing splendour  
 shone,

As let a ringlet’s sunny lustre lure  
 My heart from rectitude, my love to shame ;  
 Rival’d my roseate cheek the glowing dawn,  
 I’d find some dye would change it, till its hue  
 Were swart as Ethiop girl’s ; and should my  
 smile

Awake some sportive dimple from its sleep,  
 To make that shadow lovely—like a star  
 Twinkling on night’s dark cheek—I’d wear a  
 look

Solemn as eastern sage ; if peace and love  
 Reposed upon my pure mouth’s glowing arch.  
 I’d bid repelling scorn usurp the throne ;  
 A sculptor’s model were my glorious form  
 For grace and queenly bearing as I moved,  
 I’d stoop, I’d limp, to spoil its loveliness,—  
 Nay, I would lame my limbs, deform my  
 shape,

And glory in the sacrifice, if so  
 My husband were unperilled.

Our readers will perceive elegance of  
 expression, with much melody and  
 verbal beauty in this passage. If, in-  
 deed, the same care and taste had been  
 exercised in the composition of the rest

of the volume, the poems of Frances Osgood would have been eagerly placed by those of Bryant and Sigourney. But if those elegant writers had exposed to the world every little scribble that a trifling subject prompted, or an idle hour called forth, would they have ranked as they do either in America or England? We ask Mrs. Osgood this question with an earnest interest, because we see sufficient talent in her publication to assure us that it ought to be far better. Her Wreath is not only composed of Flowers wild and tame, but stubble, weeds, and even rags mix themselves with them in ignoble familiarity. Among the last we mark "Betty's *hirons*," "The Dandy's Boots," "The Child's Box," pun; and many follies too numerous to mention, contained in babies' letters, pleasant enough as family scribbles, but sadly inane when placed before the public eye. Now we beg not to be mistaken: this lady writes charmingly about babies when she is in a more sensible mood, and we could quote sweet little lyrics enough from her volume to render her the very poet laureate of those enchanting little people; but such are some of the early Flowers (and not the stubble and rags of which we complain), which compose her Wreath. Here is one we deem a very lovely little gem, with part of another.

"What made my Ellen start and smile,  
Then sink in soft repose again,  
As if some joyous thought the while  
Had darted through her slumb'ring brain,  
Like rosy lightning brief and bright,  
Illumining a summer night?"

"Perhaps a viewless cherub stole,  
Young as thyself, as pure and fair,  
On tiny pinions to thy soul,  
And whisp'ring some sweet secret there,  
Awoke that smile of heavenly glee:  
My Ellen! wake—and tell it me!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"My beautiful trembler! how wildly she  
shrinks!  
And how wistful she looks while she lingers!  
Papa is extremely uncivil she thinks,—  
She but pleaded for one of his fingers!"

"What eloquent pleading! the hand reaching  
out,  
As if doubting so strange a refusal;  
While her blue eyes say plainly 'What is he  
about  
That he does not assist me as usual?'

"Come on, my pet Ellen! we wont let you  
slip,—

Unclass those soft arms from his knee, love;  
I see a faint smile round that exquisite lip,  
A smile half reproach and half glee, love."

"The Perjured Bride," the "Lament of Josephine," "The Aeronaut," all those addressed to Lizzie may be reckoned the flowers. "The Rose in Ice" gives an idea femininely beautiful.

"She has a glowing heart, they say,  
Though calm her seeming be;  
And oft that warm heart's lovely play  
Upon her cheek I see.

"Her cheek is almost always pale,  
And marble cold it seems,  
But a soft colour trembles there  
At times in rosy gleams!

"Some sudden throb of love, or grief,  
Or pity, or delight,  
And lo! a flush of beauty—brief,  
But passionately bright!

"She minds me of a rose I found  
In a far southern land,—  
A robe of ice its blushes bound,  
By winter breezes fann'd.

"But softly through the crystal veil  
That gleamed about its form,  
There came a fitful glow to tell  
The flower beneath was warm!

"And thus, though cold her seeming be,  
Her cheek so calmly fair,  
Her spirit, struggling to be free,  
Doth often tremble there!"

The "Hymn to the Virgin" is highly poetical, but seems a little too much in earnest for Protestant readers.

Many more beauties we could mention, and they make us regret the more that this lady did not publish a small, well-selected volume, unencumbered with inanities of the class alluded to. Those who have seen her more graceful lays blended with selections from the poesies of the gifted daughters of America, will grieve that Frances Osgood has fallen into the error, now prevalent in England, of writing on every passing trifle, and publishing everything she writes, be it good, bad, or indifferent. American poetry seldom reaches us in this state, and for this reason, it has gained a higher name than that of England in the present day; but we might, perhaps, if we saw the larger volumes

from which the "Gems" of American poetry are drawn, rate their general powers at a lower grade than our own. We conclude with some pretty stanzas to our Queen, which will please, as

showing the feelings of an American lady towards her Majesty. The first four lines are injured by the prevalent faults of the author, but the rest is more worthy the subject.

"They told me the diamond-tiar on her head  
Gleam'd out like chain-lightning amid her soft hair,  
They told me the many-hued glory it shed  
Seem'd a rainbow still playing resplendently there;  
I marked not the gem's regal lustre the while,  
I saw but her sunny, her soul-illum'd smile.

"They told me the plume floated over her face,  
Like a snowy cloud shading the rose-light of morn;  
I saw not the soft feather's tremulous grace,  
I watched but the being by whom it was worn;  
I watched her white brow as benignly it bent,  
While the million-voiced welcome the air around rent.

"They told me the rich silken robe that she wore  
Was of exquisite texture and loveliest dye,  
Embroidered with blossoms of silver all o'er,  
And clasp'd with pure jewels that dazzled the eye:  
I saw not, I thought not of clasp, robe, or wreath,  
I thought of the timid heart beating beneath.

"I was born in a land where they bend not the knee,  
Save to One—unto whom even monarch's bow down.  
But lo! as I gazed, in my breast springing free,  
Love knelt to her sweetness, forgetting her crown;  
And my heart might have challenged the myriads there,  
For the warmth of its praise, and the truth of its prayer.

"And to her—to that maiden, young, innocent, gay.  
With the wild-rose of childhood yet warm on her cheek,  
And a spirit, scarce calmed from its infantine play  
Into woman's deep feeling, devoted and meek;  
To her—in the bloom of her shadowless youth—  
Proud millions are turning with chivalrous truth.

"It is right,—the All-judging hath ordered it so;  
In the light of His favour the pure maiden stands:  
And who that has gazed on her cheeks modest glow,  
Would not yield without murmur his fate to her hands?  
Trust on, noble Britons! trust freely the while!  
I would stake my soul's hope on the truth of that smile."

*Poems. The Maid of Jaen, Timon, and The Bride of Placentia.* Black and Armstrong.

A resident in Spain, Mr. F. H. Standish has devoted his literary powers to the illustration of Spanish manners and scenery in two poems; in which, though far from perfect, we discern talents that we think will be better appreciated by the public, in these days, in any other species of composition than verse.

The two first poems are evidently juvenile productions; the last possesses genius, but deserves reproof for some

sins against taste, for which we hope the author will be penitent.

There is a want of perspicuity in the detail of the story which must make it perplexing to those unacquainted with Spanish history, and if the interesting extract from the old Spanish writer, preceding the story, be deemed likely to destroy the interest of the tale, it should have been appended to the notes. Nevertheless, every author of talent who writes in the country where his story is situated, stamps it with a certain degree of value, and we find occasionally

fine descriptive passages in those parts where the regular heroic stanza is employed; but we must protest against the transitions into irregular verse; wherever our author changes his metre he injures his work. The first poem is chiefly in octo-syllabic verse. Some of his Spanish landscapes are sketched with free pencilling; as for instance—

“The road lies o’er the passes black  
Where wretched outlaws safety seek;  
There rugged rocks to winter’s blast  
And summer suns their summits cast:  
There nothing fruitful, nothing green,  
Beguiles the sameness of the scene,  
Save scraggy pines and slender ash,  
Weeping o’er torrents as they dash  
Down deep ravines that hide the day,  
And bare their bosoms to the spray;  
Where intersected you may count  
The falling stone and hanging mount;  
And all is lonely, nothing heard  
But the shrill cry of famish’d bird.  
Upon the naked mountain’s crest  
Eagles and vultures build their nest,  
And from their crag, in feather’d pride,  
Teach the young crew in air to ride;  
Tempting them fondly from the ground  
In airy course to wheel around.”

We are not partial to modern attempts on classical subjects. The structure of the verse in “Timon” is well built on the Spenserian model; we think the concluding pages interesting, and the superior attraction is when Timon is dismissed: strong proof that the subject is not well chosen.

The “Bride of Placentia” is founded on a Spanish tradition of the early loves of Philip II. The following lines give a favourable specimen of the versification, and also a sketch of the story:

“Who lingers over Duenas’ thousand rills  
Which trickle constant from its verdant hills,  
And views from far the extended plains below,  
Will just discern where wither’d plane-trees show  
The whiten’d fragments of a ruin’d wall  
Which still is standing, though condemn’d to fall  
Ere long by time. ’Tis here to tend their sheep  
The pastors hie, and as a signal keep  
Its remnants, where in lengthen’d band,  
The travellers resort, a spring at hand  
Is ever found to flow, nor known to fail,  
Though summer heats or winter frosts prevail,  
By rustics named ‘La Monja,’ since the day  
Gonzales’ daughter had been known to stray,

Or had been stolen in such lengthen’d date,—  
All are uncertain what had been her fate;  
Some to a cloister, or a court, have said  
A royal summons had disposed the maid.  
But nothing more was known, save that her sire

Grew great in honours.—Those who would aspire

To favour sought him, for the monarch ne’er  
Was known to hinder or reject his prayer.  
And constant actions, mirrors of the mind,  
Betray’d the secret, he had wish’d to bind  
Himself in marriage with the girl he loved,—  
A choice unworthy, by the world reprov’d,—  
And that intrigues of court, with priestly sway,

Midst convent gloom conceal’d her from the day.

While since such period, stern and more severe,

His iron yoke e’en slavery could not bear;  
To view of others’ sufferings callous grown,  
He sought in general grief to soothe his own.”

The prose department of the work is full of information, and altogether makes us regret that a larger portion of the volume was not devoted by Mr. Standish to observations on Spain at the present time.

*The Reclaimed Family.* BY THE AUTHOR OF EDWIN AND MARY. Simpkin.

Lady Tuite has enriched our educational literature with some excellent works full of pure morality and unaffected religious feeling, and we have given her our passing tribute of sincere approval.

The present offering is superior in power to her former productions and is likely to embrace a more extensive utility. The book is dedicated to the Board of Education in Ireland, and we are happy to observe, recommends itself wholly by its earnest exemplification of duties due alike to God and God’s creatures, without the introduction of one word offensive to the religious prejudices of any denomination of Christians.

Its plan traces the conversion and civilization of parents in low life, by means of their eldest daughter, who has received a suitable education from a charitable education lady, and the chapters are apologies or stories by which this young person instructs her school; some are the simple an-



nals of the poor, others of a higher class, but all perfectly comprehensible to every one who can read the Scriptures; some of the narratives are translations, and from them we extract this curious fact.—

“A soldier in the Italian regiment of the guards had, when at Milan, a dog that was much attached to him, following him to all his various military duties, and invariably mounting guard with him, and sharing his sentry-box whenever he stood sentry at the gate of the vice-regal palace. In 1812, at the time of the disastrous Russian campaign, among the numerous regiments composing the fine Italian army that marched with the viceroy of Italy, Eugene Beauharnais, went the Veliti, and with them the master of the dog. Tofino, who was already well-known to the soldiers, marched after his master, and crossed the Alps, and traversing a great portion of the European continent, finally arrived at Moscow. When the armies of Bonaparte were obliged to withdraw from that capital, Tofino still followed his master, and went through all the horrors of that memorable retreat. He was at the battle of Malorajoshlewitz, where the Italians behaved gallantly, and suffered great loss. The viceroy's Veliti, though they suffered much, had still the consistence and appearance of a regiment, when they reached the Berezina; but, on the fatal passage of that river, where so many thousands perished, they lost more than half of their remaining men, and the master of Tofino was among the number. After that passage there was no order preserved in the retreat; the fragments of the Veliti, were mixed up with the fragments of other regiments, and all went on in fearful confusion. Tofino, however, had crossed the river in safety, and had lingered some time on the bank, barking and moaning as though he missed somebody; was soon after seen trotting after some of the Veliti; and so he continued to be seen, day after day, and week after week, keeping up with the retreating soldiery, and always close to those who wore the uniform of his unfortunate master. This circumstance naturally made an impression on the men; and some of his master's comrades, in the midst of their own miseries and privations, attended to the wants of the dog, who showed such fidelity to the regiment. But, in spite of these cares and their cares, Tofino would never exclusively attach himself to any other man: on the contrary, he always looked out for the greatest number of the Veliti, and where they went he followed, regardless of the individuals who would have sustained him by their particular kindness. In this manner, from

Moscow, he reached Wilna, then traversing the rest of Lithuania and Poland, the kingdom of Prussia, a part of Saxony, the states of the Confederacy of the Rhine, Bavaria, the Tyrol, and more than two thousand five hundred English miles, Tofino again entered Milan, in the summer of 1813, in the rear of a small body of the Veliti. How this poor Italian dog had travelled through regions, and swam over frozen rivers, where the very horses of the country had died, was a marvel to all who witnessed the tragical retreat. And,” observed Agnes, “can only be accounted for by the strength of attachment which the poor dog bore to his master, and the hope of again meeting him, a hope which seems never to have forsaken Tofino until his arrival at Milan, when he went straight to the barracks which the Veliti had occupied, and, after waiting there some time, he trotted to the sentry-box, by the palace-gate, where he had so often mounted guard with his master, and he never more moved a hundred yards from it! The first two or three days he was heard to howl and moan, but this sad mood passed, and he occupied his corner in the sentry-box in silence. The interesting anecdote reached the ears of the viceroy, Beauharnais, who ordered that poor Tofino should be kindly treated and well fed, and considered as a pensioner of the state. But there was no need for these orders, the whole army, the whole population of Milan, regarded the dog almost as a sacred animal, and were accustomed to show him to all strangers as one of the ornaments and wonders of the city. In 1814, when the French were driven out of Italy, Tofino fell, with all Lombardy and the States of Venice, into the power of the Austrians, who treated the dog kindly; he continued to occupy his corner of the sentry-box, and was feasted and pointed out as before. Tofino lived several months under the regime of the House of Austria, and then died full of honours and deeply regretted by the Milanese.”

HOOD'S OWN, No. XI.—Hood has been an editor—indeed, no one but a person of that profession could have written the following comic exordium, which we seriously recommend to the attention of our correspondents, reminding them, soberly and sadly, that many a true word is spoken in jest.

“It is more difficult than may be supposed to decide on the value of a work in MS., and especially when the handwriting presents only a swell mob of bad characters, that must be severally examined and re-examined to arrive at the merits or demerits of the case. Print settles it, as Coleridge

used to say ; and to be candid, I have more than once reversed, or greatly modified a previous verdict, on seeing a rough proof from the press. But, as Editors too well know, it is next to impossible to retain the tune of a stanza, or the drift of an argument, whilst the mind has to scramble through a patch of scribble-scrabble, as stiff as a gorse cover. The beauties of the piece will as naturally appear to disadvantage through such a medium, as the features of a pretty woman through a bad pane of glass ; and without doubt, many a tolerable article has been consigned hand over head to the Balaam Box for want of a fair copy. Wherefore, O ye Poets and Prose-writers, who aspire to write in Miscellanies, and above all, O ye palpitating Untried, who meditate the offer of your maiden essays to established periodicals, take care, pray ye take care, to cultivate a good, plain, bold, round text. Set up Tomkins as well as Pope or Dryden for a model, and have an eye to your pothooks. Some persons hold that the best writers are those who write the best hands, and I have known the conductor of a magazine to be converted by a crabbed MS. to the same opinion. Of all things, therefore, be legible ; and to that end, practise in penmanship. If you have never learned, take six lessons of Mr. Carstairs. Be sure to buy the best paper, the best ink, the best pens, and then sit down and do the best you can ; as the schoolboys do—put out your tongue, and take pains. So shall ye haply escape the rash rejection of a jaded editor ; so, having got in your hand, it is possible that your head may follow ; and so, last not least, ye may fortunately avert those awful mistakes of the press which sometimes ruin a poet's sublimest effusion, by pantomimically transforming his roses into noses, his angels into angles, and all his happiness into pappiness."

"The *Ocean* considered *per Se*," though rather cramped in style from the laborious efforts of pun-catching, possesses real comic merit. We infinitely commend to Mr. Hood's attention the propriety of curtailing his poetic department, and extending the quantum of his prose stories, of cherishing his talent for drawing humorous character and delineating humorous circumstances, and of keeping in wholesome restraint his passion for word-catching, pun-making, and wire-drawing. There is some fun in his angry lover, but we think the far-fetched wood-cuts teasingly interrupt it.

THE RAILWAY CALENDAR FOR 1839.  
—The Railway Times Office has put

forth as an almanack a very large sheet showing the course of the different railways in England, Ireland, and Scotland, with their branches complete and in progress, hours and places of starting, and indeed all the information which the public can require.

THE COMIC ALMANACK FOR 1839.  
Tilt.—Step no farther than the title—the letters attract attention ; gaze at them separately and you cannot fail to burst out in laughter—each letter is a *practical* jest, in human form, in which, doubtless, Mr. Rigdum Funnidos, Gent., himself figures away funnily. May exhibits, above, the usual accessories of a concert, and below, "an Evening Concert" of what think you, fair readers?—four cats upon a sky-light—doubtless one a Braham, and another at least some first-rate cat-gut accompaniment. The whimsical Lion and his tiger ; chess—black moves and wins ; dog-days end. Harvey (R.V.) *versus* Jarvey—a hit at the new coach and carriage commission (which has already worked very great good), are clever hits. But, in truth, there is so much of real fun and talent for every month in the year that, lacking the aid of pictorial illustrations, we cannot do justice to the witty author and clever publisher by a simple extract.

MR. MOON'S ENGRAVING OF CHALON'S PORTRAIT OF HER MAJESTY.—After a careful comparison of the finished engraving with the original drawing, we were delighted to find that the artist has worked out the features more faithfully if possible than they beam forth in the latter—more especially as regards the expression of the mouth. It is truly a most brilliant effort of the graver, and the pledge given to the subscribers for its being executed in the highest style of art, has been most loyally redeemed. Notwithstanding extraordinary care and taste have been bestowed on the accessories, still there is a pervading air of grace and dignity in this portrait, derived from a careful and skilful handling of the figure rather than from the graceful disposition of millinery, which, in many of Mr. Chalon's portraits, forms the most attractive feature.

## THEATRES.

**DRURY LANE.**—Since our last, very little has occurred in the theatrical world. Rossini's opera of "Guillaume Tell" is the only novelty at this establishment. It has been got up with great splendour and, together with Van Amburgh and his Lions, and the ballet of "The Spirit of Air," has attracted good houses. The opera, however, loses considerably by its cast. Braham, as *Tell*, at times shines out with much of his former powers, but on the whole he is *passé*. Allen, as *Arnold*, has too weak a voice to produce any effect; and the music of the part of *Matilda* is not suited to Miss Romer's voice. So that the production, in a musical point of view, may be regarded as a failure. The scenery is, however, very beautiful, and the choruses, especially the gathering of the cantons, exceedingly good.

In all due observance of the old pantomimic rite, this theatre brought forward its annual offering to Momus, under the appropriate title of *Harlequin and Jack Frost, or Old Goody Hearty*. To what nursery tale the incidents of the plot—"where plot was none"—are referable, we know not, our readers must be satisfied to receive a brief account of it as we saw it developed. *Jack Frost*, (Master Marshall), is an icicular imp, attendant on *Druda*, Queen of the Northern Faires (Miss Forde), which said queen, coming amongst mankind in the disguise in which we are all familiar with such personages:—viz. of an old woman, seeks refreshment at the cottage of *Old Goody Hearty*. *Goody's* eldest daughter, *Blanche*, a conglomeration of dumplings in outward appearance, treats the suppliant with disdain, by whom she is condemned to become no less a person than a queen. She is accordingly extemporaneously wooed by *Pingue Capui*, king of Utopia, a monarch whose subjects and self are a race well known to our pantomimists, as having prodigiously large heads and quizzical physiognomies. Queen, she becomes; but from that moment she leads the life, if not of a dog, at least of a very ill-used cat, until the course of events is arrested by the usual transformations.

Wieland was the *Clown*; *Harlequin*, Mr. Howell; *Pantaloon*, Mr. Elliott, and *Columbine*, Miss Barnett. Wieland was the all in all of the whole thing. Many of the transformations were clever, but the instantaneous changes of entire scenes was the most remarkable feature of the whole piece. There was an attempt to burlesque the exhibition of the Bayaderes, but it was excessively stupid; and there was, strange to

say, a mockery of Van Amburgh and his beasts, got up very elaborately—it was hissed off the stage. The Lehmann and Winter families, from Germany, actually introduced a pantomime of their own into the piece of the house. They were dismissed with hootings, for a more clownish exhibition could not be matched on the humblest of our stages. In the dancing line some of their party were much more successful, and the performance on the tight rope and feats of balancing were exceedingly clever. Van Amburgh exhibits his animals as usual, in the course of the pantomime. Without any very great display of humour the thing went off with moderate but by no means perfect success.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—Sheridan Knowles's "William Tell" has been revived with alterations by the author and the addition of Rossini's choruses, and is deserving of great credit. The other pieces, since our last, have been—"The Tempest," "Macbeth," "The Lady of Lyons," "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale," "Ion," "Othello," "Werner," and "Venice Preserved."

The very lengthy pantomime at this house is called *Harlequin and Fair Rosamond; or Old Dame Nature and the Fairy Art*. It commences with a beautiful view of the "Silent Valley" where Nature dwells: this was followed by the "Triumph of Art," combining in one view all the great works that art in all ages has accomplished. The Pyramids, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Parthenon, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, and sketches of celebrated statues that set forth her glories in the classic days. These were mixed up with steam-boats, bridges, railroads, locomotive engines, and all the other uses of practical art in modern days. Then comes the "Terrace of Clifford Castle," "the Cedar Chamber," "the Water Gate," "the Labyrinth and Fair Rosamond's Bower," and all the other accessories to the story of her royal lover and Fair Rosamond. The scenery is well painted, and the practical jokes of the several personages before their final transformation into *Harlequin*, *Clown*, &c., are not unworthy the pantomimic muse. The most laughable is that where a rope is thrown over from the castle to the drowning lover, the weight of the sinking hero dragging battlements and all into the same gulf. At this point of the drama the good fairy appears and transforms Mr. Smith into *Harlequin*, Mr. Blanchard into *Pantaloon*, Mr. F. Matthews into *Clown*, and Miss Rosa Bodmin into *Columbine*, and the usual drollery of the pantomime begins.

We cannot say that the tricks are clever, or the changes numerous. At the conclusion of the comic display, a pictorial exhibition called, the *Covent Garden Annual* was attempted. We have seen better things of the kind, and we miss the pencil of Stanfield. The pantomime must be cut down and the tricks made more lively to meet with hearty approbation from the public.

HAYMARKET.—“My Little Adopted,” from the pen of T. H. Bayly, is the only novelty; the plot resembles that of the burletta of “First Love.”

Power has returned from America, and has been enthusiastically welcomed.

The holiday entertainments at this theatre were the comedy of “A Youthful Queen,” (the principal character in which was played by Miss Taylor in a very graceful and dignified manner); a musical, historical, pastoral, or three act drama, called “O’Flannigan and the Fairy; or a Midsummer Night’s Dream (not Shakspeare’s)” and the farce of “Tom Noddy’s Secret.” The fairy piece was a vehicle for Mr. Power’s Irishisms and comicalities, which render him unapproachable in that *genre* by any living actor. The drama was very laughable, and the grotesque dancing, Irish jigs, and melodies, excited considerable applause. Mr. Webster and Mrs. Fitzwilliam exerted themselves very successfully, and the piece was announced for repetition without a dissentient voice.

OLYMPIC.—Madame Vestris, *alias* Matthews, has arrived.

The new pieces are a successful burletta, entitled “The Queen’s Horse,” and a facsimile of “The Burlington Arcade” by C. Dance. They are both good in their way.

On Wednesday night Mr. Charles Matthews made his re-appearance since his return from America in his own burletta of “Patter *versus* Clatter.” He played with excellent spirit, and never obtained more signal success. His reception was most flattering, the applause being general and enthusiastic. He appeared very deeply to feel the compliment, and at the close of the piece endeavoured to express his thanks; but after a few hurried sentences, his feelings overpowered his utterance, and he was compelled to desist. The novelty intended to have been produced here on that evening has been postponed for a fortnight, for the purpose of affording Madame Vestris an opportunity of studying the principal character, which has been written with a view to her performance of it. The old and familiar title of “Blue Beard” forms the staple of the forthcoming novelty, which, it is understood, will be a burlesque after the manner of the “Rape of the Lock,” “Puss in Boots,” and other extravaganzas peculiar to this theatre; and we doubt not to its fashionable

visitors, who are capable of appreciating good taste and talent, that the restoration of the fair lessee will not be considered amongst the least acceptable of its attractions.

ADELPHI.—Jim Crow Rice! *spring* Rice! yet not the M.P. Rice, has arrived from Yankee Land, and is jumping with great ardour at the Adelphi and Pavilion Theatres.

“The Wreck at Sea,” founded on the heroic conduct of Grace Darling, has made a good after-piece during the past month.

This temple of varied novelty produced its Christmas pantomime under the title of “Harlequin and the Silver Dove; or, the Fairy of the Golden Ladder.” The usual prelude leading to the tricks and transformations introduces Baron Rumgrunt, a sort of being invested with mysterious influence, bearing off his daughter from Florian, a peasant who is deeply enamoured of her, and to whom she is not less attached. The lovers, however, are very soon brought again together, through the kind interference of “Gloriana, Fairy of the Silver Dove,” who employs a number of her attendant spirits to construct a *golden ladder* for the purpose. The result is that, at the entrance of the good fairy, the *Baron’s* fair daughter is transformed into *Columbine* and her lover *Florian* into *Harlequin*. The *Baron* at the same time exercising his power, changes two most unsightly-looking characters, the one into *Clown* and the other into *Pantaloon*. From this moment the scene of bustle and extravagant drollery continues without interruption to the falling of the curtain. Several of the tricks are original and ingenious; the performers exerted themselves to the utmost, and the whole performance elicited unequivocal symptoms of content from a house crowded in every part.

VICTORIA. — The performance at this theatre commenced with the tragedy of “Alexander the Great,” which seemed to afford great delight to a house overflowing in every part. The great attraction of the evening was doubtless the pantomime announced by the doubly-attractive title of “An entirely new romantic, Germanic, legendary, serio, operatic Christmas pantomime,” called, “Harlequin and the Sprite of the Elfin Glen; or, the Grim Gray Old Woman.” The story is of commonplace kind. The lady is of course in du-rance vile, and *Harlequin*, who first appears as a German Huntsman, goes forth resolved upon her release from her cruel tyrants, who are respectively transformed into “*Clown*” and “*Pantaloon*.” Some of the opening scenes were pretty well painted, and the few tricks and transformations went off very well for a first night’s performance. The applause was very hearty.

throughout, and the audience seemed to be altogether well pleased with the night's entertainment.

Miss Adelaide Kemble is at Venice with her father and made a successful *débüt* November 24th, at the Grand Theatre La Fenice, as *Norma*. She goes to Trieste to sing at the Carnival.

Taglioni is going to Vienna; she is engaged for six months at 12,500 francs per month.

*The Northern Yacht*.—The wreck of this steamer is stated to have been cast ashore early in December, near Berwick. This vessel, it may be remembered, sailed from Newcastle for Leith, Thursday morning, Dec. 11th, having on board five cabin, and six steerage passengers, and a crew of thirteen hands. The night set in extremely boisterous, though she put ashore a passenger at North Sunderland and was safe when passing Holy Island, there is little doubt she went down in the storm, in all probability not far from the spot where she is said to have cast off, owing to a stiff gale from the south-east for several days which has no doubt contributed to drive the wreck on shore.

As the *Duchess of Nassau* was taking an airing with her children in the environs of Wisbaden on the 1st. of December, her carriage was overturned in consequence of one of the wheels coming off. Her Serene Highness was slightly bruised, but Prince Nicholas was severely injured.

*Effects of Excessive Joy*.—The Duchess of Leuchtenburg is stated to have experienced such an agitation of delight on receiving intelligence of her son's marriage with the Grand Duchess Mary of Russia having been determined upon that she swooned away. The Duchess is to proceed to St. Petersburg to be present at the nuptials. The Bavarian Minister at that court has been invited on that occasion with the order of St. Anne.

*Royal Ascent of Vesuvius*.—The Queen Dowager of England ascended Mount Vesuvius a few weeks since. Her Majesty's suite was very numerous, and required twenty-five palanquins, each borne by two men, to enable them to reach the summit without fatigue.

*Honour to Art*.—The Emperor of Austria has ordered a statue of Titian to be erected at Venice.

*Projected Royal Marriage*.—The marriage of the hereditary Prince of Orange with a Princess of Württemberg is said to have been fixed for the first fortnight in May.

*Mademoiselle Blasie*.—This eminent vo-

calist died lately at Florence, after a week's illness, from inflammation on the lungs. Her funeral, in the church of Santa Croce, was attended by a great concourse of persons, and Mozart's requiem was performed over her remains. A funeral cantata was also performed, as a tribute to her memory, in the Theatre Pargola.

Charles Kean is at Edinburgh performing *Sardanapalus*.  
Pauline Garcia, sister of the lamented Malibran, made her *débüt* at the Theatre de la Renaissance at Paris, on Saturday, December 15th. We hear that she resembles her sister in her features and *tournure*, and also in her voice. She sang a *scena* from Costa's *Malek Adhel*; an air by De Beriot; and the "*Trille du Diable*" from *Tartini's Dream*.

*Anticipated Interesting Disclosures*.—By an order of the senate of the Royal University of Upsal, in Sweden, the two large chests which King Gustavus III. presented to the University on the 1st of January 1789, sealed up, and with his desire that they should not be opened till half a century had elapsed, have been brought up from the vaults, and placed in one of the galleries of the establishment, to be opened on the first of January next, in the presence of the prince royal, who has promised to attend. These mysterious chests are of different sizes, but both are strongly bound with bands of iron. The largest is so heavy that it required four horses to draw it.

*The Queen's Stables*.—These stables are not kept so warm as those which inclose hunters in Leicestershire, and most other parts of the kingdom, where the temperature is 60 degrees at least. A fine coat cannot be produced in a very cool stable. Horses used upon hard roads frequently show windgalls, and these excrescences or tumours appear upon many of her Majesty's horses; all of which are fat, rather than in that hard, wiry condition, so essential to the racer, and indeed to the hunter also. It is her Majesty's intention to import no more horses from Germany, but to procure more active nags in this country, Queen Victoria, like her grandfather George III., being pleased with quick travelling. The establishment is altogether suitable for the sovereign of the British Empire. The harness-room affords a complete treat, while nothing can be more beautiful than the carriages, dark blue being the favourite lining of William IV., delicate light drab that of his niece Victoria. The taste of George IV. was more gaudy, as exemplified by the lining of his elegant *vis-à-vis*, now utterly unemployed.



## QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

### VIVAT REGINA.

Nov. 26 (Windsor).—Her Majesty and suite walked for some time on the Terrace.

The Marquis of Conyngham and the Earl of Ilchester arrived at the Castle on a visit to Her Majesty.

27 (Windsor).—H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent visited T.R.H.'s the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge at Kew.

The Earl of Fingall, Lord and Lady Barham, and the Hon. William Cowper left, and the Marchioness of Tavistock, Viscount Torrington, Sir Frederick Stovin, and Mr. Brand arrived at the Castle.

This being the birthday of the Princess Mary of Cambridge, H.R.H. visited the Duke and Duchess at Kew.

28.—The Duke of Cambridge came to town from Kew and returned in the afternoon.

29.—Her Majesty arrived at the New Palace at twenty minutes before two o'clock from Windsor Castle, attended by the Marchioness of Tavistock and the Hon. Mrs. Brand, and escorted by a party of Hussars. Her Majesty held a Court and Privy Council at two o'clock. At the Court, H. Ex. Sarim Effendi had the honour of an audience to deliver to Her Majesty his letters of recall from the Sultan, and to take leave. At the same time H. Ex. Redschi Pacha was presented to Her Majesty to deliver his credentials as Ambassador Extraordinary from the Sultan, and to present the magnificent brilliant necklace which he brought as a present from his Ottoman Majesty.

The Queen left town with her suite in two carriages and four at ten minutes past four o'clock, escorted by a party of Hussars, for Windsor Castle.

(Windsor) The Earl of Ilchester and Lady T. Digby left the Castle.

30 (Windsor).—The Marquis of Conyngham and the Marquis of Tavistock took their departure. Colonel Buckley arrived.

Dec. 1 (Windsor).—Her Majesty and suite rode out on horseback.

The Hon. Misses Pitt and Murray succeeded the Hon. Misses Cocks and Cavendish as Maids of Honour in waiting on the Queen.

Viscount and Viscountess Howick, the Dowager Countess and Lady Fanny Cowper, and the Hon. Wm. Cowper arrived on a visit to Her Majesty.

2 Sunday (Windsor).—The Queen attended Divine Service in the Royal Chapel of St. George. The Rev. Mr. Moore preached the Sermon, taking his text from chap. iii. St. Paul's Epist. Coloss., 23 and 24

verses—"Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of inheritance, for ye serve the Lord Christ." The Rev. Mr. Gore chanted the first part of the service. The Rev. Messrs. Musgrave and Moore officiated at the Altar. The anthem was the Collect for Quinquagesima Sunday, set to music by Marsh; the verses of the Service and Anthem were taken by Messrs. Harris, French and Turner and two choristers. Mr. Elvey presided at the organ.

The weather prevented Her Majesty walking on the Terrace.

3 (Windsor).—The Queen rode out on horseback through Old Windsor, Woodside, to the Bagshot Road, thence through Egham, Englefield Green, Priesthill, and through Old Windsor and Frogmore to the Castle.

4 (Windsor).—Her Majesty did not leave the Castle. H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent walked on the Slopes and Terrace. The ladies of the Court took drives in ponyphaetons.

5 (Windsor).—Her Majesty rode out on horseback. M. Von Praet and Baron Dieckau took their departure. The Marquis of Conyngham, Vis. Melbourne, and Hon. W. Cowper arrived.

6 (Windsor).—Her Majesty took her usual equestrian exercise. H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent walked on the Slopes and on the East Terrace for some time. The Dow. Countess and Lady Fanny Cowper, and the Marquis Conyngham left the Castle, and the Earl of Albemarle arrived on a visit to Her Majesty.

7 (Windsor).—The Earl and Countess of Errol arrived on a visit to Her Majesty. Vis. Melbourne and the Hon. W. Cowper left the Castle. The Earl of Durham arrived at his residence in Cleveland Row.

8 (Windsor).—Her Majesty and suite rode out on horseback.

9 Sunday (Windsor).—Her Majesty and her august Mother attended Divine Service in the Chapel Royal St. George's. The Rev. Mr. Moore preached the Sermon, taking his text from Ecclesiastes, chap. ix. verse 10. The first part of the Service was chanted by the Rev. Mr. Gore. The Rev. Dr. Goodall (Provost of Eton) and the Rev. Mr. Moore officiated at the Altar. The Anthem was "Holy, Holy," and the Hallelujah Chorus, Handel; the solo being sung by one of the choristers.

Viscount Melbourne arrived.

10 (Windsor).—The Queen walked on the Terrace. Viscountess Torrington with her daughter arrived on a visit to Her Majesty.

11 (Windsor).—The Queen took her usual equestrian exercise at two o'clock, by Frogmore and through the village of Datchet, attended by a numerous suite, returning at four o'clock.

The Hon. Major Keppell and Sir Henry Wheatley arrived at the Castle.

12 (Windsor).—Her Majesty held a Privy Council at one o'clock, at which a proclamation was passed for preventing meetings by torchlight. Noon after the Council, the Queen rode out on horseback in the Park, accompanied by the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Melbourne, Lord Glenelg, and suite.

The Earl and Countess of Albermarle arrived at the Castle.

13 (Windsor).—Her Majesty rode out on horseback.

The Hon. Mr. Byng arrived at the Castle on a visit to her Majesty.

14 (Windsor).—Her Majesty, with a large retinue, went on horseback to witness the turning out of a stag at Mile House, between Salt Hill and Maidenhead. Others of the royal suite and visitors were in pony phaetons. Her Majesty returned at three o'clock to the Castle. The day was exceedingly fine, and the field of sportsmen were highly gratified, as well as an immense concourse, by the royal presence.

The American Minister and Mrs. Stevenson took their departure. The Hon. Mr. Murray left the Castle on a visit to Sir Gore Ouseley. Lady Catherine Buckley arrived on a visit to her Majesty.

15 (Windsor).—The Queen, attended by her suite, took her usual equestrian exercise. The Earl and Countess of Albemarle took their departure.

16 (Windsor).—Her Majesty attended Divine Service at the Royal Chapel of St. George. The Rev. Mr. Moore preached the Sermon, taking his text from 1st chap. St. John, 23 ver. The Rev. C. Knyvett chanted the first part of the Service; the 1st lesson was read by the Rev. Dr. Goodall, the 2nd lesson by the Rev. Mr. Moore, the two latter gentlemen officiating at the altar. The *Te Deum*, *Jubilata*, *Kyrie Eleison*, and Creed, were kings in C. The Anthem, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me" Reynolds.

17 (Windsor).—Her Majesty rode out on horseback by Frogmore and Old Windsor, attended by a numerous retinue. The Marchioness of Tavistock and the Hon. Mrs. Brand rode out in a pony phaeton.

18. Her Majesty and her august mother left Windsor Castle at half-past ten o'clock, in a carriage and four, escorted by a party of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, under the command of Lieut. Beauchamp Proctor, for the Pavilion, at Brighton. At the north gate of the Palace, several thousand persons had assembled to greet her Majesty on her arrival.

Lord Melbourne returned to town from Windsor Castle.

19 (Brighton).—Neither the Queen, the Duchess of Kent, nor the Princess Augusta quitted the Pavilion.

20 (Brighton).—The Queen rode out in the afternoon on horseback, for two hours, leaving the Palace at half-past one. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent took a carriage airing, attended by Lady Mary Stopford. The Princess Augusta took a carriage drive, and also walked on the Chainpier, accompanied by Lady Elizabeth Cornwallia.

21 (Brighton).—The Queen rode out on horseback. The Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Mary Stopford, took a carriage airing. Her R. H. Princess Augusta took a carriage airing, attended by Miss Wynyard.

22 (Brighton).—Owing to the unfavourable state of the weather, her Majesty could only take equestrian exercise in the riding school.

23 (Sunday). Her Majesty attended divine service in the Palace Chapel. Prayers were read and the sermon preached by the Rev. J. S. M. Anderson: text, Phil. chap. iv. ver. 16. "In every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, who had been slightly indisposed, was convalescing.

24 (Brighton).—The Queen, attended by her suite, was again obliged to take exercise in the riding school.

25, Christmas Day (Brighton.)—The Queen attended divine worship at the Royal Chapel, accompanied by her august mother the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Augusta. Prayers were read by the Rev. J. S. M. Anderson, and the sermon was preached by the Bishop of Chichester: text, 1 Tim. i. ver 15. His Lordship afterwards administered the sacrament to her Majesty, to the Duchess of Kent, and to the members of the royal household.

Dr. Sir James Clark, physician to the Queen, quitted for town.

26 (Brighton).—The Queen remained in the Palace all day. The Duchess of Kent, however, took a carriage airing, and also walked for some time on the Western Esplanade, attended by the Honourable Miss Murray.

The Princess Augusta drove out, attended by Miss Wynyard.

Mrs. Brand, one of the Women of the Bedchamber, took her departure, with Mr. Brand and General Trevor, for Glynde.

Viscount Melbourne and the Hon. G. Byng, Comptroller of the Household, arrived at the Palace in the evening.

27 (Brighton).—Her Majesty went out on horseback with a numerous suite. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent took a carriage airing, attended by the Hon. Miss Murray.

#### GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.

H. R. H. Duchess of Kent, Nov. 18.

Princess Augusta, Nov. 25.

Viscount Melbourne, Dec. 9, 12.

Earl of Albemarle, Dec. 12.

Countess of Albemarle, Dec. 12.  
 The Lord Chancellor, Dec. 12.  
 The Rev. Dr. Goodall, Dec. 15.  
 Col. Bouverie, Dec. 15.  
 Col. Drummond, Dec. 15, 19.  
 Col. Hornby, Dec. 15.  
 Lord Alfred Paget, Dec. 16.  
 Sir Geo. Quentin, Dec. 18.  
 M. Von Praet, Dec. 3.  
 Sir George Hamilton Seymour, Dec. 19.  
 Baron Dieskau, Dec. 3.  
 Col. Stawell, Dec. 19.  
 Col. Bouverie, Dec. 3.  
 Hon. Major Keppell, Dec. 19.  
 Col. Phipps, Dec. 1.  
 Marchioness of Tavistock, Dec. 18.  
 Lady Mary Stopford, Dec. 18.  
 Hon. Miss Pitt, Dec. 18.  
 Hon. Miss Murray, Dec. 18.  
 Mrs. Brand, Dec. 18.  
 Mr. Brand, Dec. 23, 25.  
 Baroness Lehzen, Dec. 18.  
 Earl of Surrey, Dec. 18, 19, 20.  
 Viscount Torrington, Dec. 18.  
 Col. Bulkeley, Dec. 18.  
 Hon. Mr. Murray, Dec. 18.  
 Earl Cowper, Dec. 19.  
 Countess Cowper, Dec. 19.  
 Lady Frances Cowper, Dec. 21.  
 Capt. Pechell, Dec. 21.  
 Sir George Hamilton, Dec. 21.  
 Dowager Countess Cowper, Dec. 21.  
 Lord Ashley, Dec. 21.  
 Lady Ashley, Dec. 21.  
 Sir J. Clarke, Dec. 23.  
 Earl of Munster, Dec. 25.  
 Countess of Munster, Dec. 25.  
 Capt. Stephens, Dec. 25.  
 Dowager Countess of Rivers, Dec. 25.  
 Bishop of Chichester, Dec. 25.

General Trevor, Dec. 25.  
 Miss Wynyard, Dec. 25.

*The following accompanied her Majesty in her rides and drives.*

H. R. H. Duchess of Kent, Dec. 18.  
 Lady Fanny Cowper, Dec. 3, 5.  
 Lady Mary Stopford, Dec. 18.  
 Hon. Miss Cavendish, Dec. 3.  
 Hon. Miss Murray, Dec. 3, 5, 6, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 17, 18, 20, 21.  
 Baroness Lehzen, Dec. 3, 5, 6, 11, 12, 13, 14, 17, 18, 20, 21.  
 Miss Quentin, Dec. 3, 5, 6, 11, 12, 13, 14, 17, 20, 21.  
 Viscount Torrington, 3, 5, 6, 10, 11, 12, 17, 20, 21.  
 Hon. Col. Cavendish, Dec. 3, 5, 6.  
 Col. Buckley, Dec. 3, 5, 6, 11, 12, 13, 17, 20, 21.  
 Hon. C. A. Murray, Dec. 3, 5, 6, 11, 21.  
 Sir Fred. Stovin, Dec. 3, 5, 6, 11, 12.  
 The Earl of Albemarle, Dec. 12.  
 Mr. Brand, Dec. 3, 5, 6, 11, 14, 17.  
 Mrs. Brand, Dec. 18, 20.  
 Sir Geo. Quentin, Dec. 3, 5, 6, 12, 17, 20.  
 Marchioness of Tavistock, Dec. 3, 10, 18.  
 Dowager Countess Cowper, Dec. 3.  
 Marquis Conyngham, Dec. 5.  
 Vis. Melbourne, Dec. 6, 10, 11, 13, 14, 17.  
 Hon. W. Cowper, Dec. 6.  
 Hon. Miss Pitt, Dec. 10, 18, 20.  
 Hon. Major Keppell, Dec. 11, 12, 13, 14, 17, 20, 21.  
 Lord Glenelg, Dec. 12, 13.  
 Sir Henry Wheatley, Dec. 12, 13.  
 Mr. C. Greville, Dec. 12, 14.  
 The American Minister, Dec. 12.  
 Mr. Poulett Thompson, Dec. 13.  
 Rt. Hon. G. S. Byng, Dec. 14, 17.

*Universal Literary Cabinet*, 64, *St. James's Street*.—We direct the attention of such of our readers who are desirous of perusing the continental periodicals and journals, to a large collection to be met with in the magnificent saloon of the above establishment—in addition to all the London daily, weekly, and the provincial newspapers. The arrangements are conducted with great taste and liberality; a commodious *café* is appended to the saloon—altogether combining, with a most varied intellectual amusement to be derived from the entire range of foreign and English periodical literature, most of the advantages of a first-rate club in the most eligible locality.

*Exhumation of a Roman Mosaic Pavement*.—It will be remembered that Dr. Allnatt published a statement a few weeks since, which appeared in most of the public journals of some ancient relics which had been discovered at Pangbourn, Berks, by the labourers employed on the Great Western Railway, and which were supposed to be of Roman origin. This supposition has since

received farther confirmation by the exhumation of an almost perfect floor of tessellated pavement, situated in a beautiful valley near the Thames, about two miles from the scene of the former discovery. It is conjectured to have been the floor in the chamber of a Roman villa. The pavement is formed of "quarrels," or the small, irregularly square, detached tesserae, so characteristic of Greek and Roman manufacture, and the figures are of the most elaborate and beautiful design. The ornamented portion, constituting the centre of the floor, is eight feet square, of four distinct colours, viz. red, grey, brown, and white. The colour appears to be formed of a species of fire-hardened cement laid upon the surface of the tesserae, for it is superficial, and does not pervade its whole structure. The discovery has excited much interest: a great many persons from distant parts of the country, artists, and scientific gentlemen having visited the spot, they are unanimous in declaring the floor to be a beautiful and interesting specimen of ancient art. The



site of the house (or, as some imagine it to have been, a military tent) can be traced with tolerable accuracy by the lines of mortar, charcoal, and flints used in the foundation. Two human skeletons were lying exterior to the walls, near one of which a Roman coin was found, and by the side of the other a curious species of broadsword, which antiquarians suppose to be identical with that used by the Auxiliary Legion. Orders have been given by Mr. Brunel, the engineer, for the whole to be preserved entire.

*Bequests of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Ollney.*—The widow of the late Lieut.-Colonel Ollney died suddenly at Brighton lately, from a paralysis of the nerves of the respiratory organs, which speedily caused suffocation. By the death of this lamented lady legacies to the amount of 3500*l.* will become payable within twelve months, under the wills of herself, her husband, and sister, to that invaluable institution the Gloucester Infirmary. The whole of the munificent bequests of Colonel Ollney, amounting to about 40,000*l.*, which were not available until after Mrs. Ollney's demise, will now, we understand, become payable within twelve months. As the subject is one of considerable interest, we publish the amount of the bequests of Colonel Ollney:—To the Corporation of Gloucester, 800*l.*, to found almshouses for ten poor men and eight poor women, with a weekly allowance to each; to the clergymen and churchwardens of Cheltenham, 8000*l.*; to the corporation of Tewksbury, 8000*l.*; and to the minister and churchwardens of Winchcomb, 8000*l.*, to found almshouses for like objects in their places; to the Gloucester Infirmary, 1000*l.*; to the Female Orphan Asylum at Cheltenham, 500*l.* The testator has likewise bequeathed as under to the following towns, all in the county of Gloucester:—Berkeley, 500*l.*; Bisley, 300*l.*; Chipping Camden, 200*l.*; Cirencester, 300*l.*; Coleford, 200*l.*; Dursley, 300*l.*; Fairford, 200*l.*; Horsley, 300*l.*; Lechlade, 200*l.*; Minchinhampton, 300*l.*; Mitcheldean, 200*l.*; Marshfield, 200*l.*; Newnham, 300*l.*; Newcut, 200*l.*; Northleach, 200*l.*; Painswick, 300*l.*; Leonard Stanley, 200*l.*; Sodbury, 300*l.*; Stow-in-the-Wold, 200*l.*; Tetbury, 300*l.*; Thornbury, 200*l.*; Wickwar, 300*l.*; Wotton Underedge, 300*l.*; to the village of Llanharran, Glamorganshire, 200*l.*; and to the town of Brighton, 500*l.* All these sums are to be placed out at interest, and the proceeds to be applied at Christmas, partly in the purchase of coals and blankets for the deserving poor of the several towns named.

*Rome, Dec. 11.*—The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland had a miraculous escape from severe injury the other evening. They were going to dine at Mr. Bertie Percy's, on the Trinita de Monti, when, upon turning the

corner of a street, their carriage was overturned with violence, and they were extricated with only slight bruises and derangements of toilet.

*The Duke de Choiseul*, who died lately at Paris, after having been a devoted adherent of Louis XVI., in the plan of whose escape to Varennes, conceived by the Marquis de Bouillé, he acted a distinguished part, contrived to reach England when it failed, but returning to fight against the Republicans, was made prisoner in 1795, and carried into Dunkirk, whence he made his escape in an American vessel sent thither for the purpose at the expense of the British Government. He proposed carrying into India, to assist in the war against Tippo Saib, the regiment of Royal Hussars he had raised in England, but was wrecked on the French coast, near Calais, was again made prisoner, and remained five years in confinement, and indeed until liberated by order of Napoleon. He, nevertheless, entered into the conspiracy of Moreau, was discovered, and obliged to fly once more to England. Here again the clemency or policy of Napoleon befriended him. He was, in 1805, allowed to return to France, and (his property having been confiscated) he even received from the Emperor a pension of 12,000 francs, which he enjoyed until the Restoration, which put him into possession of that portion of his estates which had not been sold. His conduct during the trial of Marshal Ney rendered him popular. He was loaded with favours by Louis XVIII., and in 1819 was appointed Major-General of the National Guards. Under Charles X. he had increased so much in popularity, that when M. Baude, by a "pious fraud," as some term it, issued on the first of the three days of July, 1830, a proclamation in the name of an imaginary provisional Government, the Duke de Choiseul figured in it. "I did not deny it at the moment," said he subsequently, "as my doing so might have compromised the movement, although in suffering the statement to pass uncontradicted, I put my head in jeopardy if the attempt had failed." Under Louis Philippe he was appointed Governor of the Louvre, Aid-de-Camp to the King, &c.

*Addition to the British Museum.*—The contents of the Mantellian, which have been purchased for the British Museum, are now in the course of removal to London, to the great regret of the inhabitants of Brighton, to which they have been a most intellectual ornament.

*Dr. Charles Severn* is said to have discovered in the library of the London Medical society, an ancient diary of a former vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon, which is said to throw much new and interesting light upon the domestic habits of Shakspeare.

# General Monthly Register of Marriages, Births, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

Office of Registration, 11, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, January, 1839.

## SCALE OF CHARGE FOR EACH INSERTION.

For a Marriage, not exceeding Five Lines.....Three Shillings  
For a Birth or Death, not exceeding Three Lines.....Two Shillings.

\*\*\* For Names of Agents see page 104.

## MARRIAGES.

**ABSOLON** (*now MAWLEY*), Marian, ygst. d. of George A—, Esq., of Blackheath, to Robert Thomas, ygst. son of Richard M—, Esq., by the Rev. C. S. A—, at Lewisham, Dec. 6.

**AIEKIN** (*now MARTIN*), Mary Anne, eld. dau. of the late F. A—, Esq., to Edward M—, Esq., 28th. regt. Madras N.I., 3rd son of Major John M—, at Richmond, Surrey, Dec. 11.

**ALLIES** (*now DALTON*), Eliza Maria, ygst. daughter of the late W. A—, Esq., London, to the Rev. J. N. 1b—, M.A., of Walthamstow, Essex, 2nd son of John 1b—, Esq., of the Priory, Peckham, Surrey, at Westbury Church, Gloucestershire, Nov. 27.

**ARCHER** (*now ROOKE*), Susan, eld. d. of John A—, Esq., of Killafaddy, to Adolphus Frederic, 3rd son of Benj. R—, Esq., of Hertford, at Launceston, Van Diemen's Land, March 13.

**ARCHER** (*now WINTER*), Marianne, 2nd dau. of John A—, Esq., to James, ygst. son of J. M. W—, Esq., of Shenley Hill, Herts, at Launceston, Van Diemen's Land, March 13.

**BACON** (*now CANTLEY*), Frances, 3rd dau. of the late Anthony H—, Esq., of Ellicott, Berks, to Capt. T. Proby C—, at Landour, *E.I.*, Sept. 20.

**BAKER** (*now STEVENSON*), Susan Maria, 2nd dau. of the Rev. Henry B—, Church Miss. Soc., to Lieut E. B. S—, 36th N.I. Cottaum, June 14.

**BAILLIE** (*now BRODIE*), Eliza, 3rd dau. of Col. Hugh B—, M.P., to William B—, Esq., of Brodie, in the county of Nairn, St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Nov. 27th.

**BEATSON** (*now PRYCE*), Dora Isabella, 3rd dau. of the late M. Gen. B—, formerly Governor of St. Helena, to John P—, Esq., at Frant, Oct. 9.

**BLAYDES** (*now BLACHFORD*), Emmeline Sophia, ygst. dau. of Hugh B—, Esq., of High Paull, Yorkshire, decd., to Capt. Fred. A. B—, son of Gen. B—, at Brighton, Sept. 25th.

**BRIGGS** (*now LANG*), Louisa, eld. dau. of Thomas B—, Esq., to Olive William L—, Esq., Stoke Damarel, Devon, Dec. 10.

**BROWNE** (*now TEIGNMOUTH*), Caroline, 3rd. dau. of William B—, Esq., of Tallantire-hall, Cumberland, to Lord Teignmouth, M.P., at Bride Kirk, Cumberland, Dec. 8.

**BURRELL** (*now ANSTRUTHER*), Georgiana Charlotte eld. dau. of the Hon. Lindsey B—, to J. H. Lloyd A—, Esq., of Hittlesham-hall, Suffolk, at Debben-hall, Essex, Dec. 6.

**BOULGER** (*now SHEPPARD*), Frances, 2nd dau. of the late W. B—, Esq., of Bradfield House, Berks, to the Rev. W. S—, of the Hermitage, Hampstead, Norris, 3rd son of George S—, Esq., of Fromefeld, Somerset, at St. Giles, Reading, Dec. 4th.

**BUTLER** (*now LONERGAN*), Jane Mary, 2nd dau. of the late Robert B—, Esq., to William L—, Esq., of Cadiz, at the chapel of the French Embassy, Dec. 11.

**BROTHERSON** (*now SCOTT*), Anna Marg., to Matthew Alexander S—, Esq., St. Croix, West Indies, Oct. 15.

**CANTIS** (*now COLQUHOUN*), Sophia, eld. dau. of W. C—, Esq., late of Old Park, Kent, to J. A. C—, Esq., at St. Pancras, Oct. 10.

**CARRIGIE** (*now VON STRONG*), Mary Catherine, ygst. dau. of the late Maj.-gen. C—, Artillery, to P. d'O. Von S—, Lieut. H.M. 13th L.I., Calcutta, June 8.

**CARTER** (*now KINLSIDE*), Isabella, 2nd dau. of Major C—, H.M. 16th foot, to Lieut. R. R. K—, Horse Artillery, Cawnpore, Aug. 14.

**CARTER** (*now BOLTON*), Sophia Cecil, eld. dau. of William C—, Esq., to W. G. Bolton, of Austin Friars, London, at St. Pancras, Dec. 4th.

**CHINNOCK** (*now RADFORD*), Mary Anne, eld. dau. of the late, R. C—, Esq., to Joseph R—, Esq., of Rose-

bank, Tunbridge Wells, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, Nov. 28th.

**CHAUNCEY** (*now WALKER*), Theresa, dau. of W. S. C—, Esq., of London, to Lieut. John Walker, R.N., Launceston, Van Diemen's Land, May 17th.

**CROFTON** (*now MAHON*), Jane, dau. of Sir Hugh C—, Bart, decd., to R. M—, Esq., eld. son of the late Rev. H.M—, of Killegally, King's Co., Sept. 27.

**COATES** (*now HODGSON*), Agnes, only dau. of John C—, Esq., of Kirkby Lonsdale, to the Rev. Richard H—, of King's College, London, and evening lecturer of St. Peter's, Cornhill, at Ingletton, Dec. 3.

**COCKCRAFT** (*now BAILEY*), Emily, only dau. of the late Lieut. C—, R.N., to L. C. B—, Esq., R.N., at Charlton Church, Dec. 8.

**COGAN** (*now GIBSON*), Eliza, 3rd dau. of the Rev. E. C—, Higham Hill, to Thomas F. G—, Esq., at Tottenham Church, Dec. 10.

**COTES** (*now FREEDY*), Louisa Fredericks, only dau. of the late W. C—, Esq., Bengal Army, to Lieut. H. W. P—, 25th N.I., Poona, Aug. 8th.

**CUPPAGE** (*now GIBSON*), Eliza, ygst. dau. of the late Lieut.-col. C—, to W. G—, Esq., Calcutta, July 23.

**DANSEY** (*now JONES*), Sarah Jane, widow of the late William D—, of Yutton, Esq., Hereford, to the Rev. John Jones, Vicar of Foy, at Sutton, St. Michael, Herefordshire, Dec. 11.

**DEAN** (*now GARRARD*), Miss, to the Rev. W. G—, Chaplain of New Norfolk, Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, June 20th.

**EATON** (*now LEITH*), Mary Ann, dau. of Capt. Eaton, R.N., to A. H. Leith, Esq., Bombay Medical Service, at Sholupoor, Sept. 22.

**ETOUGH** (*now BAIRD*), Anna Andry, daughter of the Rev. R. E—, D.D. Rector of Claydon, to Andrew Wood B—, Esq., M.D., at Claydon, Oct. 16th.

**EVANS** (*now HOBART*), eld. dau. of the late Thomas E—, Esq., M.D., of Cachel, Tipperary, to Adj. Nathaniel H—, Carnatic, Europ. Vet. Batt., Vizagapatnam, July 21.

**FELLOWES** (*now BLISS*), Mary, 2nd dau. of Capt. Sir Thomas F—, R.N., C.B., &c., of the Leigh House, Wilts, to the Rev. James Bliss, of Holt, M.A., at Bradford, Wilts, Dec. 4.

**FERRIMAN** (*now CASSON*), Sarah, dau. of the late Capt. F—, to Robert C—, Esq., son of the late Rev. William Casson, of Thrusniington, Leicestershire, Hampton Church, Dec. 13.

**FLINT** (*now FOSTER*), Mary, 2nd dau. of the late George F—, to Morgan Hugh F—, 2nd son of the late John F—, Esq., of Brickhill House, Beds, at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, Dec. 4.

**FRANKLIN** (*now PRICE*), Mary, eld. dau. of the late Major F—, 1st. Bengal L. C., and niece to His Exr. the Lt.-Governor, to John P—, Esq., J. P., 3rd son of the late Sir Rose P—, Bart., of Tringwainton, Cornwall, Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, June 2.

**FERRIS** (*now WORDSWORTH*), Susannah Hatley, 2nd dau. of George F—, Esq., of Twyford House, to the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., head master of Harrow School, by the Rev. John F—, domestic chaplain to the Bishop of London, at Thorley, Herts, Dec. 6.

**FULLERTON** (*now NEWBERRY*), Frances Maria Eliza, 2nd dau. of the late Capt. H. F—, Madras Engineers, to Edward Newberry, Esq., Guntoor, *E.I.*, Aug. 8.

**FURBOR** (*now STORR*), Lucy, ygst. dau. of the late John F—, Esq., of Norwood, to Thomas Broughton, ygst. son of the late Daniel S—, Esq., of Dulwich, at St. Pancras, Dec. 5.

**FULLAGAR** (*now STEINBELT*), Hester, eld. surviving dau. of the Rev. John F—, to Jean Conrad S—, Maj. of Hussars in the service of France, and son of the late Gen. S—, at Rouen, Nov. 27.

**GARLAND** (*now BURMESTER*), Arabella, eld. dau. of

to the Rev. George Burmester, M.A., Rector of Little Oakley, Essex, by the Rev. Alfred Burmester, M.A., Rector of Mickleham, Surrey, at Rumsey, Essex, Dec. 10.

GATEHOUSE (now MACMISHAL), Miss, only dau. of W. G., Esq., of Frossers' Plains, to R. M., Esq., accountant of the Derwent Bank lately, in New Town, Van Diemen's Land.

GOLD (now HUNT), Caroline Sophia, eld. dau. of the late Capt. G., of the Brunswick Hussars, to Thomas Newman, ygst. son of Thomas Holdsworth H., Esq., of Upper Harley Street, at Trinity Church, Marylebone, Dec. 6.

GRAHAM (now MORTYN), Isabella Wemyss, dau. of Peter G., Esq., decd., to W. F. M., Esq., at Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, May 14.

GRANT (now CAMERON), Letitia Margaret, eld. dau. of the late W. L. G., M.D., Super. Surg. Bengal Establishment, to D. M. C., Esq., H.M.'s 3rd Bufrs, Calcutta, Aug. 6.

GREENWOOD (now COATES), Margaret, 3rd. dau. of James G., Esq., and niece of the Rev. R. Hodgson G., Sen. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, to John Thomas C., Esq., Ingleton, Dec. 3rd.

GUBBAY (now ISAAC), Sarah, dau. of David Haroon G., Esq., to Symon Hyem I., Esq., Calcutta, Aug. 26.

GUNNING (now GOODE), Maria, 2nd dau. of John G., Inspector of Hospitals, to John G., Esq., at St. John's Church, Waltham Green, Dec. 12.

HADOW (now MEREWETHER), Cecilia Maria, eld. dau. of P. D. H., Upper Harley Street, to Mr. Serjeant Merewether of Whitehall Place and Castlefield, Wilts, by the Very Rev. J. Merewether, D.D., Dean of Hereford, at Trinity Church, Marylebone, Dec. 5.

HALL (now WOOLLS) Miss H., of Black Town, to W. W., Esq., Paramatta, June 28.

HAMILTON (now STEWART), Harriette, 2nd dau. of Capt. H., of Hamilton Lodge, Staffordshire, and Barrack Master, Gibraltar, to Capt. Alister S., European Regt., Allahabad, May 17.

HAMMOND (now BROOME), Anne, dau. of the late John H., Esq., Hon. E. I. Comp. S., to John Henry B., Esq., formerly of the 10th Infantry, St. Mary's Islington, Dec. 13.

HARRIS, Anne Georgina, only dau. of the late G. S. H., of Liverpool, to George Frederick H., Esq., M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and assistant-master of Harrow, at St. Mary's Church, Cheltenham.

HARRIS (now STEEL), Sophia Sarah, 2nd dau. of Joseph H., Esq., of Chapelville, to the Rev. T. H. S., M.A., Wymondley-cum-Ippolytis, Herts, assist.-mas. of Harrow, late Fellow of Trin. Coll. Camb., at St. Michael's Church, near Liverpool, Dec. 6.

HARRISON (now M'LEAN), Clara, only dau. of Henry H., of Percy Street, Bedford Square, to Andrew M' L., Esq., M.D. of the 64th regt., at St. George's, Hanover Square, Dec. 12.

HARVEY (now LONG), Charlotte Emma, 2nd dau. of Col. Sir Robt. Harvey, C.B. and K.H., to the Rev. H. I., Rector of Newton and Swainsthorpe, at Thorpe, near Norwich, Sept. 18.

HARWOOD (now CAPON), Mary, 2nd dau. of the late J. H., Esq., to W. A. C., Esq., Dacca, Aug. 22.

HEMMING (now GARRATT), Anne, 4th dau. of Richard H., Esq., of Hillingdon, to John G., Jun., Esq., eld. son of John G., Esq., of Bishop's Court, Devon, at Hillingdon Church, Middlesex, Dec. 12.

HEYWARD (now SALMOND), Miss Grace, to E. H. S., Esq., captain of the brig *Reform*, Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, Aug. 11.

HOLLINGBERRY (now TOWNSEND), Charlotte Charlton, eld. dau. of J. H., Esq., of Northian, Lamberhurst, Sussex, to the Rev. George T., Prebendary of Durham, and Vicar of Northallerton, at St. George's, Hanover Square.

HUET (now BOURDIEU) Harriett Charlotte, 4th dau. of the Rev. W. G. H., of Bayswater, to J. H. B., of the Madras Artillery, only son of the late J. B., Esq., Bangalore, July 31.

HURT (now ASHTON), Caroline Marianne, 2nd dau. of the Rev. W. G. H., of Bayswater, to J. T. A., of the Madras Artillery, only son of the late J. A., Esq., Bangalore, Aug. 20.

HUGHES (now SMER), Sarah, ygst. dau. of W. H., Esq., of South End, Hampstead Heath, to Capt. W. S., 5th M.L. Malignant, Sept. 3.

HUGHES (now HARVEY), Catherine Mary, only dau. of the late Rev. John H., Rector of North Tedwell, Wilts., to Alexander Alfred Augustus H., Esq., eld. son of A. A. H., M.D., Edgar Buildings, Bath, at Bathwick, Church, Dec. 3.

INGRAM (now DOMVILLE), Frances, eld. dau. of the

Rev. W. I., of Rubbesford, Worcestershire, and niece to Sir T. E. Winnington, Bart., to Henry Barry D., Esq., barrister, eld. son of the Rev. H. B. D., of Pembroke, Herefordshire, and nephew of Sir Compton D., Bart., Sept. 27.

IRVING (now SAMPSON), Katharine, 2nd dau. of Col. I., to Capt. John S., H.M.'s 1st or Royal Regt., at St. Paul's Chapel, York Place, Edinburgh, Dec. 17.

LONSDALE (now BEAVER), Anne Amelia, eld. dau. of the late W. Hilton L., Esq., to Capt. Herbert B., Madras army, son of the late Capt. Phillip B., R.N., at the British Embassy, Naples, Nov. 20.

MACANDREW (now STROGOAN), Mary Elizabeth, eld. d. of S. M' A., surg. H.M. 40th regt., to Capt. James S., Deesa, Aug. 14.

MACDONALD (now HUDSON), the Hon. Julia, 3rd dau. of the late Godfrey Lord M., to the Rev. Charles Walter H., Rector of Saunby, at Rudston, Yorkshire, Oct. 11.

MACKENZIE (now ANSTRUTHER), Miss Stewart, eld. dau. of the Governor of Ceylon, to P. A., Esq., colonial secretary, Colombo, July 27.

MARSHALL (now SMITH), Margaret 2nd dau. of Richard M., Esq., of Muswell Hill, to Henry, 2nd son of George S., Esq., of Colney Hatch, at Hornsey, Dec. 6.

NEVILL (now GRIFFITH), Hannah, dau. of the late William N., Esq., of Easton, Hants, to John G., Esq., of H.M. Ordnance, at Winchester, Nov. 29.

O'REILLY (now MACLEAN), Catharine Georgina Louisa, 2nd daughter of Maj. O'R., of Graham's Town, to Capt. John Maclean, 27th regt., Graham's Town, Cape of Good Hope, Aug. 29.

PAGE (now WILKS), Jessie, 2nd dau. of the Rev. William P., Rector of Rampisham and Wraxall, Dorset, to M. W., Esq., of Easton Park, Northamptonshire, at Langham Church, Dec. 5.

PRESTON (now EYRE), Octavia Thomasine, dau. of the late Sir Thomas P., Bart., to Rev. Edward E., of Merton college, Oxford, at Beeston, Norfolk, November 29.

RAVENSHAW (now DOWLER), Heater, d. of J. G. R., Esq., to Thomas Dowler, Esq., M.D., by the Rev. H. T. D., Rector of Addington, Bucks, at Richmond, Surrey, Nov. 27.

RAWLINSON (now LLOYD), Emily, d. of John R., of Wimpole Street, to the Rev. W. C. L., Vicar of Gosfield, Essex, at Brighton, Oct. 4.

ROOKE (now PAGE), Charlotte Hannah, eld. dau. of Charles R., Esq., of Brighton, Sussex, to John P., son of the late John P., Esq., Bombay, Aug. 18.

SEARLE (now WORTH), Charlotte, dau. of Captain Searle, C.B. H.M.S. *Victory*, to Commander W., of H.M.S. *Hastings*, at Kingston Church, Portsmouth, Oct. 2.

SCOTT (now WALLER), Harriett, ygst. dau. of Robert S., Esq., decd., of Penang, to George W., Esq., late sec. to his Exc. Rear Admiral Sir F. Maitland, K.C.B., naval comm.-in-chief, Penang, Aug. 1.

SNEYD (now JELF), Mary Emily, only surviving child of the late Ralph S., Esq., of Abbot's Bromley, Stafford, to George J., Esq., eld. son of Sir James J., of Oaklands, Gloucester, at Twickenham, Dec. 5.

THOMPSON (now STEELE), Harriett, dau. of the late Samuel T., Esq., of Reigate, Surrey, to John Lison S., Esq., at St. Olave, Southwark, Dec. 1.

WARNFORD (now WETHERELL), Harriett Elizabeth, 2nd dau. of Lt.-col. decd., of Warnford Place, Wilts, to Sir Charles Wetherell, at St. George's, Hanover Square, Nov. 27.

WEST (now WARREN), Fanny Mary, eld. dau. of Gilbert W., Esq., to the Rev. E. W., Vicar of Bishop's Lideard, at West Monkton, Oct. 3.

WILSON (now GIBBERNE), Lydia Mary, eld. dau. of the Rev. W. W., of Over Worton, Oxon, and Vicar of Walthamstow, Essex, to Charles G., Esq., 16th regt. B.N.I., at St. Mary's, Walthamstow, Dec. 11.

WILSON (now JESSON), Agnes Louisa, only dau. of Edward Lumley W., Esq., to William Percy, ygst. son of Thomas J., of Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, Esq., at the parish church, Brighton, December 4.

WRIGHT (now CALDECOTT), Martha, eld. dau. of W. W., Esq., to Charles H. C., 3rd son of the late Dr. Dr. C., of Huntingdon, Graham's Town, Cape of Good Hope, Aug. 6.

#### BIRTHS.

ABADIE, lady of L. A., Esq., of a son, Benares, Aug. 9, Alexander, lady of H. R. A., Esq., C.S., of a son, Dinapore, August 4.

Allnutt, lady of F. A. A., Esq., of a son, Sutton Courtney, Berkshire, Dec. 6.

Nathaniel Garland, Esq., of Michaelstow-hall, Surrey.

- Arbutnot, lady of J. A. A—, Esq., of a daughter, Madras, June 23.
- Armstrong, lady of Capt. E. A—, A. C. Gen., of a son, Masulipatam, July 31.
- Atkinson, lady of H. H. A—, Esq., of a daughter, Serampore, July 11.
- Barlow, lady of Capt. C. B—, paymaster H. M. 54th foot, of a daughter, Trichinopoly, July 26.
- Bagshawe, lady of Capt. F. D. B—, Sub. Ass. Com. Gen., of a daughter, Belgau, August 30.
- Bayley, lady of Capt. J. W. B—, 20th N. I., of a son, Secunderabad, August 3.
- Best, lady of the Hon. and Rev. Samuel B—, of a son, Abbots Nun Rectory, Hants, December 14.
- Biswett, lady of Lieut. W. B—, of a daughter, Vellore, August 11.
- Blanchard, lady of Charles F. B—, Esq., of a son, Sydney, N. S. Wales, May 26.
- Bosanquet, lady of Augustus B—, Esq., of a son, Southgate, December 12.
- Bray, lady of Frederick Richard B—, Esq., of a son, Notting Hill, Dec. 10.
- Brett, lady of W. H. B—, Esq., Horse Brigade, of a son, Shilapore, June 22.
- Brenner, lady of Capt. William B—, 47th regt. N. I., of a daughter, Bellary, Sept. 24.
- Bridge, lady of G. B—, Esq., of a son, Wood House, Shepherd's Bush, December 6.
- Brind, lady of Lieut. J. B—, Artillery, of a son, Gorruckpore, July 10.
- Brightman, lady of John B—, Esq., of a daughter, Regency-square, Brighton, November 27.
- Bridgett, lady of Joseph B—, Esq., of a son, Colney Hatch, Middlesex, December 2.
- Brodie, lady of P. B—, Esq., of a daughter, Glenalvon, Sydney, June 4.
- Brown, lady of Capt. J. B—, H. M. 57th regt. of a son, Cannanmore, May 29.
- Brown, lady of Charles B—, Esq., of a son, Guildford-street, Russell-square, December 8.
- Brownrigg, lady of W. M. B—, Esq., of a son, Colabah, July 25.
- Bruce, lady of Alexander Fairlie B—, Esq., Post-master General, of a son, Madras, September 24.
- Buller, lady of Thomas B—, Esq., of a son, Cheyné-walk, Chelsea, December 6.
- Buchanan, lady of John B—, Esq., C. S., of a daughter, Colabah, September 6.
- Calvin, lady of A. C—, Esq., of a daughter, Calcutta, August 28.
- Campbell, lady of Capt. Colin C—, H. M. 55th regt., of a son, Secunderabad, May 21.
- Campbell, lady of Lieut. W. F. C—, 64th N. I., of a daughter, Allyngh, August 1.
- Chapman, lady of Robert C—, Esq., of a daughter, Dublin, Nov. 28.
- Clapperton, lady of J. B. C—, Esq., 6th L. C., of a daughter, Cawnpore, July 3.
- Cleveland, lady of Lieut.-col. J. W. C—, 34th L. I., of a daughter, Bangalore, July 6.
- Corbet, lady Mary, of a daughter, Elsham, Lincolnshire, November 16.
- Coude, lady of George C—, Esq., of a daughter, Euston-place, December 1.
- Coleman, lady of Andrew C—, Esq., of a son, Magdalen-row, Dec. 10.
- Colbeck, lady of Lieut. Henry C—, 4th regt., of a daughter, Cannanmore, August 2.
- Compton, lady of T. H. C—, Esq., acting paymaster H. M. 63rd regt., of a son, Mountain, May 30.
- Corrie, lady of William C—, Esq., Barrister at Law, of a son, Gower-street, December 15.
- Cotter, lady of G. S. C—, Esq., Horse Artillery, of a son (since dead), Jaulnah, July 17.
- Craigie, lady of William Burnet C—, Esq., of a daughter, Linton, December 9.
- Crawford, lady of J. H. C—, Esq., C. S., of a daughter, Midnapore, July 22.
- Cumberlege, lady of Brev.-Capt. John C—, 41st N. I., of a son, Secrete Benares, August 17.
- Currie, lady of E. C—, Esq., of a son, Cawnpore, July 30.
- Dauvers, lady of Edward F. D—, Esq., of a son, at the Forest, Walthamstow, December 2.
- Dick, lady of W. Fleming D—, Esq., Bengal C. S., of a daughter, Staunsteadbury, Herts, December 14.
- Dickinson, lady of H. D—, Esq., of a daughter, Trichinopoly, May 29.
- Dickson, lady of W. H. D—, Esq., of a son, 32, Doughty-street, November 27.
- Dixon, wife of Henry James D—, Esq., Lower Mall, Hammersmith, November 30.
- Doey, lady of John D—, Esq., Engineers, of a son, Belgau, July 9.
- Dow, lady of W. A. D—, Esq., of a son, Nelson-square, December 3.
- Dobbs, lady of R. S. D—, Esq., Superintendent of Chit-tedroog, of a son, Bangalore, August 23.
- Dods, lady of Capt. D—, 13th N. I., of a daughter, Moulmein, July 22.
- Douglas, lady of the Hon. Lieut.-col. D—, of a daughter, Linton Springs, Yorkshire, December 12.
- Douglas, Mrs. William D—, of a daughter, Ebenezer Cottage, Manchester, December 9th.
- Dudgeon, Mrs. W., of a daughter, 7, St. John's Place, Leith, Dec. 13.
- Duff, lady of Capt. John D—, America-square, November 29.
- Durie, Mrs., of Craiguiscar, of a son, Windlestrawlee, December 7.
- Duthy, Mrs. William, of a daughter, Sudborough Rectory, Northamptonshire, December 8.
- Eiberling, lady of F. E. E—, Esq., of a son, Serampore, July 19.
- Ellis, lady of the Rev. Robert Stevenson E—, M. A., Chaplain of the British Mission and Residents, of a daughter, Copenhagen, November 24.
- Ellis, lady of Lieut. G. E—, Artillery, of a daughter, Monghy, July 15.
- Emor, lady of John E—, Esq., of a daughter, Rollesby Hall, Norfolk, Norwich, December 16.
- Fairlie, lady of John F—, Esq., of a son, Wakehurst Park, December 17.
- Farrar, lady of Francis F—, Esq., of a son, Tavistock Place, December 16.
- Firebrace, lady of Major F—, 58th regt., of a daughter, Trincomalee, June 16.
- Forbes, lady of A. E. F—, Esq., of a daughter, Sultanpore Factory, Purneah, July 17.
- Forbes, lady of J. A. F—, Esq., C. S., of a son, Hope Hall, August 2.
- Forbes, lady of John F—, Esq., of a daughter, St Leonard's, November 27.
- Fraser, lady of F. G. F—, Esq., Bombay regt., of a son, Colabah, June 30.
- Gascoyne, lady of Lieut. G—, 5th L. C., of a son, Cawnpore, July 23.
- Gaspar, lady of G. M. G—, Esq., of a daughter, Dacca, August 24.
- Gore, lady of Thomas G—, Esq., of a son, Sydney, June 25.
- Groom, lady of Richard G—, Esq., of a son, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, December 1.
- Gordon, lady of Theodore G—, Esq., of the Island of Dominica, of a son, at the residence of his mother, Wendover Dean House, Bucks, December 5.
- Gower, lady of Robert Frederick G—, Esq., of a son, Devonshire Place, December 19.
- Glynn, lady of R. C. G—, Esq., C. S., of a daughter, Musoorie, June 12.
- Griffiths, lady of Captain C. G—, 37th N. I., of a son, Agra, August 10.
- Hadley, lady of Lieut. W. H. S. H—, 2nd Royal Regt., of a son, Belgau, July 16.
- Hamilton, lady of H. C. H—, Esq., C. S., of a daughter, Gyd, August 21.
- Hardwicke, the Countess of, of a daughter, Winpole, Street, December 13.
- Harriott, lady of Lieut. G. H—, H. M. 16th Lancers, of a daughter, Musoorie, June 26.
- Hearsey, lady of Major J. B. H—, 2nd Local Horse, of a son, Bareilly, July 20.
- Hennell, lady of Capt. H—, of a daughter, Belgau, August 30.
- Hery, lady of J. T. H—, Esq., of a daughter, Masulipatam, August 6.
- Holmesdale, Viscountess, of a son, Montreal, Kent, December 6.
- Holyoake, Mrs. George H—, of a son, Ruckley, Shropshire, December 12.
- Jamieson, lady of Quintin J—, Esq., M. D. of the Artillery, of a son, Bangalore, August 8.
- Johnston, lady of Lieut. J—, 10th regt., of a daughter, Poona, August 20.
- Jopp, lady of Major J—, Bombay Engineers, of a son, July 20.
- Jobling, lady of Robert J—, Esq., Commander of the Jona, of a daughter, Calcutta, August 14.
- Jones, lady of Capt. N. J—, 57th N. I., of a daughter, Nussarabad, June 15.
- Keith, lady of Major K—, Belgau, July 14th.
- La Touche, lady of Capt. T—, Major of Brigade, of a son, Nussarabad, June 6.

Laughton, lady of R. L., Esq., of a daughter, Simla, August 2.  
 Le Gerst, lady of P. W. Le G., Esq., C. S., of a daughter, Heera Baugh, near Poona, July 29.  
 Littleale, lady of Arthur L., Esq., C. S., of a daughter, Dacca, August 8.  
 Littlewood, lady of H. L., Esq., of a son, Thoraton Heath, near Croydon, Surrey, December 13.  
 Joyd, lady of Capt. John L., Artillery, of a son, Baroda, August 12.  
 Lockhart, lady of James L., jun., Esq., of Sheffield English, of a son, at Home, November 18.  
 Lumsden, lady of J. G. L., Esq., C. S., of a son, Surat, June 25.  
 Millett, lady of Charles M., Esq., of a daughter, at Hill Place, Hvnts, November 30.  
 Moncoroo, Baroness de, of a son, Hammersmith, Nov. 2.  
 Moore, lady of Charles Henry M., Esq., of a daughter, Wimpole Street, November 29.  
 Macdonald, Mrs., of Glendaldale, of a daughter, at Borrudale, November 28.  
 Macdonald, lady of Capt. W. P. M., 41st N. I., of a daughter, Bolarum, July 7.  
 McKie, lady of Major W. M.K., of a son (since dead), Calcutta, August 27.  
 Macleod, lady of Major W. M., 35th N. I., of a son, Bangalore, May 10.  
 Macmullen, lady of Lieut. M., European Regt., of a daughter, Agra, July 31.  
 Macredie, lady of Patrick M., Esq., of a daughter (since dead), Melville Street, December 14.  
 Mugarth, lady of A. N. M., Esq., of a son, Telwall, Mysore, July 27.  
 Maidman, lady of Capt. W. R. M., Horse Artillery, of a daughter, Cawnpore, August 21.  
 Marrioch, Mrs., of a son, 42, Great King Street, Edinburgh, December 15.  
 Marron, lady of Capt. M., of a son, Cawnpore, July 7.  
 Martin, lady of W. M., Esq., of a son, Chateau Mont Lambert, near Boulogne-Sur-Mer, December 10.  
 Marty, lady of Henry M., Esq., His Danish Majesty's Consul at Wismar, Mecklenburg, of a son, Dec. 11.  
 Maxton, lady of J. M., Esq., of a daughter, Calcutta, August 26.  
 Meik, lady of Lieut. J. P. M., H. M. 49th regt., of a son, Huzareebaugh, June 24.  
 Moir, lady of Lieut. M., 28th N. I., of a daughter, Mynpoorie, August 13.  
 Moore, lady of Capt. F. R. M., 52nd N. I., of a daughter, Nusseerabad, May 23.  
 Moran, lady of W. M., Esq., of a daughter, Mooteeharee, Chumparaee, August 12.  
 Morris, lady of the Rev. George M., of a daughter, Parsouage, Salisbury, December 14.  
 Morrogh, lady of Dr. M., Horse Artillery, of a son (since dead), Secunderabad, August 2.  
 Murray, lady of Dr. M., Dep. Inspector Gen. of H. M. Hospitals, of a daughter, Madras, August 27.  
 Nicholson, lady of Capt. N., Harbour Master, Sydney, N. S. Wales, of a son, May 21.  
 Nepean, lady of Capt. C. W. N., Dep. Judge Adv. Gen., of a son, Bangalore, July 24.  
 Oliphant, lady of Major O., Madras Engineers, of a son, Wimbledon, Dec. 2.  
 Oman, lady of John O., Esq., of a daughter, Muddendary Factory, Jopore, July 23.  
 Ouchterlony, lady of James O., Esq., of a son, Madras, June 3.  
 Pennington, lady of R. B. P., Esq., Horse Artillery, of a son, Kernoul, May 28.  
 Phillips, lady of T. G. P., Esq., of a son, Eys, August 24.  
 Poulson, lady of H. A. P., Esq., of Nundunpore Factory, of a daughter, Calcutta, August 7.  
 Prior, lady of Lieut. C. Y., Adj. 54th N. I., of a son, Allygurrh, August 4.  
 Prussia, the Princess William of, of a princess, Dec. 1.  
 Pullaine, lady of the Rev. Robert P., of a son, at the Rectory, Spennulthorne, Yorkshire, December 12.  
 Padday, lady of J. P., Esq., of a son, Penang, July 6.  
 Parbury, lady of F. P., Esq., of twin daughters, one still born, Sydney, June 5.  
 Pearson, lady of Henry Robert P., Esq., of a son, St. Michael's Place, Brompton, December 4.  
 Pitcher, lady of H. J. P., Esq., of twin daughters, Terenna, N. S. Wales, May 28.  
 Pritchard, lady of the Rev. C. P., of a son, Clapham, November 26.  
 Pomfret, the Countess of P., of a daughter, Belgrave Square, November 7.

Reid, lady of Major A. T. R., 12th Reg. of a son, near Rajcote, June 25.  
 Rodyk, lady of B. R., Esq., of a daughter, Malacca, July 5th.  
 Stack, lady of Capt. S., 3rd L. C. of a daughter, Seroor, June 9th.  
 Stevenson, lady of Richard S., Esq., of a daughter, in Albion Street, Hyde Park, Dec. 5.  
 Tower, lady Sophia, of a daughter, at Brasfield House, near Olney House, Bucks, Nov. 28.  
 Warde, lady of I. H. P. H. M. 4th Lt. Drags. of a daughter, Kirkee, July 31.  
 Wood, lady of Lieut. Col. W., Sec. to Government, of a daughter, Upper Colabah, Aug. 22.  
 Zacharin, lady of J. Z., Esq., of a daughter, Singapore, June 19.

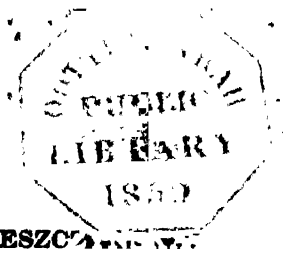
## DEATHS.

ABBOTT, Hon. Charles, formerly of the 14th King's Lt. Dragoons, youngest son of the late Lord Teutenden, Brighton, Dec. 15.  
 Abbott, Sarah, wife of John A., Esq., aged 80, Forest Gate, West Ham, Essex.  
 Adye, Major-Gen. Stephen Galway, C. B. Chief Fire-master in the Royal Laboratory, Woolwich Common, Sept. 13.  
 Alexander, Morrice, M.D. Green's Row, Chelsea, Nov. 26, Surgeon to the Forces, London.  
 Alexander, Henry, Esq., aged 49, banker, son of Dykes A., Esq., of Ipswich, Haddleigh, Dec. 14.  
 Atkinson, John Joseph Ellis, aged one year and eight months, youngest son of Beaumont A., Esq., South Grove, Hampstead, Dec. 12.  
 Baillif, Richard Duckarey, aged 31, Turnham Green, Middlesex, Dec. 6.  
 Barandon, John Stephen, Esq., aged 62, Rodney Street, Pentonville, Dec. 9.  
 Barrett, Elizabeth, wife of G. H., Esq., Putney, Dec. 17.  
 Bayr, Her Highness Ameekub, widow of the late Rajah Ragoree Rhoulach, Nagpore, lately.  
 Bean, Captain Henry Fowler, aged 58, at Camberwell, Dec. 1.  
 Beavan, Hugh Phillip, Esq. aged 42, Pembroke, Nov. 29.  
 Bertie, Georgianna Elizabeth, aged 10, second daughter of the Hon. and Rev. F. B., Albany, Surrey, Nov. 1.  
 Betts, Charles, Esq., aged 38, Chinsurah, Sept. 10.  
 Bishop, Charles Joseph, Esq., M.D., in consequence of rupture of a blood vessel, in Holywell Street, Oxford, Dec. 9.  
 Bow, Miss Jemima, at 2, Gillespie Street, Gilmore Place, Edinburgh, Dec. 9.  
 Boyce, Anne Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. B., at 19, Lynedoch Place, Dec. 10.  
 Bruce, Robert, Esq., aged 79, one of the oldest merchants of Bristol, at Frenchay, near Bristol, Nov. 28.  
 Brooksbank, Rev. Henry Constantine, aged 29, late curate of the Leigh, Gloucestershire, after a few months' severe illness of consumption of the lungs. Short as was his life, he had distinguished it by his learning, and made it useful by a zealous discharge of pastoral duty; having gained by the former divinity honours at Oxford, and by the latter the approbation of his diocesan, and the affections of the flock above thirty years committed to his charge. At his father's residence, Cadogan Place, Dec. 5.  
 Burchell, Joseph, Esq., aged 87, formerly of the Sheriff of Middlesex's Office, Kensington, Dec. 13.  
 Burt, Henry Augustus, Esq., in Albany Street, Regent's Park, Dec. 1.  
 Bramah, Timothy, Esq., aged 55, Chelsea, Oct. 21.  
 Brant, Mrs. Catherine, aged 78, relict of Captain Joseph Brant, the celebrated Leader of the Six Nations, lately, at the Mohawk Village, on the Grand River, Upper Canada.  
 Byan, Captain Wm. Henry, R.N. Kensington, Nov. 26.  
 Cameron, Major John, 52nd N. I., Hyderabad, June 15.  
 Campbell, James, Esq., of Jura, at Jura House, Dec. 2.  
 Capes, John, Esq., aged 61, one of H. M.'s Justices of the peace for Surrey, in North Terrace, Camberwell, Dec. 7.  
 Chenery, the wife of Charles C., Esq., Park House, Hackney, Dec. 6.  
 Clark, Capt. Charles C., aged 44, late of the steamer *Forbes*, Calcutta, August 30.  
 Cole, R. Comyas, Esq., of Milbourne Street, St. Andrews, Dorset, suddenly of apoplexy, at Worcester, Nov. 29.  
 Craigie, Capt. Wm. 28th N. I., aged 34, Mercara, E. I., July 3.  
 Cumming, lady of Dr. C., Madras Army, Madras, June 15.

- Cunningham, Simon, Esq., at his house, West Lauriston, Nov. 30.
- Coventry, Thomas, Esq., aged 78, of Swindon, Wilts, Dec. 7.
- Cuttler, Caroline Elizabeth, aged 35, wife of J. C., Esq., after a long illness, at Ramsgate, Dec. 4.
- Chapman, the Rev. S. T. aged 58, at 32, Stamford Street, Dec. 12.
- Cary, Henry Fraser Lovat, aged 5, second son of Henry George, Esq., at Torre Abbey, Devon, Oct. 25.
- Crowder, Colonel John, K. H., at Cheltenham, in September last.
- Caulfield, Ensign W. G. C., H. M. 18 Royal Irish Regiment, in August last, aged 33, Colombo.
- Dodd, Rev. Moses, aged 72, upwards of thirty-three years rector of Fordham, Essex, Dec. 3.
- Douglas, the Lady Isabella, wife of the Hon. and Rev. Charles D., Earlsfort, county Tyrone, Nov. 30.
- Deerhurst, the Rt. Hon. Geo. William Viscount D., aged 30, at his seat Bourton House, Gloucester, Nov. 5.
- Dell, the Rev. John, D.C. L., Rector of Weston Longueville, Norfolk, aged 81, Walton, Aylesbury, Oct. 7.
- De Vienne, Henry Francis, aged 21, son of Henry De V., Esq., Veprey, July 4.
- Denny, Edward, Esq., of brain fever, after 14 days' illness, at Rome, Nov. 11.
- Dixon, Hannah Maria, aged 37, wife of J. D., Esq., formerly of the 1st and late of the 4th Light Dragoons, Poplar, Middlesex, Dec. 12.
- Ellon, Capt. William, late of the 7th Dragoon Guards, second son of the late J. M. E., Esq., and brother of Sir E. M. E., of Widworthy Court, Devon, Bart., of decline, at Lethorn, Nov. 17.
- Farham, the Right Hon. and Rev. Hen. Maxwell, sixth Baron F., co. Cavan, Oct. 10, aged 65, in Rutland Square, Dublin. He succeeded to the peerage only one month before his death, on the demise of his brother John, fifth Lord Farham.
- Furnage, Wm., Esq., aged 62, at his residence, Wandsworth, Surrey, Dec. 20.
- Fane, Isabella, wife of Cecil F., Esq., Rolls Park, Chislewell, after an illness of 48 hours, Dec. 15.
- Fleetwood, Hannah, relict of the late Robert F., Esq., at the residence of her son, Connaught Terrace, Dec. 15.
- Forbes, John, Esq., aged 85, of Waterton, at Cambridge Wells, Dec. 14.
- Geldard, J. S., Esq., aged 50, at Holland Street, Kensington, Dec. 40.
- Glen, Rev. James, aged 75, of Cowden, formerly of St George's Church, Hanover Square, at Heriot Row, Edinburgh, Dec. 11.
- Gold, Caroline Sophia, youngest daughter of Col. G., C. B., at Leamington, Nov. 29.
- Gower, Abnel Arthion, 2nd son of Robt. Fred. G., Esq., of Devonshire Place, London, at the Manse of Kirkowan, near Newton Stewart, N. B., Nov. 23.
- Gray, Major O. W., H. M. 62nd Foot, aged 49, Hingolee, E. Z., August 27.
- Green, Lieut.-Col. John, 3rd regt. L. I. brigadier commanding station, Palaveram, June 2.
- Griffiths, the Rev. John, Rector of Brechfa, and of Llandilo, Abercrom, Carmarthen, Oct. 30.
- Hammond, Margaret, aged 70, wife of George H., Esq., 22, Portland Place, Dec. 8.
- Harrison, Laura Gertrude, aged 9, sixth dau. of Thomas H., Esq., Alpha Road, Regent's Park, Dec. 10.
- Hart, Mary, aged 57, relict of Capt. W. N. H., 79th Regt. at Newnham, near Cambridge, Dec. 7.
- Hart, Samuel, Esq., aged 73, at his son's residence, S. A. H., Esq., A.R.A. Gower street, Bedford Square, Dec. 5.
- Helps, James, Esq., at Gloucester, Dec. 4.
- Hennington, Thomas, Esq., of Leadenhall Street, at Hastings, Nov. 27.
- Hernon, John, Esq., aged 65, at Brighton, Dec. 9.
- Hickman, Elizabeth, wife of Richard H., Esq., of Old Swinford, Worcestershire, Dec. 15.
- Hitchens, Thomas, aged 84, relict of John H., Esq., late of Garston Hall, at Duppa's Hill, Croydon, Nov. 24.
- Hickman, Capt. Thomas, on route to Mhow, Nupeerahad, August 23.
- Hillyard, George, Esq., aged 65, at Frome, Dec. 2.
- Hodges, Elizabeth, relict of Nathaniel H., Esq., of Darenth, Kent, at Green Park Buildings, Bath, Dec. 5.
- Holford, Charles, Esq., aged 65, Hampstead, Dec. 13.
- Holl, William, Esq., aged 67, an eminent portrait and historical engraver, to whose talents is mainly attributable the present perfection to which chalk engraving has attained, in Judd Street, Brunswick Square, after a short illness, Dec. 6.
- Holland, George, Esq., aged 68, in Craven Street, Dec. 2.
- Holmes, Assistant Surgeon W., doing duty with H. M. 38th Foot, Bangalore, June 26.
- Holt, John, Esq., at Tottenham, Oct. 17.
- Hooper, Catherine, wife of Henry H., Esq., 7th Regiment L. C. Bangalore, Sept. 7.
- Hope, Mrs. Elizabeth Stanwix, aged 82, widow of the late Lieut.-Col. Hope, at the Tower, Dec. 10.
- Hurst, the Rev. Thos., Fellow of Eton College, and Rector of Brington with Old Weston and Bythorn, Hants, aged 76.
- Hutchinson, John Ross, Esq., aged 46, one of the judges of the Sudder Dewannee Nizamut Adawlut, Calcutta, Sept. 17.
- Ingham, Louisa, dau. of J. T. J., Esq., Brunswick Place, Regent's Park, Dec. 2.
- Innes, Sir John, Bart., of Edingight and Balveny, Edingight, Banffshire, Dec. 3.
- Jarvis, Capt. Henry, 70th Regt., third son of Lieut.-Col. Jarvis, Doddington Hall, Lincolnshire, of fever, at Grenada, West Indies, Oct. 9.
- Johannes, Repsima, aged 13, third dau. of Jacob J., Esq., of fever, Madras, May 27.
- Keene, Sarah, 2nd dau. of W. C. L. K., Esq., of Gower Street, Bedford Square, Dec. 11.
- Kemp, Sarah, aged 18, the beloved wife of Charles C. K., Esq., Queen's College, Cambridge, at the residence of her father, the Rev. William Faulkner, Dec. 12.
- Law, Ensign G. M., 50 regt. N. Z. Chunar, Aug. 10.
- Leather, Rev. Isaac, aged 77, Rector of Mepal-cum-Sutton, late of Ely, in London, Nov. 27.
- Lenthall, lady of Rowland H., Esq., of a son, Kemsey, Worcestershire, Dec. 15.
- Leycester, Goward Walden, Esq., aged 25, 4th son of Geo. Haumer L., Esq., of White Place, Cookham, Berks, Oct. 24.
- Lindo, Ephraim, Esq., aged 76, Cavendish Place, Brighton, Dec. 9.
- Lister, George, Esq., aged 78, at Herne Hill, Oct. 22.
- Lockley, George Freat, Esq., Surgeon, aged 59, in Half Moon Street, Oct. 14.
- Lutwyche, Mrs. Handyard, aged 90, widow, sister of the late William L., Esq., at Bath, Dec. 4.
- Lomax, Joseph, Esq., aged 33, Lieut. H. M. 10th Foot, 2nd son of Major Gen. L., at Park Street, Bristol, Dec. 3.
- Lukia, Susan, wife of Capt. L., paymaster of the 3rd Buffs, Mussoorie, August 11.
- Macdonald, Alexander, Esq., aged 32, of jungle fever, Midnapore, July 19.
- Maclean, W. H. Esq., Pension Office, Tower Hill, at Clayton Place, Kensington, Nov. 26.
- McEwen, Lieut. and Adj. Arthur, H. M. 49th Regt. aged 50, Hazareebaugh, August 30.
- McKie, lady of Major William M'K., aged 33, [Calcutta, Sept. 1.
- Maikham, Jane, wife of Rev. Rice M., at Temple Sowerby, Westmoreland, Nov. 29.
- Mariett, Mary, wife of Col. Thomas M., 20th Regt. N. I. Secunderabad, Aug. 8.
- Marshall, Emma Eleanor, dau. of Capt. G. T. Marshall, 35th N. I., examiner College of Fort William, Calcutta, Aug. 7.
- Martin, Eliza, aged 64, wife of Fiennes Wykeham M., Esq., of Leeds Castle, Kent, and of Chacombe Priory, Northamptonshire, at St. Leonard's, Nov. 28.
- Mason, Thomas, Esq., of Stroudwater, Gloucestershire, suddenly at the house of his sister, Mrs. Kesteven, Holloway Place, Nov. 28.
- Misenden, James, son of David M., Esq., aged 18, accidentally shot by his brother, in climbing a bank, between Hendon and Edgware, Oct. 26.
- Moyes, James, Esq., of Castle Street, Leicester Square, at Brook Green, Hammersmith.
- Murray, Dr. Andrew, E. I. C. S., Almshouse Place, Edinburgh, Nov. 24.
- Newburgh, the Rt. Hon. Anne, Countess Dowager of M., aged 76, at Brighton, Nov. 9.
- Nichol, Whitlock, Esq., M.D., aged 52, at Wimbledon, Surrey, Dec. 3.
- Nixon, Commander H. S., of H. M. S. Ringdove, at Bermuda, Oct. 23.
- Norris, James, Esq., suddenly, at Spencer Lodge, Wandsworth Common, Dec. 1.
- O'Connor, Miss Mary, aged 36, at the country residence of Henry William, Esq. of 14 Lincoln's-inn-Fields, Nov. 25.

- Pack, Richard, Esq, aged 70, of Floga House, Northamptonshire, at Goudhurst, Kent, Dec 17
- Palmer, Jane, wife of Major J P—, 22nd N I, Bangalore, May 24
- Park, Hon Mr Justice, aged 76, in Bedford Square, Dec 6
- Paulet, Edward, youngest son of the late Lord H P—, aged 13, Nov 6
- Pennington, R. B., Esq Surgeon 1st Brigade Horse Artillery, Mupoore, Sept 4
- Peters, Ralph, Esq, aged 63, of Southport, and formerly of Plathbridge House, Lancashire, Dec 7
- Platt, James, Esq, of New Bowell Court, Nov 33
- Powden, Elizabeth Anne, aged 22, wife of C A P—, Esq, of Kungal, C S, Singapore, July 31
- Pollman, Mrs youngest daughter of the late Robert Williams Esq, Barrister, formerly of Charlestown, U S, in Lower Craven Place, Krishna Town, Dec 5
- Pollock, Capt William Thomas, only surviving son of Major Gen Thomas P—, Madras Infantry, of apoplexy, at Mucktal, East Indies, June 11
- Radley, Margaret, relict, of William R—, Esq, of Winchmore Hill, aged 80, in Lamb's Conduit Place, Oct 24
- Reach, the Rev Thos Butler Budston, Rector of Infil Sutton, Yorkshire, aged 76, at Finchley Hall, Sept. 13
- Raid, Mrs wife of J F M R—, Esq B. C S, Singapore, August 27
- Robertson, Mrs Isabella Graham at Callender, N B Dec 7, relict of the Rev Dr James R—, late minister of that parish
- Rogers, Edward, only son of Edward R—, Esq of Stange Park near Ludlow Geneva, Dec. 4
- Rols Charles, Esq, aged 63, at Tysen Terrace, Hackney, Dec 5
- Root, Maria, aged 19, the beloved wife of G G R— Esq, of New York, and eldest daughter of J W Glavin Esq, of Clapton, at Rochester U S Dec 5
- Ross, Major John, 25th regt, N I Kampre, Sept 7
- Roulet, Sarah, relict of the late Peter R— Esq, of Jamaica at the residence of her son in law, in Upper Gowrie Street Nov 30
- Russell, the Rt Hon Adelaide wife of the Rt Hon Lord John R—, aged 31, at Brighton, Nov 1
- Ryland, Olympia, aged 17, only child of the late Burton R—, Esq of Waterford, Brighton Dec 4
- Roe, William Dering Adair Esq Ensign in the 15th regt, only son of the late W T Roe, Esq, Commissary of the Customs, and Mrs Roe of Weymouth Street, and of Withdean, Sussex This promising young officer lost his life by the conflagration of the barracks in Lower Canada (supposed to be set on fire by the rebels) which occurred on the night of the 18th October he being fast asleep, and was awakened only by finding himself on fire, and too much injured to recover This sad event has deprived a widowed mother of a beloved and only son He was buried at Chambly (Lower Canada) Oct 22
- Sanders, John, Esq, aged 75 Dorking, Surrey, Nov 24
- Sebright, Eliza, wife of Walter S— Esq, and dau of John Furley, Esq, of Canterbury, at Glasgow, Dec 11
- Seton, the Rt Hon Wm Philip Molyneux, Earl of S—, at his house in Arlington Street, Nov 22
- Seton, Ann Maria, wife of Miles Charles S—, Esq at Park Place, Maiden Hill Nov 28
- Shadforth Lieut J H—, H M s 57th regt, aged 24, eldest son of George S—, Esq, of Newcastle, Calcutt, May 5
- Shakespeare, Hen Esq, 3rd Member of the Council in India at Calcutta, March 22
- Shaw, Major D W, 20th N. I, Baroda, Bombay Sept 25
- Sheppard, Sarah, aged 84, relict of the late James S—, of Hans House, Upton, Esq, at Plaistow, Essex
- Shum Emma, 2nd dau of the late George S—, Esq, in Dorset Street, Portman Square, Dec 6
- Smale, Isabella, aged 46, lady of Capt David, of the bark Chalydra, Calcutta, Sept 19
- Smith, Sir John, Bart. of Mill Hall, and Hogham Hall, in the county of Norfolk, commander R.N., aged 57, at Woodmaister, Surrey, Dec. 9
- Smith, Eaglesfield, Esq, of Blacket House, at Bechvale, Dumfries-shire, Dec. 10
- Smyth, Juliana, wife of Fred C Travers S—, Esq., of Tenby, Pembrokeshire, at her mother's residence, Clapham Place, Balgrave Square, Nov 28
- Somerset, Norborne, Berkeley Henry aged 67 4th son of Henry, 5th Duke of Beaufort, at Wick, Badminton, lately
- Spain, the Rev Mr., aged 61, Chaplain to the Bavarian Embassy, and honorary chaplain to H G the Duke of Norfolk, Dec 10
- Stevens, Miss C B, aged 18, 3rd dau of John S—, Esq, late of Heavitree, Devon, Arcot, Sept. 9
- Swan, Joseph, Esq, son of Graves Clamney S—, Esq of Newtown Park, Dublin, after a short and painful illness, in London, Dec. 9
- Taylor, John Ard, Esq, aged 23, of Worcester College, Oxford, youngest son of the late William T— Esq of Brixton, in King Street, St James's, Dec 9
- Taylor Susan, Esq, of Pleasant Hill Estate Jamaica, 2nd son of the late John T—, Esq, of Kirkton Hill, N B, of dysentery, at Kingston, Jamaica Nov 1
- Thornbury, Matilda aged 23 wife of Lieut A H T—, Bombay, Sept 24
- Thomson, John Poulett Esq, aged 82 Rochampton, Nov 26
- Toickler, lady of Capt T—, of the Artillery at Drum Drum, since the birth of a daughter, Aug 7
- Tindal James, Esq, aged about 43, eldest son of the late Lt Gen R Dundas Baron T—, after a lingering illness (Grass Comet Cape of Good Hope, May 24
- Tunney, the Rev Wm, aged 66, many years actively engaged with his friend the Rev John Wesley, Kingsland Crescent, Sept 28
- Turton Mary, aged 85, relict of the late John T—, Esq in Cadogan Place
- Twedde Mary, dau of John T—, Esq of Hazrapore, Japore Calcutta, Aug 25
- Viney, William, Esq, Lieut and Brev Capt H M s 38th regt, Cuddalore June 30
- Vulliamy, lady of Lewis V—, Esq, Saville Row, Dec 17
- Wainwright, William Lyon Esq, aged 26 only son of William W—, Esq, of Flynder Street, Westminster, lost at sea in the ship Revolution, on the passage from Memel to Flanort, in October last, between the 6th and 21st
- Wakeham the Rev Henry, aged 76 Ingham Rectory, Suffolk Dec 5
- Walker, Lieut Henry Brooks, Hon Com S, of apoplexy, at Agra August 10
- Wallace, Miss E at 103 George Street Edinburgh Dec 13, eldest daughter of the late David W—, Esq, of Parliament Street, Westminster
- Ward, Henry Norrott, Esq, late of the Ridge, Sussex, at Bath Dec 9
- Warren, Rev Dawson, M A aged 69, Vicarage, Edmounton 43 years vicar of that parish, Dec 17
- Weston, Eleanor Mary wife of the Hon Col J C W— and Green Street Grosvenor Square, Dec 17
- Wintor Robert Esq aged 64, late 16th regt, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury, Dec 12
- Woodford, Dr Jansen, Hon Comp Serv, of fever, Gautoor, Madras Sept 1
- Woor, Arabella Georgina, wife of Capt W—, 10th regt L C Nutira, May 29
- Wright Edward, Esq, in Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, Dec 7
- Wright George, Esq, of Southend, Essex, suddenly, from the rupture of a blood vessel, in Regent Street, Dec 7
- Young, Charles Cobb, Esq, of Hans Place, at Guildford, Dec 9
- Young, Mrs, at an advanced age, relict of the late John Y—, Esq, youngest son of the late Sir Wm Young, of Delaford, Bucks, in Brooks Street, Bath, Dec 3

[Notices of Marriages, &c, are received by Mr W F Watson, 52, Princes Street, Edinburgh, Mr Duncan Campbell, 6, Buchanan Street, Glasgow, Mrs. Meyler, Abbey Churchyard, Bath, No 61, Boulevard St Martin, Paris, Adam Smith, Esq, Calcutta, and could be forwarded by Booksellers from every part of the Kingdom]



## MEMOIR OF MARIE LESZCZYŃSKA

DAUGHTER OF STANISLAUS, THE THEN DEPOSED KING OF POLAND,  
QUEEN OF LOUIS XV., KING OF FRANCE.

*Illustrated by a whole-length Portrait from the Original by Vanloo.*

THE figure of this Polish princess is singularly noble ; with irregular features, her eye and eye-brows are fine ; the nose starting forward, and the mouth wide and underhung was not stoned for in the eyes of the French court by the candid expression of her plain features, or the pleasant smile which denoted the sweetness of her disposition. At the time of her marriage female costume had not assumed the frightful form which it exhibited twenty years later. The hair waves in curls a little raised from the temples, while two or three long tresses lie on the bosom. She wears an elegant low tiara bandeau with splendid aigrette in front. The corsage of rich brocade is made tight and plain to the waist, terminating in a point and surrounded by ermine tabs.

She wears no necklace, but a splendid jewel hangs suspended from her neck. Her sleeves are extremely elegant, consisting of shoulder-pieces of brocade, clasped with jewels and falls of Brussels lace, which meet the ruffles. The skirt of brocade is not much fuller, though a farthingale, than those recently put forth in our fashions. The dignity of the really queenly dress is enhanced by the royal mantle of France sprinkled with its golden *fleur de lis*. The queen touches the diadem of France, which stands before her on a cushion.

The queen's armorial bearings were quarterly—the royal Polish white eagle with an armed Polish cavalier, mounted proper, with a scutocheon of pretence of a black bull's head ringed ; the paternal shield of Palatines Leszczyński.

It was a strange turn of fortune which raised a Polish lady, not royally born, and, at the time of her marriage in adverse circumstances, to share one of the first thrones of Europe. The marriage of Louis XV. and Maria Leszczyńska was brought about by a concurrence of events springing from caprice of temper—one of those powerful under-currents in history which influence the fates of people and kingdoms, and yet, in a great measure, almost wholly unknown to the general reader.

There would have been no vacancy for Marie Leszczyńska on the throne of France, had it not been for the quarrels of a boy and girl, who, fortunately for themselves, found out the dissimilarity of their tempers before they had riveted the matrimonial chain.

A treaty of peace in 1718 had been negotiated between Cardinal Alberoni and the Regent of France, which was ratified by an exchange of bride. The regent gave one of his daughters to the heir of Spain, and betrothed his ne-

phew, Louis XV., to the infanta, eldest daughter of Philip V. and Elizabeth of Parma. It was the custom of France for a young princess when contracted in childhood to be sent to that country for education. The betrothed could there learn, while the organs were flexible, that true French accent in which Parisian ears are so critical, and likewise have the advantage of an early initiation into those thousand ramifications of etiquette which, from the time of the accession of Anne of Austria, had been the chief study of royalty in France ; and besides the fulfilment of these important avocations, the young infanta was expected to be the better enabled to captivate the heart of her destined partner. This event was, however, not likely to happen ; the young pair were at that precise period when girls and boys are most disposed to love to have their own way, and to dislike those nearly approaching their own age who would attempt to rule them. The infanta was in her eleventh, the



young king in his thirteenth year. A youth of that age, if not trained by agreeable women, is for a few years a regular woman-hater and girl-persecutor; and, suspicious that the fair sex are conspiring to rule him, naturally enough he takes every opportunity in his power of showing contempt and contumacy. Louis behaved according to the usual custom of his sex; having no sisters, he was as uncivil to his little bride as though she had been one; and the young queen soon testified her displeasure by giving her royal playmate a box on the ear. When once the little King and Queen of France began to fight, that pastime was not soon abandoned; and although the vigilance of their attendants prevented much battling, they could not hinder the belligerents from quarrelling; and the youthful pair never met without engaging in dispute and angry altercation. Thus passed the childhood of this hopeful couple, till Louis attained the age of sixteen, when his dislike to his betrothed cousin assumed the appearance of settled aversion; whilst the hapless *infanta*, little more than thirteen, dreamt not of those fascinations by which a rebel of his sex is at once tamed and conciliated. The death of the Regent of Orleans threw, at an earlier period than was beneficial to him, some power into the hands of the young monarch; and the Duke of Bourbon-Condé, the successor of the regent, found that the only mode of pleasing his royal ward during the short period of his minority, was to break the contract that bound him to his young bride. Louis, accordingly, gratified his juvenile conjugal hatred by a divorce from the *infanta*, who was sent back to Spain, a measure which so incensed the mother of the repudiated *infanta*, the high-spirited Elizabeth of Parma, as had well-nigh occasioned a war between France and Spain.

The young *infanta* had not long returned to her parents, ere the French cabinet recollected that the early marriage of their youthful sovereign with some suitable bride, was an indispensable step for the benefit of his country. But whence the choice? A question, indeed, not very easily to be answered: the imperial house of Austria had but

Maria Theresa,\* the heiress of the elder line of the Kaisers; she was married. Spain would not have bestowed another princess on Louis XV., to save the Bourbons of France from annihilation; Saxony and Bavaria, the only Catholic princes of Germany sufficiently high in rank to supply queens for France, had no princesses of age suitable to that of the royal Louis. The young king had, moreover, become a remarkably difficult person to suit with a helpmate; the cuff from the fair Spaniard's youthful hand still stung his ears, and engendered caution regarding the moral qualities and temper of the princess destined to share his throne; so that he emphatically declared that his bride must possess a meek and placid disposition, which was far more valuable in his sight than beauty, and that he would not then complain if his queen were a few years older than himself. Cardinal Fleury who had accepted the office of prime minister at the age of seventy-three, and was, withal, considered the mildest and best-tempered of men in France, saw nothing unreasonable in these striking requisitions of his monarch for an amiable partner; the good cardinal, therefore, made the requisite inquiry regarding the tempers of all the Catholic princesses in Europe! and found none to answer the young monarch's ideas of a bride, excepting the daughter of the unfortunate Stanislaus, the exiled and deposed King of Poland.

Poland, the native country of Marie Leszczynska, was at *that* day, although still ranked among the sovereignties of Europe, in a far more hopeless and forlorn condition than at this very hour, when by the tyrannical edict of the despot who holds her in chains and the *blind* consent of the other nations of Europe, the use of the very language and national dress of the Poles is forbidden. From and after the 1st of January, 1839, the Russian despot has declared it treason for a Pole to speak his own language, or wear any dress but the Russian livery. George II. tried the same experiment successfully

\* See this Portrait and Memoir, No. 28 of the series, published June 1835.

with the Highlanders, and Nicholas has taken the hint from the ridiculous act of parliament which forced the Highland chiefs to renounce plaid and philibeg in favour of coats, flapped waistcoats, knee-buckles, and costume to correspond, to say nothing of the three-cornered hats and the wigs appertaining to that most odious era. Yet the Highlanders were but a portion of a nation divided against itself, the larger part professing the same religion with the rest of Scotland, and the difficulties of amalgamation with the British empire slight, in comparison with the barrier which religious and national prejudices have raised between Poland and Russia.

Sad as the present state of Poland is, she has the benefit of experience before her eyes, and we consider that the utter breaking up of her ancient laws and customs, in 1839, is less

vitaly injurious to her existence as a nation, than the corrupting canker that consumed her while she yet bore the semblance of a state. The blows of the Russian cannot crush the noble spirit of independence which still prompts the Poles to struggle against their invaders, and the wise amongst them may, in this hour of their affliction, deplore and seek to amend many injurious customs that have caused the downfall of their nation, should Poland again be raised into a separate state. There is truly a spirit of life and national health abroad among the sons of that land which will bring forth bright fruits in due season, though the nation be now in sorrow and the mourning of widowhood, whose resources in such a state of desolation and the shadow of death, are thus forcibly depicted by one of her native poets:—

#### THE\* SONG OF THE WAJDELOTA.\*

FROM THE POLISH OF MICKIEWICZ.

(Translated in the "Polyglot Magazine.")

Tradition! O Tradition! though of the seraph tongue,  
The ark that links two ages, the aged and the young;  
True ark! thou art not broken by any stroke of fate,  
No tyrant's touch profanes thee, while millions consecrate.  
In thee our warriors treasure up their strength of hearts and swords,  
The tissue of their holy thoughts—the lightning of their words.

Thou song of olden glories! like incense from the shrine  
Of a nation's fame and freedom, thou risest up divine.  
Thou song of olden glories! like an angel at the gate  
Of a nation's storied temple, thou art ever seen to wait.  
With wings of golden light, and a voice of thrilling might,  
And the sword of an arch-angel, like a red flame waving bright.

Time may rot the written stone—and royal brigands burn,  
But the song we loved of old, untouch'd, shall to our hearts return;  
The heroic legend of the dead, the crowd shall ne'er forget,  
They quench its thirst with ardent hopes, and feed it with regret;  
It shall go among our hidden glens, and to our mountains cling,  
And from the rock and ruin shall that olden spirit sing.

The hoary peasant goeth forth to till the grassy plain,  
And riveth with his ploughshare the bleach'd bones of the slain;  
He prayeth for the noble dead—the long-renown'd in story,  
And he singeth to the echoes the wild song of their glory—  
"Rest, rest upon your bed of fame, where the good fight ye tried,  
And where, sword in hand for freedom, ye conquer'd and ye died.  
The stricken-down invader here rests beneath your glaive,  
Fathers! where are your children? O, answer me, ye brave!"

O could I rouse my country's heart—and my feeble voice inspire  
The bosoms of her hardy sons with the patriot's olden fire:  
Could I conjure up your stern sires from their time-hallow'd graves,  
To hear their song of freedom sung by a base band of slaves;  
O could I, but one moment, light within your breast the flame  
That lit their souls for ever, ye might yet die in your fame.

\* A Lithuanian word, meaning the priest who sung to the people the traditions of their ancestors.

It is under such a state of persecution that the human mind becomes more alive to a general sense of moral justice, and the high-spirited Polish magnate, who endures all the miseries of exile rather than bear the yoke of Nicholas, may become clear-sighted as to the vital error which still prevents the regeneration of Poland, and solve rightly the important question—how can a republic of nobles, and a population of serfs, exist in the same country? We write not to suit any particular purpose apart from that which is straight-forward—for the wholesome instruction of some and the benefit of all.

But we must resume our task of tracing the last hours of independence that remained for the monarchical republic.

It was not till the last of the line of her mighty Jagellon race of kings had abdicated, that Poland felt the real weakness of an elective monarchy. The Jagellon race were the hereditary sovereigns of Lithuania, and for three hundred years had been elected kings of the Polish republic, without deviation from the regular laws of primogeniture, as the Polish Electors had the fear before their eyes of a divorce from the dukedom of Lithuania: thus the loyal dukedom and the royal republic continued joined in a species of wrangling union, something like quarrelsome, but loving husband and wife, till the bond of their affection failed in the termination of the line of warlike princes who had so ably swayed the Sarmatian sceptres. The last of the royal Jagellons,\* by the female line, was John Cassimer, a prince who had been bred a jesuit, and was a cardinal; and though as valiant and chivalric as the mightiest of his sires, when roused into action, yet preferred the learned ease of the cloister to the turbulent throne of Poland. He had unwillingly accepted sovereignty on the death of his childless brother, and after

displaying considerable abilities both as a statesman and general, he took advantage of some factious speeches, got up by a few palatines for their private amusement, and abdicated, to the horror and consternation of his subjects, who grumbled at their kings without any wish of losing them. Cassimer signified his first intention of resigning his kingly office with the following most original and pithy observation:—

“You are tired of having me for a king, but in good truth I am far more weary of having you for subjects.”

But the most remarkable circumstance attending the abdication of the last of that royal race who had so long defended the frontier ground of Christendom against Turkish barbarism, was the speech with which he bade farewell to his country; in which, with the spirit of foresight, which, in ruder times than those of the year 1668, would have been called prophesy, he pointed out the approaching perils of the republic from the very enemies that have since rent her in pieces.

At this juncture everything relating to Poland becomes a point of absorbing interest to the public, we therefore make no apology for translating this most eloquent speech of the last of the Jagellons, from *Le Noir*. The irritation had passed away from the mind of Cassimer which had prompted his abdication; his speech is most paternal and sagacious, and never could a sovereign have appeared with more grandeur than in this majestic resignation of his crown.

“Poles—I have resolved to place an interval between the tumult of the world and the calm of the grave; the moment is not far distant when your crown would prove too heavy for me. I prefer resigning it to letting it fall.

“Two hundred and fourscore years my ancestors have swayed your sceptre; their reigns have passed, mine draws to a close. Fatigued by war, by council, and by age, worn by the labours and cares of twenty-one years of government, I, your friend and your monarch, surrender into your hands that which the world esteems the greatest good—a crown, and, instead of a throne, ask

\* Whoever wishes to form clear ideas of the History of Poland during this illustrious dynasty, should read the brief, but interesting historical memoir of the reigns of the Jagellon Kings, by Valerian Count Krasinski, which precedes his noble romance of Sigismund Augustus. There is more real information regarding Polish history to be drawn from that sketch than from any other work published in English.

you only for six feet of earth, when it pleases God to gather me to my forefathers. Show my tomb to your children ; tell them that *he* was the first in your battles and the last in retreat, and that I restored, unsullied, the sceptre you had given me. It was your love that placed me the first in rank amongst you, it was mine for you that made me leave your throne when I could no longer govern vigorously. Poles ! many calamities threaten you ; I foresee them, and I forewarn you. May God render me a false prophet ! The Muscovite and the Cossack will join to them a people who speak a similar language, and will appropriate the Duchy of Lithuania. The confines of Great Poland are defenceless on the side of Brandenburg, and Prussia will there dismember Poland. Nor will the house of Austria fail to rend away Cracovia with an armed hand. Each of her strong neighbours will seize his portion. SUCH IS THE FATE OF A KINGDOM WHERE THE PUBLIC VOICE DISPOSES OF THE THRONE. Adieu, Poles, adieu ! I bear your remembrance in my heart ; distance may separate my person from the republic, but my heart will ever cleave to her as to a tender mother, and I have ordered that my ashes may repose in her bosom."

He was not buried with the royal Jagellons in Poland, but in France,\* where he died as superior of the Abbey of St. Germain des Pres. His tomb is now among the Monumens des Francois. The effigy of Cassimer is in a monk's habit, but in the bas-relief below is represented the victory gained by his personal valour and great generalship in Lithuania against the invading Muscovite. He was second son to Sigismund III., and brother to King Uladilaus.

This was the last sovereign who may be said to have exercised anything like regal power in Poland. His abdication and last words filled his country with regret and alarm, and the contending factions joined in electing for their

king the last scion of a house which had swayed their sceptre so gloriously, vainly hoping to continue their elections in his family, as they had in ten preceding centuries, and thus by so doing giving something of hereditary strength to their throne. But this was not to be in the person of Michael Kozibrut, their elected king, who, weak in body and imbecile in mind, died soon after his election, and the great Sobieski, who had been the defence of his country during the weak reign of Michael, was elected to the throne. Unfortunately the elections were not continued in his line ; a frequent election of a king suited alike the evil passions of the ambitious, the combative, and the acquisitive members of the Polish aristocracy, and the degradation of Poland went a step lower at every fresh election of a king.

However excellent and amiable the private character of Stanislaus Leszczynski was, a right-minded examiner of his conduct must consider him as the enemy of his country, as he not only factiously overturned a very wise regulation of the diet, but actually accepted the aid of a foreign invader and conqueror to force him on her throne. After the death of the heroic John Sobieski, the unpopularity of his wife and sons prevented the continuation of the elective franchise being exerted in favour of his descendants. The Polish diet, wisely remembering the great stability that the hereditary dukes of Lithuania had given to the crown of their republic, resolved to elect another neighbouring sovereign, and continue the election in his family as long as his descendants observed the Polish laws, religion, and customs. If this arrangement was not according to the ancient constitution of Poland, it had been long their practical mode of proceeding, not only with the splendid dynasty of the Jagellons but with those of the preceding monarchs.\* After great opposition, Augustus, Elector of Saxony, was proclaimed King of Poland ; he adopted the Catholic religion,† in order

\* His marriage with Madame de l'Hopital, widow to the great Marshal of that name, is one of the true romances of history. This lady had originally been a laundress at Grenoble, and when in that station it had been foretold to her that she should marry a king.

\* As the line of Uladilaus I., which reigned nearly 300 years.

† The royal family of Saxony, though deprived of Poland, have been Catholics ever since, although their Saxon subjects are Protestants.

to make himself acceptable to his new subjects: nevertheless so large a portion of the Polish nobility remained malcontent, that a cavalry civil war nearly commenced on the plain of Vola. Frederic Augustus of Saxony was the very sovereign to head a kingdom whose military force was an equestrian nobility; the majestic height of his person nearly approached the gigantic scale; he was the best horseman and the strongest man in Europe; he was good-tempered, but profligate, careless, and impolitic. He was scarcely settled on the Polish throne when he entered into an unprincipled coalition with Russia and Denmark to deprive the boy-king, Charles XII. of Sweden, of his dominions. All the world knows the severe chastisement the warlike boy bestowed on these three portioners; his fury was principally directed against King Augustus, who had seduced the love of his young heart, the beautiful Aurora, Countess of Konismark. Animated by the fiercest spirit of revenge, Charles was determined to deprive Augustus of his dominions, and, while he was dubious whom to make King of Poland, Stanislaus Leszczyński was deputed as ambassador to his camp by the diet at Warsaw, Augustus having fled before the victorious arms of Sweden into Saxony.

Stanislaus Leszczyński was a Polish noble of the highest grade, being reckoned the sixth in rank among the nine great palatines who were almost royal in extent of domains and the number of their retainers. He was elegant in person, and of handsome visage; brave, learned, engaging in manners, and of a philosophic and reflective mind greatly in advance of his age. He had spent his youth in forming theories of a wise and happy government, which would afford a rational degree of freedom to every subject; and in after life he did not confine his intentions to theory, but showed the perfect model of a benignant ruler in his government of Lorraine. Poland would have had an admirable king had he not been forced upon the throne by a foreign power.

The father of Stanislaus had been distinguished by firmness and courage, as well as the high rank he held in Poland, but the family of Leszczyński had never aspired to the crown.

When Charles XII. had conquered Poland, Stanislaus was sent ambassador to his camp by the diet of Warsaw. The Swedish warrior, we have shown, was not enraged against Poland, but against Augustus II., King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, who had joined the Northern Coalition to destroy the young Swede and his kingdom. Charles was determined upon punishing Augustus, by depriving him of the Polish throne; but as he made it his boast that he did not conquer for his private advantage, he was greatly at a loss whom to endow with the vacant crown. At this juncture he was extremely pleased with Stanislaus; the firm and sweet expression of his countenance, joined to the frankness and sincerity of his manners, delighted Charles. The conqueror offered his new friend the throne of Poland, and in an evil hour for himself, Leszczyński accepted it, and was crowned king, at Warsaw, in 1705. Charles carried the war into Saxony so fiercely, that in order to preserve his hereditary dominions, Augustus was glad to resign Poland and Lithuania to his late subject; and to make the resignation the more humiliating, Charles forced Augustus to write a congratulatory epistle to Stanislaus on his accession to the throne.

Stanislaus, at the time of his appointment to the throne of Poland, was twenty-seven years of age; he was general of Great Poland, and had been ambassador extraordinary to the Grand Seigneur. When crowned he was twenty-seven years of age, and his little daughter, the subject of our Memoir, was in her second year. The wife of King Stanislaus was of the noble family of Opalinski; their only child was born June the 22d, 1703, and baptized Maria Catherina Sophia Felicia. The mother of the young Maria Catherina Opalinski was crowned at Warsaw, at the same time with her husband.

Part of Poland was in a state of revolt during the whole time that Stanislaus, by the terror of the Swedish arms, kept possession of the throne, which was little more than three years. After the fatal battle of Pultowa, the power of the Swedish hero was crushed; and Augustus returning to Poland, drove his rival into exile. The dethroned

Stanislaus was accompanied in his flight by the Princess Leszczynska, and the young Marie, who was attended by her nurse.

Thus misfortune assailed her even in infancy, and she who was destined to become the consort of Louis XV., lost by her nurse whilst they were flying before the competitor of her father for the throne of Poland, abandoned by every one in a village, was found again lying in the manger of a stable. Having succeeded in effecting his escape with his wife and child from the pursuit of King Augustus, Stanislaus Leszczynska was proscribed, and a price set upon his head by a decree of the diet. After having sought refuge in Sweden, then in Turkey, afterwards at Deux Ponts, he at last found an asylum in France, in a commandry near Weissembourg, in Alsatia. At this juncture King Augustus sent to the Regent Orleans, complaining of the shelter given his rival by the French government.

"Tell your master," said the Regent to the envoy of Augustus, "that France has always afforded its protection to unfortunate princes."

But the good-natured Regent could not guess how soon one of this unfortunate and proscribed family was to share the throne of his nephew.

After the death of the Regent Orleans the odd circumstances took place which placed the ministers of Louis XV. in some embarrassment as to the princess best fitted to become the future Queen of France. It may be considered that *the sweet temper* of the Princess Marie Leszczynska alone turned the scale in her favour! as the fortunes of her parents were never at a lower ebb than when Cardinal Fleury opened the negotiation with Stanislaus for the hand of Marie. Entirely deprived of their princely inheritances in Poland, King Stanislaus and Queen Catherine only obtained bread for the day by the sale of a few jewels they had preserved from the wreck of their fortunes. Such were the prospects of the Polish exiles when Stanislaus received the news of the demand which was made to him for his daughter's hand, on the part of Louis XV. On hearing the announcement, he instantly passed into the

chamber tenanted by his wife and the young Marie, exclaiming as he entered, "Let us kneel down and return thanks to God."

"My father," cried Marie, "You are recalled to the throne of Poland!"

"Ah! my daughter," replied the fallen monarch, "providence is still more gracious to us: you are Queen of France."

The demand was formally made at Strasbourg, whither Marie Leszczynska repaired with her family. The marriage was celebrated at Fontainebleau, the 5th September, 1725.

Voltaire pretends that, through a sentiment of gratitude for the minister who had shown himself favourable to her marriage, the queen entered into a species of plot, which had the effect of separating, for some hours, the young king from his preceptor, the Bishop of Frejus; that Marie Leszczynska suffered from the ill-humour that her husband testified at this separation; and that on the same day, in the court theatre, where they played Racine's tragedy of Britannicus, when Narcisse addresses Nero:

"Que tardez vous, Seigneur, à la repudier?" the eyes of all present were turned upon her.

Marie was in her twenty-third year when married to the youthful monarch of France, being full five years older than her husband; but this disparity was considered an advantage, as a queen of twenty-two was not likely to commit the same follies as one of thirteen.

Marie Leszczynska often spoke of the situation, even below mediocrity, in which she stood at the time when the policy of the court of Versailles caused the marriage of the king with the young infanta to be broken off, and raised a Polish princess, daughter of a dethroned monarch, to the rank of Queen of France. Before this unhoped-for event changed the destiny of this virtuous princess, there had been some idea of marrying her to the Duke d'Estrees; and when the duchess of that name came to pay her court to her at Versailles, she said to those who surrounded her, "I might have been in that lady's place myself, and curtsying to the Queen of France." She used to relate, that the king,

her father, informed her of her elevation in a manner which might have made too strong an impression on her mind ; that he had taken care to avoid disturbing her tranquillity, to leave her in total ignorance of the first negotiations set on foot relative to her marriage ; and that when all was definitively arranged, and the ambassador arrived, her father went to her apartment, placed an arm-chair for her, and had her set in it, and addressed her thus : "Allow me, madam, to enjoy a happiness which far overbalances all I have suffered ; I wish to be the first to pay my respects to the Queen of France."

Marie Leszczyńska was not handsome, but she possessed much intelligence, an expressive countenance, and a simplicity of manners, set off by the gracefulness of the Polish ladies. She loved the king, and found his first infidelities very grievous to endure. Nevertheless, the death of Madame de Chateauroux, whom she had known when very young, and who had even been honoured by her kindness, made a painful impression on her. This good queen still suffered from the bad effects of early superstitious education. She was afraid of ghosts. The first night after she heard of this almost sudden death, she could not sleep, and made one of her women sit up, who endeavoured to calm her restlessness, by telling her stories, which she would, in such cases, call for, as children do from their nurses. That night, nothing could overcome her wakefulness ; her *femme de chambre*, thinking she was asleep, was leaving her bed on tiptoe ; the slightest noise on the floor roused the queen, who cried, "Whither are you going ? Stay, go on with your story." As it was past two in the morning, this woman, whose name was Boirot, and who was somewhat unceremonious, said, "What can be the matter with your majesty to-night ? Are you feverish ? Shall I call up the physician ?"

"Oh ! no, no, no, my good Boirot, I am not ill ; but that Madame de Chateauroux—if she were to come again !"

"Jesus, madam," cried the woman, who had lost all patience, "if Madame de Chateauroux should come again, it certainly will not be your majesty that she will look for." The queen burst

into a fit of laughter at this observation ; her agitation subsided, and she soon fell asleep.

The nomination of Madame le Norman d'Etioles, Marchioness de Pompadour, to the place of lady of the bed-chamber to the queen, offended the dignity, as well as the sensibility, of this princess. Nevertheless, the respectful homage paid by the marchioness, the interest which certain great personages, who were candidates for her favour, had in procuring her an indulgent reception from her majesty, the respect of Marie Leszczyńska for the king's every wish—all conspired to secure her the queen's favourable notice. Madame de Pompadour's brother received letters of high birth from his majesty, and was appointed superintendant of the buildings and gardens. He often presented to her majesty, through the medium of his sister, the rarest flowers, pine apples, and early vegetables from the gardens of Trianon and Choisy. One day when the marchioness came in at the queen's, carrying a large basket of flowers, which she held in her two beautiful arms, without gloves, as a mark of respect, the queen loudly declared her admiration of her beauty ; and seemed as if she wished to defend the king's choice, by praising her various charms in detail, in a manner that would have been as suitable to a production of the fine arts as to a living being. After applauding the complexion, eyes, and fine arms of the favourite, with that haughty condescension which renders approbation more offensive than flattering, the queen, at length, requested her to sing, in the attitude in which she stood, being desirous of hearing the voice and musical talent by which the king's court had been charmed by the performances in the private apartments, and thus to combine the gratification of the ears with that of the eyes. The marchioness, who still held her enormous basket, was perfectly sensible of something offensive in this request, and tried to excuse herself from singing. The queen at last commanded her ; she then exerted her fine voice in the *solo* of Armida—"At length he is in my power." The change in her majesty's countenance was so obvious, that the ladies present at this scene had

the greatest difficulty to maintain their gravity.

The queen was affable and modest : but the more thankful she was in her heart to heaven, for having placed her on the first throne in Europe, the more unwilling she was to be reminded of her elevation. This sentiment induced her to insist on the observation of all the forms of respect due to royal birth ; whereas, in other princesses, the consciousness of that birth often induces them to disdain the ceremonies of etiquette, and to prefer habits of ease and simplicity. There was a striking contrast in this respect, between Marie Leszczyńska and Marie Antoinette,\* as has been justly and generally thought. The latter unfortunate queen carried her disregard of everything belonging to the strict form of etiquette too far. One day, when the Marechale de Mouchy was teasing her with questions relative to the extent of which she would allow the ladies the option of taking off or wearing their cloaks, and of pinning up the lappets of their caps, or letting them hang down, the queen replied to her, " Arrange all those matters, madam, just as you please ; but do not imagine that a queen, born archduchess of Austria, can attach that importance to them, which might be felt by a Polish princess who had become Queen of France."

The Polish princess, in truth, never forgave the slightest deviation from the respect due to her person, and to all belonging to her. A certain duchess, a lady of her bed-chamber, who was of an imperious and irritable temper, often drew upon herself such petty slights as are constantly shown towards haughty, ill-natured people, by the servants of princes, when they can justify such affronts by the plea of duty, or customs of the court. Etiquette, or, indeed, a sense of propriety, prohibited all persons from laying things belonging to them on the seats of the queen's chamber. At Versailles, one had to cross this chamber to reach the play-room. The Duchess de \* \* \* laid her cloak on one of the folding-stools, which stood before the balustrade of the bed ; the usher of the chamber, whose duty

it was to attend to whatever occurred in this room, whilst they were at play, saw this cloak, took it, and carried it into the footman's anti-chamber. The queen had a large favourite cat, which was ever running about the apartments. This satin cloak, lined with fur, appeared to be a very agreeable couch for the cat, who accordingly took possession of it. Unfortunately, he left very unpleasant marks of his preference, which remained but too evident on the white satin of the pelisse, in spite of all the pains that were taken to efface them, before it was given to the duchess. She perceived them, took the cloak in her hand, and returned in a violent passion to the queen's chamber, where her majesty remained surrounded by almost all the court. " Only see, madame," said she, " the impertinence of *your people*, who have thrown my pelisse on a bench in the anti-chamber, where your majesty's cat has served it in this manner." The queen, displeased at her complaints and familiar expressions, said to her, with the coldest look imaginable : " Know, madame, that it is you, not I, who keep *people* ; I have officers of my chamber, who have purchased the honour of serving me, and are persons of good breeding and education ; they know the dignity which ought to belong to a lady of the bed-chamber ; they are not ignorant that you, who have been chosen from amongst the first ladies of the kingdom, ought to be accompanied by a gentleman, or at least, a *valet-de-chambre* as his substitute, to receive your cloak ; and that had you observed the forms suitable to your rank, you would not have been exposed to the mortification of seeing your things thrown on the benches of the anti-chamber."

The queen had selected as her intimate friends, the duke, the duchess, and the worthy Cardinal de Luynes. She called them her good folks ; she often did the duchess the honour to spend the evening and sup with her ; the President Henault was the charm of this pious and virtuous society. This magistrate combined the weighty qualifications of his functions in society with the attainments of a man of letters, and the polish of a courtier. The queen one day surprised the

\* See this beautiful Portrait and Memoir, No. 42 of the series, published August, 1835.



duchess writing to the president, who had just published his "Chronological Abridgment of the History of France;" she took the pen from Madame de Luynes, and wrote at the bottom of the letter this postscript: "I think that M. de Henault, who says a great deal in few words, cannot be very partial to the language of women, who use a vast number of words to say very little." Instead of signing this, she added, "Guess who." The president answered this anonymous epistle, by these ingenious lines:—

" Ces mots tracés par une main divine,  
Ne peuvent me causer que trouble et  
qu'embarras ;  
C'est trop oser, si mon cœur les divine ;  
C'est être ingrat, s'il ne les divine pas."

" This sentence, written by a heav'nly hand,  
Fills with perplexing doubts my con-  
scious mind ;  
Presumptuous, if I dare to understand ;  
Ungrateful, if I fail the truth to find."

One evening the queen, having entered the cabinet of the Duke de Luynes, took down several books successively, to read the titles ; a translation of "Ovid's Art of Love" having fallen into her hands, she replaced it hastily, exclaiming, "Oh, fie !"

"How, madame," said the president, "is that the way in which your majesty treats the art of pleasing?"

"No, Monsieur Henault," answered the queen, "I should esteem the art of pleasing ; it is the art of seducing that I throw from me."

A great change was effected in the fortunes of King Stanislaus when his daughter ascended the throne of France, and he became the grandsire of a dauphin. Supported by the great power of France, when King Stanislaus II. died in 1733, he again became candidate for the throne of Poland ; and as he concentrated all the French interest in Poland, joined to his own personal influence, he was duly elected king on the plain of Vola, with every observance of the ancient franchises of the Polish nobles. Assisted by a French force, he landed at Dantzic, then the chief port of Poland, but Augustus III. of Saxony, supported by the northern sovereigns, got possession of Poland ; and proving too strong for Stanislaus, prevented his approach to War-

saw. After a hopeless contest with the oppressive northern powers, Stanislaus again fled from his native country, and a price was set upon his head by his rival.

When the Emperor of Germany and Louis XV. made peace in 1736, whereby Stanislaus agreed to abdicate all pretensions to Poland in favour of Augustus III., retaining however the empty title of king, in the same manner that Napoleon at Elba retained the name of emperor, Stanislaus received an indemnity for his palatinate in Poland, and the inheritance of Catherine his wife. One of the articles of the treaty was that the dukedom of Lorraine should be ceded by the emperor to France ; and King Louis, whose pride was hurt that his father-in-law was but an expatriated and fugitive prince, made Stanislaus Duke of Lorraine during his life, and thus opened a new and happy era in the existence of this amiable prince.

It has been said that Stanislaus Leszczyński was the only Polish magnate ever personally beloved by his vassals ;—banished far from that country whose suffering peasantry might have been benefitted by his beneficent and tolerant spirit, the Duke of Lorraine soon offered to Europe the model of a paternal sovereign and legislator. He succeeded a race of princes in Lorraine who were exceedingly beloved by their subjects, but the mild and benevolent Stanislaus soon out-rivalled them in their affections ; for thirty years Lorraine was the happiest little sovereignty in Europe ; and when a fatal accident removed the good Stanislaus from this world, the Lorrainers mourned him as if each individual had lost a father. His death happened in 1766, only two years before that of his daughter ; and the calamitous circumstances attending the demise of Stanislaus, gave a great stroke to the declining health of Queen Marie, whose constitution was sapped by the long illness of a dutiful and affectionate son.

The queen's father died in consequence of being severely burnt by his fireside. Like almost all old men, he disliked those attentions which imply the decay of the faculties, and had ordered a *valet de chambre*, who wished to remain near him, to withdraw into the adjoining room ; a spark set fire to

a taffety dressing-gown, wadded with cotton, which his daughter had sent him.

The poor old prince, who entertained hopes of recovering from the frightful state into which this accident reduced him, wished to inform the queen of it himself, and wrote her a letter evincing the mild gaiety of his disposition, as well as the courage of his soul—in which he said, “What consoles me, is the reflection that I am burning for you.” To the last moments of her life, Marie Leszczyńska never parted with this letter; and her women often surprised her kissing a paper, which they concluded to be this last farewell of Stanislaus.

This anecdote does honour to the heart and filial piety of Marie Leszczyńska. This princess was equally gifted with wit and sensibility, if we may judge by many expressions which fell from her lips in conversation which have been collected by the Abbé Proyart. Many of them are remarkable for depth of thought, and frequently for an ingenious and lively turn of expression.

“We should not be great, but for the little: we ought to be so only for their good.”

“To be vain of one’s rank, is to declare one’s-self beneath it.”

“A king who enforces respect to God, has no occasion to command homage to be paid to himself.”

“The mercy of kings is to do justice; and the justice of queens is to exercise mercy.”

“Good kings are slaves, and their subjects are free.”

“Content seldom travels with fortune, but follows virtue even in adversity.”

“Solitude can be delightful only to the innocent.”

“To consider one’s-self great, on account of rank and wealth, is to imagine that the pedestal makes the hero.”

“Many princes, when dying, have lamented having made war: we hear of none who at that moment have regretted having loved peace.”

“Sensible people judge of a head by what it contains; frivolous women by what is on the outside of it.”

“Courtiers cry out to us, ‘Give us, without reckoning!’ and the people, ‘Reckon what we give you!’”

The virtues and information of the

great are always evinced by their conduct; their accomplishments, coming within the scope of flattery, are never to be ascertained by any authentic proof, and those who have lived near them may be excused for some degree of scepticism with regard to their attainments of this kind. If they draw or paint, there is always an able artist present, who, if he does not absolutely guide the pencil with his own hand, directs it by his advice; he sets the palette, and mixes the colours, on which the tones depend. If a princess attempt a piece of embroidery in colours, of that description which ranks amongst the productions of the arts, a skilful embroideress is employed to undo and repair whatever has been spoilt, and to cover the neglected tints with new threads. If a princess be a musician, there are no ears that will discover when she is out of tune—at least there is no tongue that will tell her so. This imperfection in the accomplishments of the great, is but a slight misfortune. It is sufficiently meritorious in them to engage in such pursuits, even with indifferent success, because this taste and the protection it extends, produce abundance of talent on every side. The queen delighted in the art of painting, imagined she herself could draw and paint; she had a drawing-master, who passed all his time in her cabinet. She undertook to paint four large Chinese pictures, with which she wished to ornament her private drawing-room, which was richly furnished with rare porcelain and the finest marbles. This painter was entrusted with the landscape and background of the pictures; he drew the figures with a pencil, the face and arms were also left by the queen to his execution; she reserved to herself nothing but the draperies, and the least important accessories. The queen every morning filled up the outline marked out for her, with a little red, blue, or green colour, which the master prepared on the palette; and even filled her pencil with, constantly repeating, “Higher up, madam—lower down, madam—a little to the right—more to the left.” After an hour’s work, the time for hearing mass, or some other family or pious duty, would interrupt her majesty; and the painter, putting the shadows into the draperies she had

painted, softening off the colour where she had laid on too much, &c. finished the small figures. When the work was completed, the private drawing-room was decorated with her majesty's work, and the firm persuasion of this good queen, that she had painted it herself, was so entire, that she left this cabinet, with all its furniture and paintings, to the Countess de Noailles, her lady of honour. She added to the bequest, "The pictures in the cabinet being my own work, I hope the Countess de Noailles will preserve them for my sake." Madame de Noailles, afterwards Marechale de Mouchy, had a new additional pavilion constructed in her hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain, in order to form a suitable receptacle for the queen's legacy; and had the following inscription placed over the door, in letters of gold,

"The innocent falsehood of a good princess."

The chances and changes of this life gave the daughter of Augustus as a second wife to the Dauphin of France, —son of Marie Leszczyńska, that son whom she adored and beheld with equal pride and love. The young dauphiness felt apprehensive lest her mother-in-law should revenge upon her the misfortunes of King Stanislaus, and she was naturally anxious to conciliate her. The dauphiness particularly dreaded the second court-day after her nuptials, when, according to the etiquette of the French court, she was to wear the picture of her father on her right bracelet, and it was expected that the queen her mother-in-law would ask to look at it, in order to make some remarks, and pay some compliments to the dauphiness regarding her father. This was a regular routine of etiquette established in France long before the Polish princess ascended the throne; every one knew the ceremonial the queen was expected to perform, but every one was likewise anxiously curious to witness how Marie Leszczyńska would mention the rival of her father, who had more than once set a price upon his head. The queen knew the buzz and gossip around her; and when her daughter-in-law approached the throne, seeing the tremulous agitation which affected the young dau-

phiness almost to tears, the queen took her hand and said, in her usual tone of familiar sweetness—

"Come, my dear, let us look at once on this picture of your father."

"Yes, mamma," replied the young dauphiness. "Is it not a charming one?"

And the Queen of France gazed not on the miniature of the handsome, martial Augustus of Saxony, but on the handsome reflective features of her own father, the deposed Stanislaus, the fair Saxon having delicately adopted the portrait of her husband's grandfather instead of that of her own father, to show that they were no longer foes but near relatives. The queen, overcome by this touching appeal to her feelings, embraced her daughter-in-law with tears, and ever conducted herself to the child of Augustus like a tender parent. Nor was the Saxon dauphiness ungrateful: she repaid the kindness of the queen by the utmost conjugal affection to her son. The father and mother of the unfortunate Louis XVI., and his brothers, set an example of matrimonial virtues to the corrupt and degenerate nobility of France; and when the dauphin died slowly of a most painful decline, his affectionate partner, after attending his sick-bed with a solicitude then unknown in royal annals, followed him to the grave soon after, actually dying heart-broken for his loss.

"Who is that little brown woman who is so anxiously solicitous round the sick-bed of the dauphin? I never saw a nurse so attentive," said a new physician, who was called in to consult on the case of the dying heir of France.

"Hush!" said his learned friend; "that little brown woman is Madame la Dauphine."

Such was the daughter-in-law of Marie Leszczyńska.

Her son, whose virtuously-spent youth offered a fine example to his licentious father, deeply resented the injuries of his royal mother, and displayed a contempt for his father's favourite courtisans which his mother forbore manifesting. His reception of Madame de Pompadour when Louis XV. shamelessly forced that vile woman into the society of Marie Leszczyńska, is well known. To the eternal honour of the French clergy, months of delay took

place before Madame de Pompadour could be appointed lady of the bed-chamber to the Queen of France, because there could not be found a *curé* unprincipled enough to administer the sacrament to the mistress of the king—a preliminary of etiquette before Madame de Pompadour could take that place.

Queen Marie is mentioned by Horace Walpole in his first published collection of letters, and while the whole of the French royal family is indiscriminately attacked by his venomous pen, the good old queen, with her frank manners and amiable face, is named with some complacency because, he says, "her large caps put him in mind of Queen Caroline," the wife of George II.

Marie Leszczyńska bore Louis XV. ten children: two princes and eight princesses. Her tenderness for them, which had been of hourly demonstration, never showed itself more lively than when death had carried off several. Attacked herself, with a malady that hurried her to the tomb, whilst the physicians were seeking remedies for her sufferings, she was heard thus to address them:—"Restore me my children, and you will cure me." Queen Marie Leszczyńska died 24th June, 1768, expressing sentiments of pious hope which had proved her best consolation when she had shared the misfortunes of her father, and later in life, when she experienced the unhappiness of losing her husband's affections.

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### THE MAGICIAN'S APPRENTICE.

(Imitated from the "*Der Zauberlehrling*" of Goëthe.)

BY SUTHERLAND MENZIES.

" My master, chief of the wizard band,  
 Hath left me sole the house to keep;  
 I long to see the spirits leap  
 And dance round his cauldron hand in hand;  
 To call them forth the spells I know,  
 Words causing lovers' hearts to glow;  
 How with the stalks of young herbs bruised,  
 Then boiled to bubbling froth,  
 From the vase' mouth to make spring forth  
 A thousand prodigies confused.  
     Come on! come on!  
     The fire is gleaming,  
     The herbs are steaming  
     In my huge cauldron.  
     Come on! come on!  
     More water in pour,  
     Let it seethe and roar,  
     And then bubble o'er.  
     Come on! come on!  
 In a bath with my sprite I'll plunge anon.

" In my rich master's robe attired—  
 Damask embroider'd all so grand—  
 Forth, sage broomstick, hither stand  
 And play the beau although bemired;  
 Upon thy two legs deftly toiling,  
 Pour fresh water on the boiling  
 From th' iron pot thy head sustains:  
 Dispatch—with thy work hasten thee;  
 I'm sorcerer, and king would be,  
 Beside my queen who o'er thee reigns.

Come on ! come on !  
 The fire is gleaming,  
 The herbs are steaming  
 In the huge cauldron.  
 Come on ! come on !  
 More water in pour,  
 Let it seethe and roar,  
 And then bubble o'er.  
 Come on ! come on !  
 In a bath with my sprite I'll plunge anon.

" See ! from the river's brink through air  
 Backwards to and fro he dashes,  
 Speeding fast as lightning flashes—  
 He's no sooner here than there ;  
 The cauldron spacious—thanks to him—  
 Is filling—is fill'd to the brim.  
 Hold—enough ! my besom docile,  
 To swim or dive there's water plenty  
 For both of us—and others twenty,  
 Slender as I and my sylph agile.  
 Come on ! come on !  
 And now quench the flame  
 For I see my dame  
 Near the cauldron.  
 Come on ! come on !  
 Our water's lukewarm,  
 And clear and calm ,  
 Then cease the charm.  
 Come on ! come on !  
 In my bath with my sprite I'll plunge anon.

" Goblin ! that word can I forget  
 Which power hath thee to restrain ?  
 Dear broomstick, cease to pour amain,  
 With further labour do not fret :  
 Empty, if thy full pot needs  
 Its water to the ravine reeds.  
 With snow-white shoulders, jewell'd hands,  
 Clear 'neath the crystal rippling wave  
 I see my qucen her beauty lave,  
 Who blushing, scarce my gaze withstands.  
 Come on ! come on !  
 And now quench the flame,  
 For I see my dame  
 In the cauldron.  
 Come on ! come on !  
 The water's lukewarm,  
 And clear and calm ;  
 Then cease the charm.  
 Come on ! come on !  
 In my bath with my sprite I'll plunge anon.

" Stay thee, devilish broomstick !  
 Hast no reason in thy pate ?  
 Would'st the mansion inundate,  
 Slave to strongest powers of magic ?

Damned broomstick ! he hears me not,  
But hastens with his water-pot.  
Fiend of hell ! what looks are gleaming—  
Haggard rolling, flaming lurid,  
One o'er th' other swiftly hurried,  
In the flood incessant streaming !  
Horror ! horror !  
Goblin grows man,  
Each phantom wan  
Maddens with terror.  
Men change to apes !  
Hence, spectres gaunt !  
At my bidding avaunt,  
Each to his haunt  
Horror ! horror !  
Or I'll wrestle amain with thy vapoury shapes.

“ He still pours on !—my axe is keen,  
Thou comest ne'er to hie thee back—  
In two halves, broomstick, I'll thee hack—  
Monster, I'm rid of thee, I ween.  
Victory ! he's overthrown !  
Goblin, now the day's my own !  
With courage new my bosom heaves !  
I'm happy. I shall see again  
My fairy 'mid the wat'ry plain,  
Whose tepid wave she gently cleaves.  
Woe ! woe !  
Double phantoms appear,  
Goblins, grown men, draw near  
To hurl me below.  
Oh, woe ! oh, woe !  
Ye accursed races, whose hideous faces  
Are stamp'd with hell's traces.  
Oh, woe ! oh, woe !  
Demon spawn, that twain grow at every blow.

“ Vapours float on ! all struggling's vain—  
The flood must soon o'erwhelm me quite ;  
Oh, haste ! take pity on my plight,  
Dear master, and these fiends restrain.  
The threshold totters—swiftly rushing  
O'er it now the tide is gushing.  
Haste hither, with thy wand and book !”  
Thus call'd, the wizard homeward hies,  
The waves his lifted finger dries,  
Then smiling nods his head and cries—  
“ Hence to thy nook,  
Mad broomstick, begone !  
And return thee anon,  
When night's shadows advance,  
And the young witches fair,  
Buxom, blithe, débonnaire,  
Speeding swiftly through air,  
On their wooden steeds prance,  
Flocking this night at our Sabbath to dance.”

## THE TWO NEW YEAR'S NIGHTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LAUN.

## NIGHT THE FIRST.

It struck eleven.\*

"One parting glass to the departing year!" exclaimed our host, "and to the many happy hours we have enjoyed therein."

The glasses rang merrily, and every eye beamed with the remembrance of social pleasure past.

"There is certainly," said Herrmann, "something awful — a contradictory feeling between mirth and sadness — connected with the moment which marks the change of the year. In point of fact, every succeeding instant is the beginning and end of a year — of a century — of a thousand years, if you will: and it is convention alone which makes us attach a degree of solemnity to the midnight hour between the last day of December and the first of January."

"Exactly so," replied Falk; "on religious grounds whole nations have attached importance to it, and what more do we require? In the life of man, periodical rejoicings concerning himself individually are much more apt to affect him, and, for my own part, I always gladly contribute my quota of cheerfulness to the celebration of them. But it must be owned, that when family anniversaries assume a shade of seriousness, they are apt to degenerate into mawkish sentimentality; for, however pleasingly the name of festival may strike upon the ear, it is, after all, but the commemoration of some circumstance that has contributed to our happiness. The pleasures of domestic life, however dear to the man of feeling, fall short of festival dignity. We all, indeed, rejoice to find ourselves again re-united in the same social intercourse of a twelvemonth since; and the old year smiles on us as benignly in its dying hour as though it had nothing to reproach us with. But it is a higher feeling than that of mirth alone, which consecrates this hour; and the received opinions of a large class of mankind confirm it. Even as the church has its All Saint's and All Soul's feasts,

so must this hour prove a solemn festival of all joy or all sorrow to mankind at large. Where, then, mutual good wishes are exchanged for the welfare and happiness of all around us, there is far less of egotism than in the celebration of mere family anniversaries. The old year resembles a dignified matronly friend casting a last mournful smile upon us ere she leave the world for ever, and the new year greets us like a lovely, promising infant; while, between the bier of the one, and the cradle of the other, lie hidden presentiments which are sometimes unconsciously expressed by the lips of man in wishes of serious import."

"Prithee let our good wishes rest until midnight," interposed the host, "otherwise we may blend our New Year's congratulations with half-embodied forebodings; for, as we sincerely wish each other well, it would be more agreeable to hope that our good wishes may, like true presentiments, be realised. But, alas! experience upsets your theory like that of many others."

"Speak more circumspectly as regards experience," replied Falk, "or else, weigh well what real experience you have had: suppose, for instance, a man be betrayed into unusual conviviality, and his slumbers thereby disturbed, he forthwith decides from *experience* that wine at night must disagree with him."

"The example you give is applicable to men only," observed the hostess; "we ladies are inclined to agree with you as regards the magic of a New Year's wish, so pray expound to us, but in a manner adapted to our feminine comprehensions, why so many aspirations remain unfulfilled?"

"Probably," said Herrmann, "because Falk's theory is only a prelude to what he will presently favour us with. The theme is almost worn out, so a dash of probability will give it an interest, like a good story-teller, who assures you his tale is 'founded on fact.'"

Without seeming to notice Herr-

mann's irony, Falk addressed the hostess :—

"In reply to your query, I may say that the greater part of New Year's wishes are but empty ceremonial, mere compliment, from which no result is either intended or expected. I might also have added, that I attribute a magical power only to those wishes offered at the hour of midnight, which will considerably diminish the number of those unfulfilled; but I'll do my best, and take Herrmann's side of the question, allowing that it was only by way of prelude, and therefore (our worthy host permitting), declare beforehand my hope and belief, that the sincere good wishes we shall presently mutually interchange, will be so many expressed predictions of what may befall us in the ensuing year."

"You cannot be serious," said the hostess; "I think you are inclined to retract your opinion. You either do not think your audience worthy to participate in your view of the subject, or you are half ashamed of your own opinions; now make your choice. Which suspicion would you rather incur?"

"Unquestionably the latter," he replied; "you are not far from guessing the truth. The hour which precedes the entrance of the New Year, is certainly not the moment to place a New Year's wish in an equivocal light; for the rest, my remark was merely the effect of chance, engendered by the run, or rather spring of conversation."

"That," said the hostess, "leads us easier to conceive how presentiments, as you lately expressed yourself, arise between the bier and the cradle of the two years, appearing not in the form of wishes only, but by way of remark, opinion, or some similar casualty. See how attentively yon affianced pair are listening to us, they are living in the very spring-time of happiness. Ask the professor, dear Elisa, to explain this magic to us; he cannot refuse the request of so lovely a betrothed."

Elisa seconded the proposal of the hostess, and Falk, importuned on all sides, at length began :—

"My error has induced you to raise your expectations too high, and they

will consequently remain unsatisfied. During our conversation, I bethought me of the old belief in the import of words and signs, involuntarily made or uttered, at certain periods. The Ancients, it is known, placed implicit faith in this belief; traces of which remain among us at the present day. The Gluckauf, or 'Good-be-with-you' of the mountaineers, thence draws its origin, as also many other village customs, particularly those in mountainous districts, where the peasantry scrupulously avoid making use of expressions implying misfortune; still more do they shun words of doubtful, or double import, which, however innocently spoken, may be misapplied by evil spirits in the opposite sense, and lead to a miserable fulfilment. And such, methought, may be the fate of many an aspiration; like the prophecies in Macbeth, realized to the letter, only to destroy."

"Are you really in earnest?" exclaimed several voices at once, whose eyes, with incredulous looks, were turned upon the professor.

"It is certain," said Anselm, "that many singular instances of this kind have occurred."

Falk, halting between jest and earnest, remained silent; the rest patiently waited for him to continue.

At length, Herrmann said with a smile—"Suppose we take up the catalogue of legendary lore. I believe there exists no popular belief without its explanatory example. Quick, therefore, give us proof of the magic power of words."

"An interesting little tale of that description might easily be found," said Anselm; "with your permission, I will experimentalize on the professor's lecture; requesting you to observe that I offer you only a simple illustration, and not a brilliant *chef-d'œuvre*; in fact, I only relate what I have myself seen and heard. In Carlsbad, several years ago, I formed the acquaintance of the Countess Amalia Von Kulm. She had recently become a widow, and with her daughter, a child of five years, visited the baths for the sole purpose of accompanying an aged valetudinarian uncle, for she was herself in the fairest bloom



of youth, health, and beauty. Her uncle did not derive the expected benefit from the baths, and his physician urged his departure. My stay being concluded, the countess proposed that I should pursue my journey with them, making a slight *détour* to the old gentleman's landhaus. The fact was, the lady feared what at the time she did not own, namely, that some mortal accident would occur on the road; for the old housekeeper, who prided herself on her second sight, had been heard to say, that 'the party would find a corpse upon the journey.' The very weak state of the invalid did not allow us to perform the journey at once, so we resolved to rest at the pretty little village of Rastag. We had cause to be satisfied with our determination. The young hostess was all attention to our invalid, and her activity and sprightliness so much interested and amused him, that he requested his niece to take a walk accompanied by myself, and leave him in charge of his charming little nurse. We entered upon a beautiful path behind the gardens of the village; the slight improvement in her uncle's health had so exhilarated the countess's spirits, that she was more animated than I had ever known her before, and enlivened the walk by relating many scenes and passages from her own life, and those of some distinguished friends. Suddenly, we heard the tolling of a bell: 'Hark!' she exclaimed; 'that's for a death; come, it is long since I have seen a village funeral. Poor little Minna cried bitterly, and begged her mamma not to go into the churchyard amongst the dead people; but her's were childish fears, and we went. The coffin, according to custom, was placed beside the grave, with the lid open for the last time; it contained the corpse of a young and lovely girl. An old peasant, leading by the hand a little child attired like himself, in deep mourning, brought fruit to lay beside the corpse, whilst the child placed fresh flowers within the folded hands. 'Sleep sweetly,' sighed the old man; 'I thought thy hands would have closed these eyes; but God's will be done.'

"The minister, an elderly, but remarkably fine man, then approached, and pronounced a funeral discourse full of

grace and dignity. The countess was delighted with him, and signified her approbation by frequent remarks to myself. Just before the conclusion, we observed her uncle coming towards us. 'Oh! dear sir,' exclaimed the countess; 'how much I regret that you should have lost so beautiful a service;' and when the clergyman, after the sad rites were over, drew near to pay his respects to his distinguished auditors, she instantly addressed him: 'Pastor, accept my best thanks; your eloquence has charmed me; none other than yourself shall be my funeral orator.'

"Little Minna seized her mother's hand, and entreated her not to talk so; while the uncle gravely remarked, that such a topic was more applicable to himself. The lady smiled: 'This,' she said, 'is not the place for an explanation of my seemingly hasty speech,' then addressing the minister—'favour us, sir, with your company to dinner at the hotel; we will then finish the conversation.'

"The invitation was accepted, and it then appeared that the countess destined for him the vacant and very lucrative living on her own estate. The pastor requested time to consider of it; for notwithstanding his very narrow income, his present flock was dear to him. It was therefore settled that the affair should be concluded in future correspondence; but the letters never passed.

"On the following morning, when the travelling carriage was ordered, the countess complained of severe headache, and begged to postpone their departure; the pain increased, followed by symptoms of so dangerous a nature, that no medical aid could counteract them: death ensued. Exactly eight days from the scene in the churchyard, the minister again performed the mournful ceremony at the grave of that lovely and amiable young woman. I will not attempt to describe my feelings as I contemplated the old uncle, and the now poor little orphan, Minna, standing beside the coffin of Amalia, forming so exact a repetition of the scene we had all witnessed together on the same spot, but a few short days before. The old gentleman lived for several years after, and often have we recurred to the past,

and talked over the singular fulfilment of his lamented niece's wish."

Herrmann remarked, "that it would have been much more singular had the death of the countess been the effect of accident, indisposition being in itself a natural cause. The lady might have felt alarmed at her own sudden impulse, or her uncle's remark, and consequent agitation might have brought on the illness which occasioned her death."

"Pardon me," interrupted the professor; "but I cannot help smiling when the conversation turns upon natural causes, as if it were possible for anything in nature to be unnatural. Whatever happens in the world, must imperatively be natural, or it could not take place."

"A truce with your literal interpretations," cried Herrmann, "one is apt to term unnatural all that is difficult of explanation, or that cannot be accounted for."

"Were I not professor of philosophy," rejoined Falk, laughing, "I would ask you what, according to your views, may be accounted natural? Our worthy physician here, restores his patients—certainly not by unnatural means—and yet ask him on conscience, if he can comprehend why any of his drugs are efficacious? And if, when a case has succeeded beyond his expectations, he has not exclaimed, 'Nature has done her best!'"

"I pray you, gentlemen, cease this war of words," said the hostess. "In my opinion you have quite lost sight of the point in question. Anselm's story, however, scarcely strikes me as being an example, as it leaves us in doubt as to whether the malady arose from the words made use of, or from the construction that might be put upon them."

"Neither," replied Anselm; "I think I gave you to understand that Amalia had been for some time previously in an exalted frame of mind. The enthusiastic admiration she expressed for the minister's very excellent, but certainly not extraordinary discourse, alone sufficed to show a high degree of excitement: those very expressions were perhaps symptomatic of her disorder, and their import was darkened by a shadow of prophecy cast upon them by singularly coinciding circumstances."

"Then you acknowledge," said the hostess, "that the case in point presents nothing unnatural or out of the common."

"Certainly nothing unnatural. I am of Falk's opinion that in nature, where all is open to our inspection, nothing contrary to her laws can take place. But truly the wonderful prevails!"

"May I beg you," said Elisa, "to explain to us if these appearances may not be termed unnatural, which are so difficult to be accounted for that it is as though nature herself solicited the aid of a foreign power, and used it with regret? I am too inexperienced to express myself with sufficient clearness, but perhaps you will give a form to my confused ideas."

"You have spoken very intelligibly," replied Falk, "on a subject which, as you observe, even nature herself treats obscurely. Could you not oblige us with an instance, it would render the discussion easier."

"Oh!" said Elisa laughing, "that would lead us to a ghost story."

"And why not?" interposed Herrmann. "Who is not willing to listen to one? See, Anselm is all attention."

The request was general that Elisa would relate a case in point; but she excused herself saying "that, with all her fondness for listening to a story, she should feel very timid at relating one."

Her betrothed smiling, said he could guess her meaning, and if she felt difficult would, with her permission, relate the circumstance she alluded to.

Elisa consented, requesting only an alteration of the names. This was of course acceded to, and the baron proceeded:—

"A very near relation of my Elisa, and a little dreamer like herself—we will call her Caroline—had formed the tenderest friendship for her neighbour, Angelica. The two girls were inseparable; their parents approved of their intimacy, and allowed them to pass their time alternately at each other's house; this was particularly the case in winter, when the badness of the roads made the communication between the properties somewhat dangerous during the long nights. The father of Angelica had formerly been well acquainted with

Cagliostro, whose mysteries (although many were explained and unravelled to him) nevertheless imparted to his mind a strong bias for the mystic and the supernatural. Besides the best works on general literature, his library contained a quantity of legends and old chronicles. Oftentimes would these two girls sit up the greater part of the night, inflaming their already excited imaginations with tales of apparitions and demons of every description. It happened that, during one of these fits of excitement, they pledged themselves that whichever should first quit this world would re-appear to acquaint the other of it. They had read of instances of such promises being made, and, in order to render the contract more binding, they vowed that were they even induced to retract the engagement verbally, the circumstance should remain unalterably determined. While their hands were still clasped within each other the house bell struck midnight. 'Hark!' cried Angelica as if inspired, 'the hour of my death has tolled, at this time shall my vow be fulfilled!' The terrified Caroline started up with a piercing shriek. 'Hush!' cried Angelica, 'do not alarm yourself. I spoke in haste; I meant to have said the hour of my birth; sixteen years ago at midnight I came into the world, and the hour is now become doubly sacred to me through our mutual engagement which it may possibly be my lot to ratify.' The friends had again wandered far into the ideal world, when the self-extinguishing lights warned them to seek their pillows. Some time after this mad freak Caroline was taken ill. For some days Angelica would not leave her friend, until the physicians declared it to be a malignant fever, when the parents of Angelica insisted upon her return home. She obeyed without a murmur so long as Caroline's life was not in danger, but no sooner were fears entertained for her safety than Angelica hastened to the couch of her friend; that fatal promise now exercised a fearful power over her mind, and she determined to risk her own life rather than endure such anxiety any longer; she conjured the invalid to retract the engagement, which the latter the more readily did, observing her

friend's deep anxiety on her account, who moreover had not considered the subject in so serious a point of view. This scene, so dreaded by all present as likely to produce a most unfavourable effect on the invalid, was, on the contrary, followed by the most cheering result; the effort proved salutary, and Caroline, to the amazement of her doctors, became speedily convalescent; she looked upon Angelica as her preserver, and the two friends came to the determination never again to hazard a wish or an inquiry respecting the unseen world, and at last the passion for the mysterious, if not the belief in it, appeared to have vanished from their minds. In course of time the illness and the vow (which very probably caused it) were almost forgotten, and the two girls, now more firmly attached than ever, soon discovered other sources for a far more genial intercourse. It happened one day that Angelica accompanied her parents to a ball in the neighbouring town. Caroline made a plea of domestic engagements as an excuse for declining the party, but she secretly gave up the pleasures of the dance in order that she might prepare a little surprise in honour of her friend's birthday, which was to happen on the morrow, and she sat up until late in the night with her own maid, in order to complete her work, and had just finished, and begun to lay it aside, as the clock struck midnight. Immediately so strong a current of air was felt in the room, that the needlework and materials lying on the table were blown and scattered about in all directions by it, and Caroline, looking up, beheld the shadowy form of Angelica fitting before her eyes, and then, apparently sinking upon the ground, it disappeared. Alarmed by her cries, the woman hastened to her, and received the terrified and fainting girl in her arms. The servant had observed nothing but the strong draught and instant dispersion of the work, which she was busied in collecting, when called to her mistress' assistance. True it was, that at that same moment Angelica, in the very act of waltzing, sank upon the floor a corpse!"

"That is truly awful," said the hostess.

"What strikes me as most appalling," observed Falk, "is the dark prophetic meaning of the words, 'The hour of my death has tolled!' Angelica involuntarily foretold the moment of her dissolution."

"How do you account for that naturally?" inquired Elisa.

"Excuse me, fair lady; I must perforce resign the office of interpreter general. I neither can, nor would I attempt to explain the very extraordinary occurrence we have just been listening to. If it happened, it was imperatively according to the order and laws of nature. I never met with so astonishing an instance as the sequel. I cannot account for it, and consequently it appears unnatural. In the same way is this egotistical theory the basis of all criticism. Höpfner, the jurist, gave, many years since, the invention of the balloon in illustration of an impossibility. In the later edition of his works this opinion has, of course, been suppressed. Meteoric showers, and other wonders of nature, which our ancestors looked upon as mere chimera, and ridiculed as such, are to us neither fabulous nor impossible, but acknowledged natural appearances. Popular belief, or, in other words, superstition, offers a mine of inquiry to the naturalist. Truth, it must be owned, does not always burst into light with all her full perfection; but what man of understanding would argue that the earth embosoms the sterile rock alone, because her gems and precious metals must be extracted by artificial means?"

"See!" exclaimed Elisa; "the magic hour is almost arrived. Now I am sure you all wish well to my Louis and myself, and that our lot may prove a happy one."

"Pr'ythee patience, patience," said Herrman; "depend upon it Falk will produce a solemn address to the New Year, adapted for the occasion. He has been composing and poetising the whole afternoon."

"Well," said the hostess, "it is really scandalous that we allow the year to close without a song. Come, Falk, produce it; I'll wager you have brought one with you."

"Indeed I have not; besides, the conversation was interrupted."

"Produce it, Falk," repeated the hostess: "I know you have it."

"But it belongs to the New Year."

"Ha!" exclaimed Elisa, "it is the congratulation Herrmann alluded to;" then taking her glass—"Here's to the magic power of prediction."

All hastened to touch glasses with the fair betrothed.

"Hark! I hear a bell," said Herrmann.

"Hush! still!" answered the host, opening a window.

The quarter had already struck from the belfry. With a shrill clear sound the house clock repeated twelve. The company sat still, listening in silence to the expiring echoes of the year, as from the cathedral tower pealed forth in full deep tones the parting knell.

Elisa gently bent towards her betrothed. From her eyes beamed a paradise of youthful hope and happiness. Every one beheld with interest that mute expression of the fondest and purest affection.

The hostess gently approached her, and kissed her fair young brow, shaded by its rich chesnut curls. As yet no one ventured to break the stillness of that moment, until the nearer parish church, with still heavier toll, sent forth the last stroke of midnight.

Falk arose, noiselessly unfolding a sheet of paper, and, sinking his voice to a portentous whisper, began—

"Hark the death-bell's tone—"

Elisa raised her eyes, and instantly fell with a cry of horror. The hostess and the baron received her, fainting and pale as death, in their arms.

"What was that?" asked all in a breath: some thought it was Elisa, having remarked her previous emotion, others said the cry was distant and had been the cause of her alarm. Meanwhile Elisa, assisted by the two physicians who were fortunately present, recovered her senses, and she explained that the cry which she also heard, certainly alarmed her at first, but on looking up, she thought she beheld a phantom; it seemed as if the Virgin stood before her, her face and form rigid like those of a

corpse, the sight of which deprived her of sensation."

"I am happy," said the host, "that it is in my power to relieve you from all apprehension as regards the phantom. My Madonna is huddled in a most advantageous morning light, but in the evening the rays of the lamp produce quite a contrary effect, and give the picture so death-like an aspect, that I am sometimes inclined to hang a curtain before it. Only look now and convince yourself."

He then led the still exhausted girl back to her seat, from whence the picture had a most singular effect; the face of the mother appearing almost colourless, presented a shadowy, unearthly contrast to the healthful rounded form of the infant. Elisa immediately recognized the phantom created by her over-excited imagination.

The scream remains to be inquired into said the hostess, ringing for the domestics. The nursery maid was called. "It was nothing of any consequence, *gnädige frau*, only the night lamp went out, and the little Emelius waking, shrieked to find himself in the dark."

"Heaven be praised!" observed Falk, *sotto voce* to Anselm; "I was absolutely frightened, for just as I began to read, the singular connexion between my poem and the previous conversation fell like a weight upon my heart."

#### NIGHT THE SECOND.

Christmas passed off with the greatest possible hilarity; the customary *étrennes* of the season were interchanged, not forgetting the absent baron, for whom a store of badinage was in preparation with which to surprize him at the approaching reunion of the little *coterie* at the castle, where he and his young wife passed their time in a state of uninterrupted happiness. During the year repeated invitations had been sent and accepted; and the friends already enjoyed by anticipation the pleasures of that social intercourse which a few days spent together in the country would afford them. Hard frost and a brilliant sky enlivened the last days of December, as well as the prospects of the party. It was arranged they should all meet at the baron's on the 31st, and while celebrating the vanishing mo-

However, she does not appear to have noticed it."

The little New-Year's gifts with which the host presented each of his friends, now completely restored the cheerfulness of the party. Each received some bagatelle in complimentary or playful allusion to his or her tastes or feelings. The baron's portion was an ancient castle, which changed itself into a temple of Hymen; Anselm's, a wine glass that became a smiling Hebe; Falk's, a dance of Bacchanals round a wine barrel, which, seen by candle-light, presented the Muses at the fountain of Helicon; and Elisa received a rosebud, changing to a Cupid, surrounded by children's playthings. The song and the jest went merrily round; Falk was at last enabled to read his ode to the New Year without interruption, and as the party were about to separate, the baron invited them all to re-assemble at his castle at the same period in the ensuing year. The proposition was gladly acceded to, and the friends drank to their next happy meeting, in a bumper of the oldest and best that their host's liberal cellar afforded.

"Keep your word," said Elisa, as she took leave. "Not one of us must be absent on the next New Year's Night; remember, the first promise made in the year is irrevocable, and must be conscientiously adhered to."

ments of the year, herald in the merry hours they hoped to enjoy at the hospitable mansion.

Schloss Hartenstein is situated on a prominent rock, surrounded by beautiful and romantic scenery. The style of architecture suffices to show (even were old chronicles wanting to testify it) that the castle took its origin in the earliest feudal ages. Owing to repeated hostile attacks the building (excepting the many dungeons and passages excavated to the very depth of the rock) had at various periods been partially destroyed; so that the eye of the most casual observer discerns the tastes and requisites of many a century, both as regards the form and distribution of the different parts appropriated to internal convenience. In later times the more recent possessors have endeavoured to

improve and impart an air of comfort to the Schloss as a dwelling, without interfering with, or injuring the massive antiquity of the exterior, so that many parts of the building present a rather ludicrous contrast between the present arrangement of some of the apartments, and what had been evidently their primitive destination. Altogether the *ensemble*, although strikingly singular, is far from disagreeable to the eye of a spectator. It must be allowed that a considerably less space would have sufficed for a more superb, as well as a more commodious residence; but, the absence of all uniformity is more than compensated for by the picturesque and disjointed masses of building which surprise the visitor in every possible direction, and any endeavour to explore the whole of this elaborate structure would be fruitless indeed, as many parts of it remain unknown to its present occupier, and perhaps have not been visited for many successive generations.

The deep snow having become firm and hardened, rendered the roads delightfully easy, and the travellers arrived in the highest spirits at the castle; most of them were strangers to it, and the novelty of the scene attracted their attention from object to object, as the baron led them through innumerable corridors and lofty halls, until they reached the warm and cheerful withdrawing room.

"And where is the lady of the house?" eagerly inquired Falk; after the hearty "Welcome to Hartenstein!" had been again repeated to the guests; "I fear that we arrive too early, but the roads are now so good, that we travelled faster than we expected."

"Alas! I am a widower bewitched," replied the baron, "so I must e'en solicit the indulgence of the ladies if the absence of the hostess is too observable in my performance of the honours to them. Meanwhile, I trust that this evening, or early to-morrow, my wife will be enabled to resume her agreeable office; we have been spending Christmas with my mother-in-law, and so not entirely to spoil the good old lady's pleasure, I found myself compelled to leave her daughter with her a couple of days longer."

"But she may still arrive to-day," exclaimed several voices at once.

"I certainly expect her," said the baron; "yet I know how difficult the separation will be, and her present situation renders her mother trebly anxious on her account. Their medical adviser laughs at these alarms, and will not hear of any danger; but you all know how impossible it is to oppose reasoning to the fond wishes of an anxious mother; to-morrow, however, my wife will undoubtedly be here."

The baron had arranged a hunting party for the gentlemen; Falk alone devoted himself to the ladies and the tea-table, where Cecilia, a near relation of Elisa's, presided in her absence; he looked more confidently than any of them for the return of Elisa, and at every noise in the castle-yard sprang to the window, in the expectation of seeing her. At last his impatience increased so much, that the party jested him about it.

"Laugh if you will," he retorted; "but I owe Elisa some satisfaction since last year, consequently her return concerns me more than any of you."

In reply to the general inquiry, Falk reminded them of the ominous commencement of his New Year's poem, which he thought might, under the then existing circumstances, have powerfully affected Elisa, although she was too good-natured to make it evident.

Cecilia begged to be enlightened—"You have sufficient reason," she said, "when all was told her, to atone for the alarm you caused Elisa. But you are, apparently, yourself unaware why the first line of your poem so strongly affected her."

Cecilia was pressed by all to be more explicit.

She continued. "After what you have related, it was scarcely the story of Angelica, that Elisa excused herself from relating; had she mentioned the circumstance, upon which I am convinced her mind was dwelling at the time, you would doubtless not have read your poem in her presence."

"Really, you make me uneasy,"

said Falk ; "and I am sure all present are desirous to know what Elisa then concealed from us."

"It is no secret," said Cecilia ; "yet I presume the baron is not aware of it, therefore I request you will use the information discreetly. There exists in the family of our friend an old tradition, whose original meaning, like many other things of the kind, has been obscured in the lapse of time. The legend declares, that the death of every member of that family shall be announced by the sound of a bell, and that the last of them should ring his own knell. I have never been able to ascertain the origin of this singular prediction, yet the village church books can prove that the different members of the family have died while the hour was striking. It is said that one of them having lain for some days in the last agonies, commanded the bells to be tolled, which being done, he closed his eyes, and slept in peace. It is not for me to decide whether this be truth or fable ; I will only show you how singularly the tradition has been verified in the case of Elisa's father. The major was, as you know, the last of his line, and this circumstance awakened the remembrance of the prediction which had been for many years almost forgotten. Without being exactly superstitious, the major always disliked the subject of the tradition to be reverted to, and gave orders, through an indirect channel, that a large house-bell used for assembling the domestics at dinner, should be taken from its place. When he was attacked with his last illness, the doctors gave up all hope of saving him—not so the peasantry ; they maintained that so long as their lord was not a bell-ringer, there could be no fear of his life. Their hope was strengthened by an accident which seemed to promise a removal of every bell from the vicinity of the invalid. It happened that on a Saint's-day one of the bells became injured, and in order to improve the chime, the old set was taken down to be re-cast. This was no sooner done, than the major's health began daily to improve ; only a visionary dread that he suffered from, amounting sometimes almost to mental

aberration, caused his medical attendants still some anxiety. One fancy tormented him in particular, namely, that the castle might take fire, and from the want of an alarm-bell, assistance would come too late. In this respect, his fears were certainly not groundless ; accordingly the old house-bell was again restored to its place : upon this, the major appeared calmer ; but on the following night experienced so violent a relapse, that he quite overcame his attendants ; he ran madly through the castle, shrieking 'Fire! fire!' Fate led him to the newly-suspended bell, and seizing the rope with both hands, he rang an alarm that set the whole household in commotion, and at last fell exhausted and lifeless upon the ground. You will agree with me," continued Cecilia, "that Elisa's emotion was caused more by the connexion with the death-bell than the apparition of Angelica?"

"Undoubtedly," answered Falk ; "and I doubly regret that I was persuaded to read the poem after our previous conversation. The remembrance of it will always be painful to me."

"True," observed Cecilia ; "but these circumstances cannot be foreseen. Who knows but accident may again frustrate your best intentions?"

"Never fear ; I am now on my guard."

"Who can tell? Surely you anticipated no such result last year?"

"Experience makes us wise," said Falk.

"It is my opinion," rejoined Cecilia, "that you will not have the opportunity of paying compliments, for I'll wager anything Elisa does not arrive before to-morrow."

"And I," said Falk, "will wager what you will that she returns to-day. I know Elisa, and know how strictly she keeps her word."

Cecilia purposely turned the conversation to the huntmen, who might shortly be expected. She then went to the piano, and proposed they should amuse themselves with a little music. Time, aided by the fascination of song, flew rapidly by, and it was late before the hunting party returned from the

forest, laden with its spoil. The baron led his guests to the supper-room, where an elegant repast awaited them.

"Just so were we all seated this time last year," exclaimed Herrmann, "with the exception of the mistress of the feast, and that she should be wanting is, indeed, a misfortune. Our round table puts one in mind of a beautiful face deprived of one of its visual organs. Will she really not arrive to-day?"

"My dear friends," said the baron, "in pity cease these inquiries. Believe me, I miss my wife even more than you can; but, under the circumstances, too much exactitude would have been cruel."

"Ah! ah!" said Falk, "I see how it is; you are under the slipper already. However, she shall be at least symbolically among us. Let me arrange it. In some monasteries they have a custom, and it is a pretty one, when the abbot dines from home, of placing opposite his chair a bouquet of beautiful flowers instead of the plate—thus."—While speaking he had drawn a chair to the table, and taking a few roses from an ornamental basket of fruit, had placed them in a glass before the vacant seat.

The baron was ill at ease, but, rousing himself, said, "Come, my friends, let us be gay, and not deplore what is unavoidable; though my wife will not thank you when she is informed that her absence has cast a damp upon your spirits. Come, fill your glasses. Wine is like sunshine and vernal showers together—let our mirth bloom and flourish beneath its influence."

The guests took the hint of their hospitable entertainer, and the ladies exerted themselves to appear more animated. Only the baron and Cecilia exchanged occasional uneasy glances, and now and then looked towards the window, as if in expectation of some one's arrival.

Falk whispered to his inquisitive neighbours his conviction that they were to be surprised by the sudden return of Elisa, and thus prevented those wearying inquiries which the baron had endeavoured to avoid.

It had just struck eleven when a horseman alighted at the castle gate,

and was speedily ushered into the supper-room. He brought the baron intelligence that his lady was well, but could not possibly be with him before an early hour on the morrow. A billet from the hand of the baroness, confirmed the message, and conveyed her affectionate New Year's wishes to her assembled friends.

"Now from my heart I can be cheerful," exclaimed the baron, as the envoy withdrew.—"Now I confess to you that I have passed the last few hours in a state of mortal anxiety. To-morrow I will explain all, and am confident you will grant me your forgiveness for having played the host so unworthily."

The baron was besieged for an earlier explanation.

After some reluctance he said, "Well, be it so, though strangely enough we recur to the same topic that occupied us the last New Year's-night."

"Hast thou had a vision?" quoth Falk. "Impossible!"

"Something like it," said the baron; "though not I myself, but my wife. Her lively imagination is so apt to border on the romantic, that I took but little notice of the circumstance at the time. However, as the critical moment approached, the mere thought of the coincidence made me tremble like a child. You all, probably, remember our conversation on the last New Year's-eve, and that it turned upon the obscure, but still interesting theme of presentiments and forebodings; also the alarm caused by the sudden fainting fit of my then betrothed Elisa?"

"I remember it well," interposed Adolf (better known as "the host,") "and the false light giving my Madonna a spectre-like appearance."

"Exactly," replied the baron. "As early as possible the next morning I called, and found Elisa perfectly recovered and cheerful as usual; all was forgotten, and we conversed as young lovers are wont. As was natural, I besought her to fix the earliest period for our union; at this she became thoughtful, and no longer listened to my plans for little excursions and other summer amusements; and when at last I expressed my surprise at the change in her demeanour, she sorrowfully re-



plied: 'We must not indulge in too happy anticipations; perhaps this year may not yet witness our union.'

"Bravo!" cried Herrmann, "the old year has belied the prophecy."

"I was nevertheless anxious," said the baron.

"Impossible," interrupted Herrmann; "you were married whilst winter and spring yet strove for mastery."

"You will agree with me," continued the baron, "when you have heard all. I could not prevail upon her to explain her enigmatical meaning. Well, time passed on and the subject was gradually forgotten; my mother-in-law coincided in my wish that the marriage should take place immediately; not the shadow of an obstacle presented itself, and in the first days of spring I led my Elisa to my paternal home. As I sat beside her for the first time alone in the twilight, amongst other prattle I jested her upon her false prophecy; she looked down and turned very pale; at length, with deep emotion, she exclaimed, 'Oh! that we had waited one other year; my dream will be accomplished, but far, far worse for us both.' There was so much of solemnity in her manner that I tried every persuasion to win her secret from her, and with some difficulty succeeded in doing so. It appeared that that same New Year's-night Elisa's vision transported her to the next—namely the present; this was doubtless occasioned by my proposition that we should re-assemble here. Hartenstein was also the scene of her imaginings. She found herself here surrounded by you all, but she was still my betrothed, not my wife. The interpretation the little dreamer put upon this was, either that she should not be my wife at this period, or, if so, would be only as one dead among us."

"Now I have it," said Falk; "'tis on that account the amiable Elisa is absent."

"Yes," continued the baron; "I endeavoured to reason her out of this persuasion, and to convince her of the very natural connexion between her dream and the previous discussion. At last I succeeded in calming her, and, by the summer, dreams and fears were thought of no more. Meanwhile, we laid down many plans for winter pas-

time, and repeated our invitation to you. During the last month, the old fantasy has again returned, and I confess it, I myself urged her to pass this portentous night at her mother's; nor was my mind easy until news arrived that she was well and determined to remain where she is until to-morrow; for the wish that we should pass to-day together having originated with herself, she deemed it a point of honour not to be absent."

"That I can well believe," observed Falk. "She is indeed a being full of truth and candour, and would keep her word unto the grave itself."

"She is so," replied the baron; "but her romantic turn of mind often causes me great uneasiness."

"Time will soften that down," said Herrmann. "Youth, without a tinge of the romantic, is always cold and repulsive."

"I don't deny it," continued the baron, "I only say it makes me uneasy; such natures prey upon themselves; what would only affect the thoughts or feelings of another, attacks them in the very core of life. That dream occasioned my wife a severe fit of illness which it required great care and several little summer excursions to remove."

"The dream had probably less to do with it than the interpretation," said Herrmann. "There was nothing in the vision, it is only the conventional idea that dreams are to be explained in a contrary sense, which forces itself unpleasantly upon the mind."

"That is not a merely conventional idea," observed Falk. "Love and death, marriage and the grave, bear the same relation to each other as does the spring to the autumn, or morn to the evening. In dreams, the symbolical representation of one may signify the approach of the other in life, even as the rosy clouds of morning portend a storm, or the same in evening a bright and genial day. There is certainly something appalling in that dream, particularly for an imaginative mind prone to tint everything with its own colours."

"The extraordinary part of the story remains to be told," said the baron; "it may also serve to prove what

strange effects may arise from an overheated imagination. My wife had never seen Hartenstein until I brought her here as its mistress; and I know that she had never heard any precise description of its localities, as I wished her to be agreeably surprised on her arrival, the castle having been, at a remote period, in the possession of her family: strange to say, the vision presented to her mind everything precisely as she found it. She also pointed out to me a peculiarity in the building unknown to myself, and probably to many of my predecessors."

"Doubtless," rejoined Falk, as the baron remained silent; "doubtless, this old stronghold conceals many a wonder of feudal times; I have oft heard tell of subterranean passages where the spirits of monks keep watch over their hidden treasures. Let us hear some of them."

The baron proceeded: "It appears that each New Year's-night leads us to the same topic. Well, let it be so—perhaps I had better relate to you as I found it, an old legend discovered amongst some papers in the archives. It is a fact we must all acknowledge, I believe, that our feudal ancestors were distinguished more by their power and ferocity, than by the nobler feelings of human nature. Of this description was Ritter Wolff, who dwelt many centuries back at Hartenstein. He was wealthy, bold, and the terror of his neighbours—consequently overbearing—and his wrath, when his slightest wish was opposed, knew no bounds. It happened that two young men were found poaching in the Ritter's forests, and were taken prisoners by the huntsmen. Ritter Wolff, according to the custom of the times, ordered them to be confined in the castle dungeon, and at the expiration of a few days to be put to death. The father of the youths, a respectable citizen, tendered a large ransom for them, but in vain; the Ritter was inexorable, and added insult to injury. This was more than human nature could bear, and the unfortunate old man, forgetting the power of his oppressor, gave vent to his feelings in no measured terms. Wolff's rage was ungovernable. He commanded him to be cast into the deepest dungeon,

and for days the Ritter brooded over some extravagant mode of punishment, until at last some wealthy citizens succeeded in ransoming the old man and one of his sons, on account of their handicraft, for they were bell-founders famed far and wide. But the knight gave them their liberty only with this dread restriction, namely, that the father should with his own hand cast a bell whose first sound should summon his imprisoned son to death. The shortest possible time was purposely fixed for its completion, in order that the miserable parent should use every exertion to hasten the last moments of his child. To save the life of one, the wretched father saw himself compelled to cast a death-bell for his firstborn. Even the Ritter's dependants and vassals were moved to compassion at sight of the old man going about silently with his tools, borne down as he was with a weight of grief and years. They tried to comfort him, and would gladly have assisted him. Many collected all the bits of metal they possessed, that they might be melted down; but the allotted time was so short, that the necessary quantity could not be procured, until several crucifixes sacred to their private devotions were contributed by his poor relations in the town. Amidst tears, and groans, and many an imprecation, the hated work was completed—the fatal bell was cast.

The old man's fellow-citizens, aided by nearly all the Ritter's dependants, hazarded one petition more. It was generally believed that Wolff would be satisfied with the father's sufferings in the prosecution of the work, and not exact the fulfilment of the horrid sentence. But entreaties were of no avail. The bell was suspended in the tower, and no sooner ready than the Ritter commanded it should be tolled for the death of the prisoner. Then it was that the parent's reason forsook him. Madly raving, he ran to the tower, seized the rope, and himself sounded the knell. His wild cries were heard shrill above the booming tones. He invoked the saints whose images had mingled in that fearful cast to shower vengeance on the oppressor, and then pronounced a curse upon the bell, that henceforth its sound might bring misfortune upon

the Ritter and his house for ever, nor its death-toll cease, so long as one of his name or family should exist on earth. The malediction was responded to. The youth had ceased to live—still the maniac rang wildly on. The mountain storm arose, and mingled awfully in the din. The castle was struck by lightning, and a considerable portion of the building destroyed, ere the wretched man, overcome with excitement and exhaustion, lost sight of his sufferings in death."

"Well!" exclaimed Herrmann, "even supposing the lightning to have been attracted by the bell, the coincidence of the catastrophe with the crime and the malediction was, nevertheless, truly singular."

"The old man's curse fell heavier still," continued the baron. "Some years afterwards, when the subject was probably forgotten, the Ritter was about to celebrate the marriage of his only daughter. The bridegroom was to have been received with all possible distinction and magnificence, and welcomed with ringing of bells. The lady, in her bridal robes, stood in the balcony, watching the splendid *cortège* of her future lord as it advanced towards the castle. The great bell struck up, and whilst the young lady bent forwards to acknowledge the salutation of her betrothed, she fainted, and fell over the balcony down the precipice below. Her scared attendants fled in all directions, and at last discovered her lifeless, but without external injury, among the brushwood at the foot of the rock.

Many visitations of a similar nature aroused the attention of the Ritter's descendants. The bell might have been destroyed, but for the superstitious fear that the race would become extinct with it; so they contented themselves by walling up every entrance to the tower, and removing the tongue from the ominous bell. But the cause remained; and whenever a misfortune befell that family, it was preceded by a spontaneous movement of the metal screech-owl (so the old writings term it), and its dull prophetic tone fell mournfully on the ear in the dead of night. So great became the dread of it, that the family resolved to abandon their paternal heritage; and now, for

more than three centuries that my ancestors have possessed the castle, the bell has never once been heard. Even the recollection of it has been lost in the lapse of time—at least, it never came to my knowledge. The old tower passes for a prison, which no one has felt disposed to explore, on account of the confined air, and its now dilapidated state. Had it not been for the dream of Elisa I should never have commenced the research, for in recognising every part of the castle she also distinctly remembered a tongueless bell. I made many inquiries of the oldest people in the village without any satisfactory result, and was about to give it up as a hopeless case, when I chanced to light upon some traces of it in the archives, which by degrees I was at length able to connect. I have not mentioned the discovery to my wife, nor do I wish her to be acquainted with it, as it would only excite her to no purpose."

"That was, indeed, a death-bell," said Falk, with a meaning look, to Cecilia.

"Avant! with your prophetic New Year's ditty," said Herrmann; "the bells will soon strike up merrily, to greet the infant year."

"Yes," replied Falk, mournfully, "and they will toll the infant's mother to the tomb. That tale has made me melancholy; I see before me the maniac bell-founder, his white hair and venerable beard streaming in the storm-blast. I hear the father's groans, as he summoned one child to liberty, the other to death. Really, I should never be easy in the vicinity of the 'Metal Screechowl'; I would have had it buried, and a new one hung in the church instead."

"You only anticipate my intention, Falk," said the baron; "as soon as the frost is over, the last trace of that crime shall be effaced. I mean to have the bell sunk in the river, the old tower shall give place to a gay pavilion, you shall pen the inscription for the new bell, and we will have a *fête* at the consecration."

"That we will, and the sooner the better," said Falk; "Heaven knows what other calamity the odious thing may not bring upon the house."

"I do not agree with you," observed Anselm; "the former proprietors might have had equal foresight, before they gave up the castle for the sake of a bell, but they feared lest the dark prophecy should be connected with the duration of their line."

"On which account it shall not be destroyed," interrupted the baron; "it shall continue, but in a situation where its sound shall not disturb the peace of my family. Besides, the anathema has been accomplished to the letter; the name of the Ritter has long since passed into oblivion; my father-in-law was the last of his line, and my wife, fortunately, bears that name no longer."

"I quite agree with Anselm," said Cecilia, "that too much foresight often produces the evil it would avoid."

"Pray," said Herrmann, "let the gloomy subject rest; the old year has scarcely one short quarter of an hour to exist. Let us sing our adieu to her, and a welcome to the new one. Hist! First in quartett, and the last line in full chorus."

Herrmann, Falk, Adolf, and Julie began:—

"TO THE EXPIRING YEAR.

"Beloved matron! fare thee well;  
We've ta'en a last adieu;  
We grieve to hear thy parting knell,  
Our tears thy grave bedew.

"The joys thy lavish hand bestow'd,  
Like angels shall watch o'er thee;  
Perchance each cup has not o'erflowed  
With joy; yet we deplore thee.

"May the young year the past transcend,  
We'll welcome it right merrily,  
We see thy waning form descend,  
Thy smiling babe comes cheerily."

Scarcely had the chorus finished when a tremendous crash that almost shook the massive building, started the affrighted guests from their seats. The baron, with much presence of mind, opened the window, the sound appearing to come from without. While they were yet conjecturing as to the probable cause of it, another and a louder report took place, followed by a long reverberation.

"It had the sound of a bell," faltered the baron, visibly agitated.

Some of his friends thought the noise more resembled the falling of brick-work or stone.

All the household had run to the yard in their first fright, and the baron was proceeding to inquire personally into it, when the noise was again repeated, and sounded distinctly like powerful strokes dealt upon some metal substance. Fearfully the hollow sounds boomed through the midnight air, and immediately another crash ensued, while several voices from the court-yard exclaimed at once, that the old tower was falling in.

"The same—the walled-up belfry," sighed the baron.

It struck midnight.

Again all was still; but, as the company were about to resume their seats, in the chair which Falk had playfully placed for the baroness, was her form distinctly visible: with the last stroke of the pendulum it disappeared, before the terrified guests had time to utter more than an exclamation of alarm.

The domestics now returned to say, "that the roof of the old tower had fallen, and that amongst the rubbish fragments of a huge bell were to be seen, which in its fall, must have occasioned the strange sounds they had heard."

"The coincidence is singular," said the baron, with a faltering voice. "The bell is destroyed at the same moment that the shade of my absent wife appeared to all of us. That dream! I can no longer doubt my loss!"

An express was instantly dispatched to bring immediate intelligence of the baroness, and relays of horses were sent on to expedite it as much as possible. Before sunrise the messenger returned, his dejected countenance too plainly showing the nature of his mission. The baroness had been attacked by spasms. Medical assistance was promptly rendered, but every exertion to save her proved unavailing. She expired as the clock struck twelve.

"Everything has had its portent, and all is consummated," exclaimed the baron in the bitterest grief.

No one ventured to intrude words of vain comfort on the bereaved hus-

band's woe. He retired to his cabinet, and for some hours lived only to the indulgence of his feelings. The following day his son—his Elisa's son—was brought to him. The nurse related the last moments of his beloved wife—tears came to his relief—he took

the unconscious babe in his arms, and whispered—

“Thy smiling babe comes cheerily—”

then kissed its soft cheek, and once more listened to the consoling accents of friendship.

## CHURCHYARD CONTEMPLATIONS.—No. IV.

### THE CHURCHYARD DIAL.

BY G. R. CARTER.

‘The dial-stone aged and green.’

Lone tenant of this mournful spot !  
 Thou mark'st the changes of the hour ;  
 And seem'st to breathe o'er things forgot  
 The unbidden record of thy power.  
 Sweet sister of the silent gloom,  
 That lingers in the fretted aisle,  
 The mouldering wall and nameless tomb  
 Appear to woo thy quiet smile.

But at thy feet, the starlike flowers,  
 That gem the verdant robe of Spring,  
 Alike in sunbeams and in showers,  
 Their ever-teeming fragrance fling.  
 The sapphire eye of yonder heaven  
 Is beaming on thine ancient stone ;  
 But *other* eyes, at midnight driven,  
 Come here to watch and weep alone.

The lover looks, with heaving breast,  
 Upon the shadow as it steals  
 Along the margin of thy crest  
 And Time's departing hand reveals ;  
 He traces in the fleeting hour  
 The life of her who bloom'd for him,  
 Ere Death, with unrelenting power,  
 Around her threw his shadows dim.

The mother wastes her lonely hours,  
 While sunset lingers on thy face,—  
 The palest of the weeping flowers  
 That veil her infant's resting-place ;  
 The child, entranced beside thy feet,  
 Beholds the turf profusely spread,  
 O'er all on earth he deem'd most sweet,—  
 A mother number'd with the dead !

Memento of the passing hour !  
Still may thy hoary brow proclaim  
The perishable boast of power—  
The visionary hopes of fame !  
And slowly as thy changing shade  
May Time's dark current onward flow,  
Through many a chequer'd scene convey'd  
Of human bliss and human woe.

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### THE ROYAL DUTCH CHIMNEY.

THE first rays of the sun were gilding the dancing waves of the Neva, and the roofs of the fast-rising city of St. Petersburg. Silence still reigned within the dockyards, as a young man, dressed in the German fashion, seated himself upon a coil of ropes and leant his head upon his hand.

"What lazy folks these Russians are," peevishly he murmured; "my uncle needed not have awakened me so early, so I may as well take a nap whilst I am waiting here," thus saying, he closed his eyes, stretched himself at length upon the cordage, and was quickly asleep.

Shortly afterwards, a man of tall and majestic stature, on whose every feature nobility was stamped, walked by the spot with a firm step. A brown coat of coarse cloth, cut in the Dutch fashion, and a small fur cap, composed the most prominent parts of his attire; he carried in his hand a knotted cane of immense size. This individual halted before a colossal vessel then being constructed on the stocks, and after gazing at it for some moments attentively, exclaimed—

"What do I see? are my workmen all mad? These timbers are all awry!" Then casting a searching glance around—"I see no ropes," he continued; "but, if I mistake not, here is what I am looking for."

He approached the spot where the young man was sleeping, drew forth a coil of rope, and was about to commence his work; but the young man started quickly to his feet, and seized hold of the rope, exclaiming angrily—

"Stay there, you rogue: I won't suffer my uncle's property to be thus slyly stolen."

"Steal!" responded the stranger;

"I merely took the rope for a few moments, intending to return it almost immediately."

"Take and steal, is the same thing here," replied the young man. "Let go the rope, if you do not long for a good thrashing," and he shook his fist at the offender with angry menace.

"Great booby," cried the stranger, "here is a rouble; you will lend me the rope now, will you not?"

"Is it possible!" ejaculated the young man, "you speak German, and you take me for one of those miserable Russians who sell themselves soul and body for a piece of money. Keep your rouble, and take yourself off."

"You have a good opinion, young man, it seems of this country."

The young man looked at him with an ingenuous air, and replied, "You are not a Russian; and I will tell you frankly, that I have not a good opinion of that people. This is only the eighth day since my arrival in their villainous country; and as I cannot amuse myself in it, I shall make my way out of it as soon as I have once had a sight of that madman, its emperor."

"Why do you call the emperor a madman?" asked the other, as he seated himself beside his hitherto opponent.

"I will tell you," replied the young German familiarly, "you are a German, and although I took you for a thief, you appear to me, now I look at you more attentively, to have a tolerably honest face. The emperor, mark you, is a madman, because he thinks to make rational men of these boorish Russians; and you must know as well as I, that it is an utter impossibility. Look you," he continued, as he stooped to pick up a small piece of wood, "it would be as easy to inform these Russians, as for

you to make, in ten minutes, a horse and rider out of this bit of wood."

The stranger seized the chip, took something from his pocket, and asked—

"Who are you, then, my friend; and how happens it that so enlightened an individual as yourself should have visited this land of ignorance?"

"I will tell you all about it," replied the young German, with an ingenuous air, "my name is Steffen; I am a Silesian; my father was a schoolmaster, and my mother a very worthy woman. I am the youngest of my brothers, and the boldest, to boot; my father's calling did not suit me. I have a very rich uncle; he formerly lived in Holland, but he left that country for Saint Petersburg in the capacity of ropemaker to the emperor; I have quitted my native place, and come here to learn his trade. For these last five months I have worked in his manufactory; and this morning he bade me carry this heap of rope to the dockyard, and here have I been waiting since sunrise. But what the deuce have you made of that wooden chip?"

During the young man's recital, the stranger, all the while listening attentively, had transformed the piece of wood into a tolerably well formed carving of a man on horseback. The youth gazed at him with surprise, and at length said, "Hark'ee, my friend, I think you are a sorcerer."

"If the emperor could model his Russians as quickly, would you not remain at Saint Petersburg, Steffen?"

"Indeed would I," replied the other, "the city pleases me much, and so does the broad rolling river; but I do not like the natives."

"Why are you so angry with them?"

"That's no concern of yours," retorted Steffen. "O, this tooth-ache again; and not a single dentist to be found amongst the colony of Hottentots."

"Silence," said the stranger angrily: "which is the tooth that torments you?"

The young man gazed at him with astonishment.

"Here it is," he answered, somewhat terrified, as he opened his mouth widely.

The stranger produced a pair of pincers, and before the other knew what had happened, the tooth was extracted.

"Well now!" cried he with pride, "I am a Russian, and I hope I know tolerably well how to draw teeth?"

"The deuce take you!" cried Steffen, "I find too plainly that you are a Russian, accursed charlatan, that is not the tooth that ought to have been drawn."

"How?" replied the Russian, somewhat disconcerted, as he gazed on the white and sound tooth he had extracted. "Come! sit down again, and I will look for the other."

Steffen, in spite of himself, was obliged to obey.

"Open your eyes," added the operator, "there's the decayed tooth," as, at the same instant, the stranger presented it to him.

Steffen, on opening his eyes, thought he had been dreaming, for a party of workmen who had just reached the spot were making obeisance to him.

The stranger then threw aside the pincers, seized his cane, and approached the trembling workmen.

It was Peter the Great.

The emperor was already at some distance, and still poor Steffen remained motionless in his seat, feeling his swollen cheek, and at the same time almost believing that the occurrence was nothing but a dream.

A young and pretty girl, attired in the Dutch costume, approached the spot with a somewhat distrustful air; her bright black eyes appeared to be seeking some one; and, at length, perceiving Steffen, she seized hold of his arm, exclaiming,—

"What do you here, consin? we have waited long for you; why did you not come?"

Poor Steffen clasped the young damsel's pretty hands, saying,—

"Ah! my dear Marie, I am lost; I must quit thee, for I am guilty of high treason."

"Heavens!" cried Marie, growing pale.

"Yes, dearest cousin," continued he, in a trembling voice, "I have insulted the emperor; I have called him thief and rogue, and was very near thrashing him; I said that the Russians were as

stupid as brutes, and that their emperor was a madman : at length, when he had drawn one of my teeth that was not decayed, I treated him like an ignorant quack. You must plainly see that he will never pardon such an outrage."

The terrified Marie hurried her cousin from the spot, whispering cautiously :—"Let us hide ourselves behind yon vessel, and the emperor will not see us—run, run!"

They had scarcely taken to their heels ere the voice of the emperor, who had descried the fugitive pair, was heard—

"Whither so fast, my children?"

Marie threw herself on her knees beside Steffen.

Peter the Great came up, and looking at Marie, he accosted her with—

"Hold up your head, little one. What is your name?"

"I am Marie Willmer," replied the modest yet courageous damsel, "daughter of your majesty's ropemaker."

"Aha, I remember," said the emperor, laughing, "I remember thee : we danced together at the sailor's wedding ; but that gallant there, is he thy lover?"

"Oh ! no, your majesty," replied Marie blushing, "he is my cousin, and a very good lad too."

"Are you not betrothed to the indentant of my household—Petrovitch?" asked the emperor.

"Heaven forbid !" was Marie's eager reply, "he is clumsily made and ugly ; I cannot endure him."

"Ah ! I understand," said the emperor with a smile, as his glance reverted to Steffen ; "but if you seek for a polite lover, do not take your cousin ; he is as coarse spoken as any Russian, I can assure you."

Saying these words, he turned on his heel, and continued his walk. The young couple stood motionless with astonishment.

"Cousin," said Steffen, "the emperor pleases me ; he is a man who merits the esteem of everybody."

"Well," replied Marie, "another time have a little more discretion, or I will no longer be friends with you."

"Rest satisfied, my dear Marie," said Steffen, as they regained their dwelling hard by, "I shall never forget this lesson."

Several months elapsed, and Steffen began to be pleased with Russia ; he was beloved by his comrades, and his uncle Willmer was well satisfied with him. Steffen had grown a tall, handsome lad, and his ruddy countenance wore an expression of goodness allied to true courage ; he was ever good-tempered, and the pretty Marie by no means averse from him. Master Willmer was, however, a vain man, and, in his own mind, had chosen the imperial major-domo for a son-in-law ; he was accordingly vexed at this dawning affection between the youthful cousins, as it deranged his projects ; and he declared to his daughter that she should never become the wife of a beggar.

Steffen chanced to hear this declaration as he entered the apartment, and exclaimed, in a voice trembling with rage—

"You are wrong to call me a beggar : I am a clever workman, and I shall never want occupation. Pay me my wages for the five months I have worked under your roof, and let us forget that we are relations."

Willmer quitted the room to get the money, and Marie, in tears, threw herself into her cousin's arms.

"I shall see thee again," cried the young man, straining his beloved Marie to his breast ; "heaven will watch over our love."

Willmer re-entered, and, as he flung the money upon the table, said—

"Adieu for ever ! I hope you will never more set foot across my threshold."

"Be easy on that score," replied Steffen, taking up his money ; and then withdrew, casting an expressive look at his cousin.

Willmer and his daughter, as they gazed from the window which looked upon the courtyard, to their astonishment saw Steffen distributing his money among the poor serfs who worked in the manufactory, without retaining a single copeck ; and when he took his leave they hailed him with boisterous shouts of thanks.

Steffen now traversed the city, not knowing what would become of him ; for his heart was sorely afflicted at the thought that he might never more see his dear Marie ; wandering about at



random, he at length found himself in a plantation of young oaks which Peter the Great had reared before his new residence, at that time designated the "summer palace." As he raised his head and contemplated the goodly structure, deep sighs escaped him, for his rival Petrowitsch dwelt on the ground floor. He was about to pass through the little gate, when a young female falling from the window knocked him down upon the grass. He speedily regained his feet, raised the damsel who burst into tears, and quickly saw, notwithstanding the gloom, that she was young and very pretty. Suddenly she escaped from his grasp, ran towards the river and would have flung herself into the current, had not Steffen, who as quickly followed, seized her by her streaming hair and prevented her from doing so. The features of the young damsel now assumed a death-like whiteness as he held her in his arms. Steffen sprinkled a few drops of water over her handsome face; after a few anxious moments she re-opened her lovely eyes, and related, as well as her sobs permitted her, her melancholy situation, that she had been betrothed to Petrowitsch, who had threatened to abandon her, and that the wretch had himself thrown her out of the window, and she had preferred death to exposure and disgrace.

Steffen's frame shook with indignation as he exclaimed, "The emperor will protect you."

"Oh! no," said the young Lisinka; "I have no hope left; Petrowitsch is the emperor's favourite, he will say that he knows me not."

Steffen at this reply was greatly embarrassed, but he could not desert the unhappy fair one; suddenly he thought of Marie, and, supporting the tottering frame of Lisinka, he led her as far as his uncle's dwelling.

Marie was seated at the window, gazing into the street in expectation of her father's return, at intervals raising her eyes towards heaven and sighing heavily. How great then was her surprise when she perceived her cousin standing beneath the open window holding a young girl in his arms; she started from her seat in terror.

"Bring the lamp," Marie, whispered

Steffen; "look at this poor young creature, how ill she is; I know your tender heart, and that you will take pity on her."

Marie took the lamp, returned to the window, and gazing on her pallid and distorted features, and tearful eyes, listened with interest to Steffen's tale, and her heart soon consented to prepare a little apartment, and the unhappy Lisinka wearied with weeping, suffered herself to sink in slumber upon the bed to which the good-hearted Marie had conducted her.

When she saw that the young Russian had closed her eyes, she descended to her own apartment, where her cousin awaited her.

They passed some time in tender chat, Marie assuring him that she would find some means of keeping poor Lisinka within the house.

A noise was suddenly heard; Steffen pressed Marie's hand, leapt into the street, passed over the bridge, and reached Wasilei-Ostrow, a distant quarter of the city.

The night was sultry, but gloomy; Steffen casting his eyes towards the heavens, perceived a strange glare over the roof of the Chancery Hall, which disappeared an instant afterwards; whilst he kept his gaze fixed upon the building, the sea breeze arose, and at the same moment a small jet of flame gleamed through the skylight, and apparently became as instantly extinguished.

"Gracious heavens!" cried Steffen; "the Chancery Hall is on fire." He rushed to the closed door, and knocked as loudly as he was able, in order to awaker the controller. His loudest cries for assistance were for a long time unavailing; the neighbours assembled; but the controller was not awakened. At last the door, unable to resist the united efforts of the assailants, was shattered in fragments; the party ascended to the upper chambers; but the fire was raging high and wide, and a suffocating smoke forbade farther advance. Steffen got upon the roof, and convinced himself that a supply of water in buckets would easily extinguish the fire.

He shouted with the utmost strength of his lungs, "Water! bring up water!"

There was not a drop within, or about the house. He descended from his dangerous post, swearing against the idlers, for he was full of indignation at seeing the roof becoming a prey to the flames. The whole city now resounded with the cry of "Fire! fire!" An immense crowd had collected in front of the Chancery Hall, but every body stood motionless watching the progress of the fire. Steffen succeeded in securing most of the papers, but he had the greatest difficulty in procuring assistance; no one obeyed his call—the flames had already caught the adjoining house. Steffen now forcibly seized the jet of the fire-engine, which had just arrived, and directed the stream upon the blazing building. "Help, help, rascals!" he shouted.

But the serfs looked on without rendering the slightest aid.

Suddenly a terrible voice made itself heard above the din: "Obey the orders of that young man—I command it!"

A man of gigantic stature made his way to Steffen, and laid hold of the fire-engine. Suddenly the crowd seemed roused from its apathy, the emperor was working in person, issuing his orders at the same time. By inconceivable efforts the adjoining dwellings were saved, but the Chancery Hall was reduced to a heap of ruins.

On the morning succeeding this event, as the emperor was occupied in his cabinet, he was heard to murmur:—

"The Silesian was right, our engines are badly constructed." He caused the lieutenant of police to be summoned, and in a short time every arrangement was completed.

"Go, seek the German mechanic who works in Willmer's manufactory," said the emperor. In half an hour the young man's arrival was announced.

Steffen entered the presence somewhat abashed; he knew it was the custom to prostrate oneself before the emperor, and that but little accorded with his private sentiments; he therefore remained upon his legs, contenting himself with making a few obeisances.

The emperor said, without interrupting himself in writing, "Do you like your trade?"

"Not much, your majesty," replied the embarrassed Steffen; "it is too quiet, too uniform."

"Ah! I understand," rejoined Peter the Great, "you like to command, I had a proof of that; look here!"

Steffen approached the table.

"I have made a new regulation for the prevention of fire; I have ordered the proprietors of houses to fix in the roofs of their several dwellings in Saint Petersburg, large butts of water; and every owner who shall not so have furnished his house at the expiration of three days, shall be severely punished. In order to carry this ordinance into execution, we design that an officer, with four men under his command, shall have the inspection of every quarter of the city; that officer is Steffen Langer, of Silesia, with an annual salary of three hundred roubles, and board and lodging at the barracks."

"Your majesty!" cried Steffen, transported with joy.

"Well, my lad, 'tis an employment fitted for you. You possess the courage and *sang-froid* necessary in the hour of danger. Go to the barracks, they will give you the uniform, and tomorrow you will commence the inspection."

At these words the magnanimous Peter dismissed him, and Steffen took his departure, so overwhelmed with his good fortune, as almost to lose his senses.

The next morning, Steffen, having equipped himself in his new uniform, repaired to his uncle's house, accompanied by his guard of four Russians. He entered the chamber of the master ropemaker with a firm step.

The latter stood motionless with astonishment at the sight of the smart young officer. Steffen read the emperor's ordinance, and took his leave, but not before he had squeezed the hand of his fair cousin, who thought it was all a dream.

Eight days elapsed, and poor Lisinka had obtained permission to remain in Willmer's dwelling; she recovered her strength, and found a faithful friend in Marie.

Steffen meanwhile executed his functions with success. Butts filled with water were to be found in every house;

but he could not get the same thing effected in the emperor's summer palace.

He had already read the ukase twice, and Petrowitsch had each time replied, "Very well !" but he did not obey the mandate, and the water-butts were still wanting.

Steffen, after having inspected the palace for the third time, without finding a drop of water in the lofts, grew angry ; opened the door of the attendant's apartment, and found the major-domo in his dressing-gown, stretched upon a sofa.

"Petrowitsch," said Steffen, mastering his wrath, "I come for the third time, and find not a drop of water in the lofts. I shall purchase butts, and I shall cause them to be filled with water at your expense. You shall pay me, moreover, fifty roubles as a fine, according to the terms of the ukase."

"Silence ! vagabond," exclaimed Petrowitsch furiously, "or I will thrust thee out of doors."

"I am here in the emperor's name," replied Steffen, trembling with rage ; "I order you to pay me the fine."

He had scarcely uttered the latter words, ere Petrowitsch struck him in the face with his clenched fist.

At the same instant, Steffen threw himself upon the Russian, whom he seized by the collar, as his blows fell heavily upon the head and body of his adversary, who had neither tact nor courage to defend himself.

When Steffen had thus somewhat appeased his wrath, he finished by giving the major-domo a hearty kick, and left the palace.

A few hours afterwards, Steffen was everywhere sought for ; a lacquey forced an entrance into Marie's kitchen, and inquired of her, with an air of concern, whether she knew where he was to be found. Marie replied, that he was not in the house ; and asked why the emperor sought so earnestly after her cousin. She learned how serious the affair was, and then fell pale and fainting upon a settle, for she well knew the emperor's severity.

Steffen was found at last : he repaired to the palace, his heart beating violently, and he regretted having been so imprudent. Petrowitsch was pacing

up and down the corridor, and accosted him with an ironical smile—

"Well, my friend, here you are ; pray walk up, the knout will not long keep you waiting."

Steffen ascended the stairs without deigning a word in reply, but his heart failed him. He entered the anti-chamber ; a lacquey opened the door of a side-chamber, saying :—

"Wait here, the emperor will shortly enter." After which he locked the door behind him.

Steffen remained a long time, contemplating earnestly the huge knotted cane standing in the corner, and occupied with one thought alone.

"What shall I do to escape the blows of the emperor's cane !"

On looking everywhere around him, he could see no other issue than that of the door by which he had entered : flight was therefore impossible. The simplicity of the furniture was in striking contrast with the marble walls and fine Dutch chimney-place, which constituted the peculiar ornament of this apartment, and which was, in fact, the greatest curiosity possessed by Peter the Great.

In the middle of the cabinet stood a colossal table, which occupied at least one half of the apartment. Steffen was standing absorbed in thought, when suddenly he heard the emperor's voice upon the stairs.

"If I could but avoid the first encounter," thought Steffen.

He cast his eyes upon the Dutch chimney-place. Echoing footsteps approached the cabinet door, the key was turned in the lock, and Steffen rushed under the Dutch chimney-place, climbed up as quickly as possible, so that when the emperor entered the chamber, he found no one in it.

"Where has the knave got to ?" exclaimed the emperor. Steffen remained quiet, despite his uncomfortable position.

Steffen Langer, where art thou ?" cried the indignant emperor, seeking him in every nook and corner. "If you do not answer, my fine fellow, 'twill be the worse for you."

"Here I am, your majesty," answered a voice high up the chimney ; and a few small stones which rolled

down below indicated the road its possessor had taken.

The emperor ran towards the chimney, looked up it, and perceiving Steffen's legs—

"The deuce take you! will you come down?"

"No, your majesty," replied Steffen firmly.

"No!" repeated the emperor, "and why not?"

"Because I have no mind to be beaten by your majesty."

"Ah! knave, but you have a mind to beat my vassals?"

"If they be rogues like Petrowitsch, doubtless," replied Steffen, with increased boldness.

The emperor, beside himself with rage, attempted to seize Steffen by the legs; but the latter climbed higher, covering the emperor with a suffocating cloud of soot.

Peter, despite his rage, was compelled to withdraw; he left the chimney, exclaiming, "Come down, you knave, or I will have a fire kindled, and you shall be roasted alive."

"I shant wait long enough for that," replied Steffen, "I shall get upon the roof, and I shall find my way down very well."

"German devil!" muttered Peter.

The emperor's wrath increased with each moment's delay.

"If you get upon the roof I will have you shot," he at length called out.

"As it pleases you," replied Steffen, "I am not afraid."

"Did one ever see such a braggadocio?" exclaimed the emperor, half in anger half in laughter, "he fears nothing, yet he hides himself from me up the chimney."

"Have I said that I don't fear a beating? I would rather die than be thrashed with a stick, even although it should be in the emperor's own hand."

"Come down, I command you," cried Peter.

"I would willingly," answered Steffen, "but truly I dare not, under your majesty's favour."

"Under my favour?—what mean you?"

"If I come down of my own free will, you will beat me first, and interrogate me afterwards; is it not so, sire?"

"Possibly."

"Well! if after having beaten me, you learn that I am innocent, you would have committed an injustice; therefore I will not come down, unless you give me your word to interrogate before you beat me."

The emperor reflected a few moments, and then said, "I give you my word."

A noise was immediately heard in the chimney; Peter seated himself at the table, struggling to master his anger.

His face covered with soot, his clothes begrimed in the most ludicrous manner, added to Steffen's air of determination, altogether disposed the emperor to burst into a fit of laughter, and he had no little difficulty in preserving his gravity.

"Why are you here, ungrateful?" uttered the emperor.

"Because I have beaten your majordomo."

"True, you ill-treated him through revenge; because your mistress thought him more amiable than yourself."

"How!" cried Steffen, "that villainous Russian? Look at me, sire, *could* Marie think him more amiable than myself."

The emperor gazed at his soot-be-daubed nose and face, and was ready to die with laughter, but he restrained himself, and replied, "Truly, when one looks at you now, one could not believe it."

"Well, then, 'tis not through jealousy, for Marie loves him not; but I punished him because he is a vile knave."

Steffen then gave his version of the affray, to which the emperor listened with attention; but when he had finished, he exclaimed, "How! can it be possible? no water in my palace? thou hast spoken falsely!"

"Ascend to the roof, if you please, sire, and you will see that I speak the truth."

Peter left the apartment swearing lustily, and Steffen paced the chamber with an air of triumph. At the expiration of a few moments the emperor entered, furious with rage, saying, "Steffen, you are right, my majordomo is a vile knave." Instantly he

opened the door and shouted, "Summon hither Petrowitsch."

Steffen stood mute, and Peter, greatly agitated, walked backwards and forwards.

Petrowitsch entered smiling, for he supposed that Steffen had received the knout. He prostrated himself before the emperor, but his features quickly elongated themselves, when Peter, in a terrible voice, asked him, "Why were you beaten, major-domo?"

Petrowitsch was for an instant silent, he then replied boldly, "Because I would not give up my betrothed, who cannot endure this German."

"Thou liest!" rejoined Peter, with a menacing air; "thou hast not done thy duty, there is no water in my palace."

"Your majesty," stammered Petrowitsch, "the German has not spoken the truth."

"I have convinced myself, thou art a vile knave. What hast thou done with the unhappy Lisinka?" continued he.

Petrowitsch raised his head and asked, "Lisinka—what Lisinka?"

"The young girl thou hast seduced—abandoned—flung out of the window."

"I!" repeated Petrowitsch, feigning the greatest surprise; "Sire, your majesty is disposed to jest with his poor servitor."

"Thou knowest nothing of all this?" inquired Peter, casting a wrathful glance at Steffen. "Which of you two has lied? Get you gone! the one is as bad as the other. Begone! I command ye!"

Petrowitsch had already gained the door, when a woman's voice was heard without. The door opened, and Marie, pale as death, prostrated herself before the emperor, sobbing violently.

"I come to save my cousin, your majesty—do not drive me hence!"

"What would you, Marie?" asked Peter, benignly, "I believe you are the betrothed of Petrowitsch?"

"He, my husband?" repeated Marie, raising her lovely black eyes towards heaven, "ah! rather would I die!"

"How?" asked the emperor.

"They have deceived you, sire," rejoined Marie, "you know not the villain on whom your favour is bestowed. He has seduced the daughter

of an honest merchant; he strove to kill her, but Steffen saved her life, and brought her to our dwelling. She was the other day alone, though I beheld her through the kitchen window; Petrowitsch entered and addressed the unhappy Lisinka, saying, 'He would take an oath before the emperor, that he knew her not;' and he added, with a mocking laugh, 'That it was not the first time that he had taken false oaths.' He threatened to throw her out of the window, as he had already done once before. I, indignant at his atrocious conduct, have brought the unfortunate girl with me, and I am sure that the truth will be disclosed; for you are just and generous, and are the protector of innocence."

Marie became silent, and raised her tearful eyes towards the emperor, who beheld with evident interest the modest, yet courageous young damsel; he cast a look at Petrowitsch, who stood pale and trembling, as he opened the door and called—"Lisinka!"

The young Russian girl entered with a tottering step and discomposed features; she prostrated herself without daring to raise her eyes.

"Is it true what Marie has related to me?" asked the emperor benevolently, "hast thou Petrowitsch's promise? Is he thy husband?"

"Yes, before heaven!" stammered Lisinka, reddening, and placing her hand over her heart.

"Is it true that my intendant threw you out of the window?" continued Peter

"Yes, sire," replied Lisinka, in a low voice, "but the window was not very high; he well knew that the fall would not seriously hurt me."

The emperor gazed at the young girl with astonishment, he then continued: "Is it true that he said he would disown thee, as well as thy child, by a false oath?"

Lisinka hung her head and replied, "He threatened me because he was angry; but he never would have done it?"

"Know you this female?" inquired Peter in a tone of freezing coldness, addressing himself to Petrowitsch.

The latter, pale as death, replied, "No, sire: I know her not."

Peter grew crimson with rage; he pointed to the two young girls, saying, "They speak the truth, and thou art a lying knave!"

He cast a look full of dire results upon the criminal, opened the window, and cried in an angry voice, "Come, major-domo, you shall take the road through the window now, or I will have thee beaten to death with the knout."

Petrowitsch almost swooned with terror; the emperor, like an avenging deity, stood motionless. The former knew the just severity of the Czar, and rushed towards the window with an air of desperation, from whence he would have precipitated himself, but Lisinka, seeing the danger, withheld him, exclaiming with heart-rending voice, "Your majesty, I have spoken falsely; he is innocent, he knows me not. Mercy! mercy!" and she fell senseless on the floor.

The emperor beheld the inanimate girl with admiration, and said with much emotion in his voice, "Pity she has not given her heart to a man worthy of such affection!—Well, knave, you know not then this girl?"

"Czar, I am guilty," sobbed Petrowitsch, throwing himself on his knees beside Lisinka; "she is my wife before heaven."

"Hence instantly," said the czar; "seek a priest who may hallow thy union, and then thou shalt know thy sentence."

Petrowitsch took the young girl in his arms and withdrew. Marie would have followed them, but Peter stopped her.

"Well!" said he to her, "hast thou not one look to bestow upon your Steffen?"

"Where is he?" inquired the young damsel, gazing about her; and her eyes then encountering the youth all blackened with soot, she remained overwhelmed with astonishment, "How," cried she, "can this chimney-sweeper be my cousin?"

"You are caught in your turn," said the emperor laughing heartily; "Marie does not know you."

"I do not believe it, sire," replied Steffen, wiping the soot from his forehead. "Look at me, Marie; do you still love me a little?"

Marie blushed, gave him her hand, and cast down her eyes with a smile.

"There," said Peter, "that is a language which all the world understands, without knowing Dutch as we do. Adieu, my children, you will very shortly hear from me again."

The next morning Marie was seated at the window of her little chamber; she was sorrowful and pensive, for her father, who had been informed of Petrowitsch's marriage, was in an ungovernable rage and had threatened to turn her out of doors if she ever spoke to Steffen again. Suddenly the door opened, the emperor entered, accompanied by her father; the latter made his obeisance, whilst Peter said with a joyful air, "Know you, my pretty Marie, that I come charged with a proposal of marriage? My major-domo demands thy hand; you shall have the command of him, and the care of my summer palace; he will come this morning to fetch you. Your father has consented, and I hope you will accept him."

Marie stood immovable as a statue, without speaking a word; the emperor smiled, and added as he went out, "Deck yourself gaily, my pretty one; the major-domo will be here four hours hence; you will be satisfied with my arrangements; farewell for the present!"

Saying these words, Peter the Great disappeared ere Marie had aroused herself from her stupor, but he left her father transported with joy.

"Ungrateful girl," exclaimed the indignant parent, "You do not deserve so much good fortune; but let us say no more about it: I am going out to purchase jewels for the occasion; if, on my return, I do not find you dressed, I will wring thy neck in the emperor's presence, and then turn thee out of my house for ever."

He quitted the house, and Marie regarded it as nothing better than a dream; at length she thought to herself, "The emperor is good and generous, and cannot wish to render me unhappy; I will do all they have asked me."

She then twined her dark hair in shining tresses, made a nuptial crown, and attached it to her head: next put

on the gay scarlet petticoat and black satin boddice; and over all, a pretty neckerchief, edged with lace;—behold her, therefore, completely attired, and looking lovely as an angel.

Master Willmer returned, and his features expanded with delight at seeing his daughter look so brilliant; he opened his packet, drew forth the precious chains of gold wherewith Marie was to interlace her boddice; fastened the bracelets round her taper wrists; a superb necklace ornamenting her neck; and the ends of a magnificent waistband fell over a lace apron.

The father contemplated his daughter with enraptured looks—suddenly a clash of music resounded in the street; a procession advanced, at the head of which marched the intendant of the palace, holding a large stick in his hand, surmounted with a huge knob of gold, and wearing a splendid uniform. The *cortège* halted before the house, Marie pressed her hands over her heart, which throbbed violently; the door opened, a well known voice saluted her ears; she raised her eyes, and uttered a scream, for the new major-domo, attired like a prince, was none other than Steffen himself, who approached her with extended arms, exclaiming passionately, “Ah! Marie, how ravishingly you look!”

“Steffen!” murmured Marie, overpowered with joy, as she threw herself into his arms, and shed tears of extacy.

Master Willmer entered at the same moment, and seeing the group, cried gaily, “It’s all right, my children, I’m satisfied now!”

But how great was his surprise, when Steffen turned his head round, saying, “Really? are you indeed satisfied, uncle? Heaven be praised, for you have made me so happy.”

“Am I then deceived?” said master Willmer,—“my daughter is betrothed to the imperial major-domo.”

“And that am I since yesterday evening,” replied Steffen proudly. “See, I already wear the emperor’s uniform.”

“And Petrowitsch?”

“The emperor has forced him to marry Lisinka, whom he seduced,” replied Steffen; “he has been made inspector of a distant palace, but only on condition of good conduct. So soon as Lisinka has a complaint to urge against him, he will be dismissed and travel to Siberia: ’tis the only means of correcting such a knave. I am major-domo; it was the post which you wished your son-in-law to possess; your daughter has bestowed upon me her heart, give me therefore her hand, uncle, and with it your blessing!”

Marie flung herself on her knees; a burst of music arose without; and master Willmer, resisting no longer, joined the lovers’ hands.

They immediately repaired to church—everything was in readiness; and thence to the emperor’s gardens, wherein tables were spread for the newly married pair and their guests.

The emperor made his appearance, surrounded by his nobility; and Marie, transported with joy, prostrated herself before him.

Peter extended his hand towards her, and said to his suite, with a smile, “May heaven grant you all wives who may have as much affection for you, as little Marie has for Steffen.”

Then, addressing the latter, he said in a whisper, “I hope that you are now recompensed for the sound tooth which I extracted: and that you will deport yourself like a well-conducted major-domo.”

“Rest assured, your majesty,” replied Steffen, with a triumphant air.

“We shall see,” said the emperor graciously; and inviting the pretty bride to dance with him, the ball commenced.

Steffen proved the happiest of men, as well as the most exemplary major-domo; and the emperor loaded him with favours; and as for Lisinka, and her husband, she was never afterwards known to urge a complaint,—both marriages were, therefore, subjects for hearty congratulation.

# JAMES II. TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER,

*On the Morning of her Birth, at St. Germain's, June 28th 1692.*

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

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Amidst what adverse storms of fate  
 Hast thou put forth, my tender flower !  
 But, happy in thy guiltless state,  
 'Thou, of the sorrows of the great,  
 Art reckless in this hour.

Joy of my dark and wintry years,  
 Fair blossom of a blighted tree !  
 Thou smilest upon a father's tears,  
 Unconscious of the hopes and fears  
 With which I gaze on thee.

But oh ! e'en thus—e'en thus, my child,  
 With looks as pure and calm as thine,  
 Deceitfully thy sisters smiled—  
 Aye, those whose cruel arts beguiled  
 And trampled on a heart like mine.

Wilt thou with deeds like their's repay,  
 In future years, a father's love ?  
 When foes surround him, friends betray,  
 Wilt thou, too, basely turn away,  
 The falsest 'midst the false to prove ?

Thy sisters did—but oh ! not now  
 Will I distrust thee, pretty one !  
 I cannot gaze on that fair brow  
 Of heavenly peace, and think that thou  
 Will ever do as they have done.

I'd rather deem that thou art sent  
 The wounds which they have given to heal,  
 And this sad heart so sternly rent,  
 Once more a parent's sweet content  
 In filial love may feel.

Nor will I mourn a fallen throne  
 Or fickle fortune's harsh decree ;  
 Nor sigh o'er friends and subjects gone,  
 My kingdoms reft and glory flown,  
 Since Heaven has given me thee.

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King James II. received the news of the birth of the Princess Maria Louisa, his youngest child, on the morning after the battle of La Hogue (the death-blow of his cause), and appeared to derive much consolation from the intelligence of this event.



## HISTORICAL STUDIES.

## No. I.—ON THE NATURE OF NOBILITY.

IF you except inquiry into the nature of Deity, there is not a subject which has more strongly excited the curiosity of mankind than the question of the nature of nobility. Poets and moralists of all ages have seated themselves with respectful, yet irresistible avidity, before these two great human enigmas, to hear from the latter the secret of this world's influence; from the former, the dread revelations of the other; from divinity, the laws of moral and religious life; from nobility, those of social and political life.

It is apparent in fact, that a certain nobility of soul which sometimes shone in power and virtue like a bright star, which the rest of mankind followed with secret awe and reverence, or a certain daring and enthusiasm of character, which led one man, or band of men, to dare more than his or their fellows, was the source whence all primitive civilization flowed; that in it the first pontiffs, warriors, legislators, and poets had birth; and that if, at length, weary and exhausted by its labours, at the termination of many centuries, it has allowed "this orb of earth" to fall into the hands of a victorious commonwealth, it was not until after the former had conquered by the sword, civilized by religion, ruled by law, and illuminated mankind by superior wisdom, tact, and intelligence.

Nobility, from its nature the loftiest of historical facts, and the widest in its ramifications, has therefore, in all ages, been the subject most studied and discussed. From Moses down to Isaiah, among the Jews; from Homer to Plutarch, among the Greeks; from Cato the elder to Seneca, among the Romans; from Saint Matthew to Saint Ambrosius, among the Christians—each grave and meditative head has bowed before this great subject, every imagination has dreamt of it, every pen written about it.

Strange to say, however, few subjects have emerged so indefinitely and so ambiguously from the crucible of controversy. Listen to Hebrew, Greek,

Roman, and Christian, upon the intimate and constitutive conditions appertaining to nobility, and you will remain wholly uncertain and still hesitating upon the ideas to be adopted of its origin and nature. With one, nobility consists in antiquity of race; with another, wealth; with this party it is identical with wisdom; with that—virtue; so that, after having severally perused, collated, and weighed all these different authorities, we remain clearly persuaded that none of these opinions exactly defines nobility; whilst they signally fail to render satisfactory account of the process of its formation, the alternations of its development, or the splendour of its declination.

The all-absorbing topic of nobility, or relative to the origin of this lofty condition of portions of the human race, has prompted inquiry not merely from the studious and reflecting, but alike down from the closet of the prince to the humble dwelling of base-born serfs, who have listened, and will for ever listen, with breathless eagerness to tales of past ages—so full of all that poetic and chivalrous nobility which places the listener for awhile in a new and superior world, filling his mind with imagery bordering so strongly on the marvellous, that he is apt to exclaim—"surely the men who enacted these things must have sprung from gods or demons—spirits of a world differing greatly from our own"—and, as age succeeds age in countless revolutions, so the more intelligent the mass of mankind, and the further removed from the period of the doings of those great and extraordinary men, the more will the mind of man pay respect, if not adoration, to the memories of the heroes of old who shot (like the blazing rockets of our days) aloft from the multitude, gazed at in wonder by their tribes, who were but as dust in the balance, and compared with many even of the learned of our day, they are but as the sparks which are scattered around, whilst in one soul only here

and there the great, the Newtonian light—planet-like, rivets the attention of the generations of his day—and after generations, upon the nobility of the conception of his mental faculties.

The poets and moralists to whom we have just alluded, and whose opinions on nobility we shall presently detail, have this in common. They have determined what its nature is, but have omitted to relate that determination. We discover, indeed, in their writings what they find it to be, but not what it really is. Moreover, as nobility is always allied, in those who possess it, to a certain social supremacy, these poets and moralists have been generally induced to believe that this supremacy was of itself nobility, and that a man was noble because he was rich, illustrious, or powerful, whilst the contrary induction would have often been more just and rational. These are, indeed, only the certain accidents, certain exterior symbols of nobility, rather than nobility itself, which poets and moralists, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Christian, have discussed, approved, or blamed; so much so that their opinions upon nobility widely diverge from the demonstration one seeks for, and after they have determined the question the detail is wanting.

And it is this recitation of the origin, organization, grandeur, and decline of nobility, that we are about to attempt to enter upon. And it concerns nothing less than a moiety, and that the more interesting portion, of human history. History, for the most part, has been hitherto written in a complaisant and taking style, and rarely with the entire voice of truth. We would be guided solely by the latter object, although unpalatable to some readers, who would compromise those who attempted to write in so restricted a vein. But facts respect not persons, for they belong to the records of heaven.

The ancients, who have so frequently dilated upon nobility, never considered it historically, or applied themselves to discover and develop its origin; yet, from authors of antiquity, their books and testimonies, are we now about to commence our study and give our opinions. The nature and essence of nobility have remained unknown to them;

but they have hit upon it by certain characters and symptoms, which they have marked with care and fidelity, of which instances we shall avail ourselves in recognising the principle, and describing the result of our observations.

The first thing that the ancients have remarked upon "nobility" is, that it is not allied to indigence and humility of condition; not, indeed, that a personal and fortuitous poverty takes away nobility. In the treatise upon *Illustrious Men*, attributed to Pliny the younger, Marcus Emilius Scaurus, who was of such lofty lineage, is called "noble indigent;" in Tacitus, Cotta is termed "noble and poor;" in a fragment of Euripides, cited by Stobæus, it is said "that riches flee away—nobility remains;" and in another fragment of the tragedy of *Archelaus*, it is said of a certain personage, that "although poor, he had not lost his nobility;" but the ancients have universally laid it down, that nobility was incompatible with inferiority of condition, and original, constant, and hereditary poverty. It is in this sense that Euripides, in the *Phœnicians*, says that "the poor are not noble." Herodotus relates, in the book of his history entitled *Euterpe*, that among the Egyptians, the Scythians, Persians, and Lacedæmonians, the handicraftsmen were never noble. Xenophon, in his treatise upon *Economy*, and Aristotle, in his *Politics*, repeat the same thing of workmen in general. Philostratus teaches us, in the *Lives of the Sophists*, that handicraftsmen are prohibited from having statues in the circus of the Olympic games; in *Ecclesiastes* it is said of labourers, workers in wood, metal, and potters, "that they shall not enter either into the assemblies or councils; that they shall not be seated upon the seats of the judges, and that they shall not have understanding of law and judgment;" and there is in the fourth book of the Justinian Code, a law of Honorius and Theodosius, of the year 563, which decrees the forfeiture of nobility against those who may exercise mechanical professions.

The second remark upon nobility dwelt on by the ancients, is, that it was ever allied to great antiquity of family. This characteristic had particularly

struck them, for they make frequent mention of it as a positive and indubitable indication. Cicero, in his oration for Murena, says, in speaking of a certain person—"His family is free, ancient, and illustrious." Tacitus says, on the subject of Volusius—"He is of an ancient family." In the life of Alexander Severus, Lampridius says of Ovinus Camillus—"The family of that senator is ancient." Valerius Maximus writes of Marcus Emilius Scaurus, that he had been exempted from an accusation of concession, "on account of the antiquity of his nobility." In the lives of the Cæsars, Suetonius says of Augustus, that he had sprung from a knightly family, ancient and wealthy." Examples of this remark made by the ancient writers are of such frequent recurrence, and must be so familiar to those who are but slightly acquainted with the classics, that it is unnecessary to increase the number of our quotations on that head.

The third remark of the ancients on nobility is, that it is never to be found, except in free families.

At a first glance, this remark seems to enter into the sense of the preceding, for, as slaves, and even freedmen, might not constitute a family according to civil law, and were still more strongly prohibited by the *quirini*—that is, the primitive or signorial—every ancient family was necessarily free, since no family could exist either in a state of slavery, or under patronage. But the real scope of this remark has much greater extent than is at first apparent; and as it trenches upon "the nature" of nobility in its most essential constitution, it will be well for us to enter carefully upon this portion of the subject.

In the passage of the oration for Murena which we have already cited, it is said of the person of whom the orator speaks, that his family was "free," ancient, and illustrious. Pliny mentions, in the thirty-third book of his history, the conditions requisite for entering into the equestrian order; and among these conditions the following is required—that the father and grandfather of the new knight should be of "free" family, paying four hundred sesterces of quit-rent. Let us add to this, that a law of Diocletian and Gal-

erius, dated at Ravenna in March, 287, defines the sense of the word "free" used by Pliny, in assimilating it to two expressions which signify "ancient nobility." Moreover, a fragment of the fortieth book of Ulpian upon the *Perpetual Edict*, reproduced in the thirty-eighth book of his *Digest*, indicates that, in the political, as well as in the civil law, a family which possessed that quality of being "free," was greatly above another family, although the latter might belong to the equestrian order.

We shall most readily arrive at the true nature of nobility, by a few inductions, which it will be well to recapitulate.

First—by following the unanimous indications of the ancient writers, we have found that nobility was never allied to humble condition, obscure origin, or a mechanical profession. This observation has therefore led us to an immediate separation of a moiety of society, and to look for nobility among rich and illustrious families.

Secondly—by taking the same data for our guidance, we have laid down that nobility invariably presupposed great antiquity of ancestry and extraction. This remark has therefore caused us to set aside all recently enriched families, and to circumscribe our researches within the pale of families who have had immemorial possession of wealth and renown.

Thirdly—a considerable number of authentic passages have led us to recognise, in the first place, that nobility can never exist save in "free" families; next, to conclude, in all certitude, that these "free families never had for their original stock a freedman." This observation, in pursuing the "ancient" course, has still further retrenched the field of our conjectures, in setting aside all families whose lineage may be traced up to an emancipated slave.

Fourthly—a fragment of the pontiff Scævola, confirmed by the authority of Cicero, has given a character of certitude and demonstration to our preceding remark, and has led us to comprehend and divulge the very essence of nobility, which we define thus:—

Nobility is a descent from free ancestors;

In opposition to plebeiance, which may be defined—

Low birth, or a descent from slave ancestry.

We might strictly confine ourselves to these notions—full as they are, moreover, of general historical accuracy in what relates to the nature of nobility ; but as the ideas which we here set forth may serve to base thereon a great number of ulterior deductions which, we will not dissemble, are far from being consonant from the principles established by actual historical knowledge, we will endeavour to establish the same truths by the aid of proofs of another nature ; and after having discovered, by analysis of ancient testimony, the essence of nobility, we are about to verify it by synthesis, or, in other words, by comparing it with modern testimony.

Nobility rests, we have said, upon a descent from free ancestry ; there is no nobility, so called and estimated, in a family which traces from a freedman. This was the idea held by the ancients, somewhat veiled, it is true, because they lacked critical history, but nevertheless a certain positive idea, of which, indeed, they had a strong sense, how vaguely soever they might comprehend it. And it is only when one contemplates the idea in this point of view that a proper account can be taken of the infinite care bestowed by the ancients on the preservation of their genealogies, and to write with all possible clearness the history of the filiation of their ancestors.

There existed in every city, and perhaps in every notable family among the ancients, a register very similar to what the *Golden Book* of Venice was, or the *Armoriais* of France\* before the revolution, and to books of pedigree at the present time in England and Germany. These registers contain the names, titles, and alliances of families, and thus serve to determine their origin and antiquity. Saint Ambrosius speaks of these registers of the ancients in his commentaries upon the Bible, in reproaching the Gentiles for writing the genealogies of their dogs and horses in the same manner as they inscribed the genealogies of nobles and the succession of consuls ; and Plu-

tarch says expressly, in the *Life of Numa*, that there were at Rome, in his time, similar registers, in which many families had succeeded in inscribing their titles without having the right of so doing ; but he supposed that those registers were not very authentic, and that the true ones had been lost at the taking of Rome by the Gauls, as a certain Clodius, author of a book entitled *The Fable of Time*, testified, which existed in the age of Plutarch.

The sacred Scriptures prove that the Jews likewise preserved with great care the genealogical history of families. The evangelist St. Matthew commences the narrative of the life of Jesus Christ, considered in his human character, by enumerating the lineage of his ancestors.

Another means employed by the ancients, independently of public and private registers, for the preservation of genealogies, consisted in genealogical trees inscribed in the form of charts, embellished by designs, or even simple detailed notices, joined to collections of ancestral images made of wax. The genealogical trees bore in Greek and Latin the name of *Stemmata*, which signifies literally “crowns,” and which applies at once and directly to the crowns and garlands of foliage and flowers with which the statues of ancestors were interlaced. Pliny, in the thirty-fifth book of his *History*, and Seneca, in the third book of his *Benefits*, give very precise details upon this custom of the ancients. They say that, in the first chamber of a nobleman's house, in the *atrium*, there were armorials or shrines in which ancestral statues were enclosed. These statues, ranged in the order of their generation, were carried in procession at the funerals of the descendants. Independently of statues of wax, Pliny further mentions in a very distinct manner genealogical trees ornamented with portraits. We shall presently see, when we treat upon ennobling, that certain public offices conferred on those invested with them the obligation of causing their portraits to be thus taken, and therefrom erect their genealogical tree.

Finally, this custom of antiquity of erecting statues of wax of deceased ancestors, has been perpetuated very far

\* From this source No. 50 of our series of authentic ancient Portraits is derived.

down in modern history. Almost all the Kings of France, to Henry IV., have been thus moulded in wax, exposed in their royal habiliments upon a bed of state after their death, and carried in duplicate at their funerals; it is probable that many of these statues existed at the abbey of St. Denis previous to the revolution. The Tower of London preserves a very ancient model in wax of Queen Elizabeth, and several of the small chapels in Westminster Abbey, to this hour contain a rather ample collection of kings, queens, and nobles, in wax, attired in the costume of the periods in which they lived.

Those who are familiar with the classics, know what frequent mention is made of these ancestral statues in wax. The absence of the images of the Brutus family from the funeral of Cæsar, is a well-known fact. Suetonius relates in his *Life of Nero* that it was pronounced a crime for Cassius Longinus having preserved them amongst those of his own ancestry.

There were certain families among the ancients who might, in some degree, dispense with a genealogical tree and waxen statues in order to establish their illustrious origin: they were those who were descended from the gods!

But how could a family clearly trace their descent from the gods? We frankly own that history appears to us fairly nonplused for a reply to this question. On the other hand, it is not less certain that a great number of Greek and Roman families were very seriously convinced that they had such celestial descent, that they avowed it openly and plainly, and that no one, as we shall presently show, found their pretensions unreasonable, ill-founded, or even obscure.

It is evident that when the ancients said that they were descended from the gods, they merely expressed a firm belief in the principles of pagan theology. When the Heraclides, who were Kings of Sparta, boasted of being descended from Jupiter, they doubted not for a single instant that Jupiter, under the form of Amphytrion, had deceived Alcmena, and become the father of Hercules. When Julius Cæsar affirmed, from the summit of the tribune, whilst pronouncing the funeral oration

over his aunt Julia, that his house traced up to Jupiter, by Venus, mother of Anchises, doubtless he firmly believed the tale of Mount Ida to be a literal historical fact, and all the assembly who listened, felt equally so convinced. We may therefore comprehend how, during the latter ages of paganism, the religious law had assumed the province of history, and completely displaced itself in the minds of the Greeks and Romans; but upon what was this faith itself primitively founded? Upon what was the first assertion based, that Hercules was the son of Jupiter, and Æneas of Venus?

One explanation could alone be given of this fact, and it must be owned that it deserves consideration; it was that given by Euhemerus, an ancient historian of Messina, who travelled over Greece and Arabia, and wrote a history of the gods, in which he proved from the monuments and records which he found in the temples, especially that of Jupiter Triphylus, that they all had been upon earth as mere mortal men. This declaration was repeated by Diodorus Siculus, and was widely promulgated towards the first centuries of the Christian era.

More than three centuries prior to the advent of Christianity, polytheism had already its heresiarchs. Euripides had been accused of impiety; Socrates was condemned to death by the inquisition of Athens; Euhemerus was banished; and Diodorus Siculus persecuted. Euripides and Socrates attacked polytheism by philosophical argument; Euhemerus and Diodorus by historical relation. They re-awakened the half-extinct ancient opinions relative to the origin of the gods of Olympus, according to which those gods could merely have been heroes, sages, kings, having really fought, thought, and reigned, and upon whose varied lives the poets had in later times embroidered a fanciful theology. But what, in the main, was the value of these opinions? They might be collated with several mysteriously significant passages from the *Prometheus* of Æschylus. At any rate, it is sufficiently clear that they were hawked about by the impious, and maintained by the philosophers of those days.

At the commencement of the third century, Tertullian re-adopted all these old opinions, and, relying upon the testimony of Diodorus, Thallus, Cassius Severus, and Cornelius Nepos, to explain very ingenuously how, commencing with Saturn, that *master of divinity*, down to the inferior gods, some have been men, others "virtues" deified by poets and theologians. We are inclined to believe that Tertullian was in the right when he thus explained the origin of polytheism; but it must be confessed that history leaves much to be desired on this head. Nevertheless, it is only by admitting this explication, that we are able to arrive at any comprehension of how certain families were veritably descended from gods.

The families who believed themselves, and who were believed to have descended from immortal ancestors, were very numerous, and all of them remembered the descent with pride. The mighty who had primitively reigned in the cities of Greece, the Erechthides at Athens, the Heraclides at Sparta, the Pelopides at Argos, the Eacides at Phthia, for the most part were descended from gods. Romulus had a like descent. We have seen that Julius Cæsar believed himself of no lower lineage, and we read in Suetonius that Galba caused to be placed in the atrium of his palace, a genealogical tree, according to which he was descended from Jupiter on his father's side, and by his mother's from Minos.

In Homer, no hero makes his appearance without first declaring his origin. In the second book of the *Iliad*, Agamemnon explains very much at length, to the assembled chiefs, how his sceptre came to him from Jupiter. In the sixth book, Glaucus, son of Hippolochus, relates to Diomedes, in sixty-two verses, by what pedigree of approved ancestry he ascended to Sisyphus. In the thirteenth book, Idomeneus accosts Deiphobus, and tells him who he is, in these terms:—"Jupiter engendered Minos, Minos Deucalion; Deucalion is my father." In the twenty-first book, Achilles, who has just slain Asteropæus, addresses him thus:—

"So ends thy glory! such the fate may prove,  
Who strive presumptuous with the sons  
of Jove.

Sprung from a river, didst thou boast thy  
line.

But great Saturnius is the source of mine.  
How durst thou vaunt thy wat'ry progeny!  
Of Peleus, Marcus, and Jove, am I;  
The race of these superior far to those,  
As he that thunders, to the stream that  
flows."

The great tragedians observed no less care in setting forth the genealogies of their *dramatis personæ*. In the *Orestes* of Euripides, Electra announces that she is the daughter of Clytemnestra and Agamemnon, that Agamemnon is the son of Atreus, Atreus the son of Pelops, Pelops the son of Tantalus, and Tantalus the son of Jupiter. In the *Phœnicians*, Jocastus similarly sets forth the filiation of the Labdacides. Arrian says, that Alexander affirmed himself descended from the gods, and Plutarch relates that the celebrated Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, who made war upon the Romans, declared himself of the race of the Æcides, and consequently of the blood of Jupiter. In fine, the families of antiquity who made pretensions to divine ancestry, are innumerable, and to which claims the hemistich in Hesiod's *Theogony* may have reference:—"Kings are the sons of Jupiter."

It is very evident that if the families of antiquity attached so high a value to their relationship to the gods, it was, in the first place, because that origin dispensed with the production of all other proofs of nobility, that of itself being more than sufficient; secondly, because their illustrious rank was so much the greater that they were descended from a god himself, the loftiest among the celestial hierarchy. This is what Achilles formally expresses in Homer, when addressing Asteropæus on the occasion to which we have alluded.

If we bestow a brief consideration upon the instances which have been so far adduced, it can no longer be doubted that nobility was considered by the ancients as a descent from free ancestry. This has resulted, in the first place, from the train of opinions compared; and next, from the care taken by the ancients in the preservation of their genealogies, and from the glory they attached to a descent from the gods. It is not that the ancients had not insti-

tuted, on certain occasions to which we will presently refer, another form of nobility after the model of the former, endowed by them with the same social prerogatives; but it is no less true that the primitive nobility, the type of nobility, the nobility uncreated and ex-istant of itself, has been what we have said, a descent from free ancestry.

In seeking for the origin and discussing the elements of nobility, by following, step by step, the authorities of antiquity, we have rested less upon their determined opinions, for they have few unanimous or precise upon the subject than their vague presentiments and proximate convictions. The ancients had never attained so far as general and critical history, and it happens almost invariably that they are most apt to be mere narrators—rarely expositors. There are, therefore, in the history of nations, certain points of view which require to be taken from a distance, and which contemporaries were unable to catch; or rather there are certain moral movements which of themselves operate so slowly upon nations, that they do not become sensibly felt before the expiration of several centuries.

The Greek and Latin books of antiquity therefore contain, for those who peruse them for their *ensemble*, certain truths which exist only partially in each taken separately, but which become entire and clear when combined together. Among the number is nobility. Homer, taken by himself, did not comprehend it; neither did Euripides, nor Scævola, Cicero, Seneca, or Suetonius: nevertheless, their works, collated and completed one among another, clearly show its origin and nature.

This proves a truth that we have more than once experimented:—that the ancients frequently instruct others in what they themselves were ignorant. To them, in this instance, may be applied the remark made by Schiller upon the trumpet, “that it does not comprehend the sounds which it transmits.” It, moreover, explains wherefore, after having furnished the testimony by the aid of which we have discovered and demonstrated the nature of nobility, they yet never succeeded in advancing any lucid or solid opinion upon the subject.

It ought to be added also, that they always sought to test nobility rather than to demonstrate it. Each among them has compared it by this or that moral or religious doctrine, and naturally sacrificed the question by such comparison.

We will now put aside the ideas of Judaism and Christianity upon nobility, because they require to be discussed at length by themselves, and proceed directly to the diversified opinions of *pagan poets and moralists*; opinions all conceived, as we have said, under the aspect of some special doctrine, and consequently destined to test nobility rather than afford any definition of it.

Homer is, on the subject of nobility, what he is upon all others, the genius whose mind sees farthest and truest. His ideas upon nobility may be comprised in the four verses addressed by Glaucus to Diomedes, in the sixth book of the *Iliad*:

“Hippolochus — from him I came,  
The honour'd author of my birth and  
name,  
By his decree I sought the Trojan town,  
By his instructions learn to win renown,  
To stand the first in worth as in com-  
mand,  
To add new honours to my native land.  
Before my eyes my mighty sires to  
place,  
And emulate the glories of our race.”

Euripides, a sceptic pagan, without religion, a non-sectarian, an individual philosopher, without any particular theory, expresses so many opinions upon nobility, that in the end one is seriously disposed to doubt whether he has thought much upon any singly. In his *Archelaus*, he says, that to be noble proceeds from being rich. He says the same thing in *Æolus* and *Alcmena*. In the *Alexandra* he develops a doctrine evidently borrowed from the Hebrew Scriptures, and which may be found especially set forth in the second chapter of the prophet Malachi; this doctrine advances the assertion, that we are all alike created of dust; that time and arbitrary laws have introduced social distinctions, and that there is no other real nobility than that of intellect. In the *Ino*, he owns that he knows not what nobility is, unless it be courage.

According to a fragment of Meander,

preserved by Stobæus, a man is always noble so long as he is a man of condition, although born of an Ethiopian slave.

Plato, according to Diogenes Laertius, who has written his life, admitted four sorts of nobility; the first, derived from birth; the second, derived from warlike glory; the third, derived from being victorious in the Olympic games; the fourth, derived from greatness of mind. The latter seemed to him the highest.

Aristotle speaks of nobility in four places in his treatise upon politics. In the first book, he cites two verses from the *Iliad*, of Theodectes, from which it results, that there should be a nobility of birth. In the third book, he gives to nobility a social element of every nation destined to transmit from generation to generation the virtue of ancestors. In the sixth book, he says that nobility is only an antiquity of wealth or talent, an opinion which is repeated by Plutarch in a fragment of a treatise against nobility, preserved by Stobæus, and by St. Jerome in his epistle to Helvidius. In the eighth book, Aristotle seems to reproach those who are noble by birth, for esteeming themselves much above the common order of mankind. Aristotle had, besides this, written a book especially upon nobility, which is lost, although Stobæus has preserved a fragment of it. In this fragment, Aristotle examines the opinions of Socrates, Simonides, and Theognis, which he rejects, and concludes thus:—"This is certain of nobility, that it is a virtue of race."

Horace says that money procures everything, even nobility and beauty.

Ovid pretends that a man is not noble on account of wealth or birth; but through probity and talent.

Juvenal says that there is only one sort of nobility—that of virtue.

Here let us cease our quotations, for they comprehend everything that the ancients have notably written upon the subject of nobility, and we shall perceive that they carry a moral judgment, rather than evince any historical opinion of it; upon which, it may be requisite to make in conclusion, a few observations.

Nobility is evidently a circumstance,

as we have shown it, and it is allowable for every one to form for himself upon this fact, the opinion which seems most consonant to his own ideas on the subject. We are thus left free to estimate nobility conscientiously. Euripides may prefer it as allied to, or synonymous with riches; Meander—virtue; Plato—glory; Aristotle—talent; Socrates—wisdom; St. Jerome—holiness; one may, in a word, have nobility held in comparison with other circumstances, qualities, advantages, according to the bent of one's ideas; but all of which will not prevent the existence of nobility, and from being what it is. It matters greatly, in fact, to make this distinction between nobility and glory; between nobility and virtue; between nobility and talent: for glory, virtue, and talent depend upon human appreciation, and nobility has not the like dependence. Glory, virtue, talent, may, or may not exist, according to manners, religions, and principles, and nothing in the world can invest these with nobility where it does not exist; or take it away when it does; in a word, glory, virtue and talent, are opinions, and nobility is a circumstance.

We are very anxious not to be misunderstood as saying by this that nobility should be placed above virtue, talent, and glory, but merely in order to distinguish it from those qualities, and to make it understood that something was wanting in the judgment entertained by the ancients concerning nobility, they having preferred it before other advantages, seeing that such preference did not deprive nobility of what, in reality, it could not be deprived—its proper nature and value. However little nobility, in the abstract, may be held in esteem—however little the influence that may be attributed to it upon individuals or societies—it cannot, as we have before remarked, be said to have ceased to exist, in whatever state of abeyance it may remain. And this, also, must be recognised as an advantage of nobility that, if it does not of itself constitute any merit, it in no degree hinders the possession of it. We are very willingly disposed to admit that there is not, in itself, any great *glory* in being born a gentleman,



and that such adventitious circumstance does not dispense with the necessity for possessing intellect, courage, or virtue; but it must be also admitted that a gentleman is equally well fitted, who-soever he may be, for the acquirement of all these qualities; that nobility did not hinder Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon from being great generals: Flavius Josephus, Plutarch, and Commynes from being great historians: Plato, Marcus Aurelius, and Descartes from being great philosophers: Lucretius, Dante, and Byron from being great poets; and that to equality of personal merit there is always this added advantage, the providential or fortuitous advantage, of being noble.

It is thus, in fine, that the ancients

and moderns have comprehended nobility. They have considered it as an advantage that Providence has bestowed upon certain families, at the same time imposing upon them, more than others, austerity with regard to the passions, elevation in sentiment, and grandeur of idea. Homer, wishing to convey notions of a warlike gentleman, says of Pandarus, that he was "without reproach and without fear," and which formed, nearly three thousand years after Homer's era, the device of Bayard, that flower of all chivalry; and the heralds-at-arms and masters of blazonry in the middle ages have expressed this same idea, by the commonly recurring adage — "*Noblesse oblige*."

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## THE ENGLISH MAID.

BY TENNANT LACHLAN.

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I love to watch thee smile, sweet girl,  
When thou art by my side;  
For man ne'er saw a face so fair  
As thine, my island bride.

Some talk of maids with raven hair  
And eyes of sparkling jet;  
But who e'er looks on thee, my love,  
Thine image can forget?

And then they tell of wit that gleams  
Like lightning in the sky,—  
'Tmight sear the heart which thou dost melt  
With one half stifled sigh!

Go! let them cull the showy flowers  
Of many a foreign land;  
I would not change their boasted wealth  
For thy small lily hand.

There's peace and joy in thy fond gaze,  
Worth more than worlds to me;  
For what were riches, pomp, and power,  
And I bereft of thee!

On thy round lips, like roses sweet,  
Which oft have clung to mine,  
Virtue, sent down from realms above,  
Has fixed an earthly shrine.

Thy soft brown curls which love to roam  
Adown thy neck of snow,  
Are courted by the summer winds  
Which on the mountains blow.

But man hath ne'er presumed to touch  
That long, light, silken hair ;  
And I care not that it is chased  
By spirits of the air.

Yet, 'tis not that thy form is like  
The sculptor's choicest moulds,  
It is for that far dearer still,  
Thy warm, young bosom holds.

Mary ! I do love thee best  
When we together kneel,  
And whisper'd words from those red lips,  
Right up to heaven steal.

When to the poor man thou dost give,  
With such a piteous smile,  
That surely angels stoop their heads  
To bless thee all the while !

Or when thou sittest down to read  
Beside the bed of death,  
And words from out the book of God  
Employ thy willing breath.

When that white hand doth minister  
To those who want for bread,  
When it smoothes the weary pillow  
Beneath the sick man's head—

'Tis then, my Mary, that I feel  
The prize I own in thee ;  
And to that God who gave that prize,  
How thankful I should be !

Then let man boast of fairy forms  
Which haunt each foreign glade,  
He ne'er will find one half so good  
As my own ENGLISH MAID.

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P E N S E E No. IV.

OUTWARD SEEMING.

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Trust not to outward seeming—health doth oft  
Assume the mask of sickness, and thou knowest  
That when its deepest blushes deck the rose  
The canker-worm is sometimes found within,  
Eating its life away.

## THE ACTRESS. A SKETCH.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

It was a cold, gloomy evening in the month of February, the wind blew in sudden gusts, and at intervals the rain was heard pattering against the windows; but the widow and orphans of the bankrupt merchant were severally intent on their own thoughts or occupations, and the storm was unheeded by them.

At an easel, over which the steady light of a lamp streamed, stood a youth of about seventeen, whose fine features were glowing with the fire of enthusiasm. He had just completed his task—the task of creation—"the life of beauty" was before him, and it seemed to his young imagination a triumph of that art by which the airy conceptions of his fancy were called into existence and made real. And how completed? By an artificial light, during hours stolen from his rest, on evenings that followed days of toil. From his earliest years, the love of painting had been a passion with Charles Sackville, and amid the prosperity of his father, his undoubted talent for it had been encouraged and cultivated as his favourite pursuit. But, alas! in one short year the family had been hurled from affluence to poverty; from ease and luxury, to toil and privation.

Mr. Sackville had left his family utterly destitute; but with an energy not to be expected from his years, Charles sought for, and obtained a situation as clerk within a month from the time of his father's death. It is true, the stipend was small, but his sister Helen had succeeded in turning her musical talents to good account, and had already obtained several pupils. Thus did they hope by their united efforts to support their mother and young sister; but though for the sake of those most dear to him, Charles tried to be cheerful at home, shades of sorrow might often be traced on his young brow—sorrow which none so well guessed at as Helen. Each morning when he sallied forth to his wearisome occupation, his soul yearned for the privilege of devoting the coming hours to improvement in

his darling art. But he had that perseverance which *ought* ever to be the hand-maid of genius; the summer dawn and the winter midnight found him at the easel, and he was repaid with bright visions of success and fame.

Mrs. Sackville was not a strong-minded woman. During the tide of prosperity she had ~~called~~ smoothly on with the current, and was in truth, kind-hearted and generous; but in the storm of adversity, the mind of greatest power will always be cast up to take the lead; thus Helen, at the age of nineteen, had imperceptibly become the adviser and director of the family. They occupied the upper part of a house in an obscure and quiet street, and the small, low rooms contrasted strangely with a few costly articles which had been purchased for them by a relative at the sale of Mr. Sackville's effects; among these, were Helen's harp and piano. On the night to which I allude, little Mary, a child of ten years old, was already in bed; Mrs. Sackville busily engaged at needle-work, and Helen was leaning over her brother as he gazed fondly and proudly at his finished picture.

And Helen's gaze was proud also; but while she recognised the touches of genius, her excellent sense and correct judgment told her that years of practice and study would be necessary, ere her brother could win either fame or gold. But how could she damp his ardour? No, she would not be so cruel, so she praised the painting a *little* more than her conscience sanctioned, and congratulated the young artist on his success. *At that moment, Helen's resolution was taken.*

"Oh! Helen, if I could but sell my picture," said the youth; "then, then, there would be no need for you to part with your poor harp."

"But, my dear Charles," replied his sister; "we have met with a purchaser for the harp, and I fear it would not be easy to find one for your painting, beautiful as it really is; and when I consider that the money we shall receive will

pay all those tiresome bills, besides leaving something to go on with, I am quite reconciled to the loss; and indeed, I have so little time you know, I scarcely ever practice." But even as she spoke, she swept the chords with a delicate, finished touch, and the plaintive sound seemed like a farewell hymn to its mistress.

A long and painful silence followed, for a train of distressing recollections was aroused in each breast. Alas! what a bitter portion is **POVERTY**! The tyrant's iron rod was upon them, at whose touch such bright hopes wither, and so many channels of sorrow are opened.

"Helen," said Mrs. Sackville, at length, "I think you should write to Mr. —, his intention is kind, and he merits a grateful answer."

"I have not forgotten it, dearest mother," and she took up a letter from the table, and read it for the twentieth time. "Do not be surprised," she continued; "I shall accept his offer—I will be—or at least I will try to be—an actress." Involuntarily her mother uttered an exclamation of astonishment. Helen knelt at her feet, and passed one arm round her waist: "Listen to me, dear mother," said she; "it is an honest, nay, an honourable profession; a strange sort of confidence whispers to me that I shall be successful, and what a sweet reward it will be to see you again surrounded by comforts and luxuries. And Charles shall have leisure for painting and study, instead of spending his bright youth in a distasteful and unprofitable occupation; he will win fame, and reflect it upon us. Mother, already you are proud of him; it is only my poor timid nature which rebels, and that I must overcome, as I have conquered much that seemed strange and dreadful. Yes, mother, I will be an actress."

And again was the letter referred to, which she still held convulsively grasped in her hand. It was from the manager of one of the principal theatres, who having accidentally heard her sing, and complimented her at the time on her talents, now suggested the expediency of applying them to the stage; offering her the opportunity of appearing in a new musical piece at his theatre, with a permanent and

lucrative engagement if she succeeded; of which he begged to assure her he had not the slightest doubt.

Mrs. Sackville wept, and mourned in bitter terms their bereavement and distress. Faint and few were the objections she raised to the step proposed, and with a cheerful countenance, and steady hand, Helen wrote the formal note which was to decide her destiny, appointing an interview with Mr. — on the following day. The whole scene would have been a fit subject for the pencil of the young artist, who himself was affected to tears.

But Helen wept not, until her head rested on the silent pillow; then tears, few, and at long intervals, came to her relief. She thought of one whom she found dearer than she had ever even to herself acknowledged. And "would not the step she was about to take widen the barrier between them?" was the bitter question she repeated.

"She knew she was by him beloved; she knew—

For quickly comes such knowledge."

Yet fervently she wished that he were poor and obscure, instead of rich and noble, that she might toil with him, or toil for him, and prove how unselfish and priceless a thing is woman's love. Then she reasoned of *his* heart by her own, and it answered, that no change of station could chill or weaken his affection. And though withal there was an anxious and aching feeling of wonder that he had never distinctly declared his love, yet she sank to sleep at last with hope so bright in her soul, that it bore the very semblance of belief; and while tears still hung on her long lashes, she had happy dreams of the future!

Among the pupils of Helen Sackville were the Misses Rushley. Nature had fitted them for dairy-maids, but Fortune had decided they should be the daughters of a *millionaire*. The former had also endowed them with ordinary talents, and short, plain, common-place persons; the latter had thrown them among the gifted, the noble, and the beautiful. But they were amiable;—for amiability belongs not exclusively to any degree; surely, it is like a mantle, which covers much

that may be imperfect; or, perhaps it is more like a pervading essence which imparts something of its sweetness to all around.

It was an unusual thing for visitors to be admitted into the music-room during the lesson; but one morning a gentleman entered without even the formality of an announcement. It was evident he either belonged to the family, or was on most intimate terms, and Miss Rushley introduced him as her cousin, the Hon. Mr. Courtney. Their mothers were sisters. He apologized for his intrusion, yet requested permission to remain, having already obtained Mrs. Rushley's sanction. He was seemingly about four-and-twenty, with a noble and intellectual cast of features; an expansive forehead shaded by rich brown hair; a nose and mouth fit for a sculptor's study, and eyes, the exact hue of which it was difficult to define, though, I believe, it must be acknowledged that they were gray.

A slight service offered and accepted, is often a stepping-stone to intimacy, and this proved to be the case in some degree with Helen and Mr. Courtney. The morning had been dull and cloudy, but during Helen's stay in Grosvenor Square a heavy rain set in. Mr. Courtney's cab was waiting at the door, and it was insisted on that his servant should drive her home: her residence was not ten minutes' walk, but no refusal would be taken.

In the course of a few weeks "Cousin Alfred's" presence during the singing lesson began to be considered as a matter of course. Then he would sometimes take part in a duet, and, at last, trios were learned on purpose to sing with him. He was a good musician, and fully appreciated Helen's taste and skill. Yet far more highly did he estimate her conversation; and often when the allotted hour for music had already extended to nearly two, would they still linger. Helen, perhaps, still seated at the harp, which she touched no longer, and Alfred Courtney near her—her usually pale cheek becoming tinged with colour as she grew animated in conversation with him—till the French clock, like a harsh monitor, warned them of the flight of time. The Miss Rushleys were delighted, "Cou-

sin Alfred" so much admired their favourite—it was a compliment to their own good taste—and compliments from him were highly valued. They were too good-natured to be envious, and were really attached to Helen. But they had something of the shyness of *parvenues*, and it is a question whether they would have *dared* notice her in a crowded assembly. On the contrary, Alfred Courtney would have paid her an equal degree of attention at the palace, had he met her there.

By degrees the days on which they expected to meet seemed to each of them to bear a brighter mark in the calendar, a goal, from time to time, beyond which they scarcely looked. But the course of love is an oft-told tale, and there is little wonder that Helen was not insensible to an evident regard, tempered by deference and respect; a something more easily felt than described, and that, however indefinite, is yet a surer road to woman's heart than the admiration which finds vent in an open and early avowal. And though no declaration had passed, they loved with a true and trusting love!

About two months before the evening on which my story opens, Lord Verrington died, and Alfred Courtney succeeded to his father's title. Helen had not seen him since the event, but this was easily accounted for, as he had been sent for to the north of England during his father's illness, and had not yet returned to the metropolis.

Time passed on, and it was but three days from the night fixed on for Helen's appearance. She was alone, and had taken up a book—a favourite book—but it remained in her hand, the leaves unturned. She had not the power of fixing her attention, her thoughts were divided between the ordeal she was about to pass and Lord Verrington. Suddenly the door opened, and he was announced. He wore a travelling dress, and looked pale and fatigued. It was an embarrassing moment to each of them; he made some common-place apology for his neglected toilet, and then became silent. At last he spoke abruptly, "Helen—Miss Sackville, is it true, the report I hear, that you are about to appear at — Theatre?"

"True, my Lord, quite true."

"Say—tell me—what can have urged you to a step, repugnant, I am certain, to your nature; you, the gentle, the refined, the sensitive, to be subject to the coarse jest and the rude stare—no, no, it is impossible!" And while he spoke he buried his face in his hands.

"There is no *shame* in being an actress; but you ask me, what has urged me to a step repugnant, I will acknowledge, to my feelings?—the relentless master who has tempted myriads to guilt, but only urges me to my duty—POVERTY."

Lord Verrington looked up, his face was still pale, but the features were rigidly fixed. "Helen, dear Helen," he exclaimed, "tardy though I have been, there is still time to escape this hateful trial,—am I vain or mad in deeming that you do love, or that you could love me? Will you be mine through weal and woe, my wife—mine for ever?"

He read his answer in the blushing cheek and tearful eyes. Helen was no coquette, and felt not shame in acknowledging her love. She hinted not at the difference of their stations; if the truth must be told, it never occurred to her; if it had done so, she would have scorned one remark, which could have seemed to ask for reiteration of his love and her excellence.

But alas! that very hour, the hour of acknowledged love, that hour which, in after years, must surely seem like the first oasis in the desert of memory, that hour was bitterness mingled in their cup. Helen persisted in her determination to appear on the stage. How were her mother and young sister to be supported? and her darling brother—were all his hopes to be blighted? Lord Verrington offered to settle an annuity on them; but he was not rich, his income was barely sufficient to support an establishment suitable to his rank, and he had younger brothers and sisters to assist, or provide for.

Insensibly he yielded to the eloquence dictated by principle; and were it possible, Helen was raised in his esteem by the self-sacrificing spirit she evinced. But still his countenance was melancholy, and his air wonderfully dejected, considering he was a successful suitor;

and though ere he departed, he held her for a moment in his arms, the kiss he imprinted on her cheek was cold and unimpassioned, as though he had yet no right to such a privilege.

Gifted with superior talents, and possessing a judgment far above her years, still great simplicity was blended in Helen's character: that charm which almost always hangs like a garment about a noble mind. Perfectly unsuspecting of any secret being hidden from her, it was not till long, long afterwards she could trace something of mystery in Lord Verrington's deportment. I have said simplicity belonged to her; and yet already had she consented to act with duplicity! Helen and her lover had agreed to conceal their engagement, until the expiration of a period at which she had reasonable hopes of acquiring a sum of money sufficient to enable her brother to prosecute his studies, and to settle her mother in ease, if not in affluence. And though the *intention* of concealing their engagement brought not about painful results to them, I cannot help remarking, *en passant*, how seldom such engagements meet a happy termination. In the first place, there must be *something wrong* for concealment to appear desirable; and out of evil good cannot come. Even when seemingly most expedient, a thousand acts of deceit and falsehood implied, if not uttered, tarnish the moral brightness of the soul. Than this, surely nothing can be more likely to strip our idol of its divinity: and though lovers, and women especially, are quite willing to pardon *folly* committed for their sakes, I cannot but believe that a long course of deceit—the more successful, the more dangerous—must sully that pure and perfect esteem, which should form the groundwork of a deep attachment.

"Look to her Moor; have a quick eye to see,  
She has deceived her father, and may thee."

If ever such concealment were excusable, it might be deemed so in Helen's circumstances; and at least, she felt no remorse for the step on which she had decided.

The eventful day arrived—it was afternoon—in the evening, Helen was to

make her *débüt*. She was a little nervous, but Mrs. Sackville fancied she had been in much better spirits during the last few days, than for some time antecedent. A carriage stopped at their door, and to their utter dismay, Lady Verrington was announced. Her ladyship requested permission to speak to Miss Sackville alone. Mrs. Sackville withdrew. Lady Verrington was a tall, commanding-looking woman; she had been considered handsome; but at that moment there was little trace of it in her countenance. She was deathly pale—a circumstance made still more remarkable by the contrast with her weeds and deep mourning; but there was a tremulous movement about the mouth which plainly evinced that there had recently been, or still existed, some strong emotion in her mind.

"Miss Sackville, I suspect much, but know nothing. Answer me candidly—does my son love you?" was the abrupt commencement of their interview. Overawed by Lady Verrington's stern manner, for a moment Helen was silent; her lips indeed parted, but no sound came from them.

"And he intends to marry you?" continued Lady Verrington, in a tone of interrogation.

"Do you utterly despise me, madam?" exclaimed Helen. "Alas! this is a harsh method of teaching me the difference of our stations; he made me forget it."

"I do not doubt it; but you have not answered the question I have a right to ask. Have you reason to suppose it is my son's intention to make you his wife?"

"I will answer your question with candour; I have."

Lady Verrington was silent for a few moments. At length she said, "I will not attempt to disguise my feelings, Miss Sackville, such an union would be entirely repugnant to my wishes."

"I regret it deeply," exclaimed Helen; "but I had—we had hoped—"

"What can never be realised," cried Lady Verrington, interrupting her.

"Never!" murmured Helen.

"My dear young lady, I am very sorry for you," continued Lady Verrington, a little softened in her manner; "and I have still a most painful

task before me, one I would willingly avoid; but I fear there is no alternative. Listen to me, I will be as brief as possible: you knew my husband only by reputation; but you must have heard that he was one who, by his talents and perseverance, had raised up an obscure name, and earned his coronet. Miss Sackville, I pretend not that we were either of us better born than yourself; but the very soul of Lord Verrington was ambition, and this ambition centred in his children, especially in his eldest child—even from his infancy. Even then, long before honours were showered on his own head, did he dream of the fame, and riches, and power which should encircle the prattling boy who played beside him. It was a prophecy begotten of his firm reliance on his own energies; ambition for that child was as a gilded chain round his heart's core. His wildest dreams of fame for himself were more than realised; but he was never rich; I mean, rich in proportion to his rank. It will not surprise you to hear that we long looked forward to Alfred's marrying into some noble family, with, probably, a fair portion with his bride. When he was of age, we urged him to choose; and that he might have selected a wife among many of whom we should highly approve, I have no doubt. You may judge then, with what feelings we heard of his attentions to you some months ago; believe me, it is with reluctance I remind you how different was your situation from that of one we could have wished him to select. We did hear of those attentions, although they remained unnoticed by us, deeming that the passing fancy, as we were willing to call it, would, without opposition, die away. But during Lord Verrington's illness, your probable, or possible union, was the paramount idea in his mind—and even in the ravings of delirium the one thought might be traced. He intreated that Alfred should be sent for, though at that time we apprehended no danger:—he came—would, Miss Sackville, that I might be spared the remainder." But the widow continued, while her tears flowed fast. "He stood by the bed-side of his father;—and I marked his countenance change, as he caught

the imperfect and incoherent sentences which fell from that father's lips. It is an awful thing to watch the human being whose soul is about to burst from its prison-house of clay. It is a fearful and an awful thing, even when we are not bound to that being by any tie of blood or of affection;—or, when old age has crept on with its warning touch, its sickness, its infirmities,—when, perhaps, those most dearly loved are already gone before, and the silver links which bound the spirit here, have one by one been loosened. But the power of death is shown, the visible presence of the Almighty is most felt, when the young or the middle-aged are suddenly cut off:—to our finite perceptions it does not seem their time to die—it is like cutting the green corn,—unfit for the harvest. The being, who a few days ago was one of us, health on his cheek, hope, *earthly hope* in his heart—the leaf where he last read, perhaps still turned—the desk at which he wrote still open:—and then to see the livid countenance, and trace the characters which death writes there! The words of one on the brink of the grave fall on the heart, as if uttered by one beyond it. I said that Alfred stood by his father's bedside—that father, who though he wildly called for, did not know him. At last he fell into a deep slumber—it continued for hours. Alfred watched beside him, and clasped the feverish hand on which the hot tears fell more than once. He awoke perfectly sensible. He stretched out his arms to his son, and threw himself on his neck—'Bless—bless you for ever—' he exclaimed; then falling back, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he murmured faintly—'but promise—promise me you will not marry the merchant's daughter. Why do you pause? Let me bless you before I die.' I could not see Alfred's face, but I heard him say, after a pause, 'Spare me, spare me!' and his voice was thick and agitated. Lord Verrington motioned to me to leave them:—I did so, but not till I had cast an imploring look on my son. *The particulars of that interview I have never heard; but I have no right to believe that even a reluctant consent was extorted. When*

I returned to the chamber of death, my husband was insensible; and he never spoke afterwards. Surely, Miss Sackville, your union would be unholy—unblessed by God—unsanctioned by man!"

During the whole of this recital, no sound had escaped Helen's lips, only at the latter part of it she pressed her hands tightly across her forehead, while awe and despair were imprinted on her countenance. But when Lady Verrington ceased, a change came over her face, and a smile, almost of bitterness, for a moment, played there. "Do not fear me," she exclaimed, "I make the promise he was so unwilling to give: I will not marry your son."

Touched by her noble-mindedness, and by her agony, Lady Verrington instinctively caught the almost-fainting girl to her heart. Their tears mingled—and after a little while, sweet soft words,—words almost of affection came from the same lips which had uttered such harsh truths. But there was remorse in Lady Verrington's heart—remorse for her cruelty, in choosing *that day* for her communication. And why had she done so?—Because she did not understand the character of Helen Sackville. Because she had felt by no means certain that Helen would break the engagement which she suspected to exist;—and in that case there was still time, by whatever sacrifice of money it might be effected, to prevent her appearance on the stage!

It would be difficult to believe the extreme mental, as well as bodily exertion through which strong excitement may carry us, were not too many instances recorded for its power to be doubted. And few persons there are within whose own experience no such instances have come. It will thus be easy to understand by what seemingly supernatural influence Helen Sackville was enabled to go through her arduous performance. "The light on life's dull stream" had just been for ever quenched; and fixed—

—"the seal upon the tomb of hope,  
By which, like some lost sorrowing angel, sits  
Sad memory evermore."

And yet it was her lot in that hour



to pourtray mimic sorrow and mimic joy! Her style was an early essay in the school which Malibran perfected. The applause was deafening, but she seemed unmoved by it: and even the other performers who acted with her were surprised at the manner in which she identified herself with the part. It was a character that loved "not wisely but too well;"—truly her impassioned utterance, her tears, were painfully real. How many of the kind hearts there would have wept true tears of sympathy for the beautiful actress, could they have known from what real and intense agony that seeming triumph of art was wrung.

The piece concluded. A crowd came round the actress when she left the stage, to congratulate her on her success; but she could not speak, save, as she leaned heavily on her brother's arm, she whispered, in a thick voice, "Home, Charles, take me home!"

And where was Lord Verrington on that eventful day? He had been greatly surprised and a little annoyed by his mother's unexpected arrival in London. There was evidently a system of *espionage*, which tormented him, and which he was determined to resist. Alas! how much more influence would parents really gain over grown-up children, did they *seem* to exert less. When Lady Verrington questioned her son that morning with regard to his attentions to Miss Sackville, he scorned to tell a falsehood, and refused to answer her; they parted in anger. Decided on the line she would adopt, the result is known. But Alfred was altogether unprepared for the shock which awaited him. He had dined earlier than usual, and was about leaving home for the theatre, anxious for Helen, yet sick at heart, although he had sanctioned the step she was taking. Lady Verrington summoned him to her presence, and detailed every particular of her interview with Helen.

Their conference lasted for hours; Lord Verrington's first resolve was to see Helen that night, and hear from her own lips his doom; but a moment's reflection convinced him of the cruelty of adding to the fearful excitement she must already have undergone. It is certain that in an argument he who errs

is generally the warmest, and in this instance the rule assuredly was correct. But for the painful circumstance of his dying father's command, it is probable Lord Verrington would have listened at least with patience and respect to his mother's suggestions with regard to the choice of a wife—as it was, remorse had already ruffled the smooth current of his temper, and he opposed angry unmeaning words to her calm, passionless appeals to his reason and his conscience. He did not deny his father's last commands, but asserted they were only the ravings of delirium. Alas! if so sure of this, how could he account for the feelings which came over his heart like a thick oppressive shadow, even at the very hour he heard from Helen the acknowledgment of her love! Poor Alfred! he was not the first who had tried to *believe* that which he *wished*. But truth is a living spark which nothing can quench, and though, by false reasoning and specious eloquence others may be deceived, it is a hopeless task to try to deceive our own hearts.

After a sleepless night, early the following day, Lord Verrington hastened to Miss Sackville's residence, though without any fixed purpose or determination. He found a physician's carriage at her door, and learned that the successful *débütante* was alarmingly ill—far too ill to receive even a letter or message; he literally staggered from the door. "And this too, is my doing!" did he mentally exclaim, while he paced for nearly an hour before the house, as if unable to leave the spot. The following day, he heard that Helen's illness was a fever brought on by excitement, and for a considerable time her life was in danger. Weeks elapsed before Alfred was admitted to her presence, and ill, sick at heart, and harassed, he looked scarcely less a shadow than herself.

It was a long interview; but there is something sacred in such a parting. Enough that Lord Verrington's arguments fell powerless on Helen's ear; she wept bitterly, for she was still either too ill, or her heart too much crushed to assume that stern mask of pride with which heroines are wont to conceal their deepest feeling. Unrestrained, his arm wound round her

waist, and her tears fell on his shoulder ; but while she owned her unchanged, unchanging love, she was firm in her resolve never to be his. "Never," she exclaimed, "unless the grave might give up its dead to sanction our union."

And, after awhile they became wonderfully calm, and then they began to talk of *friendship*. Yes, they would be friends ; dear friends ; but even while they spoke, each felt how bitter a mockery it was to make such professions. And then, as if by a sudden impulse, Helen asked if he would promise to grant her one request. Unhesitatingly he agreed, and the boon was, "that he should leave England for at least two years."

As soon as Helen's health was in some degree restored, she prepared to resume her professional engagements, and by the end of the season her fame was established as a favourite actress. Crushed and broken as her heart was, still her sorrows were unmixed with self-condemnation, and for such, time brings its sweetest balm. She had also many sources of happiness ; she was deeply grateful for her success, and when she saw her mother at least contented and cheerful, and her dear brother buoyant with hope and happiness, she felt repaid for all her exertions. Gradually her manners recovered their even tone. Yet how slight is the knowledge we can have of another's heart from the common intercourse of society. The glittering on the surface of the stream often hides but the wreck below ; and flowers and fruit grow on the volcano's side.

It was neither possible nor desirable to conceal from Mrs. Sackville that an engagement had existed between Lord Verrington and her daughter ; and after her recovery, Helen narrated the circumstance which had for ever separated them. But she was too unselfish to distress her mother by suffering her to know how deep the wound had really been ; and with returning composure, came also that natural pride and dignity of her sex, which under ordinary circumstances would have forbidden such a revelation. Still sympathy—deep, heartfelt sympathy, is a sweet solace in affliction, and thus Helen found it. *Sympathy*, not *pity*—'tis strange how often they are confounded.

It had been arranged that Charles was to leave England in the autumn, and to pass two or three years in Italy. The time drew near, and joyous as he was at the thought of the prospect now opening before him, and buoyant with expectation of the wonders to be seen, still there was a natural pang at the thought of parting with his mother and that dear sister—to whom already bound by every tie of affection—he had now a debt of gratitude for all the advantages he prized so highly.

It was autumn ; beautiful, but melancholy autumn, which brings so much that is congenial to a sorrowing heart. Even the fresh breeze comes with a moaning sound, and seems to fall on the ear like the voice of a sympathising spirit. One might fancy it mourned for the summer that has passed, and the flowers which are withered. Alas ! how often is the heart but a sepulchre for the withered hopes and blighted thoughts which bloomed there in the sunny season of youth. Some such feelings must have been Helen's on the night to which I allude. They had taken a cottage for a few weeks out of town, but Charles was to leave in a day or two. It was a lovely evening, and he had strolled with his sister a short distance from home. They had watched the glorious sunset, and now the stars came sparkling forth, like sentinels, in the dark blue heavens. They rested on a rudely-constructed seat, beneath a spreading tree ; and the dry, rustling leaves were as a carpet beneath their feet. Charles turned to his sister, and, by the fading twilight, he could see that she was weeping. As she raised her eyes, there was something in the glance that met her own, which told her he had read her thoughts. "Dear Helen," he said, "it is not because I have not spoken to you on the subject, that I am indifferent or thoughtless—tell me—trust me."

She pressed his hand, and answered, "Not now—when you return, when you are older—you could scarcely understand me yet."

"Helen, I am not young in heart."

And Charles was right, for it is one of the gifts of genius to have wisdom and experience in youth, and to retain in age the glowing freshness of thought,

which in common minds, fades when life's spring has past. Poesy and painting are twin-sister arts, and it is often merely accident which decides whether the pen or the pencil shall be chosen.

"Trust me—tell me," he repeated ; and while he spoke he drew her nearer to him. Her head sunk upon his breast, and, in a low voice, she revealed the story of her love. And if words have power to express deep emotion, not a thought, not a feeling was hidden !

My task is nearly done. I would sketch but one other scene in the life of Helen Sackville. Years rolled on—the youth, the young aspiring artist returned a man ; and very soon his genius won the reputation he so well deserved. And Mary, whose tender age had spared her from the anxieties her brother and sister had known, grew up a light-hearted and beautiful girl, and married most advantageously before she was twenty. Lord Verrington became distinguished among his country's senators, by his talents and the noble use to which he applied them. Helen had sometimes met him accidentally in public, and had even spoken to him once or twice. How strange the greeting of mere acquaintanceship after so passionate and agonizing a parting ! She watched his career with interest, and there was something glorious in the thought that such a heart had once been all her own. It seemed that the mouldering ashes of that love were dearer and brighter to her than any second tie could be.

To the astonishment of "the world" she refused every suitor. And they were many, for her talents, her beauty, and her exemplary conduct had won universal respect and admiration.

She had now toiled for years in her profession, yet she was amply repaid by the proud feeling of independence it afforded herself, and the means it had been of bestowing happiness on those most dear to her. But she was about to leave the stage, for she had reaped a golden harvest ; the want of which interferes so sadly with the romance of real life. And though "one fatal remembrance" still lurked in her heart—though it had embittered her youth, and had still lived on, even though hope was dead—yet Helen was not

unhappy. They who sacrifice inclination to duty, and act through life from an unswerving principle of right, may, it is true, meet with many sorrows and much regret ; but they cannot be the miserable or desponding. Neither had her warm affections *all* run to waste, for "*l'amitié ne manque pas à ceux-là qui croient en elle.*" And her devotion to her brother was something passing even a sister's love, nor was she less dear to him ; though so little older than himself, he looked up to her with the respect due to a parent, and mingled somewhat of the trusting love of a child and the noble confidence of friendship, with the fraternal affection that had bound them from their childhood.

It was Charles's wedding-day. At last he had chosen a bride, and one whom Helen already loved as a sister. Young, pretty, and talented, she was precisely the wife suited for him—had prudence alone dictated his choice ; but he had been "desperately in love" before reason was consulted in the affair, and he now maintained, most eloquently, that love at first sight was the best love after all. She was clever, but not *too* clever to bend to her husband's will ; and enthusiastic, but all her enthusiasm was now, like his own, centred in painting. In short, she was one step below those *mediocre* geniuses, whose talent is supposed to be a sufficient apology for a hundred acts of wilfulness and annoying absurdity. Eccentricity is generally a most ungraceful habit to mimic ; and though it has sometimes belonged to a great man, he would assuredly have been *greater* without it. I have said it was the wedding morning. Helen was to accompany her brother to church, and both were in the drawing-room awaiting the arrival of the carriage. The newspaper of the day was lying on the table, and she began reading aloud the list of marriages. Two or three were carelessly hurried over—"On the 5th inst., by special license," suddenly she stopped, her lip quivered, while her brother leaned over her shoulder to read the continuation. It was the announcement of Lord Verrington's marriage to "Margaret, youngest daughter and co-heiress of the late William Rushley, Esq." Charles clasped his sister to

his heart, while his eyes filled with tears, but they were tears his bride would have forgiven, even on his wedding-day.

"Dearest, noblest Helen," he exclaimed, "all, all are to be blest but you."

Even while he spoke she recovered

her composure, and answered with a smile, "You mistake me, I am content, happy, blest; and besides," she continued, after a slight pause, "IF IN THIS LIFE, ONLY, WE HAVE HOPE IN CHRIST, WE ARE OF ALL MEN MOST MISERABLE." — (1st Corin. chap. 15, ver. 19.)

## L I N E S

### ON THE DEATH OF L. E. L.

Thy songs are cenotaph'd in human hearts ;  
 Thy memory lives while language holds its sway ;  
 Thy name a cloud of dream-like joy imparts  
 To all the young and beautiful of clay,  
 Who, as the tear of woe unbidden starts  
 From the soul's fountain, feel a prayer-born ray  
 Burst from the bleeding breast to that high throne,  
 Where the unfolded heart is read—alone.

B. B.

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A COFFESSOR.

BY THE ABBE MONTELE.

### No. I.—THE COFFESSOR'S STORY.

(Continued from page 73.)

THE peasant girl, Astasie, still knelt before me. Was it strength or strong despair that made her cling so firmly, and hold me bound as if by chains?

"You shall not leave us—not us—" I paused upon the word—that one emphatic word which spoke the depth of all my villany—it well might blast me. Husband! the name was sweet even as that of father—dear names as yet unknown to me—to one like me; and a full tide of feeling gushed through my heart, but pride kept constant guard there, and all was still.

"The past is gone," I answered coldly; "the future calls on me to act more wisely. Astasie, you shall never want." At these cold calculating words, which wounded her very soul, she released her hold; and in unmeaning listlessness her fingers wandered up and down her rosary in search of the prayer that she would fain remember; she breathed neither word of scorn nor anger, and there I left her kneeling, inca-

pable of utterance or a kindly action. That name—that pleading word of husband had said all; but it was but a word.

Yet, such was the nature of my guilt and all its utter selfishness, that, ere I quitted her, the last satisfaction was wanted to my pride—the last conviction for my unhallowed passion. I turned aside. The twilight shade of evening was falling, the distant vineyards were fading into nothingness, the flames of the in-door fire burnt strongly, and the opportunity was given me as if by the hand of fate. Sheltering myself beside the casement, I could see unseen all that passed in the room where I had left her. What shameful evidence—what sacrifice was now required? Astasie, the peasant, continued in the self-same attitude, and when she might conceive me to be far distant, her returning senses came upon her and broke forth in one cry, excruciating—fearful—it resides with me to the last. My name broke

from her in regretful fondness, and the young creature dashed herself on the floor of her dwelling, and wept aloud. My self-love was appeased. A strong sense of penitence came over me ; and at that sight such deep regret was felt by me as words can never tell.

But these feelings were checked at once by the sound of approaching footsteps. There was some strange fatality at work. Some hidden and mysterious providence or power was active through this singular event. The garden gate was slowly opened, and Albert Frantzen strode by me. He had been summoned by the anxious mother who, perceiving the change in her child, had urged him to return forthwith. The vine-grower paused awhile, and coward compunction bade me slink away ; even the intuitive sense of my unworthiness led me to seek the covert of the thick growing trees and conceal myself. He, too, looked once and again through the casement and presently entered the cottage. As he lifted her from the ground my eyes beheld, even in her cold insensibility, the ruin that was there—and there the shame. He himself knew it. That searching gaze of sadness told unutterable things. The youth was not without his emotions nor devoid of tenderness. He saw the wreck and ruin as it lay, and, as he raised her up, he touched her as something far too dear for angry words or passing insult. His silence too soon explained itself in such fresh tears as manhood sheds ; in such concentrated wrath as honour breathes. Hitherto conscience had been comparatively quiet, but now it bade me go and sin no more. I betook myself to my lodging, intending to depart the following day.

My home was, however, grown detestable to me. The whisperings of conscience outspoke silence, for the ministration of truth is never over until the mind be altogether corrupt. Many were my useless efforts to quiet its just reviling, to wipe away the stigma of such dishonourable selfishness as had now fallen on me. Draughts of wine but inflamed my passion and my grief ; every object around but told of her wrongs and sufferings ; indeed, the fruit of life had changed to ashes, and

provoked either disgust or curses of disappointment. Such was my state, when the well known step of Albert Frantzen was heard and he stood suddenly before me.

His manner expressed a certain sorrowful dignity which, whilst my thoughts recall him, appears to have become him so well as to render him almost noble. In that peculiar voice which forbids denial he bade me follow him, and, without offering one word of objection, we left the place together.

The night was silent, cloudless, and serene ; and the moon shone in dazzling glory, revealing the darkly defined outline of the forest, tinging the trees with silver radiance. On the pure bosom of the lake the brightness of the stars was reflected, and amid this brightness she herself looked down on her own likeness beheld upon its surface. The misty exhalation clothed the far-off scene in dubious shade. But through the devious paths of the vineyard the labourer went forward, and up the steep ascent he toiled, until we found ourselves on a high rock that rose over the lake, whose rugged precipice looked down upon the waters. The landscape was awful in its silence, and, as we passed along, the stir of moving life thrilled in the closely-knit verdure that fringed the way.

"Sir, my lord, good nobleman," said he, when we had reached the summit, and his deep looks were fixed upon the earth ; "excellent friend—the home of my forefathers is in the distance, my native vallies are asleep and do not hear us ; let us then—here—on this spot, speak out this truth together—sure, that none shall hear the words we speak."

"Frantzen," I answered, for the scene is fresh in my remembrance, "good fellow, learn the difference of rank and distance of station between us, and be content in happy ignorance on other points, since they will not advantage you."

"Could I not hug you to my heart for all this well-meant friendship?" cried he. "Base stranger, the flower you wear upon your breast, plucked from the brow of yonder simple girl, it withers while I speak to you. Here have we met never again to part—never,

sir—by heaven! till you and I know one another better.”

“That is impossible,” I answered coldly. “The peasant slave cannot approach his master. Young man, my path lies on the highest hill; your’s, under the low brow of deepest vallies. Let us not quarrel farther.”

“The path of life has led you up this steep,” said he, “and hence you never shall depart till you have satisfied me. Reply; tell me at once she played the part of infamy: that Astasie—Astasie Frantzen—my sister—of her we speak, that she led—even trepanned, used maiden arts to win you—to—to teach this villany. Reginald Montelle, say this, your last excuse, and see how much it is believed. I say she was pure as an angel.”

“I shall excuse nothing and will say nothing of her,” I replied. “Her memory is the idea of something both beautiful and true. No, Frantzen, she, at least, is innocent; and by my honour as a man, by the pure nature of this simple creature—yes, by your own friendship for her, reproach me as a ruffian when I neglect, desert, leave her to want, or scorn the innocence or truth that is in her.”

“You allow,” said he emphatically—“you know that she was artless. By my own honest name I swear she never wanted modesty or virtue. Sir, her own blushes spoke for her. Well, she has a brother. This want, neglect, desertion, she shall never know from me. I stand before you as her defender, answer me in that light.”

“I will provide for her,” was my reply, expressed in faltering emotion. “She shall never know scorn or contumely, she shall be with me as my wife. Consider, the misfortune of my birth precludes every other remedy, a whole world of prejudices stands between us—prevent the possibility of marriage. Frantzen, I love her as yourself.”

“You love her,” said he fiercely, “as the lion doth its prey, as man adores the object of his licentious passion. But know, Montelle, that vice levels all men to equality of state. You are no better than the peasant born; your highest title is, you are a villain,” and here he breathed in silence long and

deep. “We do not ask your charity,” he added; “she dies as she has lived, in her own home. But, dry up her tears, bid her not blush for shame, restore the being we have lost—as beautiful as chaste—innocent as she was fond; teach me—even me—again to honour her.”

“Tush, learn reason,” I replied. “She is what other women have been, the favourite of one born high above her. The dignity is great for village maidens, be then content.”

“Montelle,” he answered coolly, “you are about to marry another. Even Astasie has spurned you, nor can you win her back again. Defend yourself, and with such weapons as nature gave us. Stand to your footing, the victory lies in the dear strength of mortal pith and sinew.”

At these words he strode up to me in full possession of all manly courage; his fists clenched and drawn downwards with sinewy energy to his sides, ready to be raised in mortal conflict. His stern grey eyes surveyed me with cold regards betokening inward power, and their wan lights outshone the gaze of twilight.

“It is useless and vain,” said I, and my hand was fixed upon my sword; “for noble blood knows not of such encounters. Peasant, I leave you your base life. Attempt not valour utterly above you; but pass on your way and let me do the same, or take the chastisement your folly brings.”

He still, however, stood firm as the rock, unflinching in his purpose; and his clasped hands trembled and thrilled as with the strong impulse of native bravery. He now drew closer to me, his powerful attitude depicted in dark relief against the sky; his form appearing like some proud statue imitative of true strength, and standing beautiful in all its attitudes. His looks searched into mine. “Dog—dog,” he gasped at last, “is this your subterfuge? Give—give me back the honour of my sister—the life—the soul—the heart that you have sacrificed; or prove her like yourself, mean, base, polluted, the courtesan of vice, as you are the accursed cause of her dishonour!”

“Paltry fool,” I whispered, as my sword crept from out its scabbard;

"poor foolish boy, she has her ways like other women. I won her to me—it is enough—have worn her—and—and shall treat her only as she merits from me."

These expressions had scarce escaped me than his hands grasped at my throat; my sword was raised, but in the force of desperation he wrested it from my hold and threw it from me. It flashed, in steely brightness through the air and fell into the lake. We now stood foot to foot in close connected struggle, our sinews knit and twined together, firm as if the bond of brotherhood had held us. The peasant was younger, slighter, and weaker than myself, though striving at the highest pitch of human energy. Firmly, like serpents coiled together, we clung together; and never leaving hold we contested step to step and hand to hand the way, and in the calm resolution of revenge and bodily defence. But the figure of Frantzen was with his back to the moonlight, which poured down upon the rock pale, wan, and watery. The mountain base was not more firm than the nature of our strict determination.

But then it was the suggestion of rage and shame; but be it repeated. The back of the young peasant was towards the precipice. Could I but push him, press him, conduct him gently there—his just reproaches might then be swallowed up for ever! The moon winked and smiled coldly on the thought; the youth, unconscious of his danger, gave way before me, but strained my cracking sinews to my imminent peril and personal defeat. Besides, rage is more powerful than strength. And the name of Astasie, her wrongs and sorrows, breathed through his lips, as if in the strict compressure of mortal agony he were still holding this last dear thought even unto his heart. That name, however, pierced through my ears with the shrill sound of discord. An instant, and we reeled upon the precipice, and now—the poor youth first saw his danger.

The lake gleamed calm and cold below—a soft and pleasant bed to sink upon; but he must not so escape! The jagged rocks must tear his bosom, pierce his sides, and rip and rend his body,

ere my pride, my shame, my rage, and my revenge might be appeased. While this idea passed with electric speed through all my mind, we held one another closely. Frantzen had lost his footing, but he neither winced nor flinched before me.

"Taunt me no more," I whispered; "give up all right in her—in Astasie—your sister. Boy, give her up and you are safe."

"Life, on such terms of shame—I do despise it," he answered, and in so firm a tone it smote even me.

I held him still upon the ledge, the brink of the abyss; he had no power to struggle farther. It was no longer self-defence, there was nothing to be feared. But murder—the one word murder, was spoken to my heart and soul and senses; and my base nature listened. The moon was hidden as the deep clouds passed over it, and darkness came upon me. I pulled him towards me, hugged him to the fatal brink, and let him gently glide and drop from my most careful hold! At first he offered some resistance, stern and silent; but at last he fixed his looks on me, like the aspect of twin stars seen through the fissures of some midnight cavern: I let him fall. Oh, God of nature! My deaf senses heard his body falling in downward ruin to the depth, tumble and crush against the stony points of its rough sides; and every smothering sound beat bruising on my heart till it was left to look upon, like that poor peasant's, a mashed and mangled ruin. Silence was on the earth, but still my guilty steps moved not from the spot.

I listened. Might I not hear those sounds once more—horrible as they were—would they not come again! Life, some spark of life was in them; but death itself was in this fearful silence. A cry, a scream, a groan, had told me something; but not the deep splash of waters—the yawning murmur of their welcome—not even this was heard. Boy, might you not have spared one word—one word for loving echo to waft back to me—a sigh might say farewell! But no, you scorned it. Yet, how was it? The incarnation of the spirit, the living being, in his true visible form of mo-

ther earth—that figure stood beside me. Was it some self-created parody on something that was past, or did the picture of him as he lived, impress itself upon my brain till fancy called it by the name of the original? I know not; but there it stood and muttered of perdition. Was it my voice, or did the spirit from the waters call? Had not eternity passed between us, and was not the boy dead! Again I listened, but only silence answered me. I looked around, but the shadow or the man was gone—I was alone.

Around me was the desert of despair. Stooping to the ground, I leaned over the rock and gazed upon the hollow gulph beneath, calling upon him wildly; but the deep voice of echo answered me. I trembled lest it should speak again. There, searching into the inscrutable deep, I whispered, and bade him let me help him, lest his sad wounds should kill him. But while I was there, the waters from below wrinkled as if with frowns, his face peered from them in features of rigid stone, to freeze me into feeling. Bound in this dreadful fascination the moments passed away, till strict retribution came upon me, through all that my imagination conjured up. At last, nerveless, spiritless, miserable, divested of peace, exiled from hope, I wandered home; for the chains of murder hung heavy on me. Yes, murder was the word, let me not confound it with the sin of base seduction, but let both of them be as dear companions to accompany me henceforth and for ever.

The night was passing, twilight chilled the air with matin coldness, the day would come,—aye, he yet might live, the boy might not be killed. Now, in new terror, guided by coward fear, I crept by a circuitous path through the valley, and under the brow of the precipice where the narrow footing wound by the brink of the water, to find the object of my crime, and ascertain the fact that he was dead.

There, in a weed-overgrown recess, or cleft of the rock, the body was lying. The tangled herbage was bespattered with his blood, the height was fringed with the vestiges and tatters of his garments. This, to the spirit of affection, had told enough; but to me, incapable

of conviction, it said nothing. I braved the trial; and, stealing to him, touched his mangled carcass. My heart rested against his heart, my lips approached his defaced features, but no heat of vital breath issued thence, he was gone for ever; he could neither speak nor whisper of this outrage; all was now safe, and the triumph of this thought was as fresh food given to the hungry. Gazing above, an eagle's nest was perched amid the cliffs; the daring peasant might be supposed to go on such a hazardous expedition; fortune had thus far favoured me, and I must abide the event. To fly was to give confirmation of my guilt. These thoughts hardened me into adamant, and dried up the fountain of all tears.

I hastened home. My bed, however, was changed to a bed of iron, whence sleep was for ever banished. Had not my honour been touched, trampled on, polluted by the breath and blow of this rude peasant? and he had met his reward. We had contested for the victory of combat, and he was the loser. What would my pride desire more—why lament or pity him? This hireling of the earth was but as one of the creatures of its soil; he had bearded the lion in his path, assaulted the person of one above him; this just infliction of punishment was therefore not to be regretted—not even in thought.

Other more selfish feelings now occupied me. My love for this girl was in no respect abated, but increased by the fact of her misery, and nourished by her despair. It was impossible for me to marry her, but to possess her was the height of my desire; it constituted the vast difference that lies between hell and heaven. I did not plead with Dian to debate her purity; the stars were not more chaste than she. Well, well, my own mother was not more wise or more discreet; and this is the dearest truth that I can utter. It was virtue betrayed but not conquered; and this was both felt and familiar to my soul.

But now, her brother's life was at my charge; this peasant's blood had left the brand of murder on my brow. How could I meet her—commune with her—know her now? Would the dumb future of my fate reply to me?



No. And here such tears burst from me, such sluggish drops as may exude from stone, touched by the subtle warmth of kindled fires. This was my compunctious thought, and this the steel to whet the edge of my despair.

At last, however, out of this night new day began to dawn. Memory told me that he was dead; the dreaded hindrance to my plans was gone. There was comfort to be gleaned from this. Astasie had no brother—no defender—no friend. This earner of hebdomadal stipends, this drudge for daily bread and drink, this labourer in the vineyard—the prop and stay of the rude household—was no more. The fact was startling but pleasing. Astasie had none to love but me; none to shelter, protect, support her but me. The vine grower trained the tendril of the vine, and it brought forth fruit, but the hand of the master was laid low, and the vine-wreath must wither neglected on the earth.

The simile might do for other purposes—to exemplify their coming want, to portray the part that Astasie must play unless she yielded in submission to me. The girl was in my power—in my power; this was the soft down of thought for me to rest upon; and she should learn to love me once again. It is true, these arms had pressed her brother somewhat too kindly: but the gentleness of such embrace exactly suited with her tenderness. Most admirable sophistry—thou too fond—smiling—calm and traitorous villain!

Nevertheless, the essence of all this constituted the abstract of my feelings as the fresh day approached. Either my senses were obscure or it was the fact; the morn was ushered in with noiseless presence; for suddenly, the azure light of heaven shone down upon me. It may be believed that my nature trembled and grew pale within me. However, my honour was at stake—the honour of all the ancestry of Reginald Montelle; even murder has its honour as the world goes; the pride of not being proved so. Therefore, my nerves were strung strongly to the task, and fortified for the duty before me.

It was necessary to recall my daily habits, and so to spend the time that no flaw or error might be found therein to lead to my discomfiture. For this

purpose, when my man appeared, I ordered my horse, dressed myself to the precise point becoming my noble and proverbially imposing exterior; and having calculated how each minute and hour of this day was to be employed, having arranged the means by which this puppet of myself was to be played throughout the drama, I mounted, and began my discursive matin ramble in the usual manner as heretofore.

In vain were my hopes and wishes that the body of the vinegrower might be discovered. If the villagers knew not of his return, willingly could my eager tongue have told it to them, but terrible silence was imposed upon me, until the very calm and quiet of surrounding existence was horrible in its contrast with the still stirring life of inward fears that thronged within me. At length, from a neighbouring height, some ten or twelve of the peasantry hastily descended, and this told me that the alarm was given.

Hitherto, to haunt and watch over the place of my guilt had been my great design and only comfort, but now instant and speedy flight was the first impulse of thought. But how fly and not give cause of just suspicion? Though degraded and fallen from my own esteem for ever, the pride and hope of my parents must not be forfeited; no, the fatal secret must be hidden and kept; and brave in the cold confidence of guilt, I cautiously descended into the valley, and took the route that would lead me, as if accidentally, in the direction of the cottager's dwelling.

At last, from the far distance, the rustic group approached me, bearing him, Albert Frantzen, her brother, on a litter woven of the green branches of his native trees. But no sooner did they advance with their fearful burden than the instinct of fear itself whispered me how further to act.

Deviating from the main road, I purposely passed the cottage, and Astasie was standing at the lattice. A gay and unmeaning salutation was wafted towards her—the mockery and insult of her and of myself—but it served to amuse my own feelings, and yet her sad reproachful look cut keen across me. My attentions to her were well understood amongst them, and if

not,—but presently one of the peasants accosted me, inquiring if anything were ailing in the valley, and pointing to the crowd now fast collecting. What more natural than to suppose a goat had fallen over the rocks? and with this stale reply, I spurred my pony forward, dismounted, muttered some fitting questions, and testified an adequate distress; then, throwing the reins loose, my steps turned back with the throng, but still my resolution shrunk from the idea of being one of them to convey the mangled body to its home. I followed, however, with such deportment of sorrow as my inward guilt permitted me to dissemble.

Astasia was leaning over the gate as the sad group drew near, and still ignorant of her affliction. Tears are the common coin which nature doles out to misery, but here were none. She knew that he was dead, one glance and whisper sufficed, and the gate turned upon its hinges; his native home received him as coldly even as his mother earth had welcomed him. The nameless horror—the awful mystery of her woe abashed me, and, in the cowardice of sin, it seemed that my guilt were made known to her. I turned away confounded.

Oh God! the heart-cry of the fond mother told enough; but the secret was still my own; and slowly and at length my courage returned, and I entered the cottage after them. The poor woman hailed me as her comforter, but Astasia fainted away at my approach. Did some intuitive suspicion speak within her—or was it an oracle of nature that spoke through her, to tell me all her love for me—to bid me justify her yet. None—none but my voice could disenchant the stupor that lay on her.

But why detail the selfish, calm hypocrisy that swayed me? I was the person to soothe and support her in her sorrow! And while my arms sustained her drooping form, my hands paltered with paltry tricks of loving favour. I did deem and did believe she would receive me once again, accept my protection—be—be in fact, all that my selfishness applauded and required.

But, now, Albert Frantzen was laid in his last resting-place. I was one of

the mourners, and doomed to see my work completed. The earth, as it fell upon him, stifled his upbraiding memory within me; and muffled in its darkness all proof of the sad act. Upon the thought my mind was all content. Yet, many nights together, ere it could be so, I visited and prowled around his grave, and with heavy footsteps pressed against his breast, stood there, and bade him be at peace for ever.

Children will tell you that mischief is delight, and man himself must consent to such a fair exposition of his own natural tendency. But life, my life led on to other things.

Meanwhile, I had spread the net again to ensnare my victim, but all my machinations had not yet succeeded. If the girl loved me still, she at least had learnt to feign it was not so. I mean, she used no arts to keep me with her. In vain all the subterfuges and deception of villany, the girl's heart was broken; and every little act showed where the splintered fragment pierced her. She neither resorted to scorn, reproach, or coldness: but the same artless welcome greeted me, only that smiles were changed to sighs; she was the same breathing living personification of peace as ever. Constant gentle attentions were yielded to me; sweet words and womanly softness, divested of all possibility of mercenary views: these were the gifts she granted me. Neither did she expostulate when further hints were given of my departure; the intention of granting an allowance to her mother and herself was also mentioned; to this she answered nothing; but at the intimation that we might meet again, she looked on me and smiled.

In truth, my pride was wounded that she could thus resist me; that wealth could be offered her and she despise it; that even my love should now be worthless to her; that she could consent to be alone. But there was the dear feeling of the parent to plead within me, and she relied perhaps on this; but, however this was, it was my belief, that the moment of quitting her would come, and that moment would decide in my favour; if not, of what

avail to me the crime of murder? Alas! the mind of man is all inexplicable.

Let me, however, acknowledge further. I had got rid of the brother, this supervisor of my words and actions. But notwithstanding this, her weakness, once betrayed, was changed to redoubled strength; her innocence, because it was so, was proved incapable of sin. But then her native ardour and affection were chilled into enduring frost; she was cold, despairing, changed; all madness to me, all sorrow to herself. And deeply, and bitterly, in the accursed tone of discord, did I upbraid, revile, insult her. The mildness was oil poured on fire; her sighs more damning than taunts of bitter wrath and scorn; and yet my passion madly hoped that she would at last relent, if but to show herself deserving of my choice.

My conduct, with all its atrocities, is never to be reconciled. And so it was, that when the serenity of religious submission to her wrongs was most upon her, when she had endured even to the verge of human endurance, then it was her calmness maddened me; and the accursed thought too often arose, how by one expression of the past—by the simple relation of one fact—how by pointing to that fatal precipice—and by the utterance of one short emphatic word—it was still in my power to destroy her; in my hands still lay the measure of her life. And unto this, my pride—the pride of birth—had led me; my love—the love of her—of myself—had conducted me. But the moment of my departure was at hand.

I remember as the time drew near, new vigour of purpose, or other motives of action inspired her; for hectic colour glowed upon her cheek, radiant beauty burnt within her eyes; the fluctuations of internal nervous anxiety was visible in her; she yielded in tenderness of tone, she was only too unwilling to part with me.

Thus was it, when the lengthening shadows of evening proclaimed the hour nigh, wherein she was for the last time to meet me. It was the hour when the declining sun had cast his last beams, like a broad bar of fire, across the twilight. No voice was heard in

the vineyard, or, to the fever of my thoughts, the atmosphere was so intensely warm, that echo repeated nothing to the hearing. On the banks of the lake, nigh to that spot where I had become a murderer, for so my fate would have it, nigh to an ancient cross that stood there, I found her, in an attitude half-kneeling and half-sitting. The holy words upon her lips were smothered when she saw me; and for myself, my heart was not unmoved.

Of late, indeed, my pretensions and rank among men had furnished sufficient argument against this unprofitable life, this resignation of and deviation from the common principles of conduct acted upon by others. These claims had not been unheeded; and though my capricious disposition had led to this or that conclusion, yet, my prejudices had sided with me so far, as long since to have decided the perfect impossibility of an honourable union with this peasant. Indeed, the unmeasurable distance that this world of ceremony had placed between us, was nothing in comparison of that which my own pride of birth and predilection for ancestral distinction, had of itself conjured before me. But nature will have vent in spite of custom. My passion was thwarted, my love sacrificed, my honour thrown to the winds. I had become a seducer and a villain, and by such hard-earned sin had brought myself to this at last! Stinted tears and inward curses proclaimed the shame that had blasted my manhood.

But neither of us were inclined to lose the present in vain recrimination. Even my anger was quenched in strong remorse. We seated ourselves on the fragment of rock; she trembling and tearless, and I willing to conciliate, if only to conceal from myself the depravity and infamy of my meditated desertion.

I spoke of an imaginary future—a plausible pretence to forget myself and her in fanciful theories or plans which my own reason told me could never happen. She listened like one who loved the music, nor cared what melody it played. It was enough that she beheld and heard me for the last time; and while supported in my embrace she seemed almost happy. In the true

attitude of nature, her arms rested on her knees, while her hands sustained her drooping face. In this position, with words that passed in whispering between us, we sat together, till night shut out the landscape from our view, and nothing but the broad bosom of the sky lay wide before us. If her secret soul found any communion there, mine, in the double darkness of its sin, was there shut out for ever. But grief was struggling in me which words could never express. This emotion might easily be thought to be some contrived invention of the moment, or new expedient of villany, but if so, it was that species of cunning which might be inherent, but which my existing feelings did not most certainly suggest. But the tears of Astasie here kept me company.

One word more. I had not failed to impress her with the notion that my rank was my great misfortune, and the insurmountable barrier that divided us. In this way was her unsuspecting nature deceived, even unto the last. But though wrapt in darkness, the hours passed on as if to hasten to the instant when we must separate. Often had my whispers entreated her to fly with me, and as often had she refused. The unbroken shade of night was diffused around—the word of farewell was spoken—she stooped—the peasant girl was on her knees before me.

"God is my witness," said the young creature with passionate and religious fervour. "He is my witness that I have loved you with an innocent and faithful heart. Ah! dear—too dear—" and here the pleading of her nature sunk with sobs unspeakable.

"I am the miserable and the guilty," I whispered; "the truth that was sworn to you, my accursed fate has forfeited. Innocent girl—and injured, keep close within your heart the memory of my villany—of your wrongs."

"The joy of my life is gone from me," she breathed out, "forgive me that I weep. It will soon be over now."

At these words, under the influence of such repentance as they might well awaken, my consolation changed to future intentions; nay, the probability that we should meet again; and touched

into sympathy or spurred by shame, it ended in entreaties that she would forget me—in contrition of my injuries and all my infamy. The child of nature flung, in simplicity, her arms about me.

"May the God who watches over the lowly and the wretched," she exclaimed, "look down and bless you—protect your happiness—defend your peace! For me, yes, yes, I shall pray for you, remember you for ever."

"Forget a wretch who detests himself," I answered. "By yonder heaven, I have deserved your scorn—your hatred, bought them at the price of your eternal peace. Poor girl, you well may curse me."

"Oh! never, never—you know it can never be—never!" she sighed.

"Then let us fly together. In other lands with me," I madly cried; "our life and love shall be as one, dear girl."

She drew back, still kneeling before me in the yielding attitude of prayer.

The paleness of her countenance gleamed in sickly light athwart the darkness; or was it that love's eyes had lost their blindness, and this short moment was given for all its truth to be made known to me? Her answer is indelibly traced upon my memory, and might have formed the fitting inscription on that grave to which my baseness ultimately consigned her. Call no unquestioned arguments to refute it, the hopes of all her life had been destroyed by me.

"I have been the child of God, and have forsaken him," she whispered in her penitence; "I was happy, but have since learned to weep. I have been ignorant, and am now ashamed; was innocent, but have fallen into guilt. Oh! let the earth cover me, for there is the ending of sorrow—even in the lasting sleep of death."

This lamentation struck to my very soul, abashed and confounded the pride—even the arrogance of one of the family of great Montelle. Nature is all omnipotent in her simplicity; and strongly, but in vain, did my heart struggle and contend against its emotions, but nevertheless the bursting tears of shame and contrition broke from me.

"Let me die—let me die," she urged in her sorrowing. "It is enough for man—enough for me." And in this exquisite anguish of grief, she was clasped and held to my bosom, my voice breathed its protestations of everlasting love and endless faith, and this one weakness was the only crime that she had committed; but if there be death and contamination in the folds of the serpent as he coils round the innocent bird, that ruin and that pollution belonged to me—to me.

"Villain and hypocrite!" I ejaculated. "Humble creature—too good and true for me, be the paltry distinctions of life for ever set aside—we will henceforth live for one another."

"Here is fresh guilt, and woe, and shame," she sighed; "speak—say no more;" and that cold tremor passed over her, in which the soul eclipsed breaks suddenly away from all its suffering. In this fast-frozen lethargy, my lips were not remiss to call and kiss her back to love, with those accursed names and dear caresses which the fond falsehood of my passion could well express. She heard the appeal and came obedient.

"Farewell! Here let us part," she whispered. "Perhaps in another world we meet again—yes—we will meet again," and with tender fervour raising her looks to mine, she gazed lastingly and long, pressed me with almost convulsive pressure, and cast me gently from her. She fell forward on the fragment of rock, her face buried in her bosom. Her hand was cold—could she be dead! Unto my whispered words a hollow voice responded—"Go, while I have life to say it. May God watch over you!" She murmured still, but it was the name of her Creator—a tender pressure—no words were spoken; but my retreating footsteps sounded to her, their echo died away, and in the desert distance I stood alone. What satisfaction could remain to me in looking on her? and yet my looks turned back again. She lay like the dead on that cold niggard earth where my callous heart had left her.

Thus I departed from her. It appeared more secret and safer to quit the place under the shadow of night,

and 'twas also less likely to be traced in case of the murder of Albert Frantzen being discovered. I was even more at peace with myself under the idea that midnight concealed from me the full extent of all my own unworthiness. Of what avail to stifle facts whose spirits will uprise to ruin us! The light of truth pierces through all things, and memory, which is known to be even the madman's curse, was mine; inflicted hourly, daily, incessantly. This was the doom that my own sins had prepared for me.

But for Astasie;—in no unworthy spirit of selfish vanity, under no desire of displaying how human love will work to human misery, without the faintest intention or hope of eliciting other than admiration of a being so admirable—than pity for one so betrayed—than commiseration for one so deserted—has my recollection attempted to recite all that took place, or delineate the real character of this noble and confiding girl. No; sacred shade of all my fancy holds most dear, I have represented thee to show how woman's simplicity may be deceived, and still remain simple and single-hearted even as thou.

I fled hastily and by rapid stages from the scene of my crimes. The voice of Albert Frantzen called after me, the sighs of Astasie entreated, the unheard accents of an infant being appealed, but the close marble of my soul gave back no echo. Fortune was before, and dissipation about me; the goblet of the one I quaffed; and followed the chariot of the other, even though the way were paved with the broken hearts of those most dear to me. Yet, it may be sworn before Venus—the bride of pleasure—and Bacchus, the paranymp attending her, that no goblet was tasted, whereof the dregs were not ashes to the burning of my palate; no moment resigned to yonder bright idol of youth, but that thorns were the gleanings of my content, and rankling misery the weed which crowned me in place of the myrtle-wreath of love. But still to quaff and drink again, and follow and fawn, play the sycophant and parasite to time, believe myself blessed and find myself accursed, this was the beginning and the

end—began and ended, hourly and daily.

In time also, all sentiment of regret was changed to arguments of sounder reason ; at least, my fancy deemed so. Astasie Frantzen was but a peasant ; she doubtless possessed some of the crawling, cringing cunning belonging to her degraded station, or possibly, the inherent artifice peculiar to her sex. She was not so blind with all love's bandages, but that she saw, felt, and knew the incalculable benefit resulting to her from any connexion of interests or legal recognition of her claim ; indeed, from that marriage contract into which she had so industriously sought to lead me. Instead of this, what could her ignorance know or guess of my exalted state ? But her artless ways were charged to the account of every-day duplicity, her faultless virtue nothing more than feigned purity to secure me more effectually. She had sought to woo, to win, to wheedle me—that word expresses all the mean selfishness of the thought ; in fact, she had deceived herself.

But my lost soul and heart where are ye ? To be found in the learning and acquired wisdom that graced my manhood, or in the dignity and heaped-up prosperity and honours that waited me ? No ; since passion still burnt within, and defeated love strove against me, and these were conquerors to which my senses yielded themselves prisoners. Meantime, my pride was not only overcome, but, gaining strength in this internal contest, it was only too satisfied in viewing the glorious future that awaited me.

Isabella, my intended bride, was beautiful to a degree, almost surpassing the highest conception of fancy, and versed in all womanly accomplishments, even to the extreme of excellence. To lay further stress upon her claims to personal and hereditary distinctions, and interrupt this recital with proofs of her noble origin and descent, were useless and vain. The Confessor Montelle has happily forgotten the existence of such accidental superiority, since to live and die is the common lot of man, how, by what means, in what state superior, let not the daring presumption of mortal vanity attempt to decide. She was

beautiful, wealthy, of exalted lineage, and gifted with the heritage of virtue—it was enough.

I no sooner saw her again, than my mind was reconciled to its destiny. To be the master of such imperious loveliness and dignity, might well content even that man who loved another, particularly when the other was but the peasant of the vineyard ; something most sweet, yet nothing now, but as the flower crushed under the foot of the wayfarer.

I have said that Isabella had charms ; she was exquisite as—but what is the lamp without the light to illumine it ? It were by no means glorious to behold the inanimate excellence of sculptured grace divested of that imaginary soul or spirit which is twin-born to the mind ; that silent speech that tells us something ; and love even tires of the outward form of its delight, unless it be kindled into fire by kindred feeling. I did not love her, and never could have done so ; but conventional proprieties and the accustomed courtship were not neglected by me, for my education had made me an adept in those discreet ceremonies of life which beguile the time, without materially adding to the comforts of domestic union.

We were about to be married, when a nobleman, her cousin, joined our family party. Until this period, her company and affection appeared to be entirely devoted to me ; but an apparent friendship authorised by near relationship and early intimacy, existed between them, led her frequently into his society, and left me ample time to cogitate and brood upon my destiny.

Nature in all its charms of unadorned simplicity, had not been known to me in vain, and the contrast of such perfect sincerity of purpose, with the strict and cautious refinements, and the unmeaning nothings of this civilized politeness, was anything but pleasing to me. In the one instance, all was the unreserved confidence of friendship and affection ; in the other, it was the instructed coldness or the repressed license, while nothing resembling the truth of feeling was ever elicited. It is true, I loved another ; and still more true that virtue, mildness, simplicity may be imitated and pourtrayed, but the spirit of genius is

there found wanting. Isabella, dignified, accomplished, majestic, unembarrassed, might attract remark ; but grace unadorned, intuitive power, simple humility, and trembling modesty, might convince or soothe the passions at their will. In such unpleasing contrast and unavailing regret were my thoughts embittered.

But let me come to the point ; though not one particle of common honour existed in me, yet had my reputation been never tarnished by the supposition of its loss. It is one thing to wear vice under the cowl, and another to stand barefaced before the gaze of the multitude. My character as a man had never been doubted, and my personal honour, a jealous regard to my good name, the careful eschewing of all open offences, had hitherto marked my life. My feelings were sensitively alive upon this subject.

Now this honour was to become the jewel of which my wife was the depository, and Isabella was the being chosen ; but still there was good cause to doubt even then the prudence of this woman. If constant meetings and open coquetry might lead to the conclusion, methinks such evidence might then have been supplied ; but my indifference suggested no such thought, and if it had, the prejudices of pride would have rejected it.

This excellent cousin, meanwhile, came and went ; this officer, preferred to peculiar rights of escort and attendance, was ever on duty ; made one in all select parties and projects of our home *coterie* ; but notwithstanding this, not the faintest conception of any preference on his side, ever intruded to defeat the design of this ill-fated and unpropitious marriage project. It is hardly to be believed indeed, that any real attachment existed, or such explanation had ensued as must have ultimately led to other measures. This frequent intercourse, however, between them, was not only continued, but permitted by the extravagant license, or prevailing fashion of the day. But jealousy did not disturb me, my suspicions were not awakened ; I was not indeed in love, and thus passed the time previous to our union. At length, the ceremonies and preparations attendant on rank

and wealth, were all completed ; the day of this unknown change came round, and those vows were vowed at the altar which only death is meant to break asunder.

We will pass over the first moon that melted into nothingness amid the blaze and pomp of high festivity, and we will neglect to depict the crowning glory of court presentations, and all the smiles of royalty, for these were as whispers speaking amid the sounding of a heavy sea, whose hoarse resounding waters smothered all sweeter melody. Amid this splendour of state I was the most unhappy of men, bound down in the hell of secret misery from whence there was no escape. A few weeks passed, and every hope of happiness was banished from my bosom.

Is it a principle inherent in humanity that it will not be content, nor pleased even with the prodigality in which it surfeits ? Why question what the time permits us ? Isabella, my wife—the title at least, was her's—her beauty so envied, and flattered, and admired ; she, herself, had become my dread and my aversion ; yet, the world could find no fault in her. Imagine, however, the breathing automaton of grace, an excellent machine to perform the civilities of life. Conceive some inexpressive, but locomotive figure cut in clean marble, cold, heartless, and soulless, for ever walking abroad about you, gliding here and moving there ; would you not tremble to take and dash it into shatters that it might cease this mockery of attachment, and torture you no more with mimicry—even this dead and calm deceit of you ? This is the frost to follow on the fever of your spirits, and kill them outright.

And this deepest of miseries known and acknowledged, was mine. My first indifference was changed to sudden hate ; but hatred is tongueless and silent—so was mine : yet the loathsome attempt, the revolting effort, was not wanting to deceive others, if not myself, and, as the world expresses it, we kept up appearances.

Meanwhile, this familiar cousin, Louis Dumont, was often with us, and be the truth asserted, no act of involuntary or meditated unkindness on my part, neither any neglect of any in-

tended civility on her side, could palliate ought that took place hereafter. She had been educated to regard life as made up of cold formalities and reciprocal attentions; this, and more than this, she ever claimed from me, together with all distinctions due to her state and fortune. But now, being equally tired of one another, she amused herself as she pleased, while I passed my hours at the gambling-table, whilst even weary of that, and careless of everything else.

By some singular infatuation, Louis Dumont was often my companion, and as ill-fortune pursued me, in an infinitely short period I became involved in debt with him; and certain motives of interest in him, and my own irretrievable difficulties held us in seeming friendship with one another.

Thus it was, when the hints of my servants, airs of mystery and ways of peculiar secresy—the many trifles that goad us into suspicion; also sundry anonymous epistles worded with no doubtful meaning, awoke me from my lethargy and bade me watch the honour of my household and my name. This was the just retribution which folly suffers. Deeply did I curse the moment of my marriage, and became at once the spy upon my own disgrace, and the drudge to work out the evidence of my wrongs; but the debts of honour due to this man, prevented the possibility of my breaking with him, and indeed, they now not only furnished me excuses for play, but gave me admirable opportunity of blinding him to the doubts which inwardly tormented me; but whether they were more cautious, or I unlucky in the arrangement of my counterplot, is not to be known; nothing was elucidated or discovered, and at length, driven to desperation, and mad with impatience, I threw the letters before my wife, told her my suspicions, and called upon her to clear up her conduct, and prove herself as matchless as I had ever thought her.

"The tale tells well, and is repeated too," I urged, "that you are false, frail, indiscreet—proofs are sent to me on all sides. It is asserted to be true, aye, even to the letter."

"You had better spread it abroad yourself," said she, with a regal smile of coldness. "Go, dear Reginald, and

tell it to my father. Repeat the paltry secret to my mother. Do, I advise you, let them know the excellent daughter that heaven has blessed them with, for it will be news, you know—good news."

"This is no time for empty taunts," I answered; "the thing is made no secret. Buzzed almost in my ears—whispered at every turn. Explain it, and at once."

"Well, to be sure, this looks the real jealousy of love!" cried she, with her unwinking eyes fixed fast upon me. "How can you be so weak—so absurd? Does not the delicacy and refinement of all things around me speak of far other conduct? My birth, rank, education, station as your wife, are all against it. He is my cousin, sir. We are friends, and nothing more. Pshaw, can you not judge? Conceive the immeasurable distance from dignity to—to infamy!"

"What do you say to this—and this—and this?" I cried, referring to the letters; but she took them one by one, perused them calmly and unblushingly, while many passages she read aloud in tones that spoke no secret emotion.

"What do I say?" she answered. "Why, they are false. No, sir; I was not born for this. The beggared peasant girl is bred to shame, but—"

"Hush!" I whispered; for those last words had roused my conscience in me, and they smote as heavily as iron on my senses, to stun them into silence. I said no more, and almost urged no more unto myself, the sad comparison of this effrontery—this confidence of strict propriety—with all the dear timidity and blushing hesitation of the poor peasant, Astasie. It had something even too fearful in it. Was that deception? and was this pure truth? Even innocence might blush to be thought guilty, but here there were no blushes. I listened coldly to her excuses, but her after conduct confirmed me in the idea of her sincerity, and in my belief and reliance of my own security and freedom from disgrace.

Indeed, the letters were asserted to be infamous libels, and she openly spoke of my distrust to her parents, hinting, in playful sarcasm, that she must ask them for a home in case the evidence were too strong against her;



and, lastly, as the proof of her full innocence, she laughed and rallied me before Dumont, who was, however, something abashed by her deportment and this unexpected attack. However, we became as good friends, or rather as little foes, as ever. Isabella was more attentive and ardent than customary—a fair attempt at something she was not; and he followed me assiduously to the gaming-table, played against me, and had a run of ill luck exactly commensurate with my existing debts to him at that moment.

Yet had I not scorned and trampled in the dust the modesty of a confiding creature, whose blushes were all beautiful with nature? and this for the sake of one whose happy fortune had taught her but the refined impudence and systematic calmness of educated duplicity—the cold serenity of tearless eyes, unfluctuating pulse, and changeless brow. The one an adept in all the arts of society, the other wise in

the simplicity of native truth. Truly, I had thrown away the crystal for the brittle counterfeit—had broken the fountain of the pure tide of happiness, and drank of the river of tears. In forsaking her I had deserted myself; and herein time had ample vengeance of my sins.

My dislike of Isabella increased with each succeeding day; for though confirmed in my belief of her innocence, her conduct during this investigation had thoroughly mortified and alarmed me. My thoughts recurred to Astasie—to the suffering and shame of that untutored being. The contrast was abominable. My senses might well grow sick upon the memory.

On some such an occasion, when all my stern contritions were upon me, and recollection deep dyed in the blood of Albert Frantzen, the door of my library opened, and an elderly woman, one of my dear mother's servants, entered the room.

(To be continued.)

## DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

[Having found that many of our Subscribers have been desirous of having a greater Number and greater Variety of Fashion Plates than we can possibly give in this Work, we beg to inform our Readers, generally, that there are eighty-four Plates and upwards of the same description published by us annually in Paris (from which, monthly, we select two of the most novel and seasonable for the use of the Court Magazine), and that the same can be obtained from Mr. Dobbs, our publisher, at No. 11, Carey Street, or by the Order of any Bookseller in England, Scotland, or Ireland, viz., for three months, 12s.; for a year, £2, in advance, as customary in France.

No.3.—*Détails de Toilette*.—*Corsages, Coiffeurs, &c.*—First Bust.—Dress of white crape over satin. The corsage is made *à pointe* both at front and back, and laced up at back; the corsage is ornamented with a *mantille* of tulle or lace, plaited on tolerably full to a *bouillon* of the same, in which a coloured ribbon is inserted (see plate). The sleeves are very short and perfectly plain, finished at bottom with a deep frill or ruffle to match the *mantille*, and which reaches as low as the elbow. The front hair is dressed in full tufts of ringlets, *d la Mancini*, intermixed with a number of full-blown roses; a light wreath of the same likewise crosses the top of the head (see plate); the long

hair is twisted up into a number of thick braids, and is worn as low as possible at back.

Second Bust.—Dress of pink satin, corsage *à pointe*; this point, it will be perceived, is long and quite pointed. Very short and full sleeve, finished by a blonde frill. The plain, deep, elaborately embroidered tucker is *d la Ninon*, quite in the fashion of the reigns of Louis XIII. and XIV.; in centre of the front is a large brooch, and on each shoulder and at the back are rosette bows of satin ribbon. Very short white kid gloves, trimmed at the top with swan's-down. The front hair is in smooth bands, coming low at each side of the face; the back in a twist forming

a figure of 8 (see plate). The head-dress is a kind of ornament made upon wire, and covered with satin *rouleau*, the satin stuffed with wadding; at the right side is a rich plume of feathers intermixed with gold flowers—all placed in a drooping position (see plate); at the left two short feathers and a gold sprig are placed just below the ear. A gold chain with a very minute clasp crosses the brow.

Third Bust.—Dress of blue satin, corsage à *pointe*, with full draperies à la *Sévigné*. The sleeves are so short that they seem to reach scarcely below the shoulder; a deep double ruffle, however, falls as low as the elbow. Kid gloves, trimmed at top with a *bouillon* of white gauze. The coiffure consists of a very elegant half turban of gold embroidered gauze, two long lap-pets fall on the left shoulder, a rich plume of ostrich feathers, intermixed with branches of gold currants, is placed at the right side of this most splendid and becoming coiffure. The front hair is in smooth bands.

Fourth Bust.—*Walking Dress*.—Hat of *paille poux de soie*. The front is *évaseé*, rounded at the sides, and trimmed with a *ruche* of tulle *illusion* put on at the inner edge of the front of the hat. The crown is not very high and sits back, as may be seen by that of the pink hat on the opposite figure, which is precisely similar; at the back is a bow of very wide and rich satin ribbon, from this bow a double ribbon is carried to the right side of the front of the hat, where it is fastened with a large velvet flower at the base of a *long bouquet* which falls over that side (see plate); a very deep fall of blonde is also carried entirely across the front of the crown. Dress of sea-green gros de Naples; corsage high, with a very slight point; a full trimming in style of a *revers* goes round the bosom of the dress. Long full sleeves, with three puffs at the shoulder, finished at the wrist with cambric ruffles. Flat blonde collar, embroidered all over, fastened in front with a large brooch. White kid gloves. Hair *en bandeaux*.

Fifth Bust.—Pink satin hat, the same as the one just described. Dress of gros de Naples; corsage half high, made to open in front. Long sleeves,

plain at the shoulder and full all the way down, with two small puffs at top. Ceinture fastened with a bow in front. Lace frill turned over the bosom of the dress. With the exception of the hat, this is more properly a *toilette d'intérieur*—home morning dress.

Sixth Bust.—This dress is nearly similar to that marked No. 1, at the top of the plate. It gives the front of the *mantille*, which is a pretty finish to the corsage. The sleeves are short, in three puffs or *sabots*, the two lower ones divided from the upper by a band of insertion—if the dress be muslin, of satin or ribbon, if it be crape, gauze, &c. The *mantille* is fastened in front with a large bow of ribbon. Corsage of pink satin to be worn over a white crape or muslin dress. This is a kind of *corsage mantelet*, at back it reaches merely to the waist in a point like that of a *pele-rine*; in front it is open *en cœur*, and sloped away at the sides so as to come exactly to a point at the centre of the waist. There it may be finished by a bow of ribbon, with long ends—or continued, as the pattern in the plate. The entire top of this corsage is trimmed with a *ruche* of silk tulle. The shoulders are cut so as to form a kind of top to the sleeve of the dress, like the *jockeis* (see plate), and that part is trimmed with a blonde frill. The lower peak (below the waist) is likewise trimmed with blonde. A rosette bow is on each shoulder, a third with ends at the waist, and a fourth may be put at the lowest point. This demi-corsage has a very pretty effect when it merely reaches to the waist.

No. 4.—*Ball Dresses*.—Dress of white crape over satin. The corsage is à *pointe*, with folded draperies going all round the bosom (see both figures in plate); it will also be perceived that the back of the corsage has a very short point. The sleeves are very short and exceedingly full. The skirt of the dress is *en tunique*. At the right side it is rounded off, and at the other, turned back, and retained with an ornament or bouquet. The right side of the skirt is trimmed with a full puffing, edged with a *guirlande* of full-blown roses, with foliage. It will be perceived that the puffs are quite small at the waist, and gradually increase in size as they go

down. The front hair is in long ringlets at the sides, very much parted on the brow, and intermixed with a quantity of flowers. A *rouleau* of velvet, with a string of pearls rolled over it, entirely encircles the head, and mixes

with the *rouleaux* of hair at the back, which are arranged *d la Grecque* (see plate). White kid gloves, trimmed with swan's down. White satin shoes.

*Sitting Figure.*—*Coiffure* the same as the other. Dress of satin.

## THE NEWEST MODES OF PARIS.

BY OUR OWN PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Paris, January 24, 1839.

*Ma tres chère—et amiable amie.* I had the pleasure of receiving your letter, and am delighted to find you so gay. Our winter will not be at all brilliant, in consequence of the lamented death of our amiable and highly talented Princess Marie. I cannot tell you how universally she is regretted. The grief of the royal family is beyond all description. The king has put on mourning for two months; it has also been adopted by all the nobility, excepting some few of the *ancien regime* of the Faubourg St. Germain. We can have no dancing while the mourning lasts, so we must confine our amusements to concerts and the opera. I am glad you liked the toilettes in my last letter; I hope I shall please you as well in this. The corsages are still *à pointe*, many with a small point at the back and laced up. I do not, however, recommend you to have all your dresses made to lace, for it is a fashion that seldom lasts long. Many ball dresses are *en tunique*. I send you the model of a pretty one with this. The sleeves are remarkably short—rather too much in the extreme. The most *distingué* are in three small *sabots* or puffs, with a deep fall of blonde between each, and a deep ruffle *à la Louis XIV.* Blonde and lace *mantilles* are worn round the bosom of the dresses, as also are tuckers, *à la Ninon*. With the latter the corsage must not have draperies *d la Sévigné*; they would destroy its plain, simple effect. Flowers are much in vogue for trimmings for crape and gauze dresses; marabouts likewise. For walking costume, the redingottes to open at the side are most worn, and for *toilette d'intérieur* the corsages *d cœur* are crossed in front, and only half-high.

The sleeves are once more tolerably

full; they are, generally speaking, plain at the shoulders, and finished by a deep cuff. Some have one frill, and others one or two puffings at top. Flounces are more adopted in full dress, than in *demi toilette* or *costume de promenade*; they are to be seen more frequently with a heading than without.

Muslin (organdi) dresses are much worn for dinner dress, and *petit* reunions by young ladies. If these dresses are made with flounces, they have a *bouillon* to form the heading, in which a coloured satin ribbon is inserted. Some prefer three rather deep tucks, in which ribbons are likewise inserted.

Very fine merinos and cashmere dresses are also worn for dinner costume, the colours are generally light, and they are embroidered all over in very small sprigs, done in floss silks, if they be in satin stitch, and *soie torse* if they be in tambour work.

Hats.—The hats are not increasing in size. The fronts are worn *évasée*, and the crowns sit quite back, in fact, the present fashion of wearing the hair would preclude the possibility of high crowned hats being adopted. Flowers and feathers, particularly the little round feather called the *follette*, are very fashionable. The materials most worn are velvet, satin, beaver hats, and very fine merinos. The latter material makes very warm and pretty bonnets for *demi-toilette*, of course; the only trimming adapted to these latter bonnets, consists of a thick ribbon, the ends fringed and tied at the side *en nœud d'épée* (sword knot); flowers and wreaths of satin ribbon are worn underneath the fronts of the bonnets.

In my last I described our newest *manteaux*. Cloaks, as I have already told you, are not very generally adopted this winter, indeed, the season is so

exceedingly mild that they are not necessary. Large shawls of black tafetas, wadded and lined with sarsnet, and trimmed with fur, black lace, velvet, and some with the frill of itself. These shawls have even superseded the mantelets, they are infinitely more fit for winter, being very warm.

Half-turbans ornamented with marabouts, intermixed with light sprigs of flowers, or fruits, as currants, grapes, &c., in gold, are very fashionable, besides being very elegant. Half-caps, that is to say, borders ornamented with lace, flowers, ribbons, and even marabout tips, mounted on frames of ribbon wire, are *de grand vogue* just now. The most fashionable are of black lace or blonde, the ribbons, cherry colour, groseille, orange, and apricot.

Velvet and satin cuffs trimmed with narrow black lace are much worn, as are also cambric ruffles. Muffs continue fashionable; boas are not much worn, but *palatines* (long fur tippets) are wholly exploded.

Black satin aprons embroidered in *lacet* (braid), and trimmed all round with a narrow black lace, are preferred to all others.

The little *cols à la duchesse*, which I have already mentioned two or three times, continue in high favour; a fall of lace is often worn instead of a collar, especially with a corsage that is made half-high, when it falls over and has a pretty effect. It is closed at the centre of the front by a rosette bow of satin ribbon, or else by a cameo or other brooch.

**Hair.**—The front is worn in plain bands—this is the fashion most generally adopted. Some *élégantes* however, prefer ringlets *à l'Anglais*, or full tufts of ringlets *à la Mancini*. The back hair is worn as low as possible, very much *à la Grecque*, intermixed with a gold chain, or a string of pearls, which likewise crosses the brow, forming a *féronnière*. In the morning, a band of narrow black velvet ribbon is worn round the hair.

Coral ornaments are in high favour.

**Colours.**—The colours preferred for hats are pink, lemon, and white, for satin or *velours épinglé*, claret, green, and brown, drab, and mouse-colour, the two latter more particularly in beaver or merino hats.

For dresses, the prevailing shades are mouse-colour, drab, greys, *cedre de rose*, a kind of cedar.

I will conclude by giving you a receipt for a delicious powder, to burn in your cassolettes, or even upon a hot shovel—

Take a handful of dried lavender flowers, one ounce of dried and minced orange peel, one table-spoonful (not heaped) of sugar finely powdered, and two drachms of coarse powder of benzoin. Let the whole be beat in a mortar, till it is reduced to powder. One pinch will suffice to burn each time. It must be preserved in a closely stopped bottle.

*Adieu ! chérie je t'aime tous les jours d'avantage.*

L. de F—.

## P E N S E E No. V.

### FAIRY GRATITUDE.

Dew-drops are fairy coin. Dost see, my child,  
Yon drooping hare-bell with its slender stem  
Glittering so brightly? Yester-eve, be sure  
A fairy slept within its folded leaves,  
And left, for payment of its night's repose,  
Yon sparkling fret-work on the purple dome  
That shelter'd it.

T. W.

## Monthly Critic.

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*Misfortunes of the Dauphin, with Documents and Supplement.* From the French. By the Hon. and Rev. C. G. PERCIVAL, Rector of Calverton, Bucks.

Among the numerous woes which wait on royalty, perhaps, the most painful, is the actual loss of identity, which has sometimes occurred to persons of regal birth on the downfall of a dynasty. History is replete with enigmas which the great day of account can alone solve, nor may we rashly pin our faith upon the opinion of any historian, however wise and acute. Horace Walpole firmly believed that Perkin Warbeck was the true heir of Plantagenet, and Sully and Henry IV. paused doubtfully over the fact, whether the Don Sebastian, who appeared many years after the battle of Alcazor, was not the true King of Portugal. Sir Walter Scott considered that Richard II. died not in bloody Pontefract, but as a peaceful monk in Scotland; yet we know that he had at least three representatives in England, one of whom, Madelen, his own chaplain, was hung by Henry IV. Four Demetriuses, one after the other, all representing the same lost prince, laid claim to the throne of the Czars, and more than one of these impostors (for at least three of them *must* have been impostors), were slain in possession of the regal seat. But with the exception of the first Demetrius of Russia, not one of these regal claimants ever succeeded in making good his pretensions. Notwithstanding this ill success, history never records the mysterious death of any royal personage, without having soon after to relate the career of at least one pretender to his identity, nor is this strange madness confined to those who represent lost children; redoubted warriors and aged men have risen again from the lost field, "with twenty murders on their crowns;" and Roderic the Goth, and Harold of England, if we may believe some of their contem-

poraries, died not in the battles where they lost their kingdoms, but peacefully and penitently in eremites' weeds.

One of the oddest of these impostors was a representative of Anne of Cleves (whose portrait and history we may ere long introduce to our readers), who presented herself at the court of Hanover, and claimed protection on account of relationship, and was actually received and entertained for eighteen months, and until the imposture was discovered. This was while the divorced queen was living quietly in England, at Penshurst.

It is a doubtful point whether Lambert Simnel meant to represent the living Earl of Warwick, or the second son of Edward IV.: the contemptuous charity with which he was treated by Henry VII. clearly proves that the royal family were certain of the imposture. A very different line of conduct was, however, pursued towards Perkin Warbeck; it was evident that Henry and his court were dubious as to his identity, nor, till the unconquerable spirit of the youth provoked opposition, was any penalty inflicted on him that could degrade the lofty line of Plantagenet. It was natural that the King of Scotland should encourage a person who created disturbance in England, but by no means probable that he should give him a fair and noble kinswoman of his own in marriage. There is no doubt, then, but that James III. believed in the identity of the young adventurer, with Richard of York; yet the fact that the bones of the young princes were discovered in the precise place pointed out by Sir Thomas More's brother-in-law, the Chronicler Rastall (whose book was printed nearly a century before the discovery, and both chronicler and all interested in the discovery of the royal bodies, had long been dust when the bones were found, in the reign of Charles II.), is a proof to us of incontestable strength, that the hapless sons

of Edward IV. were really buried where many contemporary writers assert they were. There is no doubt but that the agents of Henry VII. had made anxious search near the spot, but had failed of digging a few feet far enough; for the bodies could not certainly be found to controvert the claims of Perkin Warbeck. But this youth, although his claims were wonderfully encouraged by contemporary monarchs, was not owned by any attendant of the infancy of Richard of York; in that point, perhaps, the present claimant surpasses all lost heirs to monarchies, with the exception of the first Demetrius, who was owned by his mother, the widow of the great Ivan Basiliowiz. Demetrius was supposed to be assassinated by Boris, at nine years old; but it is not an easy thing to kill or ill-treat an innocent and supplicating child; King John found it so, for the celebrated scene in Shakspeare between his chamberlain, the great Hubert de Burgh, and young Arthur, is a simple fact, just dramatised from chronicle, and some accounts declare that the royal assassin was afterwards forced to do his dirty work with his own hands, though the most ancient authorities have been followed by Shakspeare, in the representation that Arthur, in making his escape, fell from the walls of Rouen, and was killed. Arthur had no claimant for his identity, a surprising circumstance in history.

The pertinacity with which the claimants to royal identity have persisted in their claims is astonishing. They have all, with the exception of Demetrius Basiliowitz, who died on the throne, been successful, and yet adhered to their assertions with the true spirit of martyrdom, however cruelly dealt by withal. For instance, the representative of the lost King Don Sebastian (whose history is one of the sweetest of our romances), had little to expect from the tender mercies of Philip II.; yet he persisted, even in the face of death, though loaded with every ignominy, accused of every disgraceful crime, and carried in infamous procession on an ass, to hear his pretensions read; yet he conducted himself with such dignity as to astonish his guards, and while the accusa-

tion against him was read, which set forth that he called himself Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, he responded to every clause with immovable calmness and gravity—"And so I am!"

Perkin Warbeck in the stocks, and at the gallows-tree, conducted himself with the true gallantry of a real scion of Plantagenet, yet a doubt cannot exist but that he was, hapless youth! the illegitimate son of Edward IV.

Solomon may well say, "There is nothing new under the sun;" and Solomon has said many other wise sayings on this particular subject. Thus similar situations return in the cycle of centuries. The grand use of history and historical knowledge is to compare the past with the present. Dynasties may fail or be annihilated; kingdoms may pass away, but the passions of man, as we see every day, produce the same results to-day as they did four thousand years ago.

Statists find that the law of averages is one that may be relied on with almost mathematical precision; we have produced numerous instances, out of the crowd which history furnishes, of representatives of lost princes: we find them numerous, and all unfortunate; but the natural question to be asked is, "Were they all impostors? was no true claimant amongst them?" and the law of averages would declare that a certain proportion was assuredly the persons they pretended to be. Let not then, any person add insult to possible calamity, but dispassionately examine the proofs submitted, abstaining at the same time from party railing and vituperation.

The passion which history shows is inherent in the human mind, and which leads certain individuals, in every age, to endure almost martyrdom for the sake of representing persons of distinction, which throws the greatest impediment in the way of those unfortunate persons of royal birth, who have lost their identity. Our readers may, perhaps, smile at this expression, but the loss of identity is a misfortune that may happen to royalty, and to princes owned and tenderly cherished by their parents, even on the throne, else, why the need of those heart-sickening ceremonies attendant upon the birth of a royal infant,

or the vain and idle pomp in the performance of his funeral obsequies.

The unfortunate son of James II. owed his disinheritor more to the malignant story of his being brought into the room where he was born, in a warming-pan, than the just and rational objection of the English people to live under the sway of a prince educated as a catholic. Prince James lost his identity; and not even his extraordinary resemblance to the Stuart family, ever aided him to regain it, till the grave had closed for ever over his earthly prospects. Another prince, quite as unfortunate, the late Gustavus IV., was, by a faction, reported to be a spurious offspring, notwithstanding the Hamlet-like passion with which he mourned the murder of his sire. This stigma was the only possible excuse for excluding his unoffending son from the throne won by the valour of Gustavus Vasa. Nor is the accusation of imposture confined to these modern instances: the ambitious house of Lancaster impudently invented, that Edward I., the greatest of our kings and legislators, was a spurious child; and the rival party brought a counter accusation, that John of Gaunt was the son of a Flemish porter, substituted by Queen Philippa, (whose portrait and history we purpose, ere long, introducing to our readers,) for a little princess whom she had accidentally killed, when asleep, and dared not let her royal lord know of the misfortune. History thus teaching us that there is no falsehood, however monstrous, that ambition or malice will not invent and contrive evidence to support, the important question—"What is truth?" must arise to every feeling mind when musing over a volume like the present.

The first question that arises on opening the present volume is, whether the idea may be entertained that the dauphin (be he at present alive or be he dead,) actually escaped from his prison in the *Temple*.

As to the possibility of such escapes, many similar instances crowd to our memory, in which complete success attended the attempt. James II. of Scotland, when but eight years old, was packed up by his mother in a clothes-basket, and smuggled out from

Edinburgh Castle to Leith, in order to escape from a faction which, in 1438, oppressed his mother, Joanna Beaufort, then queen regent; had the queen perished in the attempt, the identity of the young king might have been lost, but such was not the case.

Charles VII. of France, surnamed the Victorious, was secretly removed from the Bastille during the troubles raised by the Duke of Burgundy, just after the battle of Agincourt; the young prince was diminutive in stature, and but twelve years old; had he lost his stout protector, Tannequy du Chatel, he, too, might have lost his identity as the dauphin, for his wicked mother, Isabeau of Bavaria,\* was ready to disown him, and do him every injury; yet he survived to free his country from the chains of her invaders, and fix his line upon the throne, which was not disturbed till the death of Louis XVI.

James II. of England. and VII. of Scotland, escaped in his boyhood from the custody of the republican government, when playing at blindman's buff, in the spring of 1648; he was successfully conveyed to the arms of his mother, Henrietta Maria, (whose portrait and memoir we shall shortly give,) who could not have seen him since the year 1644. Had the escape been disastrous, the agents slain, and the young prince thrown into confinement for some years, *how could his identity have been ascertained, excepting by the testimony of his old servants?* And the same observation applies to the three last historical instances we have named.

But if such be the history of many royal personages, we may mention one within our own knowledge of the many curious escapes from France, during the late long continued struggle. One long wearied with confinement having, with a very fine saw, which was concealed under the ribband of his hat, sawed the bars of his prison asunder, prevailed upon a market-gardener to put him into the centre of a hay-cart, laden with hay, in order to enable him to pass the city-gates. Here, there was a dreadful ordeal instituted; as is the

\* See this Portrait and Memoir, May, 1833, No. IV. of our Series.

manner of our excise-officers, so the French guard transixed the fork through the centre of the hay, and luckily, he escaped—and yet, as far as the world knew, and his keepers knew—he was no longer in existence, for he would hardly have been rash enough to have boasted of his mode of escape at the time, for fear of compromising the generous man who had thus enabled him to regain his liberty; yet he did escape—he was free; and though many years had elapsed, free to claim all his family rights and benefits, how great soever the distance of time from the period of his first captivity, or how unlike soever the want of food, the change of climate, and other hardships might have made his personal appearance, yet he was nevertheless the self-same being who had once inhabited his father's halls.

The lofty province of our publication demands that we should pay no small attention to matters of this nature. After this preparation, we proceed to the narrative of the “Misfortunes of the Dauphin.”

The early life of the personage representing himself to be the Dauphin, is detailed with circumstantial clearness, and has gained the support of M. de Joly, the last minister of Louis XVI., and the sharer in the horrors of the final breaking up of the French monarchy. With this exertion of memory, we are far from being surprised; the English editor gives a good reason for it.

“The narrative which I shall give is intended to prove that the child who died in the Temple, was not the son of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette, Queen of France, and that I alone am the Duke of Normandy, the true son of the Martyr King. As such I perfectly remember as far back as the time when we quitted Versailles to fix our residence in Paris; I even remember some facts anterior to that period. Before the 6th of October, I occupied the apartments formerly inhabited by my brother, near to those which belonged to Mesdames Victoire and Adelaide. It was there that Mme. de St. Hilaire, who was of Madame Victoire's household, had frequent opportunity of seeing me: in one of these rooms I slept the last night that we passed at Versailles; it was thence that my excellent father carried me in his arms to save me from the assassins. He was followed by Mme. de Bare, who had sat up

with me that night; she went with my father and me, by a private staircase, into the room where we found my mother, who took me in her arms, and covered me with her night cloak, which was of a white material. A person went to fetch my clothes to dress me, which was done in my father's room. I have not forgotten that person. My sister, who is seven years older than I am, was present at the time, she ought to ask of him, who says that he is her brother, who that person was. For the truth of this statement, which can only be known by the son of Louis XVI. I appeal to the Duchess of Angoulême herself.”

In several matters in which Madame Campan was not an eye-witness, there is some discrepancy between her Memoirs and the present statement.

“It is clear then, that I perfectly remember the facts which I have transmitted to my sister, in proof of my identity. Amongst other questions, I have asked her, who was the person who slept in my room on the night of the 9th of August? . . . it was my mother, who came to seek some moments of repose, and threw herself, for that purpose, on the bed of the person who sat up with me that night.

“The following day we became prisoners, for we quitted the Tuileries to go to the assembly, where we were soon shut up in a kind of prison. I had the more reason to consider it as such, because this *hole* had an iron grating: although Mme. de Tourzel, and the Princess de Lamballe, were shut up with us, it was still my tender mother who kept me in her arms, or on her lap; but the whole of this day I had eaten nothing, except a peach and a morsel of bread. I suffered still more from thirst, for the weather was very hot. Notwithstanding all the endeavours of my good mother, it was impossible to procure the least thing; at length one of our friends, it was the Minister of Justice, took us into another small room, that we might eat a rice soup and some chicken. My father, my mother, and the other persons who were with us, did not partake of our repast; my sister, even, only ate some soup; it was my good aunt, Mme. Elizabeth, who was with us, but she ate nothing. After this repast, we were taken back into the grated prison, where I soon fell asleep on the knees of my good mother. For the correctness of what I here state, I give as witnesses the Duchess of Angoulême, and the Ex-Minister of Justice, M. de Joly, who is still living.

“There are some persons of bad faith, who will say, on reading these memoirs: It is impossible that a child of that age could



remember so exactly. Here is a proof: after forty-six years, I have again met with M. de Joly. One day he was disputing with me, in the presence of my lawyers, saying, that the grating of which I have spoken, had been taken away the first day; I maintained the contrary, because it was late when we were removed from this place, and the grating was still there; but the next morning on our return it had been taken away. This is perfectly correct, according to many witnesses who are still living.

"On leaving this place the first night, we were taken to another building, in which we were confined. I did not know where it was; in the morning, I found myself lying on a sort of mattress on the ground, in another little prison, with Mme. de Tourzel. I eagerly entreated to be taken to my mother; she soon pacified me. for this tender mother was near me with my sister, in a room adjoining, which opened into mine. I have already asked Madame whether she remembers the young man who served us with such chivalrous zeal during our abode at the Feuillans, for those are details *which are known only to my sister*. The public circumstances of those days of our misfortune are known to every one; I would gladly banish from my mind these painful recollections, if they were not forced upon me, in connection with unknown and unpublished facts; are they not in truth the most convincing proofs that I have nothing in common with those audacious wretches, who have usurped my name and titles; and who have too long made use of them for the purpose of duping others; or, who have acted knowingly as instruments of my persecutors, to stifle the truth! At length we quitted the Feuillans, a theatre of cruel actors, who have so well known how to deceive, rob, dishonour, and murder the French nation in its own name."

Next follows a most minute account of the *locale* of the interior of the Temple prison. We now proceed to the manner in which the claimant describes the time that passed between the murder of his mother and his supposed release:—

"My mother's room and my aunt's were separated by a wainscot partition. On entering my mother's room, her bed was placed on the left, against this partition; my aunt's bed was on the right on entering her room, so that the two beds were separated only by this partition; mine was placed at the foot of that of my good and tender mother, who awoke at the slightest movement that I made in the night, to ask me if I was not ill. My sister's bed was placed in the same manner in my aunt's room, near the window in the right hand corner. A small closet in the

turret, like that in my father's apartment, completed our habitation. In my mother's room there was an arm-chair, the linen of which was green, and the wood painted white. I mention this arm-chair because my father used frequently to sleep in it for a short time after his dinner.

"I remained in this prison till the moment when I was delivered into the hands of Simon and his wife. Without wishing to excite the compassion of my readers, or of those who will judge of my history, I shall not conceal that my cruel separation from my tender mother, my aunt and my sister, made me shed torrents of tears, which the harshness of my jailers alone could force me to repress.

"This is neither the place nor the time to reveal what tyranny made me suffer in this indescribable situation of my unhappy childhood. Without succour, without hope, without friends, I was still more unhappy after the removal of Simon and his wife, who had already begun to treat me with less brutality. I was confined alone in the room, before occupied by Cléry. As I have said, this room was then quite transformed into a prison; the door which communicated with the dining-room had been removed, and it had been replaced by a sort of stove, which was lighted from the little recess that I have mentioned. The windows were so closed, that I could not see clearly. The door of the turret which opened into Cléry's apartment, and in which was the closet, had been closed: and a night table had been placed in my room, the smell of which became more and more offensive to me.

"It has been said that a turning-box had been made in the only remaining door, in which to place my food; this assertion is inaccurate; there was indeed a wicket, but it was only opened by my jailers, when they called me, in order to ascertain that I was still there: the door in which this wicket was, had served before as the entrance to my father's room, and it was by it they entered twice a day to bring me my food. After this removal, it was no longer human voices that I heard, but the howlings of ferocious beasts, who cried out to me almost every moment: 'Capet, wolf-cub, son of a viper, come, that I may see you.' During the night, even, I was scarcely asleep, when another cerberus would open the wicket, and force me to appear before him. Worn out with these persecutions, I resolved to die rather than answer.

"My prison contained myself, my bed, a chair, an oblong wooden table, underneath it a pitcher of water, and an unfurnished bedstead, which had been Cléry's. In this deplorable state no one thought of providing me with linen or other clothes, and soon, devoured by vermin, and poisoned by the

stench of my prison, I became seriously ill. My jailers and two municipal officers entered with some other persons, whom I did not know, and who I thought were doctors, for they questioned me, and entreated me to speak to them, and to tell them what I wanted. I made them no answer. I had many reasons for maintaining silence; and those reasons I have motives for not explaining here. Child as I was, I felt my painful situation, more acutely perhaps than many persons older than myself might have done. Indeed, my tongue was in a manner paralysed at the sight of any of the beings set over me as my guards. They sent me at last an attendant, who on entering my room, accompanied by several municipal officers, asked me many questions. I treated him like the others, and gave him no answer; but, soon after, he had me cleaned by a woman who was unknown to me, which gave me great relief; they gave me some linen, and a greyish coloured coat; my bed was put in order, and furnished with clean linen; my room was purified, and the bugs which tormented me dreadfully, were destroyed; and, in order to give me light, a shutter which obstructed it, was removed.

"About this time, some friends had formed the project of rescuing me from my persecutors; the impossibility of its execution was soon perceived. There was only one access to me, and that was so carefully guarded, that it would have been scarcely possible to bring in or take out the smallest article without being discovered.

"The turret which contained the staircase had only one door, at which a strict watch was kept day and night, inside as well as out. Whoever entered the tower was taken to be searched before the municipal council, who inhabited the ground floor; on leaving it the same investigation was made by this council, whose door could not be passed without observation, as a sentinel was constantly there on guard, and the staircase which led to all the other stories, communicated also with the ground floor, the only apartment occupied by the members of the municipality. The order was to conduct every one there without exception. The soldiers were lodged on the first story, which was undivided, and consisted of one vaulted room, like that on the ground floor; when the sentinel on duty on the first floor suspected any one who was going out of the tower, his orders were, as well as for those who were entering, to bring them before the council, who had each individual escorted out of the tower by one or two municipal officers. This strict *surveillance* had been enjoined, because the design of carrying me off had been discovered; but my friends had sworn to risk their lives to rescue me

from the hands of the murderers, who had determined on my death.

"Consequently, as it was impossible to get me out of the tower, they resolved to conceal me in it, to make my persecutors believe that I had escaped. The idea was a bold one: nevertheless it was the only means of facilitating the escape which they had planned. Nothing was more practicable than to make me disappear for the moment. No one escorted those who carried down to the first floor the things of which I had made use. My friends were therefore convinced that they would be able to take me up higher without any risk of being discovered. In fact, though my sister was confined in the third story, she had at that time neither sentinel nor municipal officers for her guard. This expedient afforded almost certain prospects of success. Accordingly, one day my protectors gave me a dose of opium, which I took for medicine, and I was soon half asleep. In this state, I saw a child which they substituted for me, in my bed, and I was laid in the basket, in which this child had been concealed under my bed. I perceived, as if in a dream, that the child was only a wooden figure, the face of which was made to resemble mine. This substitution was effected at the moment when the guard was changed; the one who succeeded was contented with just looking at the child to certify my presence, and it was enough for him to have seen a sleeping figure, whose face was like mine; my habitual silence contributed farther to strengthen the error of my new argus. In the meantime, I had lost all consciousness, and when my senses returned, I found myself shut up in a large room, which was quite strange to me; it was the fourth story of the tower. This room was crowded with all kinds of old furniture, among which a space had been prepared for me, which communicated with a closet in the turret, where my food had been placed. All other approach was barricaded. Before concealing me there, one of my friends, whom I shall name in the course of this history, had informed me in what manner I should be saved, on condition that I should bear all imaginable sufferings without complaining; adding, that a single imprudent step, would bring destruction on me and on my benefactors; and he insisted above all, that when I was concealed, I should ask for nothing, and should continue to act the part of a really deaf and dumb child.

"When I awoke, I recollected the injunctions of my friend, and I firmly resolved to die rather than disobey them. I ate, I slept, and I waited for my friends with patience. I saw my first deliverer, from time to time, at night, when he brought me what was necessary for me. The figure was discovered

the same night; but the government thought fit to conceal my escape, which they believed to be completed. My friends, on their part, the better to deceive the sanguinary tyrants, had sent off a child under my name, in the direction, I believe, of Strasbourg. They had even countenanced the opinion, and given information to the government that it was I who had been sent in that direction. The government, in order entirely to conceal the truth, put in the place of the figure, a child of my age who was really deaf and dumb, and doubled the ordinary guard, endeavouring thus to make it be believed that I was still there. This increase of precaution prevented my friends from completing the execution of their plan in the manner they had intended. I remained, therefore, in this vile hole, as if buried alive.

"At this time I was about nine years and a half old, and already accustomed to hardships by my long sufferings, I cared little for the cold that I endured, for it was in the winter that I was imprisoned in the fourth story. My friends had managed to procure the keys of it, to prepare beforehand what was necessary for my abode there. No one could suspect that I was there. This room was never opened. If any one had entered it, they could not have seen me, and the friend who visited me, could only reach me by going on all-fours. If he was prevented coming, I waited patiently in my concealment.

"Frequently I had to wait for several days the arrival of the beneficent beings who provided me with food. No doubt my readers would wish me to make known the names of these noble individuals, these magnanimous protectors. I cannot do it in this narrative. Caution is imposed upon me by the intrigues of my political enemies, who intend to oppose an individual to me on my trial, by whose means they have already deceived so many to my prejudice: I must therefore reserve myself to meet them before the tribunals.

There is great perspicuity in this portion of the narrative, whether true or false, and as a literary composition its excellence is undeniable.

We now proceed to collate with bulletins printed in 1795, the authorities quoted in the present work relative to the state of the Dauphin, after the fall of Robespierre, and we come to the following conclusion, that, whatever credit this narrative may deserve, it will certainly be the means of establishing one historical fact, viz., that the son of Louis XVI. did *not* die in the Temple—which any person who carefully reads the bulletins and reports of the

Revolutionary Government, must, indeed, have supposed to have been the case, in which we agree from perusing, and which we had the following translation of the French bulletin of 1795 now before us, and we marvel that it was not added to the documents of the present work. We ask those who are interested in the question, and have intimately read the documents of Cléry and Madame Campan, whether they recognise in the little lymphatic patient, described by the republican functionary, that sprightly and precocious Dauphin whose innocent appeals often turned the wrath of the furies of the Halle from his mother. We copy the document, because we think it corroboratory of some part of the evidence given in the supplement, relating to the utter ignorance in which the Duchesse d'Angoulême was kept relating to her brother:—

"May, 1795.

"The following are the particulars of the present situation of the children of Louis XVI., in the Temple.

"They have not the least communication with each other, nor do they know that both of them are in one and the same place. Sometimes they are allowed, one at a time, to take the air by walking on the galleries of the tower of the Temple, but they never go into the front facing the square, or in the garden.

"On the 16th of March a public functionary, accompanied by another person, visited the son of Louis XVI. When they entered the apartment they found him sitting at the table, supporting his head with his hands. He did not so much look at those who came in as he stared at them. Being asked if he would dine? he only said 'Yes.' His victuals were then brought him, they consisted of two dishes of meat, one side dish, and his dessert. He both ate and drank heartily. They endeavoured to raise his spirits, but to no purpose. After dinner his visitors began to sing songs, but the Dauphin would not join them. Being asked to give a song, he made no reply. They then took him by the hand and danced about with him, but he seemed little pleased with this diversion. He only played a little with a lap-dog which the public functionary had brought with him. They brought him his afternoon's luncheon and his supper, but all the while he continued low-spirited.

On the 17th, in the morning, they brought him some coffee and cream, of which he is very fond. He was in bed. They asked him if he chose to eat his breakfast, he said 'Yes.

"The public functionary wishing to see the prince unclothed, in order to know if he had not grown leaner, wished him to change his linen; the prince complied; and it appeared he was tolerably fat. He does not occupy himself with doing anything in his room. He has two servants, one to attend him, the other to clean his room. Both the servants have separate apartments. This dull and phlegmatic condition of the Dauphin is attributed to his *ci-devant* governor, Simon the shoemaker, *who was guillotined as an accomplice of Robespierre last June 27th (1794).* Simon treated this infant with great severity. He wanted to make him clean his own room and do many things of that kind."

This would have been a kindness in comparison with the injurious effect of total inertion and stagnation, but the official account, *which may nevertheless be altogether a tissue of falsehoods*, continues:—

"With regard to everything relative to cleanliness, the prince is extremely sluggish."

The question that must arise to the minds of the readers of the work we are reviewing is this. Is this phlegmatic child who answers nothing but "Yes," the son of Louis XVI., or the scrofulous patient introduced in his place? But we have not done with our bulletin. The same writer, who certainly holds a most graphic and descriptive pen, proceeds to visit the Duchesse d'Angoulême in her Temple prison. He describes as closely that princess, and her occupations minutely:—

"The same public functionary visited on the 17th of March, 1795, the daughter of Louis XVI., who lives one story higher than her brother. Her apartment is very neatly furnished, and is well arranged by herself. She, herself, desired to have no person in her company. When the officer entered the apartment, the princess was knitting cotton stockings. She only cast a single look on the officer, and resumed her work. To the different questions she was asked she only answered 'Yes,' or 'No.' When the officer told her that the cotton would make fine stockings, she only answered, 'Yes, pretty fine.' The princess, in other respects, loves to read, has books, a harpsichord, and receives the same food as her brother."

"The Dauphin is now frequently seen at the windows of the Temple, but his spirits seem to be much depressed by his confinement. A painter lately took his portrait, and fixed it on the Altar of Liberty."

This portrait, this painter, this public functionary, would, *if such record could be strictly relied upon*, prove important evidences in regard to the verity or falsehood of the claimant's representations, and ought to be brought forward by those interested in the truth of his existence; our bulletin proceeds:—

"The young princess in the Temple is now called Madame, and not Citoyenne. When they address the Dauphin they use *tu*. The princess is grown very much lately, and is now more than five feet high."

The same collection corroborates the statement of the present work, by quoting the bulletin, announcing the sickness and death of the Dauphin. There are some variations of phraseology: but the remarkable sentence—"On the 16th of Prairial (June 4th), Dessault died," is in our copy, which was printed in the year 1795.

The claimant mentions Cambaceres as privy to the fact, that the Dauphin had been abstracted from the Temple; we find in the periodical from which we have drawn the above bulletins, a quotation from a brutal speech by Cambaceres, dated Jan. 22nd, 1795.

"In the name of the Committee of Government, he made a report respecting the royal infant confined in the Temple. He discussed the political problem, whether it were more dangerous to preserve in the bosom of the Republic the *disgusting remains* of the House of Capet, or by transportation, to afford a rallying point to those villains who had already imbrued their hands in the blood of their country."

By the expression *disgusting remains*, we are led to conclude that Cambaceres alluded to the imbecile state in which the Dauphin was found, when Cambaceres' party obtained power by the fall of Robespierre. We should be glad to know who took charge of the Temple and the Dauphin, after Simon was guillotined.

The letters of General Lauring, the agent for the escape as quoted in the narrative, mention that the change of the Dauphin for a deaf and dumb boy took place Nov. 7th, 1794, and the speech of Cambaceres calling the oppressed infant in the Temple the *disgusting remains* of Louis XVI., is dated Jan. 22, 1795.

The Memoirs affirm that the public authorities declare that the Dauphin

was in good health, December, 1794. We are not prepared with any information to compare and collate with this remark, but we consider it would be well worth the while for some literary person interested in historical questions, to collect chronologically every notice afforded by the French journals of that day, regarding the life, death, and burial of the Dauphin. It has certainly become a question of historical interest, if it possessed no political consequence.

While we are yet writing on this subject, another evidence is given in favour of the fact that the son of Louis the XVII. escaped from the Temple prison, this witness is Baron F. de Thierry; from his letter to the *Times*, we extract the following statement:

"There are reasons for believing that a great part of what the Duke of Normandy says in the account he has lately published is true. One of the principal agents in the flight of the Dauphin from the Temple was the Count de Frotté, a Vendean General, to whose family I am nearly allied, my sister having married his brother. I have therefore had the means of ascertaining that the Count de Frotté was chiefly instrumental in accomplishing the flight of the Dauphin to La Vendée, where the General Frotté sometime after carried on the war so celebrated in the history of France." He then proceeds to state that Napoleon broke a treaty of capitulation with Count de Frotté, and had him shot directly he was in his power.

"As the day may not be far removed when Le Duc de Normandie may succeed in establishing his claims as the son of Louis XVI., not the throne of France, but to private property belonging to him; let us, till a competent tribunal has decided the question, suspend our judgment, and refrain from branding with the epithet of imposter, a person so amiable and inoffensive as the Duke is universally acknowledged to be. He seeks not to overthrow thrones, to cause bloodshed and revolutions, he aspires only to rescue his family from obscurity, and restore them to that station in society to which their birth entitles them, without attempting to disturb that decree of the French nation, which deposed the elder branch

of the Bourbons in favour of the younger."

This letter is dated December 4th, 1838, 4, Cleveland Square, St. James'.

If the nobleman who has indited it can prove himself a credible and responsible witness, no court of law could swerve from the fact that the Dauphin actually escaped from the Temple; but here the question naturally arises, why did not this fact ring through Europe, where the enthusiasm in favour of the oppressed orphan was overpowering; woman wept and children trembled, when they heard the sad story of the Dauphin, and the revulsion of feeling when the escape of the victim was proclaimed, would have been an army of strength in the favour of the young prince? We see no good cause why this event should be hidden till the year 1838. Yet, to take up a preconceived opinion in a matter which can only be elicited by the unfolding of evidence, is, we consider, a ridiculous weakness, unworthy of any person who writes for the public; we state our objections or acquiescence as facts arise, and leave the public to sit as judges of the whole.

After the escape from the Temple, the Memoirs become, to our apprehension, confused and improbable; this we attribute to the attempt of the writer to account for circumstances which his guides evidently kept concealed from him, for instance, Josephine might have contrived his escape with Barras, but had the lost prince ever been in the power of Napoleon, we feel convinced that Josephine could not have succeeded in saving him. Why should his life have been respected more than that of D'Enghien, of Frotté, of Pichegru, or indeed of that of Schill or Hoffer? It is rather a singular circumstance, that the narrator, after his final escape from a four years confinement, mentions a certain degree of connection with Major Schill, and omits to mention the lawless murder of Schill by Napoleon; we would ask the question,—was this the same Major Schill, whose execution by Napoleon, when taken prisoner, astounded all Europe, as the most extraordinary breach of the laws of nation? And whose name with the verses written thereon by Korner,

was the first rallying cry of the German war of independence? Who can forget the lines on the grave of Schill?

These steps are steps of German men,  
Who when the tyrant's in his den,  
Steal forth to seek the grave of Schill.

The narrative of the execution of Major Schill might perhaps throw some light on this very obscure part of these memoirs. The impression made upon us by the first and second parts of this narrative is, that the account of the Temple and the events connected therewith, proceed from the mind of a cultivated child, while the second stage of existence is the narrative of an uneducated man.

The claimant asserts he placed his proofs in the hands of Prince Harttenburgh, minister for Prussia, who at first supplied him with money, and then gave him the name of Charles William Naüendorff, with a naturalization in Spandau; but that the Prussian monarch pertinaciously, from that time (1810), withholds his papers, and has answered all his attempts at recognition by calumnious attacks upon his character. He got his living as a watchmaker, till some years after his marriage in 1818, when he began to make new efforts to be recognised by Louis XVIII. and the Duchesse d'Angoulême, which reiterated efforts were answered by the King of Prussia with accusations of being a coiner and incendiary, for which he was condemned to prison. If his sentence be correctly copied from the Brandenburg tribunals, it can have no effect in the eyes of any Englishman in staining the claimant's character. He says—

"The supreme court sent me afterwards a copy of the following sentence.

"Whereas, notwithstanding the evidence given against the accused Charles William Naüendorff is not sufficient for his conviction, yet, in the present case a conviction is necessary, because he has conducted himself during his trial as an impudent liar, calling himself a prince by birth, and giving to understand that he belongs to the august family of the Bourbons."

The honour of the King of Prussia demands a publication of the real sentence of Naüendorff; if it be only the above quoted, no Englishman could for a moment doubt from what motive the

accusation and imprisonment arose. It will be considered a tyrannical mode of keeping peace, and a despotic method of silencing a troublesome person. The good conduct of the prisoner occasioned part of his sentence to be remitted; but he resents the pardon of the King of Prussia more than his sentence. The fall of the elder branch of Bourbon took place soon after his release; since that time the efforts of the claimant seem to have been pertinacious for recognition; he presented himself for that purpose at the tribunals of Louis Philippe, who was very busy trying another claimant to the identity of the Dauphin; but Naüendorff was by the King of the French expelled the kingdom in a great hurry and sent to Dover. He has since 1836 lived in England supported by the contributions of his partizans. He seems recognised by the chief of the old servants of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette who are surviving. The strongest part of his case consists of the following testimonies of the nurse of the Dauphin and M. de St. Hilaire and his wife, old servants of the royal family; here is her letter to the Duchesse d'Angoulême.

"(V.) To H.R.H. the Duchess of Angoulême.

"MADAM,

"She who would have given her life for your illustrious parents, impelled now by a sense of duty, takes the liberty respectfully to address you, to assure you of the existence of your august brother. These eyes have seen and recognised him; many hours spent in his company have convinced me of it. It is to the Almighty power of God alone that we are indebted for the preservation of so invaluable a life; on my knees I return thanks to him for it, hoping that since it has been his divine will to preserve him, it is that he may be the promoter of general peace, and the author of happiness to all.

"This conviction can come only from above.

"His long sufferings, his resignation to the will of Providence, and his goodness are beyond description.

"The knowledge I have of your royal highness's goodness, assures me that I have not taken too great a liberty in thus expressing the lively feelings of my heart for those sovereigns so deservedly beloved by all who have preserved their fidelity inviolate.

"I am with the greatest respect,

"Your Royal Highness's

"Very humble and very obedient servant,  
"DE RAMBAUD.

"Madame knows that I had the honour of being attached to the service of her august brother, from the day of his birth till the 10th of August, 1792."

"In case my death should take place before the recognition of the prince, the son of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette. I think it my duty to affirm here on oath before God and man, that I met on the 17th of August, 1833, His Royal Highness, the Duke of Normandy, to whose service I had the honour of being attached from the day of his birth until the 10th of August, 1792; and as it was my duty to inform Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Angoulême, of the fact, I wrote to her in the same year. I here subjoin a copy of my letter.

"The observations which I had made on his person during his infancy, could leave me no doubt of his identity wheresoever I might have met with him.

"The Prince had, in his childhood, a short throat, which was creased in a remarkable manner. I had always said that if I should ever meet with him again, this would be a decisive proof to me. Although from his present *embonpoint*, his throat is very much increased in size, it still retains its former flexibility.

"His head was high, his forehead wide and open, his eyes blue, his eyebrows arched, his hair light, curling naturally. His mouth was like the Queen's, and he had a small dimple in his chin. His chest was round and full; I have recognised on it several marks, then not very prominent, and particularly one on the right breast. He had at that time a great bend in his back, and his carriage was very remarkable.

"In short, it is identically the same person whom I have now seen, the difference of age excepted.

"The Prince was inoculated in the Palace of St. Cloud, at the age of two years and four months, in the presence of the Queen, by Dr. Jouberton, inoculator to the children of France, and Drs. Brunier and Loustonneau. The inoculation took place during his sleep, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, to prevent an irritation which might have thrown the child into convulsions, which was always apprehended. A witness to that inoculation, I now affirm that I have recognised the marks of it, which were in the form of a crescent.

"Moreover, I had preserved as a thing of great value, a blue dress which the prince had worn only once. I shewed it to him and said, to see if he would be mistaken, that he had worn it at Paris. No, Madam, I wore it only at Versailles, on such an occasion.

"We have made an interchange of recollections which alone would have been indisputable proof to me, that he is actually

what he asserts himself to be, the Prince—the orphan of the Temple.

"DE RAMBAUD,

"Attached to the service of the DAUPHIN, DUKE OF NORMANDY, from the day of his birth till the 10th of August, 1792."

"(W.) I, the undersigned, Marco de St. Hilaire, aged 76, formerly gentleman usher in ordinary of the chamber, to the King (Louis XVI), in attendance on H.R.H. Mme. Victoire of France, declare and certify before God and man:—

"1st. That the Prince Charles Louis, Duke of Normandy, born the 27th of March, 1785, son of Louis XVI, and of Marie Antoinette, is *living*; and that of this, for the last sixteen months, in which I have seen him habitually, I have had an opportunity of thoroughly convincing myself.

"2nd. That in consequence of the length of time which has elapsed since the death of the unfortunate Louis XVI, it would be difficult to find officers, formerly of the King's household, who can testify to the striking resemblance which this Prince bears to his august father; because it is not sufficient for that purpose, to have merely seen Louis XVI., but it is necessary to have seen him *daily* and *in his privacy*, which the duties of my office afforded me the opportunity of doing.

"3rd. That the prince Charles Louis, has all the *features of his family*, the *manners, habits, and tastes* of his august father; that he possesses likewise all his virtues, and that whoever has seen him once, and has had the happiness of conversing with him, cannot, if he has not lost all recollection of his august parents, and if he is candid and sincere, throw any doubt on his identity.

"4th. That among the recollections of his childhood, the prince has reminded me of various arrangements and buildings, which were in the Park at Versailles, and which were destroyed immediately after the death of the king, and of which people, who are only 40 years of age, have never had any knowledge.

"5th. That, in short, my conviction is so strong, that it is impossible for any one to overthrow it.

"6th. That in making this declaration, I solemnly affirm that I am not influenced by any other motive, than a desire to render homage to truth and justice.

"MARCO DE SAINT HILAIRE.

*Versailles, Dec. 17th, 1834.*

These letters, with the recognition of M. de Joly, and M. Morel de St. Didier, at last occasioned the daughter of Louis XVI., to consent to an interview with M. de St. Didier, on the behalf of a claimant who has importuned that princess since the year 1815, to be ad-

mitted to her presence. M. de St. Didier, for some reason or other not explained, appears to be a person who commands the respect and attention of the elder branch of Bourbon: his interview with the duchess is a great historical curiosity, and but for its length we would present it to our readers.

The letter of Madame de St. Hilaire confirms the statement of the claimant, that he was preserved by the agency of Josephine, we give it, for it is of great importance to the question.

“(T) To H.R.H. the Duchess of Angoulême.

“MADAM,

“Since the year 1815, I have constantly heard that the unhappy Dauphin, the son of Louis XVI., had escaped from the Temple, and that another child had been substituted there in his place. This hope, which was cherished in the hearts of all good Frenchmen, was become a sacred article of belief; it was entertained by me, at the time when I was placed about Josephine, the wife of Buonaparte! I then learned with certainty that her goodness, her respect and attachment to the royal family of the Bourbons, had led her, with the assistance of the minister Fouché, to rescue the unhappy descendant of our Kings, from the cruel hands of her husband, who had determined on his destruction.

“I think, Madam, that those reports must have reached your Royal Highness. But Providence having permitted, that, during the last fifteen years, many impostors should have appeared, brought forward by a too culpable police, the truth had not yet reached you, notwithstanding all the enquiries by which your Royal Highness has endeavoured to obtain information.

“If, Madam, I now take the liberty most respectfully to address this letter to you, it is because I am fully convinced that I have met with this Prince, so much regretted by all Frenchmen. Providence has permitted me to have personal communication with him; and for all those who have had the honor of knowing the King, your august father, and the Queen, your most unfortunate mother, it is impossible not to recognize Louis XVII. by his striking resemblance to the august authors of his being.

“Your Royal Highness, who till now has had no opportunity of discovering the truth, may be assured that God has permitted, that, after so many years of fruitless search, we should at length succeed in finding him.

“At the feet of your Royal Highness, and with all the respect which I owe to you, I entreat your pardon for the liberty I have taken in addressing this letter to you; but

God, my conscience, and the salvation of my soul, impose on me the obligation of informing your Royal Highness that your unhappy brother is living, and that he is now with us. I have no hesitation in assuring your Royal highness that I believe in the identity of this unhappy Prince, as firmly as I believe in God, and in his son, the Saviour of the world.

“I am a person of little importance, Madam, but the sacred flame of my love and gratitude to your august and too unhappy family, has never ceased to burn in my bosom. Notwithstanding all my personal misfortunes, I am still ready to sacrifice the remains of my sad existence, if it can be useful to the son of your august father, whom God in his holy mercy seems to have restored me, to repay me at the end of my life, for all the sorrows that I have endured, from the cruel loss of my august masters.

“I am, Madam,

“With the most profound respect, &c.

“(Signed) MARCO DE SAINT-HILAIRE, née BESSON, formerly of the Household of MADAME VICTOIRE DE FRANCE, AUNT TO THE KING.”

“Versailles, Sept. 9th, 1833.”

Here are four old servants of the family, M. de Joly, Mons. and Madame de St. Hilaire, and the nurse in whose arms the Dauphin was reared, all on the verge of the grave, who bear witness to the identity of the claimant.

“I cannot conceive that a foreigner speaking French badly, could arrive at Paris, without money, without friends, without support: could remain for several days lost in the crowd of that immense capital, living on the bread of the people, and like the lowest of them, for three days and nights without a roof to shelter him: that in this state of humiliation he should be recognized and surrounded by many honourable persons, formerly servants of the monarchy, who all, with emotion, discover in him the unfortunate prisoner of the Temple. When mention is made of M. de Joly, the last minister of Louis XVI., the only one in attendance on the 10th of August, 1792, and the only one who on that fatal day assisted the Royal Family by his devotion to them: when mention is made of Madame de Rambaud, who knew, and attended upon the Dauphin from the time of his birth till 1792: Madame de St. Hilaire attached to the service of Madame Victoire: Monsieur de St. Hilaire, who likewise always held an important situation at court: M. de Bremond, under secretary of state in the department of the Interior: when it is known that all these persons, justly held in public estimation, and distinguished not less by their



former than by their present situation in society, went to see this pretender to royal birth with hostile and prejudiced minds: I cannot conceive that all of them, each by the proof of which he was peculiarly competent to judge, should return convinced of his identity, and should be at this time his most firm supporters. I cannot conceive that under the circumstances which have been mentioned, if he were an impostor, however clever, he could have made a single dupe among people of even moderate intelligence: that during three years in which he has been circumvented, studied, dissected as it were, he should not have betrayed himself for a single instant; and that conviction, far from diminishing, is on the increase, and is felt by men whose name alone is an authority."

None of the historical pretenders we have named, excepting Czar Demetrius, have brought forward any evidence of such importance as this.

On the other hand the weak points of the narrative are these.

That strange story regarding the marking or puncturing the face of the claimant, by whom, or by whose commands, whether by those of Napoleon, Prussia, or Louis XVIII., is not mentioned, neither are these marks mentioned by the nurse or old servants of Louis XVI., as any impediment to recognition. The stories of the apparition of Martin, and of the dreams and supernatural revelations to the claimant are calculated to cast a doubt on his sanity and support the declaration of the Duchesse d'Angoulême and the King of Prussia, that the assertion of Naundorff as to his identity with the lost Dauphin, is a strong mania, nevertheless we think the Rev. Mr. Percival was perfectly right in translating what he found; for the public are appealed to, and how is the public to judge without seeing the case in its whole bearing, and every statement, as well probable as improbable? There is certainly no reason why the real son of Louis XVI. should not believe in apparitions, as well as Dr. Johnson, and some men equally great, and of more modern date. Yet such a section among the proofs of royal birth cannot impress any reader with an idea of the writer's wisdom; nor is the apparition by any means of tragic dignity suitable to the interest of the subject; it is that of an old bore of a peasant named Martin,

who pretending to be a prophet when alive, has not the slightest claims to be believed when dead. Perhaps the fanaticism of the Curé of St. Arnoult is the source of this folly.

We have now given an abstract of the principal contents of this curious volume, marking as we proceeded the passages which bore on the end in view of establishing the right of the claimant to the identity with the heir of Louis XVI.

If the King of Prussia set a value on his personal honour to repel the charges brought against him, he will cause his government to satisfy all Europe on the following questions:

Who were Naundorff's parents and ancestors?

Who were his master, and his fellow-apprentices with whom he learned the art of watch-making?

If a Prussian, where born and reared from infancy?

How the king came to grant him letters of naturalization in Spandau?

What the real nature of Naundorff's sentence before the tribunal of Brandenburg was?

If the Prussian government does not reply satisfactorily to these points, and we will take some pains to put his majesty in possession of our queries through his ambassador, there remain but two suppositions, either that Naundorff was a puppet prepared by the Prussian government to act the Dauphin as a check against Napoleon, who does not choose to be dismissed when no longer needed; or that he is the son of Louis XVI. and unjustly oppressed by a counter interest.

For if not the son of a king and queen, a man must still have a father and mother, and such individuals in a country so strictly governed as Prussia can without great difficulty be traced.

One point we have not touched upon, which is, the continual strain of accusation against Louis XVIII. and the Count d'Artois as the slanderers of Marie Antoinette, and conspirators against their unfortunate brother; if this were the case, it seems strange that the Duchess d'Angoulême could cleave to them with the filial affection she has ever shewn. There is some slight corroboration of these accusations in

the known hatred that the restored court of France bore to Madame Campan whose devoted fidelity to the memory of Marie Antoinette evidently was no recommendation to the restored family. Why did Madame Campan's alliance with Ney and her school of Ecouen stand more in the way of the slightest gleam of royal regard towards this faithful servant than the regicidal actions and brutal speeches of Cambaceres, and many others who were active enemies not only to the royal family, but to royalty itself? Surely Madame Campan deserved a pension from Louis XVIII. at least as much as the sister of Robespierre!

The question mutually arises; was Madame Campan's crime her constant vindication of the character of Marie Antoinette? so complete as it is, that no mind which possesses a particle of conscientiousness can believe that unfortunate queen to be otherwise than a faithful wife?

In our review of the statements contained in this work, we have somewhat lost sight, as reviewers, of its literary character, but we must declare that the Reverend Mr. Percival has performed a difficult task with great spirit and perspicuity; his feelings have evidently been warmly interested, but they have not in any way betrayed his candour and good sense as his excellent notes repeatedly shew.

Before the present work appeared, public curiosity had been strongly awakened on the subject, and it is only justice to declare that the honourable and reverend translator has produced a very amusing and interesting volume which will be considered one of the historical and literary curiosities of the present century.

We can hardly close our remarks without alluding to the very recent attempt to assassinate the author of the narrative at his residence at Camberwell by an unknown hand, and to mention with great commendation, the mild and dignified conduct of the individual evinced on that occasion.

*The English Bijou Almanac for 1839.* Schloss.—Apart from the commendation these fairy kalends merit on the score of their minute and unique beauty,

they possess this year a melancholy interest, from being illustrated by some of the last verses from the pen of the lamented L. E. L. Our copy is accompanied by a nail-length portrait of the authoress of the *Improvisatrice*, to which her lines, written when gazing on a similar engraving of poor Malibran, are singularly and mournfully appropriate:—

“ Ah! keep this likeness of that glorious brow,  
All that is left us is her shadow now.”

From the present collection we take the following “*FAREWELL*,” which contains sentiments of a foreboding character.

“ My little fairy chronicle,  
The prettiest of my tasks, farewell!  
Ere other eyes shall meet this line,  
Far other records will be mine,  
How many miles of trackless sea  
Will roll between my land and me!

“ I said thine elfin almanack  
Should call all pleasant hours back;  
Amid those pleasant hours will none  
Think kindly on what I have done?  
Then, fairy page, I leave with thee  
Some memory of my songs and me.”

#### NEW MUSIC.

THE remark has often been made, and must still be repeated, that music is the privileged art of the age. It has attracted and appropriated to itself the favour which some of the other arts seem to have lost. Certainly the existing passion for music is not the devotion of an infant society for an art, the necessity of which results from the character of its climate, traditions, and creeds; out of whole nations which have already undergone various and extensive modifications; of men who seem to have exhausted all that their soil, manners, language contain of poetry, all that the sciences natural and metaphysical present to the human mind; men surrounded by the magnificent and ever-multiplying treasures which agriculture, commerce, and industry, place at their command.

The mass of enjoyments has increased proportionally with the mass of riches; for, rapid as the electric fluid, the ele-

ment of a new sensation encircles the globe at the present day, in less time than would have been required a century ago for its propagation from one end of London to the other. In every class of society life has become more easy, more delicate, more comprehensively contemplative. Primitive nature has everywhere been overcome; the influence of climate and ancient prejudices neutralized. Formerly, the humblest individual was content with his origin, his obscurity, his industrious and effective labour. His peace was disturbed by no anxiety, no desire, respecting the welfare of mankind, beyond the circle of his immediate connexions; but now, the desire for interchange of feeling is universal. May it not be that music offers the most attractive, the most certain, and the most rapid means of communication with his fellow-men, that man could employ to establish between them and himself? that state of the feelings and soul in which is based the spirit of universal fraternisation, and a tendency to which is the peculiar characteristic of the present age? Does not the lyre of Beethoven, Rossini, Bellini intone, as well as the voice of Goëthe, Byron, and other great poets, that species of dramatic elegy which the fine arts are continually composing and recomposing upon the phases of humanity?

One fact is certain, that at the present day, not only amongst ourselves, or in Germany, or Italy—not only in Europe, but even in Turkey, people frequent the opera, and find great delight in it; a necessary piece of furniture in every respectable house is a piano; and the song is universal. We purpose, therefore, devoting regularly some of our pages to the development of philosophical points connected with the subject of music. Songs and sonatas are published without end: We shall select the most interesting, and make them the subject of our criticism.

**THE DREAM OF HOME** :—a ballad by T. Moore, Esq. The poetry is most sweet.

“ Who has not felt how sadly sweet  
The dream of home, the dream of home,  
Steals o’er the heart, too soon to fleet,  
When far o’er sea or land we roam ?

Sunlight more soft may o’er us fall,  
To greener shores our bark may come,  
But still more bright, more dear than all,  
The dream of home, that dream of home !” &c.

In these verses we immediately recognise the simple and chaste muse of the singer of “the Loves of the Angels,” the sweet and natural elegance of the Irish bard, the noble inheritor of the harp of O’Brien. It is always with feelings of unmingled delight, that we receive these short but touching effusions of a poet who, in our eyes, is one of the brightest glories Great Britain possesses. The music with which he has adorned these words is simple as the primitive idea which inspired them, and free from laboured modulations, affected transitions, or difficult combinations—it is a pure melody—a gentle fanning of the wings—a soft sigh—of one of the angels, whose loves he has so sweetly sung.

**WITH THE FIRST BLUSH OF MORN** :  
—Song. Founded on Strauss’s popular Rosa Waltz. By G. Linley, Esq.

“ With the first blush of morn  
O’er mount and dell,  
The Switzer’s note  
To the breeze doth swell ;  
He climbs each proud height  
Devoid of fear !  
Oh ! who is so brave  
As the bold mountaineer ?” &c.

Mr. G. Linley is widely known as the author of various lyrical and dramatic productions. He possesses superior talent, and displays great taste in the adaptation of poetry to music. The effect, indeed, cannot fail to be beautiful, when poetry and music join hands, exchange a kiss of sisterly love, and, mingling their breath, send forth from their two hearts one voice divine.

Mr. Linley seems aware of this truth, and combines his twofold talent, and generally with success. Thus, to the music of the popular Rosa Waltz of the celebrated Strauss, Mr. Linley has appended poetry of a similar strain. The pleasures of the pastoral life of the Swiss mountains are elegantly portrayed in the ballad, and the thoughts, rhythm, and accents accord perfectly with the music of Strauss, which, in its kind, is correctly deemed most excellent.

**ESTELLE.**—This melancholy Ballad describes, in plaintive tones, the too frequently unhappy effects of that cherished, but fatal passion—Love.

“ By him forsaken, bereft of home,  
The young Estelle is doom'd to roam;  
For truant Love, in evil hour,  
Has blanch'd the cheek of that fair  
flow'r.

She weeps alone, and none are by  
To heal her grief, or heed her sigh.” &c.

In the melodious strain which accompanies, most suitably, the sorrowful poesy, we think we discover certain mingled recollections of the idea of an Italian melody. It is, however, graceful; it is well modulated, and skilfully expressed; it is uncommon. This ballad will assuredly meet with a favourable reception; and the cultivated and expressive voices of our fair vocalists will give full effect to the graceful pathos of both poetry and music, with which the idea of the unfortunate Estelle inspired Mr. Linley.

But we may be permitted here to suggest to amateur singers, that, to sing well, it is not enough to sound the notes, but they must seize and express the idea conveyed in the poetry and music. The most exquisite poetry, if badly read, seems but prose: music badly sung, is like the flower that dies in the hand that plucked it; and music sung well, but without expression, is a flower without odour. We may be allowed also to remark to Mr. Linley, that we should have been still more delighted with his really beautiful ballads, had he been somewhat more select in his cadences. Our full and avowed conviction of the author's talent warrants our expression of such a feeling. The attainment of a judicious variety of cadence is an object worthy the serious attention of the composers of the present day. It not unfrequently happens, that when we have reached a certain point in some compositions, we feel inclined to exclaim, “Enough! enough! I know all the rest!” We would, therefore, entreat musical composers not to weary themselves with repeating cadences, but occasionally to put &c., &c., &c.; for they very much resemble the conclusion of a letter, where the French are accustomed to express

themselves thus—“*J'ai l'honneur d'être, &c. &c.*”

The **SCHERZO** in C  $\sharp$  minor, by Thalberg, is a composition well worthy of that great pianist, and we shall present our readers with a brief analysis of it.

This piece, from the first movement to the passage in A  $\flat$  major, is beautiful, and presents to the ear of the intelligent connoisseur an example of exquisite modulation. The principal thought expressed in the bass, and repeated afterwards in both keys (pp. 2 and 16) is full of originality. The cantabile in E major (p. 6) is lively, fanciful, and remarkable for the skilful manner in which it is evolved.

The sonatas for the piano exhibit at times not only a studied complication of chords and a peculiar richness of modulation, but also an extreme difficulty of execution. And often, the torrent of notes, now with the right hand—now with the left—becomes a terrible trial of skill, and equally puts to a severe proof the organic agility of the fingers, the organic acuteness of the ear of the performer, as well as the power of endurance of the listener, who, in such a rapid, pauseless succession of sounds, can apprehend none, and feels compelled to exclaim with Fontenelle—

“Musique que veux tu?”

It is not thus, however, with the music of the Scherzo, the most difficult passages of which (p. 8 to 12, and pp. 17 and 18), present a well-conceived fantasia, affording an excellent opportunity to the performer for displaying a correct and skilful execution of difficult *bravura*, and infusing into this exquisite composition a rich variety of delightful changes.

Another piece for the piano, well deserving of notice, is a **GRANDE FANTASIE** by Döhler, published by the same editor.

This artist, who is characterized as “the friend and rival of Thalberg,” passed, as did his friend, several years at Naples, and seems, like Thalberg, to be endeavouring to solve the problem of the union of the two distinctive systems of Germany and Italy, melody and harmony, or, to make use of terms which seem in great vogue at the present day, to unite *idea* and *form*, *sense* and *sen-*

*suousness, matter and spirit*, in musical conceptions. But, to say no more of the *Grande Fantaisie*, we may confidently affirm that M. Döhler's *adagio* in *F minor* (p. 4) beautifully varied as it is in the bass, and skilfully supported by the *cantabile*, is truly extraordinary for the masterly connexion of its parts. We listened, however, with unfeigned admiration to the passages on pp. 5 and 6, which include some *arpeggi* executed by the right hand, quite new in kind, and producing a delightful effect; after which follows a number of brilliant bravura passages as far as the 14th page.

Of the change of the key to D flat, and all the succeeding parts up to the *tarantella*, we may truly say that they contain various phrases proving incontrovertably the high eminence which the composer has attained as pianist, and attracting irresistibly by the excellence of their taste and singularity of effect.

The *tarantella* in *F minor*, which follows, and continues to the finale of the piece, offers a novel variety in its development; and the finale itself is brilliantly effective and grand in the extreme. In respect to difficulty of execution, this fantasia, we think, requires a greater boldness than the *Scherzo* of Thalberg; but the young ladies of the present day encounter such difficulties with good courage and a patient perseverance which are generally crowned with success.

As a means of facilitating the mastery of the studied difficulties with which compositions for the piano now abound, we hail with much pleasure the efforts made to promote the study of the classic compositions of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. There is great need of the benefit to be derived from fixing the attention of the mind upon these lofty conceptions of musical poetry, and from the exercise which these compositions afford to the fingers. What would not be the result of perseverance in the endeavour to interpret faithfully the thoughts, the divine inspirations of these great masters! we rejoice, therefore, at the publication by Cramer and Addison, of Beethoven's *SONATA*, Opera 101, and shall say a few words on the subject.

**SONATA FOR THE PIANOFORTE, &c.**  
by L. V. BEETHOVEN, (Op. 101.)

It has been said, and we have expressed the idea above, that, to an ordinary dilettante, music is no more than a succession of notes, *dièses* of flats, pauses, and cadences: so, for the ordinary performer, to play with precision, to keep exact time, is the height of human perfection, and in truth, as this is a rare merit, he ought not to be blamed for indulging a little pride in it. An exemplification of this truth might be found in Thalberg's *Scherzo*, or any other of his beautiful compositions, in which the execution seems almost insuperably difficult.

But we wish to introduce here a few remarks relative to a piece which we have already announced, the *Fantasia* of Döhler, taken from the opera of Benedict. He displays therein much novelty of form, and an unwonted dignity of style. Of the three *temi* which he has selected, we observe that two are pleasing and expressive melodies, and that the third is a species of *tarantella*, which, alternating and intertwining with the other two in various parts, has yet one predominant phrase throughout the whole fantasia, and produces a beautiful effect. But when, at the end of the introduction, we find ourselves in the midst of full sweet harmonies, where it seems that a third hand is playing the first *tema* with difficult variations, it is not easy to comprehend how the performer conveys so distinctly to the ear all the melody in octaves, at the very time that the two hands are each occupied in executing a variation. But towards the conclusion of the fantasia there are passages still more difficult of execution. Such is our opinion, and it accords, if we mistake not, with that of Herz.

Now, certainly, the mechanical part of the performance upon any instrument is indispensably necessary to correctness of execution. In vain would a pianist strive to reach the highest rank in his profession, if his fingers were stiff or short; in vain would any one, however theoretically versed in the vocal art, seek to rise to eminence as a singer, except his voice were good and flexible!

It is his soul, his fine susceptibility

combined with talent, that enable the artist to enter into the spirit of the composer. Extraordinary agility has sometimes the effect of astonishing by its feats ; but *expression* alone has the privilege of touching the soul. And this *expression* is not to be accomplished by grimaces, by twisting the arms, rolling the eyes, by flinging oneself from end to end of the piano, or starting the fingers from the keys as if they were burnt ! No ! The real artist, he who has a true feeling of music, interprets the notes, renders them correctly, gives them their due colouring, and with his soul, with his feelings, with his throat, with his fingers, delightfully conveys the expression, the lofty inspiration, the sacred fire of the composer's poesy, and communicates, as if by enchantment, his own impressions, his own enthusiasm to his hearers. These feelings and powers, and these alone can enable to execute properly the sonatas of L. V. Beethoven.

This sonata of Beethoven will serve as an admirable exemplification of our remarks.

Beethoven's genius is a revelation of an entire ideal world. To his mind, music, even in a sonata for the piano-forte, is the elegy of a visible world of sorrow—the hymn to an invisible universe of bliss. His sonatas intone the passions, lamentations, hopes of humanity ; the mercies, the awards, awful or consolatory, of the Supreme Being.

MUSIC was to Beethoven a lofty science, corresponding to the true philosophical idea formed of it by the ancients. Goëthe was wont to say that Beethoven's music was inspiration to him : and Beethoven was accustomed to read Goëthe's poetry previously to beginning to compose music. These two facts involve the enunciation of a profound truth of ratiocination. Each was worth of the other, and each exercised a powerful influence over the other. The genius of each was often placed in immediate comparison ; and on this point there exists a beautiful letter written by a German lady of the name of Bettina, which is well worthy of attention. Many very interesting circumstances also are recounted in the life of Beethoven recently published in

Germany, by Dr. Wegler, who, being his friend and companion, had the peculiar advantage of close intimacy, by which he is enabled to establish many truths. We purpose giving next month an analysis of this work. Meanwhile, returning to the subject which affords us the pleasurable opportunity of expressing our deep admiration of the man who, surpassing in enthusiasm even Haydn and Mozart themselves, raised the *sinfonia* and *sonata* to a degree of sublimity which may justly be termed divine.

How magnificently musical are the combinations of this sonata (op. 101) : what sublime effusions of harmony in the introductory *allegretto* in E major ! In the *vivace alla marcia* (page 5) what an admirable succession of passages *ad imitazione* ! But such exclamations of praise are mere repetitions of what has been frequently uttered. This sonata and all the others, elaborating the development of a grand and complicate idea, rising majestically from earth to heaven in his own magnificent style, presents, from the first movements and periods even to the end, continual opportunities to the student of improving himself in all points that respect difficulty of execution, while at the same time working out the first highly poetic musical idea. At the present day, the difficult passages in sonatas for the piano may be often not inaptly compared to artificial fireworks—they are all noise, glitter, and smoke ! But in the compositions of Beethoven, even midst apparent disorder, in his loftiest, boldest flight, there is always a noble, poetic meaning, and this meaning pianists should study and meditate upon ; but they ought never to permit themselves to alter, by omission or fancied ornaments (which, in this case are but false stones in the midst of diamonds), the primitive conceptions of the great composer. He who thus thinks of playing a sonata of Beethoven's for the sake of *amusing* himself or others, insults the great master ; is incapable of understanding him : let him shut the book ! The great giants of music write not their exalted poems with a view to amuse.

It will not be irrelevant here to mention an anecdote of Handel. When

the "Messiah" was performed for the first time, and the grand "Amen!" with its heavenly accompaniment resounded majestically from angle to angle among the columns, and from the vaulted roof of the building, and the auditory were wrapt in ecstasy, "Amen!" repeated Handel in a bass tone, and, with a look of proud enthusiasm, laid down the wand with which he had directed the orchestra. On quitting the church he found one of the royal carriages waiting, by the order of the king, to conduct him to Carlton House. George II., in the midst of his brilliant court, received, with much pomp, the great German master. After having, in very warm terms, expressed his satisfaction, he inquired if he could grant him any favour. The good Handel pleaded the cause of Joseph Wack and the beautiful Ellen Farren, to whom he wished to be married. "Well," said the king, "your request is granted." The only obstacle was the want of employment on the part of young Wack: "from this day, however, he is employed—he shall be my first tenor."

"Really," replied Handel, "I thank your majesty with all my heart, and congratulate you on such an acquisition."

The king looked at him for a little while in silence, and then said—"But for yourself, Handel; have you any thing to ask for yourself? I should be most happy to do something for you personally, as a testimony of gratitude for the great amusement your 'Messiah' has afforded me."

At the sound of the word *amusement*, Handel coloured with anger, and, in a loud voice, replied—"Sire, I had no wish that my music should *amuse* your majesty, but that it should render you a better man!"

All the court was thunderstruck: the king looked with surprise at the enthusiastic musician; then bursting out into a loud laughter, went up to Handel, and patting him kindly on the shoulder said, "You will never lose your bluntness, I suppose, M. Handel, but you are a worthy and good man. Go; do and say what you will, we shall always remain your friend."

This blunt frankness in the reply of Handel contains an important lesson

for all those who are content to find merely an amusement in the fine arts, and music particularly, and therefore think but lightly of them.

Great composers, such as Handel, have other and far more noble ends in view. Beethoven, in his sublime and mystic musical conceptions, might exclaim to those who, in music, seek only for amusement.

"Procul este, profani!" (Stand aloof, ye profane!)

"I write not to amuse."

In this high point of view, then, should be contemplated the publication of Beethoven's music by Cramer and Addison. In accordance with these views the term MUSIC was received by the ancients not to signify merely the melody and harmony which please the sense of hearing, but that concordant harmony which is the result of right proportions in things. The ancients, therefore, admiring the harmony of the heavenly bodies, and the wonderful concord prevailing throughout, endeavoured to establish in sounds a harmony corresponding to that which they perceived in the heavens and in the earth. This principle was the basis of their musical art, the origin of which they referred to God as the author of the universal harmony. Nothing can be grander than this idea of harmony; without it, nothing exists—nothing can exist. It was upon this principle of the necessity of harmony that Pythagoras based his system of music, and upon the rules laid down by Pythagoras, that Plato, in his *Timæus*, established the laws of the constitution of the world. In accordance with this, philosophers have fixed their laws of that just proportion among parts which, in *external life*, constitutes, and is called, BEAUTY; and that due proportion in feelings which, in the *internal life*, constitutes and is called VIRTUE, GOODNESS. Hence Rousseau said, "*J'ai toujours crû que le bon n'était que le beau mis en action!*"

HOPE IS STILL AN EVERGREEN, a Ballad. The words by Charles Jeffreys; the music by C. Hodgson, author of "The Better Land," &c.

The opening of the first and second couplets is not so satisfactory as their

conclusion. The second part is preferable as regards the development: there is one passage in the minor key which corresponds well with the words. It is, upon the whole, exceedingly pretty.

CAN I E'ER FORGET THE VALLEY? No. I. Songs of the Village. Written and composed by A. Fry.

The music of this arietta is well adapted to the words: its simplicity is beautiful, nor is it deficient in spirit, and there is an unity of conception which displays much taste. Executed with feeling, it cannot fail to please.

THE STAR OF GLENGARY: Ballad. The words by Miss Eliza Cook. The music composed, and respectfully dedicated (by especial permission) to his Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex, by N. J. Spörle.

There is little musical merit in this song, with the exception of a few notes in G minor, which precede the return to the *motivo*. An ostentatious uniformity prevails throughout.

MY GALLANT REINDEER. Ballad. Written and composed by George Linley, Esq., author of "The Stranger's Bride," &c.

The martial style of the music of this little composition is in excellent unison with the sentiment of the poetry: it is calculated to obtain popularity.

The accompaniment is also worthy of remark. The note sustained upon the word *smile* in the first verse, and continued whilst the bass gradually descends from the fifth to the tonic, produces a beautiful effect, although this modulation is frequent in modern productions. The sudden resumption of the *motivo* excites an agreeable surprise.

THE GHOST AND THE BARON OF GROGZWIG. A new Comic Song. Written and respectfully inscribed to the immortal "Boz," by John Major; arranged by J. Monro.

The poetry of this composition is well adapted to the desired end—that of exciting laughter.

The principal object of almost all English compositions of this description is, by the jocose sense of the words, to provoke the risibility of the auditors. If the music be not quite equal, it is certainly but little inferior to any.

—VOL. XIV.—FEBRUARY, 1839.

### *The Contributions of Q. Q.* BY JANE TAYLOR.

A beautiful and compact edition of a favourite work by a favourite author. Jane Taylor, though now dust, still continues through her past labours; to instruct and delight her fellow-creatures who are travelling up the arduous hill of life; the thorny paths of which are rendered smoother by her lessons of practical wisdom. Many have been benefited by her gentle lessons, and many whose eyes have not yet opened on the light will have reason to bless this wise and virtuous woman.

Do parents wish to know why children read these essays of Jane Taylor with delight and many other *good* books with disgust and difficulty? it is because her precepts are mostly accompanied by little parables or instances, without which the words of admonition hang heavily and are in fact truly odious to the mind of the youthful listener. Let all instructors remember that stupid well-intentioned persons have destroyed more religious feeling in children than all the books written in a spirit of wilful impiety which the world has ever seen.

It is a fearful sight to see a pious book that is not written by a person of decided genius, in the hands of a child, the nauseating dullness and folly inflicted on children by way of keeping the Sabbath holy, is the principal reason why children brought up by parents who bear a name for piety, are often signally irreligious. A child's well doing for life often depends on the selection of his Sunday library. First on its shelf we would place this work by Jane Taylor, nor will the lighter portion do the slightest harm, though bound up, as in this instance, in the same volume.

It is the best edition we have yet seen of these essays, as well as very neatly and substantially bound.

*Bentley's Miscellany* for Jan. 1839.—This well-conducted periodical presents its readers with the first instalment of Mr. Ainsworth's new romance of Jack Sheppard, the scene of which is laid in the Old Mint—a species of



Alsatia situate, at the beginning of the last century, in St. George's Fields, Southwark. The tale, which promises fair to equal in racy spirit the *truanderie* deeds and dialogue of his Rookwood, is illustrated by two clever etchings by George Cruikshank; the *Oliver Twist* paper has also an illustration by the same unrivalled artist. The other articles, prose and poetry, form a good variety of average merit; and the number altogether well sustains its character for broad humour and interesting narration.

*De Candolle's Vegetable Organography.*—Students in Botany are indebted to Mr. Boughton Kingdon for commencing an excellent translation of the learned French *sçavant's* analytical description of the organs of plants, which is to appear with two or more lithographic plates, illustrative of the minute parts of vegetable anatomy. We consider it a valuable addition to the elementary works of this delightful and widely-studied science.

*Oliver and Boyd's New Edinburgh Almanac and National Repository*—In addition to an excellent calendar, having at foot much valuable information for farmer, grazier and gardener, the repository contains useful tables in commerce, agriculture, law, chronology, and statistics; a general register of the British empire, comprising lists of the two Houses of Parliament, the Royal Household, Army and Navy.

*Outlines of Ancient and Modern Sculpture*, Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8. Murton.—The descriptive letter-press annexed to the latter numbers of these well-selected and creditably-executed outlines is an acceptable addition, eschewing as it does all technicality in its brief illustrative information relative to the original statues. Two views of the Infant Hercules (from the Museo Borbonico)

“ — the vig'rous son of am'rous Jove  
Whose cradled strength with twining  
monsters strove,  
And crush'd out, giant-like, the venom'd life,”

are given in No. 4. Canova's sky-descending Hebe—a pleasing contrast in treatment of subject to that of the lull-

ing calmness and formal quietude of Thorwaldsen's. The Farnese Flora in No. 7. is delightfully rendered—not to Bacchus and Acratus—the limbs of the adult god are void of all symmetry, and the proportions and air of his companion are those of a man-dwarf. The Psyches of Canova and Westmacott, in their different excellencies, follow in a mutually advantageous juxta-position. Number 5 contains Venus and Cupid from the Museo Borbonico—Westmacott's Cupid—an infant St. John—and Hercules and Lichus: the latter, a spirited group from Canova.

## THEATRES.

WE have nothing to record in the way of novelty concerning the theatres for the past month, if we except the re-appearance and warm welcome of Madame Vestris at the Olympic; and Mr. Yates' introduction of M. Bibin to the public, a gentleman between seven and eight feet in height, for a display of whose prowess and proportions, the “Jerusalem” of Tasso has furnished forth one of its episodes: he is certainly a very *great* addition to the company of this popular little theatre. Mr. Hooper has become lessee of the St. James's Theatre, which, with a very efficient company, and a “forest of wild animals” to boot, is announced to open on the 4th of the present month. Our Court Gazette records the several visits of Her Majesty to the different theatres. On the evening of the Haymarket closing, the Queen being present, it was somewhat novel to hear the address of Mr. Webster, the talented manager and lessee, set forth, in the ordinary farewell-strain, his well founded complaint of the hard necessity for thus early being obliged to shut his doors; and if we judge from the visible pleasure experienced by the royal listener at the night's entertainments, the appeal could not have been more happily-timed. Whether from royal patronage, or the attractive variety of entertainments given since Christmas, or both combined, the theatres have been more crowded of late than usual. Her Majesty has announced her intention of repeating her visits in state. Whilst thus particularizing theatrical amusements, we must not forget to mention the attraction of Madame Tussaud's collection of wax-work, the principal objects of which have been most advantageously re-arranged. The Model of the Battle of Waterloo continues to be visited with increased interest, and has been honoured by the inspection of several royal personages.



## QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

### VIVAT REGINA.

Dec. 27 (Brighton).—Her Majesty, after riding out, had a Dinner-party.

28 (Brighton).—Her Majesty took pedestrian exercise in the palace grounds.

29 (Brighton).—The Queen rode in the Riding-school.

Sunday, 30 (Brighton).—The Queen attended Divine Service in the Palace-chapel. The Rev. J. S. M. Anderson read and preached from the 27th Acts of the Apostles, 29th and 30th verses. Madlle. Ostergard sang an Anthem from the 150th Psalm.

Her Majesty remained within the Palace owing to the rain.

31 (Brighton).—Her Majesty rode out on horseback attended by a numerous suite.

Jan. 1 (Brighton).—Her Majesty rode out on horseback over the Downs, attended by a numerous retinue.

2 (Brighton).—Her Majesty, after galloping in the Riding-school, rode westward with her usual suite. Lord Hill had an audience of the Queen in the evening.

3 (Brighton).—Her Majesty and suite rode out on horseback.

4 (Brighton).—Her Majesty and suite rode out towards Rottingdean.

5 (Brighton).—Her Majesty was confined within the Palace by the rain.

Sunday, 6th (Brighton).—The Queen, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Augusta attended Divine Service in the Palace-chapel. The Rev. J. S. M. Anderson read and preached from 24th Numbers, v. 18. Madlle. Ostergard and Master Guttridge sang very beautifully Kent's anthem, "Hear my prayer."

7 (Brighton).—The 12th Lancers were ordered into the Riding-school of the Pavilion, and had the honour of exercising before the Queen, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, and Court, from the hanging gallery.

The Queen and H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent called at the North Lodge on a visit to H.R.H. the Princess Augusta, and afterwards took a carriage airing along the cliffs.

8 (London).—Her Majesty and suite returned from Brighton at a quarter past eight o'clock, escorted by a party of Hussars.

9.—After granting Viscount Melbourne an audience, Her Majesty received a visit from the Duchess of Gloucester.

10.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience. Her Majesty and suite honoured Drury Lane Theatre with her presence, at a quarter-past nine o'clock, to witness the performance of "Harlequin and Jack Frost."

11.—Her Majesty, attended by the ladies of her suite, rode in the Riding-house at Pimlico.

12.—An audience was granted to Viscount Melbourne.

Sunday, 13.—T.R.H.'s the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge visited Her Majesty.

14.—Miss Birch had the honour of singing before Her Majesty, accompanied by Sir G. Smart.

15.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience. In the evening Her Majesty honoured the Haymarket Theatre with her presence.

16.—Her Majesty gave an audience to Viscount Melbourne.

17.—The Queen held a Court. Viscount Melbourne had an audience. Her Majesty honoured Drury Lane Theatre with her presence to witness the pantomime.

18.—Her Majesty walked in the garden of the Palace, and, in the evening, honoured Covent Garden Theatre with her presence at a quarter before eight o'clock.

20, Sunday.—Her Majesty and her august Mother attended Divine Service in the Chapel-Royal, St. James's. The Service was preached by Sir John Seymour, who took his text from the 9th chapter of Romans, 11th and 12th verses. The Prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Haden; the Lessons by the Rev. Mr. Povah, and the Altar Service by the Rev. Messrs. Haden and Povah. The musical service was by Boyce in C. The Sanctas and Responses Croft in A: and the Anthem "Why do the Heathen?" (Kent.) Mrs. J. B. Sale presided at the organ.

21.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty.

22.—Lady Barham succeeded the Countess of Charlemont as the Lady in Waiting, and Lady Harriett Clive replaced the Hon. Mrs. George Campbell as Woman of the Bedchamber. Sir Robert Otway succeeded Colonel Armstrong as the Groom in Waiting.

23.—Marquis Conyngham had an audience of Her Majesty.

24.—Her Majesty held a Court at the New Palace, and afterwards sat to Sir Francis Chantrey, and, in the evening, honoured Drury Lane Theatre with her presence.

25.—The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge had a grand Dinner-party at Cambridge House.

26.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience. Colonel Wemyss succeeded Lord Alfred Paget as Equerry in Waiting.

Sunday, 27.—The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge attended Divine Service in Grosvenor Chapel.

28.—Her Majesty gave audience to the Earl of Albemarle, Viscount Melbourne, and

Lord Hill. The Queen afterwards sat to Sir Francis Chantrey.

#### GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.

H.R.H. Duchess of Gloucester, Jan. 22.  
 H.R.H. Duchess of Kent, Dec. 27, 29.  
 H.R.H. Princess Augusta, Dec. 29, Jan. 5.  
 Countess Dowager Cowper, Dec. 27, Jan. 1, 7.  
 Lady Fanny Cowper, Dec. 27, Jan. 1, 7.  
 The Lord Chancellor, Jan. 22.  
 Vis. Melbourne, Dec. 27, 28, 29, 30, Jan. 8, 9, 11, 14, 16, 19, 21.  
 Lord Glenelg, Jan. 14.  
 Lord Ashley, Dec. 27, Jan. 1, 7.  
 Lady Ashley, Dec. 27, Jan. 1, 7.  
 Hon. W. Cowper, Jan. 8, 10, 14, 21.  
 Rt. Hon. Spring Rice, Dec. 27, Jan. 14.  
 Rt. Hon. George Byng, Dec. 27, 28, 29, 30, Jan. 14, 16, 19, 23.  
 Hon. Berkeley Paget, Dec. 27.  
 Vis. Torrington, Dec. 27, 29.  
 Hon. Major Keppel, Dec. 27, 29.  
 Mr. Irby, Dec. 27.  
 Earl of Chichester, Dec. 29.  
 Countess of Chichester, Dec. 29.  
 Baron Bulow, Dec. 29.  
 Marquis of Normanby, Dec. 29, 30.  
 Marchioness of Normanby, Dec. 29, 30.  
 Miss Wynyard, Dec. 29.  
 Col. B. Drummond, Dec. 29, Jan. 7.  
 Hon. Miss Pitt, Dec. 30, Jan. 1.  
 Duke of Richmond, Jan. 5, 6.  
 Duchess of Richmond, Jan. 5, 6.  
 Duke of Norfolk, Jan. 5, 6.  
 Earl of Surrey, Jan. 5, 6, 7, 22.  
 Lady Caroline Lennox, Jan. 5, 6.  
 Marquis of Ailesbury, Jan. 5.  
 Marchioness of Ailesbury, Jan. 5.  
 Marquis of Thomond, Jan. 5.  
 Marchioness of Thomond, Jan. 5.  
 Lady Mary Pelham, Jan. 5.  
 Colonel Barton, Jan. 5.  
 Colonel F. Robinson, Jan. 5.  
 Marquis of Headfort, Jan. 9, 16.  
 Sir John Hobhouse, Jan. 16.  
 Mr. Abercromby, Jan. 16.  
 Lady Mary Abercromby, Jan. 16.  
 Sir F. Lawley, Jan. 1.  
 Lord Arthur Hill, Jan. 1.  
 Lord Alfred Paget, Jan. 1, 23.  
 Admiral Sir Philip Durham, Jan. 2.  
 General Sir T. M'Mahon, Jan. 2.

Colonel Wyndham, Jan. 7.  
 Lord Rivers, Jan. 7.  
 Duke of Argyll, Jan. 11, 12, 19, 23, 25.  
 Earl of Albemarle, Jan. 11, 23.  
 Countess of Albemarle, Jan. 23.  
 Sir Henry Wheatley, Jan. 11, 22.  
 Hon. John Ponsonby, Jan. 21.  
 Marquis of Breadalbane, Jan. 16.  
 Marchioness of Breadalbane, Jan. 19.  
 Viscount Howick, Jan. 19.  
 Viscountess Howick, Jan. 19.  
 Viscount Palmerston, Jan. 14, 23.  
 M. Van Praet, Jan. 19.  
 Rt. Hon. C. Poulett Thomson, Jan. 19.  
 Marquis of Lansdowne, Jan. 22.  
 Marquis Conyngham, Jan. 22, 23.  
 Earl of Minto, Jan. 22.  
 Countess of Minto, Jan. 22.  
 Lady Fanny Elliot, Jan. 22.  
 Lady Georgina Bathurst, Jan. 22.  
 Hon. Frederick Grey, Jan. 22.  
 Colonel Armstrong, Jan. 22.  
 H.R.H. the Duke of Lucca, Jan. 23.  
 Baron de Læwenberg, Jan. 23.  
 Baron d'Ostini, Jan. 23.  
 Sir Robert Otway, Jan. 23.  
 Count Pollon, Jan. 23.  
 Viscount Falkland, Jan. 23.  
 Viscountess Falkland, Jan. 23.  
 Lord Holland, Jan. 23.

*The following accompanied Her Majesty in her Rides and Drives and visits to the Theatre.*

H.R.H. Duchess of Kent, Dec. 27.  
 Baroness Lehzen, Dec. 27, 31, Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4.  
 Miss Quentin, Dec. 27, 31, Jan. 1, 2, 4.  
 Marquis of Headfort, Dec. 27, 29, 31, Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4.  
 Lord Alfred Paget, Jan. 2, 3, 4.  
 Viscount Torrington, Dec. 27, 29, 31.  
 Sir W. Lumley, Dec. 27, 29, 31, Jan. 1, 2, 3.  
 Col. Buckley, Dec. 27, 29, 31, Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4.  
 Hon. Major Keppel, Dec. 27, 29, Jan. 1.  
 Hon. C. A. Murray, Dec. 27, 29, Jan. 1, 2, 4.  
 Sir G. Quentin, Dec. 27, 31, Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4.  
 Hon. Miss Murray, Jan. 27.  
 Countess of Charlemont, Dec. 29, Jan. 18.  
 Hon. Miss Paget, Dec. 29, Jan. 1; 2, 18.  
 Major Capel, Dec. 31.  
 Hon. G. S. Byng, Dec. 31, Jan. 1.  
 Viscount Melbourne, Dec. 31, Jan. 3.  
 Hon. Miss Spring Rice, Jan. 18.

#### *Death of the Duchess of Wurtemberg.*—

This expected, but no less lamented event, occurred at Pisa, on January 2nd, at a quarter past eight in the evening. Her Royal Highness, the second daughter of their Majesties the King and Queen of the French, was born at Palermo, on the 12th of April, 1813, and was therefore in her 26th year. H. R. H. bore the names of Marie Christine Caroline Adelaide Françoise Leopoldine. Her marriage, as our readers will remember, took place on the 17th of October, 1837, and the infant prince whom

she leaves behind her was born on the 30th of August last. It is understood that the first symptoms of the pulmonary complaint which has carried off the Princess declared themselves soon after her accouchement. The conflagration that destroyed part of the palace of Gotha will be remembered, in which her Royal Highness, in a far-advanced state of pregnancy, was obliged to traverse a court covered with ice, in very light attire. From this moment the malady that has at length carried her off dated its origin. Before her marriage, the Princess had arranged

her apartment at the Tuileries with exquisite taste in the style of the Renaissance; there she lived, tenderly beloved by her family, whom she used to charm by her gay and piquant turn of mind, and occupying herself with the arts which she loved. Besides the *Jeanne d'Arc* at Versailles, the Princess has left behind her a *Bayard Dying*, and also another *Jeanne d'Arc*, which, for its poetical idea, is better even than the former. At Fontainebleau the Princess has had executed from her designs the stained glass windows of the chapel of St. Saturnine. They represent a St. Amelia, the patron saint of her mother, and are highly esteemed for the noble spirit that characterises all her drawings. The church at Eu also possesses several paintings on glass designed by her Royal Highness. The daughter of a king, the Duchess of Wurtemberg, brought into the cultivation of the fine arts that superiority of talent which would have ensured the reputation of an artist. Endowed with the most noble qualities, she had long been the pride and joy of her family: become popular by her talent, she remained full of amiability of heart: pious and resigned in her death, she proved the devotion of her soul: and prodigal of her consolations, even till her last sigh, towards the beloved objects that surrounded her in her agony, she showed how warm and tender her heart had ever remained. When the letter was brought to the Duke of Orleans from his brother at Pisa, the Royal Family were at breakfast together; and although it did not positively announce the death of the Duchess, it nevertheless stated it to be inevitable, and near at hand: the Queen fell on her knees, exclaiming, "Oh, my God! I have a daughter less, but thou hast an angel the more!" Her Majesty was unable to rise, and was carried to her chamber. The grief of the French nation, for the loss of this amiable and talented young Princess, appears to be sincere as it is universal.

THE LATE MRS. MACLEAN, (OR L. E. L.)  
- With feelings of sorrow, we record in our obituary this month the death of Mrs. George Maclean—known to the world of

literature by the signature "L. E. L." (Letitia Elizabeth Landon) which she modestly attached to her numerous works in prose and poetry. Her genius for composition developed itself in childhood, and the productions of her tender years possess considerable feeling and beauty. Some of her earliest published poems appeared in the "Literary Gazette." The "Improvisatrice" was her first large work, and this laid the foundation of a character, which she not only sustained, but continued to improve to her latest moments: her last poems are decidedly her best. In the year 1838 Miss Landon, having married Mr. George Maclean, governor of Cape Coast Castle, sailed for that pestilential climate in the month of July, and reached her destination some time in October. During the interval of the voyage, and for the few weeks she survived her arrival, she appears to have been engaged in composition; the MS. of a work prepared on her passage having already reached the shores of England. In the preface to her last poetic effusion, the "Scrap Book," before her departure for Africa, she says, "I shall hope with all the freshness of new senses and thoughts to write for England when far away from its shores," and adds in a spirit of prophecy, alas! too truly fulfilled, "but that hope is an uncertainty." To this melancholy foreboding is also attributable "The Farewell" addressed to Thomas Moore on her departure, which is amongst the happiest efforts of her genius, and of which Mr. Moore has spoken in terms of the highest admiration. A few days before her decease, Mrs. Maclean addressed several communications to private friends, and to persons connected with literature in England, briefly descriptive of her new position, and touching on her future plans for the acquisition of fame. Of these, the last she was ever permitted to sign, and which was actually conveyed by the very same vessel that brought the melancholy intelligence of her sudden death, is full of hope, feeling and ambition. The sympathy of a large portion of the public, as well as of her immediate friends, has been awakened by the melancholy circumstances of the death of this gifted and estimable lady.

*In order to render more permanently beneficial our Monthly General Printed Alphabetical Registration of Marriages, Births, and Deaths, at home and abroad, we beg to offer to our Readers and the Public generally the following Notice.*

**MARRIAGES.**—Number of the Register, Parochial or otherwise, as well as the usual particulars of where celebrated.

**BIRTHS.**—The intended name of the infant—or, perhaps, it might be a preferable course to delay the announcement until after Baptism—the Number of the public Register to be then inserted.

**DEATHS.**—The name of the Burial place or Cemetery in which interred, together with the number of the official Register.

## General Monthly Register of Marriages, Births, and Deaths at Home and Abroad.

Court Magazine Office of Registration, 11, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn.

### SCALE OF CHARGE FOR EACH INSERTION.

For a Marriage, not exceeding Five Lines..... Three Shillings  
For a Birth or Death, not exceeding Three Lines..... Two Shillings.

••• For Names of Agents see page 216.

### MARRIAGES.

- ABBOT** (*now MOLLOY*) Lucy, eld. da. of W. H. Abbot, Esq. of Calcutta, to Robert Molloy, Esq., Calcutta, Sep. 15.
- ANSTRUTHER** (*now GRAHAM*), Elizabeth, ygst. dau. of the late Sir Alexander Anstruther, of Thirdpart, Fife, to William Graham, Esq. of Airth Castle, Sterlingshire, St. George's, Hanover Square, Jan. 17.
- AULD** (*now JOLLY*), Isabella, 2nd dau. of Robert Auld, Esq. Scottish Hall, Fleet Street, to William G. Jolly, Esq. of Catter, Dumbartonshire, at St. Bride's Church, Dec. 27.
- BABINGTON**, (*now BARLOW*), Lydia Martha, only dau. of the late Stephen Babington, Esq., of the Hon. E. I. Comp. C. S. Bombay, to Dr. George Hilare Barlow, at St. George's, Hanover Square, Jan. 8.
- BACON** (*now CAUTLEY*), Frances, 3rd dau. of the late Anthony Bacon, Esq. of Elcott, Berks, to Capt. T. P. Cautley, Landour, E. I., Sep. 26.
- BARING** (*now MASSINGBERD*), Fanny, eld. d. of the late W. Baring, Esq. to the Rev. F. B. Massingberd, Rector of South Ormsby, Lincolnshire, at Putney Church, Jan. 15.
- BAILLIE** (*now WILDBORE*), Manoune Margaret, eld. dau. of Col. Baillie, Hon. E. I. C. S. to Samuel Wildbore, surgeon, 2nd son of George Wildbore, Esq., of Hackney, at St. Luke's, Middlesex, Jan. 3.
- BATT** (*now THOMAS*), Julia Sophia, 2nd dau. of Thomas Batt, Esq., Brecon, and late of H. M.'s Royal Fusileers, to David Thomas, Esq. solicitor, Brecon, at St. Mary's Church, Brecon, Jan. 1.
- BAYNE** (*now EDWARDS*), Anna Marie, 3rd dau. of Alexander Bayne, Esq. to J. A. Edwards, Esq., of Berbice, at Ives, Bucks, Jan. 17.
- BEATY** (*now APTHORP*), Mary Barbara, eld. dau. of Charles Beaty, Esq. M.D. Lincoln, to the Rev. F. G. Apthorp, senior vicar of the Cathedral at St. Peter's, Eastgate, Lincoln, Jan. 8.
- BOHUN** (*now COULCHER*), Susannah, dau. of the late G. W. B. Bohun, Esq. to the Rev. George Coulcher, M.A. incumbent of St. Bennet's, Cambridge, at Beccles, Suffolk, Dec. 27.
- BOWLING** (*now KINSEY*), Eliza, dau. of J. Bowling, Esq. of Hammersmith, to R. B. Kinsey, Esq. E. I. C. S. at St. Paul's, Hammersmith, Jan. 17.
- BRADLEY** (*now GARRATT*) Hester Foster, ygst. dau. of the late Rev. Warre Squire Bradley, to William Garratt, Esq. 3rd son of John Garratt, Esq., of Bishop's Court, Devonshire, at Kingston Church, Somersetshire, Dec. 27.
- BROWNRIGG** (*now DANFORD*), Martha Henrietta, ygst. dau. of the late Gen. Thomas Brownrigg, of Dublin, and niece to the late Gen. Sir Robert Brownrigg, Bart., G.C.B., to William Danford, Esq., at Port Louis, Aug. 7.
- BURNS** (*now WYNDHAM*), Anne Magdalene Louisa, only dau. of the late S. H. Burns, Esq. Capt. H.M. 80th Foot, to Arthur Wyndham, Esq., Lieut. 2nd N.I., ygst. son of the late Hon. William Wyndham, Mysore Church, E.I., Sep. 20.
- CARROLL** (*now CORDEN*), Emma, eld. dau. of Sir George Carroll, of Cavendish Square, and Loughton, Essex, to the Rev. Halsted Elwin Corden, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Vicar of Charlton, Wilts, at All Soul's Church, Marylebone, Jan. 16.
- CHRISTIE** (*now SHEPHERD*), Elizabeth, only dau. of the late Thomas Christie, Esq., of Calcutta, to Capt. J. C. M. Shepherd, of the bark *Samuel Horrocks*, Calcutta, Oct. 18.
- CHURCHILL**, (*now REES*), Ann, ygst. dau. of the late Rev. Joseph Dixie Churchill, Rector of Blickling and Erpingham, Norfolk, to the Rev. J. Rees, M.A., Vicar of Horsey, at Wrexham, Norfolk, Dec. 18.
- COLES** (*now DARBY*), Emma, 3rd dau. of Charles Coles, Esq., of Clapham, to the Rev. John T. Darby, son of the Rev. Joseph Darby, of Epsom, Clapham Church, Jan. 17.
- CONWAY** (*now REEVES*), Eliza, 2nd dau. of the late Thomas Conway, Esq., of Kennington Common, to John Russell Reeves, Esq., of Clapham Rise, St. Mark's, Kennington, Jan. 16.
- DAVIDSON** (*now RUSSELL*), Laura Toone, ygst. dau. of Leith Alexander Davidson, Esq., to John Leslie Russell, Esq., Calcutta, Sept. 4.
- DAVIS** (*now GRIFFITHS*), Martha Eliza, only dau. of J. R. Davis, Esq., of Malcomb Street, Belgrave Square, to Thomas Griffiths, Esq., of Kensington, at St. George's, Hanover Square, Dec. 22.
- DEALTRY** (*now MACQUEEN*), Georgiana, only dau. of the Rev. George Dealtry, of Haworthingham, to John Macqueen,

- Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, at St. George's, Hanover Square, Jan. 2.
- DUCKETT (*now BURRARD*), Isabella, only dau. of Sir George Duckett, Bart., to George, eld. son of the Rev. George Burrard, of Yarmouth, Hants, and nephew of Admiral Sir Harry Neale, Bart., Jan. 3.
- EATON (*now LEIGH*), Mary Ann, dau. of the late Thomas Eaton, Esq., R.N., to A. H. Leigh, Esq., Med. Ser., Sholapore, *E.I.*, Sep. 22.
- ELLIOTT (*now GRANT*), Miss, to P. Grant, Esq., Collector and Magistrate, Masulipatam, *E.I.*, Sept. 25.
- ERSKINE (*now MARTIN*), Amelia Juliana, only dau. of the late Capt. R. K. Erskine, Bengal Army, to William Martin, Esq., Calcutta, Sept. 12.
- EVELYN (*now PLUNKET*), Elizabeth, dau. of Lyndon Evelyn, Esq., of Krishnam Court, Herefordshire, to the Hon. Randal Edward Plunket, eld. son of the Rt. Hon. Lord Dunsany, of Dunsany Castle, and Lord Lieut. of the county of Meath, Ireland, at St. George's, Hanover Square, Dec. 29.
- FANSHAW (*now WOOTTON*), Anna Maria Harriott Rogers, 3rd dau. of the late Rev. John Charles Fanshaw, to Charles Wootton, Esq., of Sandwich, Kent, at St. Marylebone, Jan. 16.
- FIELD (*now SMITH*), Mary Ann, dau. of the late Simon Field, Esq., of Bradbournevale, Seven Oaks, Kent, to William Henry Smith, Esq., D.C.L. of Queen's College, Oxford, St. Andrews, Holborn, Dec. 6.
- FOLEY (*now MOSGROVE*), Helen, ygst. dau. of the late Maj.-Gen. Foley, to Frederick Mosgrove, Esq., at Prittlewell, Essex, Dec. 20, 1838.
- GALE (*now CHAPMAN*), Jane, dau. of the late Lieut.-Col. John Littledale Gale, to F. W. S. Chapman, Esq., cornet 9th L.C., Nussacerabad, *E.I.*, Sep. 26.
- GALLWEY (*now MATHISON*), Eliza Gertrude, eld. dau. of Capt. Gallwey, H.M.'s Consul at Naples, to Gilbert Farquar Græme Mathison, Esq., at the chapel of the British Consulate, Genoa, Dec. 20.
- GODBY (*now FERGUSON*), Louisa, eld. dau. of Major Godby, 36th regt., *N.I.*, to H. D. Hamilton Fergusson, Esq., C.S., Junalporo, *E.I.*, Sep. 11.
- GODSMID (*now THOMAS*), Louisa de Visme, eld. dau. of John Louis Godsmid, Esq., to Richard Thomas, Esq., of Eythornehouse, Hollingbourne, Kent, at the parish church, Brighton, Dec. 27.
- GRANT (*now JACKSON*), Martina, ygst. dau. of the late Dr. Wm. Lewis Grant, superintending Surg., Bengal Estab., to Capt. Alfred Jackson, 30th *N.I.*, Calcutta, Sep. 3.
- GROVE (*now HUSSEY*), Henrietta, eld. dau. of John Grove, Esq., M.D., of the Close, to James Hussey, Esq., at the Cathedral, Salisbury, Jan. 10.
- HAMILTON (*now SOTHEBY*), Jane Catherine, only dau. of the Venerable Archdeacon Hamilton, Rector of Loughton, Essex, to the Rev. Thomas Hans Sotheby, at Loughton, Dec. 27.
- HARDY (*now HEWSON*), Emily, 3rd dau. of John H—, Esq., of Portland Place, to the Rev. Frank Hewson, of Worcester, eld. son of the Rev. Robert Hewson, of St. Colman Glebe, Kerry, Ireland, at All-Soul's Church, Marylebone, Jan. 16.
- HARRISON (*now BLACK*), Sarah Elizabeth, younger dau. of the late Samuel Baldwin Harrison, Esq., to John Young Black, Esq., at St. Marylebone Church, Dec. 28.
- HARRISON (*now VANDER MEULEN*), Georgiana Martha, elder dau. of the late Samuel Baldwin Harrison, Esq., to the Rev. Frederick Vander Meulen, A.M., St. Marylebone Church, Dec. 28.
- HOARE (*now HORSFORD*), Elizabeth, 3rd surviving dau. of Sir J. W. Hoare, Bart., to the Rev. J. P. Horsford, Colonial Chaplain of Trincomalie, Madras, Sep. 12.
- HOLBERTON (*now EDLIN*), ygst. dau. of the late Robertson Holberton, Esq., of Torr House, Yealmpton, South Devon, to Edward Edlin, Esq., M.D., Hon. *E.I.* Com. Ser., Bengal, at St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, Jan. 3.
- HOLDEN (*now MOORE*), Isabel Clara, ygst. dau. of the late Rev. C. S. Holden, of Ashton-hall, Derbyshire, to George Moore, Esq., of Appleby-hall, Leicestershire, at Ashton-upon-Trent, Jan. 8.
- HOLLAND (*now HODGE*), Mary, 2nd dau. of the late James Holland, Esq., of London, to R. Mitchell Hodge, Esq., of Truro, at Plymouth, Dec. 27.
- HOPE (*now M'EVoy*), Susannah Harris, widow of the late Lieut. W. Hope, H.M. 56th regt. foot, to the Rev. John M'Evoy, M.A., Chaplain at Secunderabad, *E.I.*, Sep. 3.
- HOWARD (*now WRIGHT*), Charlotte, 2nd dau. of the late Rev. Thomas Howard, Rector of Hoggston, Bucks, to the Rev. Samuel Wright, Rector of Drayton Parslow, Bucks, at Swanbourne, Bucks, Jan. 15.
- HUGHES (*now EDWARDS*), Dora Elizabeth, only dau. of the late Thomas Hughes, Esq., of Ruthin, to E. H. Edwards, Esq., Bedford Row, London, at Llantisiilio, Denbighshire, Dec. 27.
- HUGHES (*now WOODHOUSE*) Mrs., widow of the late Rev. Thomas Hughes, and only dau. of William Wilson, Esq., of Lincoln House, Ponder's End, to the Rev. William Woodhouse, at St. Andrew's Church, Enfield, Jan. 15.
- JACKSON (*now PATTENSON*), Margaret Susannah Maria, widow of Francis Jackson, Esq., R.N., to Henry Rees Pattenson, late of Melmerly Hall, Cumberland, at Marylebone Church, Jan. 2.
- JENKINS (*now ILBERY*), Hannah Maria, 2nd dau. of the late E. Jenkins, Esq., to J. W. H. Ilbery, Esq., of Canton, at Calcutta, Sep. 20.
- KEEP (*now BOWKER*), Eliza Alice, eld. dau. of Charles Keep, Esq., to Henry Francis Bowker, Esq., of Christ's Hospital, St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, Dec. 22.
- KELLY (*now RODYK*), Miss S. M., of Calcutta, to William Rodyk, Esq., Clerk to the Hon. the Recorder, at Penang, June 28.

- KINGSBELL** (*now YOUNG*), Rosa [Matilda, to Francis Young, Esq., 24th reg. *N.I.*, Cuddalore, *E.I.*, Sep. 12.
- KUTZLEBEN** (*now LEYCESTER*), Emma, 2nd dau. of the late Lieut.-Col. Baron Kutzleben, Madras Army, to Lieut. R. W. H. Leicester, 19th *N.I.*, Madras, Oct. 2.
- LAMBERT** (*now ARMSTRONG*), Maria, ygst. dau. of the late John Lambert, Esq., Panfield Hall, to George H. Armstrong, Esq., of Jernyn Street, St. James's, at Panfield Church, Essex, Jan. 8.
- LESLIE** (*now MARRIOTT*), Miss Sarah Leslie, to Lieut. Edwin Marriott, 57th *N.I.*, Calcutta, Sept. 18.
- LOUSADA** (*now VANDERBURCH*), Emma, eld. dau. of J. B. Lousada, Esq., to Count Louis Vanderburch, at Brussels, Jan. 3.
- MAINGAY** (*now EDWARDS*), Frances, ygst. dau. of the late Col. MAINGAY, and niece of George Carroll, Esq., of Thorp Arch, Yorkshire, to James Edwards, Esq., of Friars Hill, county Wicklow, eld. son of the late James Edwards, Esq., of Old Court, grand-nephew to the Marquis of Rockingham, and cousin of Earl Fitzwilliam, at Wicklow Church, Jan. 3.
- MAC COY** (*now HOOKEY*), Mary, eld. surv. dau. of the late John Mac Coy, Esq., Royal Artillery, to Lieut. James Hookey, *R.N.*, at Woolwich, Jan. 15.
- M'KIRLIE** (*now JOHNSTONE*), Lillias Miller, only dau. of Capt John M'Kirlie, *R.N.*, of Coroisel House, to the Rev. Michael Stewart Johnstone, Minister of Minnigaff, at Coroisel House, Jan. 8.
- MANT** (*now WARBURTON*), Alicia, 4th dau. of Henry Mant, Esq., of Bath, to P. E. Warburton, Esq., Bombay Army, Ootacamund, *E.I.*, Oct. 8.
- MAYERS** (*now HYNDMAN*), Caroline Seyliard, 2nd daughter of the late Henry Adams Mayers, Esq., of Redland, near Bristol, to John Bechler Hyndman, Esq., of Botley's Park, Surrey, at Cheltenham, Jan. 1.
- MONIOT** (*now VINCENT*), Madame Sophie, to William Vincent, Esq., Cawnpore, *E.I.*, Oct. 3.
- MOSELEY** (*now FARMER*), Delia Susan, 2nd dau. of Lieut.-Col. Moseley, commanding 38th *N.I.*, to Capt. C. F. Farmer, 21st *N.I.*, Kurndal, *E.I.*, Sep. 13.
- MORPHETT** (*now POWYS*), Mary Anne Charlotte, eld. dau. of Capt. Morphett, H. M. 15th regt., to Lieut. P. A. S. Powys, 4th *E.I.*, Cannanpore, *E.I.*, Sep. 11.
- MOORAY** (*now JEANNIN*), Louisa Ann, dau. of the late Lord Cringletie, to Monsieur Edmond Jeannin, at Kingston Church, Portsmouth, and at the Roman Catholic Chapel, Dec. 17.
- NARCIS** (*now HASWELL*), Eliza, daughter of the late Johannes Narcis, Esq., to the Rev. T. Haswell, Wesleyan minister, Madras, Sept. 27.
- NOAKES** (*now HALFHIDE*), Elizabeth Mary, eld. dau. of the late Thomas Noakes, Esq., of Wannock, Sussex, to Andrew Halfhide, Esq., late Capt. in H.M.'s Ser., at St. Nicholas Church, Brighton, Jan. 7.
- PARKE** (*now AIREY*), Emily, ygst. dau. of the late William Parke, Esq., of Anfield Lodge, near Liverpool, to Henry Cookson Airey, Esq., Trinity Church, Upper Chelsea, Dec. 20.
- PERRONX** (*now GREENWOOD*), Catherine Sabina, dau. of the late John Perronx, Esq., of Calcutta, to Joseph Greenwood, Esq., H.M. 31st regt., ygst. son of Thomas Greenwood, Esq., of Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, at Patna, in Bengal, Sept. 24th, 1838.
- PINE** (*now WOODCOCK*), Lucy, dau. of the late John Pine, Esq., Charlton, Berks, to J. W. Woodcock, Esq., *C.S.*, Byculla, *E.I.*, Sep. 25.
- PRIDHAM** (*now MACFENAN*), Eliza Parker, only dau. of the late Capt. H. B. Pridham, Hon. *C.S.*, to Ens. G. O. N. Macfenan, late of H.M. 1st regt. of Life Guards, Calcutta, Oct. 8.
- PYNE** (*now WOODCOCK*), Lucy, 4th dau. of the late John Pyne, Esq., of Charlton House, Wantage, Berks, to John William Woodcock, Esq., *C.S.*, ygst. son of Charles Woodcock, Esq., of Park Crescent, Portland Place, at Bombay, Sept. 25th, 1838.
- READ** (*now BEECHER*), Mary, 3rd dau. of the late Rev. William Read, of Store Easter, Somerset, to the Rev. James Young Beecher, at Chicklade Church, Wilts, Jan. 10.
- RIDLEY** (*now CORBETT*), Marianne, 4th dau. of the late Sir Matthew White Ridley, Bt., of Blagdon, Northumberland, to the Rev. Andrew Corbett, Rector of South Wellingham, Lincolnshire, at Bolam, Northumberland, Jan. 5.
- RIND** (*now COCKE*), Mary Agnes, dau. of W. S. Rind, Esq., Shropshire, *N.B.*, to Major Cocke, commanding 1st troop Horse Brigade, Sholapore, *E.I.*, Sept. 21.
- ROBINSON** (*now PRICE*), Ellen Anne, dau. of J. Robinson, Esq., to Robert Price, Esq., Lieut. 67th *N.I.*, 2nd son of Ralph Price, Esq., of Sydenham, Kent, at Kynk Phyo, Arracan, *E.I.*, Aug. 25, 1838.
- ROBINSON** (*now METCALFE*), Elizabeth Mary, only dau. of the late J. Robinson, Esq., of Upper Eaton Street, Pimlico, to E. C. Metcalfe, Esq., son of — Metcalfe, Esq., of Camberwell, St. George's, Hanover Square, Dec. 20.
- ROLLS** (*still ROLLS*), Matilda Maria, only dau. of the late Rev. Henry Rolls, Rector of Aldwincle All Saints, Northamptonshire, to Richard Henry Rolls, Esq., Solicitor, Banbury, at Oxhill, Warwickshire, Jan. 7.
- ROSE** (*now VAUGHAN*), Mary, 2nd dau. of the late Rev. Joseph Rose, M.A., Vicar of Rothley, to the Rev. Edward Thomas Vaughan, M.A., Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, at Rothley, Leicestershire, Jan. 1.
- SCONCE** (*now LAUTOUR*), Catherine, 2nd dau. of the late Robert Sconce, Esq., of Stirling, Scotland, to Edward Lautoir, Esq., *C.S.*, Calcutta, Sept. 24.
- SHAW** (*now LARPENT*), Catherine Lydia, dau. of the late Capt. L. Shaw, of the

- Bengal Army, to Albert J. de Hochdeied Larpent, Esq., eld. son of G. G. de H. Larpent, Esq., of Roehampton, Surrey, at Calcutta, Oct. 18, 1838.
- SIMPSON (*now* UPTON), Jane Isabella, 2nd dau. of James Simpson, Esq., of Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, to Robert Brotherton Upton, Esq., of Parliament Street, Westminster, at Edinburgh, Dec. 28.
- SLADE (*now* PERKINS), Miss, only dau. of Stephen Slade, Esq., of Argyll Street, to Houghton Perkins, Esq., Surgeon, of Mortimer Street, at St. James's Church, Dec. 29.
- SMITH (*now* HORSLEY), Anne Isabel, eld. dau. of the Rev. J. Jennings Smith, M.A., of Turnham Green, to Lieut. Charles Henry Horsley, Hon. *E. I. C. S.*, Madras, at Chiswick, Jan. 10.
- SPIERS (*now* WINSLOW), Anne, 3rd dau. of the late A. Spiers, Esq., Madras Med. Ser., to the Rev. M. Winslow, of the American Mission, Madras, Sept. 12.
- STERLING (*now* MIDDLETON), Harriet Theophila, 4th surviving dau. of the late L. H. Sterling, Esq., of Madras, to Lieut. W. Middleton, 17th regt., Russellkondah, *E. I.*, Sept. 19.
- STRACEY (*now* LUSEFORD), Anne Matilda Pauline, ygst. dau. of Josias Henry Stracey, Esq., of Bognor, Sussex, to the Rev. George Curteis Luseford, of Hyam, Sussex, at Bersted Church, Sussex, Jan. 8.
- SUTHERLAND (*now* BABINGTON), Maria Anne, eld. dau. of Col. James Sutherland, of the Bombay Army, to Capt. David Babington, 17th *N. I.*, Sub. Assist. Comr. General, Madras, Aug. 30.
- TAYLOR (*now* LYNCH), Caroline, eld. dau. of Col. Taylor, political resident in Turkish Arabia, to H. B. Lynch, Esq., Lieut. Indian Navy, commanding on the Euphrates and Tigris, at Bagdad, Aug. 20.
- TENISON (*now* LLOYD), Catherine Georgiana, eld. dau. of William Tenison, Esq., of Lough Bawn, county Monaghan, to Robert Lloyd, Esq., of Liverpool, St. George's, Hanover Square, Dec. 24.
- TOTTIE (*now* PATERSON), Caroline Matilda, eld. dau. of the Chevalier Charles Tottie, His Swedish and Norwegian Majesty's Consul Gen., to James Paterson, Esq., Captain 26th Cameronians, 3rd son of Lieut.-Gen. Sir William Paterson, K.C.H., at St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square, Jan. 10.
- TOUSSAINT (*now* GOAD), Frances, 3rd and ygst. dau. of the late Capt. Edward Toussaint, to G. P. Goad, Esq., 1st *N. I.*, Calcutta, Oct. 18.
- TRUTER (*now* ROHDE), Sophia Catherine, 4th dau. of P. J. Truter, Esq., Civil Commissioner, Cape of Good Hope, to John Rohde, Esq., *C. S.*, Masulipatam, *E. I.*, Sept. 17.
- TYLECOTE (*now* LOCKWOOD), Charlotte Freeth, 3rd dau. of Samuel Tylecote, Esq., of Tamworth, Staffordshire, to the Rev. Charles B. Lockwood, M.A., of Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk, at Marston, Bedfordshire, Jan. 1.
- UNETT (*now* KENNEDY), Charlotte, 2nd dau. of Henry Unett, Esq., of Freen's Court, Herefordshire, to Major Charles P. Kennedy, late Political Agent at Subathou, Himalaya Mountains, *E. I.*, at Sulton St. Michael, Dec. 20.
- WALTER (*now* OSBORNE), Rosalia, ygst. dau. of the late Capt. J. C. Walter, to George Osborne, Esq., Goruckpore, *E. I.*, Sept. 26.
- WILLIAMSON (*now* PEARSON), Fanny, 2nd dau. of Major Williamson, commanding 41st *N. I.*, to Lieut. H. E. Pearson, 18th *N. I.*, Benares, *E. I.*, Oct. 10.
- WOLMAAR (*now* STANBROUGH), Mauley Emily Isabella Mathilde, ygst. dau. of Henry Frederick de Wolmaar, Esq., of Bombay, to Henry, 2nd son of James Stanbrough, Esq., of Isleworth, at St. James's, Westminster.
- YOUNG (*now* GRANT), Margaret, 3rd dau. of Lieut.-Col. James Young, of Calcutta, to Alex. Grant, Esq., *C. S.*, Calcutta, Oct. 2.
- YOUNG (*now* LORD), Isabella Elizabeth, 2nd dau. of the late Henry Matthew Young, Esq., of H. M. Customs, at All Saints' Church, Northampton, Dec. 29.

## BIRTHS.

- ANDERSON, Lady of Lieut. A—, Engineers, of a daughter, Mussoorie, *E. I.*, Sep. 8.
- ARATHOON, lady of John A—, Esq., of a daughter, Madras, Sep. 15.
- ARBOVIN, lady of S. A—, Esq., of a son, Dec. 26.
- ARBUTHNOT, lady of A. F. A—, Esq., of a son, Bangalore, *E. I.*, Sep. 27.
- ARMSTRONG, lady of H. A—, Esq., *C. S.*, of a daughter, Futtehpore, *E. I.*, Aug. 30.
- BADHAM, lady of Professor B—, of a son, in Glasgow College, Dec. 21.
- BAGNOLD, lady of Col. B—, of a daughter, Baroda, *E. I.*, Oct. 13.
- BARTLEMAN, wife of Capt. B—, second in command in Mhairwarrah Local Batt. of a daughter, Beawr, in Mhairwarrah, *E. I.*, Sep. 14.
- BASKERVILLE, lady of Mynors B—, Esq., of Clyro-court, Radnorshire, of a son and heir, in Camden Place, Bath, Jan. 7.
- BEETSON, lady of Henry B—, Esq., of a son, Chowringhee, *E. I.*, Sep. 16.
- BELL, lady of Capt. B—, H.M. 16th Foot, of a daughter, Fort William, *E. I.*, Oct. 13.
- BOND, lady of Capt. C. B—, of a daughter, Vizagapatam, *E. I.*, Oct. 1.
- BOULTON, lady of Capt. C. B—, 47th *N. I.*, of a son, Agra, *E. I.*, Aug. 27.
- BOYD, lady of Capt. F. F. B—, assist. com. gen. of a son, Hazareebaugh, *E. I.*, Sep. 3.
- BREMNER, lady of Capt. William B—, 47th *N. I.*, of a daughter, Bellary, *E. I.*, Sep. 24.
- BRETT, lady of H. A. B—, *C. S.*, of a daughter, Chittoor, *E. I.*, Sep. 13.
- BRIGHTMAN, lady of E. W. B—, Esq., of a son, Chowringhee, *E. I.*, Oct. 7.
- BROMILOW, lady of Adam B—, Esq., barrister-at-law, of a son, in Wilton Place, Dec. 29.
- BRUCE, lady of A. F. B—, Esq., *C. S.*, of a son, Madras, Sep. 24.



- CAMILL, lady of T. S. C—, Esq., M.D., 2nd Gr. N.I., of a son, Baroda, *E.I.*, Sept. 28.
- CAMPBELL, the Lady Sarah, of a son, Poona, *E.I.*, Oct. 21.
- CAMPBELL, lady of Lieut. C—, of a son, Noemuch, *E.I.*, Aug. 10.
- CARDEW, lady of F. C—, Esq., of a daughter, (since dead), Jessore, *E.I.*, Oct. 16.
- CAREY, lady of Bernard C—, Esq., 6th N.I., of a daughter, Cuttack, *E.I.*, Sep. 29.
- CATHCART, Lady Eleanor, of a son and heir, Adlesthorp, Dec. 19.
- CATHCART, lady of Major C. C—, 10th N.I., of a son, Poohnah, *E.I.*, Sep. 29.
- CLAPPERTON, lady of Capt. C—, 1st assist.-mast.-attend., of a daughter, Calcutta, Oct. 19.
- CLEEVE, lady of T. G. C—, Esq., of a son, Calcutta, Oct. 11.
- COLLINS, lady of E. C. C—, 6th L.C., of a daughter, Bowanpilly, Secunderabad, *E.I.*, Aug. 25.
- CORRET, lady of J. C—, Esq., assist.-opium agent in Behar, of a daughter, Patna., *E.I.*, Oct. 5.
- CORRI, lady of Capt. C—, 54th regt., N.I., of a son, Meerut, *E.I.*, Aug. 21.
- CROSSMAN, lady of Craufurd C—, Esq., 9th N.I., of a daughter, Poozah, Tirhoot, *E.I.*, Aug. 30.
- CUMBERLAGE, lady of Capt. N. C—, of a daughter, Allipore, *E.I.*, Oct. 3.
- DANIELL, lady of Anthony S. D—, Esq., of a dau., Macao, *E.I.*, June 30.
- DUNCAN, lady of R. B. D—, Esq., C.S., of a son, Agra, Sept. 25.
- DRUMMOND, lady of Hon. Edmund D—, of a son, Chowringhee, *E.I.*, Sept. 2.
- EDMONDS, lady of Lieut. E—, H.M., 9th foot, of a dau., Chinsurah, *E.I.*, Sept. 18.
- EWBANK, lady of George E—, of a son, (since dead) Allipore, Sept. 25.
- FLETCHER, Lady, of a dau., Ashley Park, Jan. 13.
- FAWCETT, lady of Thomas Thornborrow F—, Esq., of a son, Hatcham Lodge, Surrey, Jan. 15.
- FOX, lady of Richard M. F—, Esq., of a dau., Fox-hall, county Longford, Jan. 8.
- GILBERT, Mrs., of a dau., at the Vice-Chancellor's lodgings, Brazenose College, Oxford, Jan. 13.
- GODNY, lady of Major G—, commanding 36th regt., of a dau., Jumalpoore, *E.I.*, Oct. 6.
- GORDON, lady of John G—, Esq., C.S., of a daughter, still-born, Ahmedabad, *E.I.*, Aug. 29.
- GORDON, lady of Lieut. J. F. G—, 15th N.I., of a dau., Barrackpore, Sept. 21.
- GRANT, lady, of a dau., at Malabar Point, *E.I.*, Oct. 11.
- HALSTED, lady of Lieut. H—, assist. to the Mysore Commissioner, of a dau., Bangalore, *E.I.*, Sept. 6.
- HAWKES, lady of T. C. H—, Esq., 23rd L.I., of a dau., Mangalore, *E.I.*, Sept. 8.
- HILL, lady of Capt. John H—, 24th N.I., of a son, Ossoor, *E.I.*, Sept. 13.
- HONESON, lady of R. F. H—, Esq., C.S., of a dau., Monghyr, Sept. 28.
- HOGE, lady of C. R. H—, Esq., European regt., of a dau., Colabah, *E.I.*, Oct. 17.
- HOLDER, lady of Fred. H—, Esq., Lieut. in H.M. 13th L.I., of a son, still-born, Kurnaul, Sept. 24.
- ISAACSON, lady of Henry I—, Esq., Commander of the *Herefordshire*, of a son, Calcutta, Sept. 20.
- JAMES, lady of Capt. H. J—, 18th N. I., of a dau., Baroda, *E. I.*, Sept. 28.
- KINLOCK, lady of John K—, Esq., of that ilk and Kilrie, of a son and heir, at Sidmouth, Dec. 27.
- LACROIX, lady of Rev. A. F. L—, of a dau. Bhowanipore, *E. I.*, Sept. 8.
- LANBRICK, lady of W. S. L—, Esq., of a son, Berhampore, *E. I.*, Oct. 7.
- LAUGHTON, lady of T. C. L—, Esq., of a son (since dead), Broach, *E. I.*, September 23.
- LAWRENCE, lady of Capt. H. M. L—, Artillery, of a son, Allahabad, *E. I.*, Sept. 6.
- LEIGH, wife of H. T. L—, Esq., of a son, at Turnham Green, Jan. 15.
- LLOYD, lady of Capt. John L—, Artillery, of a son, Bauda, *E. I.*, Aug. 18.
- LOCKE, lady of Capt. Thos. L—, 1st N.V.B. of a dau., Roydpooram, *E. I.*, Sept. 30.
- MACPHERSON, lady of G. G. M—, Esq., of a dau., Chowringhee, *E. I.*, Sept. 10.
- M'GREGOR, lady of Dr. M—, Horse Artillery, of a son, Muttra, *E. I.*, Sept. 9.
- M'NAGHTEN, lady of Capt. M—, 61st N. I., of a son, Calcutta, Sept. 24.
- M'MAHON, lady of A. St. Leger M—, Esq., of a son, Calcutta, Sept. 28.
- M'QUEEN, lady of Robt. John M—, Military Orphan Society, of a son, Kidderpore, *E. I.*, Aug. 29.
- MILLER, lady of Capt. George M—, 25th N. I., of a son, Saugor, Cen. I., Aug. 15.
- MILLER, wife of the Rev. John M—, of a son, Bexley Heath, Kent, Jan. 13.
- MORGAN, lady of E. C. M—, Esq., of a dau. Bombay, Sept. 28.
- MOULE, lady of Capt. M—, 23rd Regt. officiating Major of brigade, of a son, Agra, Sept. 25.
- NESBITT, lady of Matthew N—, Esq., surg. 48th N.I., of a son, Delhi, Sept. 8.
- O'SHAUGHNESSY, lady of Dr. W. B. O'S—, of a dau., Calcutta, Sept. 27.
- OXLEY, lady of Thomas O—, Esq., residency surgeon, of a son, Malacca, June 12.
- PIGGOTT, lady of the Rev. Samuel P—, of a son, at the Vicarage, Bredgar, Kent, Jan. 11.
- PRATT, lady of George P—, Esq., of Calcutta, of a dau., Serampore, *E.I.* Oct. 5.
- PRESTON, lady of Edmond P—, Esq., of a son, Garden Reach, Calcutta, Oct. 17.
- RANDOLPH, lady of the Rev. Herbert R—, curate of Mitcham, of a dau., Dec. 30.
- RAVEN, wife of the Rev. Wodehouse R—, of an infant, still-born, Streatham, Dec. 24.
- REID, the Hon. Mrs. Neville, of a son, at Runnymede, Jan. 11.
- REID, lady of J. F. M. R—, Esq., B.C.S.,

of a son, still-born, (Mrs. F. is since dead,) Singapore, *E.I.*, Aug. 25.  
**SCOTT**, lady of Charles S—, Esq., 27th *N.I.*, of a dau., Bisanath, Assam, Sept. 14.  
**RENNINGTON**, lady of Lieut. J. R—, 12th *N.I.*, of a dau., Calcutta, Oct. 15.  
**SALMOND**, lady of Capt. S—, of a son, Waterfoot, Cumberland, Dec. 31.  
**SANDYS**, lady of Maj. F. H. S—, prin. assist. in Nimar, of a son, Mundlaiser, *E.I.*, Aug. 10.  
**SEPPINGS**, lady of Lieut. W. L. S—, 4th *N.I.*, of a son, Bangalore, *E.I.*, Sept. 27.  
**SHAW**, lady of Major D. W. S—, 20th *N.I.*, of a son, Baroda, *E.I.*, Oct. 12.  
**SHEDDEN**, lady of Dr. S—, 8th Madras *N.I.*, of a dau., Malacca, June 21.  
**SHEPHERD**, lady of Capt. J. S—, 24th *N.I.*, of a son, Gopalpore, *E.I.*, Sept. 15.  
**STEPHENS**, lady of S. S—, Esq., of a dau., at Singapore, *E. I.*, June 28.  
**STEVENS**, lady of S. J. S—, Esq., 21st *N. I.*, of a dau., Ahmednuggur, *E. I.*, Oct. 7.  
**STURT**, lady of Capt. N. S—, com. 2nd regt. Oude Auxiliary Force, of a dau. Seetapore, Sept. 21.  
**SWINHOE**, lady of Robert S—, Esq., of a son, Calcutta, Aug. 29.  
**SYMERS**, lady of Capt. A. S—, of the barque *Haidee*, of a son, Howrah, *E. I.*, Sept. 7.  
**TAYLOR**, lady of P. G. F. T—, Esq., C. S. of a son, Berhampore, *E. I.*, Sept. 4.  
**TAYLOR**, the Lady Sarah of a son, at Tunbridge Wells, Dec. 20.  
**THOMAS**, lady of T. J. W. T—, Esq., of a dau., Masulipatam, *E. I.*, Aug. 31.  
**TOWNSEND**, lady of E. H. T—, Esq., C. S., of a son, Belgaum, *E. I.*, Sept. 26.  
**TROTTER**, the Hon. Mrs. of Ballindean, of a dau., at Edinburgh, Dec. 29.  
**TURNBULL**, lady of J. G. T—, Esq., accgen. of a daughter, Madras, Sep. 17.  
**TWENDY**, lady of John Newman T—, His Swedish and Norwegian Majesty's Vice-Consul, of a son, at Port-au-Prince, Hayti, Nov. 16.  
**WHITMORE**, lady of C. W—, Esq., of a daughter, Beerbhoom, *E.I.*, Aug. 31.  
**WILSON**, lady of William W—, Esq., of a daughter, Borromowny Factory, district Patna, *E.I.*, Aug. 19.  
**WOODHOUSE**, lady of the Rev. Edward W—, of Esher, Surrey, of a daughter, Jan. 1.

## DEATHS.

**Adams**, Ann, aged 72, widow of the late S. Joseph Adams, in the New Road, Dec. 18.  
**ABINGTON**, Sophia, wife of William A—, Esq., late of the East India House, at Kentish Town, Dec. 28.  
**ALEXANDER**, Henrietta, aged 78, relict of the late Robert A—, Esq., formerly of Seamount, County Dublin, in Sussex Place, Regent's Park, Jan. 14.  
**ALLEN**, Mary, aged 96, relict of the Rev. Henry Allen, D.D. late of Almely, Herefordshire, at Brecon, Dec. 12.  
**ANDERSON**, Helen, wife of Robert A—, Esq., of Sudbury, at the house of her brother, Hermitage, near Rochester, Jan. 8.  
**ARNITSTEAD**, Jane, relict of the Rev. T.

A—, Minor Canon of Chester Cathedral, and Vicar of Cockerham and Backford, Cheshire, at Bolton le-Moors, Lancashire, *lately*.  
**ASTBURY**, Edward, aged 22, of St. John's College, Cambridge, at the house of his father, Cold Meece, Staffordshire, Nov. 20.  
**ATKINSON**, Capt. Thomas, H.M. 13th Light Dragoons, at Badegherry, East India, October last.  
**AYRTON**, Margaret, wife of Lieut. F. A—, Regt. of Artillery, Poonah, *E.I.*, Oct. 14.  
**BACKWORTH**, Elizabeth, aged 79, relict of the late John B—, Esq., of Trearby House, near Hull, suddenly, Dec. 20.  
**BAGHOTT**, Sir Paul Kent, aged 66. He was the son of Sir Samuel Wathen, who was knighted when High Sheriff of Gloucestershire in 1803, and died in 1836. He was himself knighted in 1812, when proxy for Viscount Strangford at the installation of the Bath, and the same year took the name of Baghott by sign manual: at Bridgend, Stonehouse, Nov. 30.  
**BAILLIE**, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Dr. B—, Dep. Inspector Gen. of Army Hospitals, in Sloane Street, Jan. 9.  
**BAIN**, Mary, widow of Lieut. Col. B—, of Easter Livelands, Stirlingshire, and only child of Edwin, fourth son of the late Myles Sandys, Esq., of Graythwaite Hall, Lancashire, at Allan Park, Stirling, Jan. 1.  
**BANGER**, Thomas, Esq., aged 79, at Piddletown, Dorset, Nov. 26.  
**BARNARD**, Emily, second daughter of the late Thomas B—, Esq., at Chelsea, Dec. 27.  
**BARTHOLOMEW**, Evelina, the beloved wife of Valentine B—, Esq., of Foley Place, and only daughter of the late eminent musical professor, Joseph Nicholas Hullmandel, Esq., Jan. 1.  
**BATES**, Justina, the endeared wife of the Rev. George Ferne B—, Vicar of West Malling, Kent, Jan. 11.  
**BATTYE**, Charles Robert, aged 28, eld. son of Charles B—, Esq., of the Gore, Kensington, of scarlet fever, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Jan. 4.  
**BEDFORD**, William, Esq., aged 66, at Brighton, Dec. 28.  
**BERNARD**, J. B. Esq., aged 53, of Sidmouth, and Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, after a short illness, in Howland Street, Fitzroy Square, Jan. 8.  
**BERRY**, Bennis, aged 20, late Medical Student of King's College, youngest son of the late Kingsmill B—, Esq., St. Alban's, Dec. 8.  
**BINFIELD**, Rev. Henry, aged 76, Domestic Chaplain to the Marquis of Anglesea, and Perpetual Curate of Farewell and Armitage. Longdon, Staffordshire, Dec. 5.  
**BLAQUIENE**, Edward, aged 18, only son of the late Edward B—, Esq., R.N., of scarlet fever, Jan. 26.  
**BLAYNEY**, Thomas, aged 76, Dep.-Lieut. and Clerk of the Peace for Worcestershire; nephew of Dr. Blayney, formerly Regius Professor of Hebrev at Oxford—at the Lodge, near Evesham, Worcester. Nov. 31.

- BOILARD**, Maria, aged 48, wife of Julian B—, Esq., Patna, *E.I.*, Sep. 22.
- BOARDMAN**, Mary, wife of Thomas B—, Esq., of Elevell Cottage, Totness, at the residence of her brother-in-law, Dec. 28.
- BOND**, Clementina, wife of Joseph Moffat B—, Esq., Mortimer Hill, Berks, Jan. 16.
- BOOTH**, Caroline, eldest daughter of John B—, Esq., Wyndham Place, Jan. 4.
- BRABAZON**, Henry John, Esq., a gentleman of independent fortune, distantly related to the Earl of Meath and Sir William Brabazon, Bart., M.P. He had, on the morning of his decease, hunted with the Leamington stag-hounds, and after returning to his residence went out for a walk, but shortly after was discovered by a post-boy drowned in a shallow brook. Verdict, Found Drowned. At Leamington, Warwickshire, *lately*.
- BROMLEY**, Elizabeth, aged 86, relict of the late John B—, Esq., of Tottenham, Middlesex, at Bethnal Green, Dec. 30.
- BROWN**, Robert, aged 21, son of Dr. R. Brown, garrison surgeon of Chunar, at Agra, *E.I.*, Aug. 30.
- BUND**, Edward Henry, aged 19, second son of the Rev. Richard B—, Rector of Ruan Lanihorne, Cornwall, at Calcutta, Oct. 5.
- BUTLER**, Brooke Watson, Esq., aged 42, eldest son of the late Commissary General Butler, at Dover, Oct. 7.
- BYASS**, Rose, the beloved wife of Robert Blake B—, Esq., of Fenchurch Street, at Hastings, Dec. 30.
- BOWN**, George T. aged 26, 7th son of the Rev. John Bonn, rector of Farringdon, Hants, at Alexandria, Nov. 18, 1838.
- BRAITHWAITE**, William, aged 46, eldest son of the late John B—, Esq., of the New Road, after a dangerous illness, accelerated by the severity of the late tempests, in his passage from St. John's, New Brunswick, at Liverpool, Dec. 17.
- BRIDGE**, the infant son of George B—, Esq., of Wood-house, Shepherd's Bush, Dec. 19.
- CURTIS**, John, Esq., at his residence, Westbourne Green, Dec. 8.
- CALLAWAY**, Ellen, wife of Thomas C—, Esq., Willington Street, London Bridge, Jan. 12.
- CALVERT**, Anthony, Esq., aged 82, of Harper Street, Red Lion Square, Jan. 13.
- CANNON**, Stephen, Esq., aged 50, Stratford Green, Nov. 19.
- CAPE**, John, Esq., aged 60, a magistrate of Jersey; he was a native of Hull; Camberwell, Nov. 7.
- CARNELL**, Emily Frances, aged 4 months, dau. of Thomas C—, Esq., Sevenoaks, Jan. 12.
- CHAMBERS**, James Clutterbuck, aged 62, of Forwood House, Gloucestershire, Jan. 16.
- CHAMBERS**, John, Esq., aged 61, of Forwood House, near Minchinhampton, Dec. 16.
- CHAPMAN**, Jane, wife of Richard C—, Esq., at Southwell Lodge, Taunton, Dec. 12.
- CHENERY**, wife of Charles C—, Esq., Hackney, Nov. 6.
- CLUBLEY**, Thomas, Esq., aged 82, formerly Major in the East York Militia, and one of the Aldermen of Beverley till the passing of the Municipal Act, which office he filled nearly fifty years. He was Mayor in 1791. Beverley, Nov. 9.
- COAPE**, John Henry Prescott, 2nd son of the late John C—, Esq., of George Street, Hanover Square, at Chapel Place, Vere Street, Jan. 13.
- COCKELL**, Mrs. widow of Lieut.-Gen. C., of Sandeford Lodge, at Reading, *lately*.
- COLLIER**, Jane, aged 74, wife of Joshua C—, Esq., Bruce Terrace, Tottenham, Dec. 24.
- COLQUHOUN**, Charlotte, wife of R. G. C—, Esq., of Fincastle, Her British Majesty's Consul at Bucharest, and ygst. dau. of the late Thomas Hog, Esq., of Newliston, N.B., at the British Consulate General's, Bucharest, Nov. 22, 1838.
- CONSTABLE**, Margaret, 4th dau. of the late Archibald C—, Esq., of Edinburgh, deeply lamented, at Madeira, in Nov. last.
- COOPER**, John, Esq., aged 88, Lune Cottage, Charlton, Kent, Jan. 13.
- COPLESTON**, Mrs., aged 92, widow of the late Rev. John C—, and mother of the Bishop of Llandaff.
- CORNER**, Lieut.-Gen. Charles, aged 82, Hon. *E.I.C.S.*, Lower Berkeley Street, Portman Square, Dec. 23.
- COSBY**, Capt. C. A., 25th regt. *N.I.*, when on route from Nagpore to Masulipatam, at the village of Gookarum, *E.I.*, Sep. 30.
- CROSSE**, Major Robert Noble, H.M. 36th regt. Infantry, at Barbadoes, Nov. 13, 1838.
- COWLAND**, Christiana, aged 78, widow of the late William C—, Esq., at Canonbury Square, Dec. 15.
- COOPER**, Mrs., drowned, by the wreck of the Protector, off the Sand Heads, near Calcutta, Oct. 19.
- DALE**, George Spence Desborough, ygst. son of the Rev. Thomas Dale, 65, Lincoln's Inn Fields, suddenly, Dec. 19.
- D'AQUILAR**, Eliza, aged 15, ygst. dau. of Col. D'A—, at Chelsea, Dec. 30.
- DAWSON**, Richard, Esq., aged 65, the principal tenant of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, and the largest proprietor of land in Lincolnshire, having together, with his own property, upwards of 3,000 acres under cultivation; at Withcall House, near Louth, Lancashire, Nov. 24.
- DAWSON**, Sarah, aged 63, late of Great Cumberland Street, relict of the late James Dawson, Esq., at the residence of her son-in-law, the Rev. E. Champnes, Allington, near Lewes, Jan. 10.
- DUGLASS**, Lady Isabella, wife of the Hon. and Rev. Charles D—, brother to the Earl of Morton. She was the 9th dau. of Arthur Saunders, 2nd Earl of Arran, was married, in 1816, and has left a numerous family, at Earls clift, county Tyrone, Ireland, the seat of the Marquis of Abercorn, Nov. 30.
- DREW**, Sarah, wife of Capt. Richard D— after a very protracted and painful illness, at St. John's Wood, Dec. 21.

- DUNN, Frances, infant. dau. of the Rev. Robert D—, at Hannington Rectory, Hants, Jan. 7.
- DUNCAN, Patrick, Esq., late of Charleston, in St. John Street, Berkley Square, Dec. 24.
- EASUM, Ann, aged 73, widow of the late Matthew E—, Esq., of Stepney, at Brixton, Jan. 6.
- ELLIS, Catherine Frances, infant dau. of George Stevenson E—, Esq., South Sea House, Dec. 26.
- EYKYN, James, Esq., aged 53, Palmer's Green, Edmonton, Midd., Jan. 12.
- FALLOWS, Florence Matilda, relict of William F—, Esq., of Derby, and of Heywood Hall, Cheshire, only surviving child of the Rev. John Le Hunt, formerly Rector of Radborn, Derbyshire, descended from the ancient family of Le Hunt, of Stoke D'Aubeny, Rutlandshire, at Stamford, Nov. 29.
- FOLEY, Roger, Esq., aged 38, Surg., Political Agency in Narrowtree, at Kotah, *E.I.* July 13.
- FOOT, Rev. John, Strode, aged 90, of Torr, near Plymouth, and Vicar of Liskeard, Cornwall, at his residence, Park Place, Stoke, Dec. 29.
- FORBES, John, Esq., aged 85, of Waterton, at Tunbridge Wells, Dec. 14.
- FRANCIS, Louis Sarah, aged 11, 2nd dau. of the late R. B. F., Esq., of the Hon. *E.I.* Comp., Medical Establishment, Bengal, in Duke Street, St. James's, Dec. 31, 1838.
- FRYER, Joseph, Esq., aged 56, Cannon Street Road, Jan. 15.
- GELDARD, J. S., Esq., aged 50, at Kensington, Dec. 10.
- GILLESPIE, Lieut.-Col. John, aged 85, *E.I.* Ser., St. James's Street, Nov. 4.
- GODFREY, Elizabeth, wife of Wm. G—, Esq. of Kennett Hull, near Newmarket, Nov. 11.
- GOLDSMID, Edmund, aged 20, eld. son of Aaron Ashea G—, Esq., of Cavendish Square, at Rome, Dec. 1.
- GOOCH, Emma, aged 31, wife of Thomas G—, Esq., Stockwell, Surrey, Jan. 7.
- GORDON, Adam, Esq., of Blackheath Park, ygst son of the late David G—, of Abergeldie, *N.B.*, Jan. 14.
- GORE, Isabella, wife of Henry John G—, Esq., Surg., of the Steyne, Worthing, Sussex, Jan. 4.
- GRANT, Mrs. Ann, aged 84, of Laggan, Invernesshire, at Edinburgh, Nov. 7, authoress of "Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders, &c." An application, under the superintendence of her friends, to which Sir Walter Scott, and other distinguished persons appended their names, was made in 1825, to his late Majesty George IV. for a pension. Mrs. Grant received a pension of £100 yearly on the civil establishment of Scotland.
- GRAVES, Rachael Rebecca, aged 21, lady of James G—, Rector of the Calcutta High School, Calcutta, Oct. 4.
- GRESHAM, John Fanner, Esq., aged 69, of Bruce, Grove, Tottenham, Dec. 30.
- GUNTHORPE, J. H., 1st Lieut. Artillery, Masulipatam, *B.I.*, Oct. 4.
- GURNEY, Anne, wife of Thomas, W. H. G—, Esq., 2nd master of Christ's Hospital, Nov. 7.
- GWYNNE, George, Esq., aged 57, of Brighton, in London, Dec. 20.
- HAMILTON, Capt. 1st L. C. Bombay, *lately*.
- HAMOND, Mrs. Elizabeth, aged 46, wife of Frederick George H—, Esq., of Catherine House, Blackheath Road, *lately*.
- HAMMOND, Mary, widow of the late Henry H—, Esq., of Hull, at Camberwell Grove, Dec. 22.
- HARDMAN, Thos. Esq., of Manchester. His extensive and highly valuable collection of coins and medals, which with great judgment and much expence, he had collected during many years, were dispersed by auction, at the Exchange, Manchester, on the the 29th Oct. and three following days. at Manchester, *lately*.
- HARMAN, Frederick, aged 29, 4th son of Ezekiel H—, Esq., of Theobald's Farm, Herts, at Barton Isles, Jamaica, Nov. 24.
- HARPER, James Ward, Esq., of Wyndham Place, Bryanston Square, deeply regretted, Dec. 18.
- HART, Basil, Esq., Surgeon, some time since a practitioner in the village of Marksbury, near Bath. It is said that, by his will, this gentleman has left his body to be embalmed and preserved in the same way as that of the celebrated Jeremy Bentham, and to stand by the remains of that remarkable man in the museum in which they are now deposited. *Lately*.
- HARTGILL, Dolly, aged 82, supposed to be the last descendant of the family of Hartgill, memorior for the murder by Lord Stourton, in Jan. 1557, for which he was hanged at Salisbury. At West Stower, Dorset, Oct. 31.
- HARDY, Sarah, aged 82, relict of the late George Tickner H—, Esq., of Saint Lawrence, Thanet, at Ramsgate, Dec. 28.
- HARE, John, Esq., aged 87, of Firfield House, Knowle, near Bristol, Jan. 11.
- HARVEY, Lady, aged 54, the beloved wife of Vice Admiral Sir Thomas H—, K.C.B., at Sholden Lodge, near Upper Deal, Dec. 29.
- HAWKER, General Sir Samuel, G.C.H. Col. of 3rd Regt. of Drag. Guards, to the great grief of his family and sincere regret of his friends, in Burton Crescent, Jan. 27.
- HENSHAW, Joseph, Esq., aged 76, 22, Edgeware Road, Dec. 22.
- Herne, Sir William, Knt., aged 94, a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant of the county, formerly Alderman of Castle Baynard Ward, and in 1794, Sheriff of London and Middlesex, at Old Field Lodge, near Maidenhead, Berks, Dec. 20.
- HETHERINGTON, aged 63, surviving dau. of the late John H—, Esq., of Newington Green, at her house, Froggnal, Hampstead, Jan. 8.
- HEWITT, W. W. Esq., aged 43, Berkeley

- Street, Berkeley Square, suddenly, Dec. 27.
- HEYLIGER, Lieut. John, Ceylon Rifle Regt., grandson of the late High Chamberlain (Peter H—) to the King of Denmark, at Ceylon, *lately*.
- HIGGS, Charles, Esq., at Lisbon, many years a merchant of that city, Dec. 22.
- HOBSON, Mrs., drowned, by the wreck of the *Protector*, off the Sand Heads, near Calcutta, Oct. 19.
- HOCKLEY, Joseph, Esq., aged 52, for upwards of 30 years town-clerk of the borough of Guildford, at the Hon. G. C. Norton's, 10, Wilton Place, Dec. 30.
- HODGES, William, aged 31, 3rd son of the late Edward H—, Esq., Clapham Common, Dec. 28.
- HOLDEN, John Irvin, Esq., banker, of Burslem, Staffordshire, Nov. 22.
- HOLWORTHY, Rev. William Henry, rector of Blickling and Erpingham, at Blickling, Norfolk, Jan. 27.
- HOPKIN, Lieut. Conan, aged 23, H. M. 63rd regt. He was killed by the accidental discharge of his fowling-piece, Moulmein, E. I. Sept. 8.
- HOWARD, Charles Augustus, aged 32, from the rupture of a blood vessel, occasioned by sea-sickness. He was on his way to undertake an appointment of trust, and is most sincerely lamented by his family, at Montreal, Dec. 2.
- HOWELL, Fanny, wife of George H—, Esq., at Simmons-court, county Dublin, Jan. 5.
- HUGHES, Augustus, aged 50, wife of Robert H—, Esq., of Court-Morgan House, at Myrtle Hall, near Bristol, Nov. 21.
- INNES, John, Esq., father of Mrs. Grey, widow of the late Bishop of Hereford, *lately*.
- JOHNSON, Sophia, aged 20, ygst. dau. of Charles M. J—, Esq., of Grosvenor Place, at Camberwell, Dec. 26.
- JOHNSON, Margaret Hilditch, aged 18, 4th dau. of Daniel Turton J—, of Clapham, Jan. 1.
- JONES, John, aged 81, at Kennington Common, Jan. 7.
- IRONSIDE, William, Esq., of H. M. 33d regt., and of Houghton le Spring, county Durham, Jan. 3.
- IVES, Cornelius, Esq., aged 80, at Braden House, Northamptonshire.
- JACOMB, Mary, 2nd dau. of the late Charles J—, Esq., of Guilford Street, at Tunbridge Wells, Dec. 1.
- KEIR, Ann Julia, only dau. of the late Capt. George K—, of the 22nd Dragoons, and Commandant of His Highness the Nizam's Horse, of whooping cough, at St. Andrew's, Dec. 5.
- KENNARD, John, Esq., aged 64, of Lombard St., banker, Clapham Common, Dec. 1.
- KENT, Robert Thomas, Esq., aged 62, of Chesnut Grove, Kingston, Surrey, Dec. 25.
- KING, Thomas, Esq., M. D., Maddox Street, Hanover Square, at Norwich, Jan. 10.
- LABOUCHERE, Peter Caesar, Esq., aged 68, at Hylands, Essex, Jan. 16.
- LAMBERT, lady of Brev. Capt., 16th N. I., of cholera, Gondalor, E. I., Oct. 15.
- LAY, Mary Ann, widow of the late John L—, Esq., of Crepping Hall, and mother of the Rev. John L—, of Royden, near Harlow, Essex, Sept. 29.
- LESPIGNASSE, B. P., Esq., of Cloudealey Terrace, Islington, Dec. 26.
- LLOYD, Elizabeth, aged 86, relict of the late John Lloyd, Esq., banker, London, at her residence in Brighton, Jan. 15.
- LONSDALE, James, Esq., aged 62, in Berner's Street, Jan. 17.
- LOSCOMBE, Wintringham, Esq., aged 61, formerly Major 10th regt. His death was caused by disease of the heart, contracted, most probably, whilst serving his country in the West Indies. At Clifton, Dec. 8.
- MACKENZIE, Hector, Esq., aged 26, 2nd son of Capt. M—, of Kinsale, at sea, on his passage between Amboyna and Ternate, April 6.
- MACLEAN, Mrs. L. E., wife of George Maclean, Esq., Governor of Cape Coast Castle, suddenly, at Cape Coast Castle, Africa, Oct. 15, 1838.
- MACLEAN, John, Esq., aged 42, late of Calcutta, in Harley Street, Jan. 14.
- M'MICHAEL, William, M. D., F.R.S., aged 55, Maids Hill, Jan. 10.
- MAHON, James, Esq., for many years an eminent merchant in the West Indies, at Paris, Nov. 20, 1838.
- M'DOWALL, Walter, Esq., aged 77, at Barnett, Jan. 3.
- MANGLES, James, Esq., aged 76, late M. P. for Guildford. He was the son of an eminent ship-chandler, to which business he succeeded. He served the office of High Sheriff of Surrey, in 1808. In 1831 he was returned to Parliament for Guildford, as a reformer, defeating Mr. Holme Sumner, the former Member. At Woodbridge, near Guildford, *lately*.
- MANN, John, Esq., aged 88, late of the Stock Exchange, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, Dec. 19.
- MANSFIELD, John, Esq., aged 41, formerly M. P. for Leicester, at Bristol House, Leicestershire, after a short illness, Jan. 9.
- MARSHALL, Mary Shepherd, aged 74, relict of the late Samuel M., Esq., of Dalston, at Brighton, Jan. 1.
- MACKELCAN, General John, aged 80, in Albany Street, Regent's Park, Dec. 22.
- MARTIN, Capt., drowned, by the wreck of the *Protector*, off the Sand Heads, near Calcutta, Oct. 19.
- MONK, Capt., drowned, by the wreck of the *Protector*, off the Sand Heads, near Calcutta, Oct. 19.
- MEAD, Grantham, Esq., aged 84, Fore Street, Upper Edmonton, Dec. 24.
- MEAD, John Clement, Esq., aged 42, at Piddletrenthide, Dorset, Jan. 15.
- MESSINGER, Thomas, Esq., for some years state page to His Majesty George IV., by whom he was much respected, as a most confidential servant for a period of more than 49 years; buried at St. James' Church, Piccadilly, Jan. 17.

- MESSITON, Theodosia Dorcas, wife of Capt. E. M—, 39th Madras N. I., Bombay, Sept. 22.
- MILLER, John, Esq., aged 70, of Lees House, Yalding, Kent, Aug. 8.
- MOORE, Agnes, wife of the Rev. Dr. Moore, vicar of St. Pancras, Jan. 7.
- MOORSHEDABAD, His Highness the Nawab, aged 29, rather suddenly. His successor is a boy about 10 years of age, who will have an income of about 60,000 rupees per month. At his palace, Calcutta, Oct. 3.
- MORGAN, Georgina Stella, aged 27, wife of E. C. M—, Esq., Hon. Company's solicitor, at his residence, near Broach, E. I., Sept. 16.
- MOUNT, George Arthur, aged 22, eld. son of William M—, Esq., at Canterbury, sincerely regretted, Jan. 10.
- MORRIS, Lieut. William, H. M. 41st regt. Foot, of cholera, Bellary E. I., Aug. 15.
- HURRAY, Dr. Andrew, Hon. E. I. C. S., Edinburgh, Nov. 24.
- NEDHAM, Robert Henry, aged 25, ygst. son of the late Rev. John N—, rector of Owiny, Lincolnshire, at Belize, Honduras, Sept. last.
- NEBITT, Mr. Charles, aged 64, the eminent engraver in wood. He was a native of Swalwell, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and was apprenticed to the celebrated Bewick at an early age. His talents in wood engraving were of the first order. At Brompton, Nov. 11.
- O'KEEFE, Major, 78th regt., at Glasgow, Oct. 11.
- OSBORN, Eliza, the beloved wife of Major O—, (retired) Madras army, and last surviving child of the late Gerard Todrington, Esq., of Medbourn, Leicestershire, at Boulogne, Dec. 21.
- OWEN, Capt. of H. M. 3rd Buffs, Mussoorie, E. I., Aug. 28.
- OVERTON, John, Esq., aged 75, for many years an officer in the Excise. He was a native of Tetford, Lincolnshire. In early youth he evinced an ardent love of study, and directed his unremitting attention for many years to the science of astronomy, and being of a mechanical turn, he was enabled to fabricate, with the assistance of the brazier and the smith, a great variety of telescopes, and other mathematical instruments, of various sorts and dimensions, all of which remain in excellent condition, in the possession of his widow. Besides his astronomical pursuits, he turned his researches to the study of sacred chronology and genealogy; and, singular to relate, printed in his own house, with little professional assistance, a work, entitled the "Genealogy of Christ," 3 vols., 8vo., 1817. He published also several other theological works. When we contemplate these various labours, it excites our surprise and admiration, that a man who had received so little education, could, by innate talent and industry, accomplish so much, and so successfully. At Rose Cottage, King's Road, Chelsea, Dec. 1.
- PACK, Richard, Esq., aged 70, of Floore House, Northamptonshire, at Goudhurst, Dec. 17.
- PALMER, Margaret, wife of Henry A. P—, Esq., of Bristol, at Clifton, Jan. 2.
- PELTREAN, Miss, 20 Upper Woburn Place, Jan. 9.
- PENNY, Bathsheba, aged 89, widow of Henry P—, Esq., in Kensington Square, Jan. 7.
- PEPPERCORNE, Lieut. (Brev. Capt.) Edward, 16th N. I., of cholera, in Camp, near Condoor, E. I., Oct. 9.
- PHILLIPPS, Susan March, aged 81, relict of Thomas March P—, Esq., of Garendon Park, Leicestershire, at Brislington, Dec. 5.
- PHILLIPS, Laura Nairne, infant dau. of Charles P—, Esq., Camberwell Grove, Jan. 2.
- POLHILL, Adelaide Emily Sophia, aged 9, ygst. dau. of F. P—, Esq., M. P., Blunham Park, Bedfordshire, Dec. 23.
- POWELL, James, Esq., aged 96, Jan. 2; and on the 4th, Elizabeth, his wife, aged 89, at Tottenham.
- PRENDERGRASS, Edward Frederick, aged 64, Lisson Grove, Dec. 21.
- PRIUN, George Bragge, Esq., of Charlton Park, Cheltenham; and of Yeovil, Somersetshire, at the Somerset Hotel, Strand, Jan. 12.
- RAINE, Crosier, Esq., aged 66, in Maddox Street, Nov. 21.
- RANDOLPH, Martha, aged 26, wife of the Rev. Herbert R—, Curate of Mitcham, Surrey, and 2nd dau. of Vickris Pryor, Esq., of Baldock, Herts, in Pont Street, Cadogan Place, Jan. 2.
- RAWLINS, Harriet, the beloved wife of Capt. W. R—, 40th regt. Madras N. I., at Masulipatam, E. I., Sept. 22, 1838.
- RAWLINS, lady of Capt. R—, 40th N. I., Masulipatam, E. I., Sept. 25.
- REES, Capt. Walter Williams, Bengal army, Nov. 14.
- RICHARDSON, Mrs. Thomasin, aged 82, relict of the late William R—, Esq., at Kendal, Jan. 4.
- RIPLEY, Mary, aged 70, relict of the late Rev. Thomas R—, Vicar of Wootton Bassett, Wilts, in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, Jan. 14.
- RIPPIN, C. N., Esq., at his house, Clapham, Surrey, Jan. 9.
- RIVAZ, Maria, aged 41, wife of Francis R—, Esq., at Hollywood Grove, New Brompton, Jan. 2.
- ROBINS, —, Esq., and wife, drowned by the wreck of the Protector, off the Sand Heads, near Calcutta, Oct. 19.
- ROSE, the Rev. Hugh James, Principal of King's College, at Florence, Dec. 22.
- ROSS, Lieut.-Col. Hugh, commanding 7th regt., N. I., Cawnpore, E. I., Oct. 3.
- ROLAND, John, Esq., of the Poor Law Commission Office, Somerset House, of paralysis, in Southampton Buildings, Jan. 3.
- ROWLANDS, Griffith, Esq., at a very advanced age, High Street, Marylebone, Dec. 26.
- SABROZA, Baron, Governor of Goa, E. I., Oct. 14.

- SANDYS**, the Rev. Sir Edwin Bayntun, rector of Winstone, and son of Sir Edwin Bayntun Sandys, Bart., at Winstone, Gloucestershire, Dec. 21.
- SETON**, Ann Maria, wife of Miles Charles S—, Esq., at Maida Hill, Nov. 28.
- SEWARD**, Miss, only dau. of the late Lieut.-Gen. S—, at her brother's house, Cheltenham, Jan. 3.
- SHEPARD**, Phillip, Esq., aged 71, at Dunkirk, Dec. 18.
- SHOEBEL**, Theodosia, wife of Frederick S—, Esq., Old Brompton, Dec. 18.
- SIMPSON**, Hon. Mrs. Bridgeman, at Bilton Hall, Warwickshire, *lately*.
- SIMPSON**, Martha, aged 56, wife of John S—, of Carlisle Street, Soho, Dec. 23.
- SIMPSON**, Eliza, wife of James S—, Esq., of Northumberland St., Edinburgh, Jan. 15.
- SMITH**, —, Esq., drowned, by the wreck of the Protector, off the Sand Heads, near Calcutta, Oct. 19.
- SNELL**, Lieut. John Coxetter, R.N., at Edinburgh, *lately*.
- SNEYD**, Elizabeth, 5th dau. of the late Ralph S—, Esq., of Keel Hall, and Barbara, dau. of Sir Walter W. Bagot, Bart., of Blithfield, by the lady Barbara, dau. of Wm. 2nd Earl of Dartmouth, at Brereton, near Lichfield, Dec. 1.
- SOUTH**, Rachel, widow of William S—, Esq., formerly of the Registrars' Office of the Court of Chancery, and of Buckden, Hants, Dec. 23.
- SPEECHLY**, Agnes Charlotte, aged 29, the beloved wife of R. S—, Esq., and ygst. dau. of the late Rev. B. C. Kennett, rector of East Ilsley, Berks, at Brompton, Jan. 4.
- STEWART**, Rev. Andrew, M.D., F.R.S.E., aged 60, at the Manse of Erskine, Feb. 28.
- STILEMAN**, Mary, aged 88, relict of the late Robert S—, Esq., at Winchelsea, Sussex, Jan. 2.
- STURMER**, William, Esq., aged 45, of the Military Gen. Auditors' Office, Calcutta, Oct. 8.
- SUKKAS**, Mrs. Catherine, aged 66, relict of the late Peter S—, Esq., Calcutta, Sep. 25.
- SULLIVAN**, Harriett Anne, aged 16, eld. dau. of John S—, Esq., Ootacamund, E. I., Sept. 3.
- TAYLOR**, George, Esq., deeply in Beaufort Row, Chelsea, Jan. —.
- TAYLOR**, John, Esq., aged 99, the universally respected patriarch of English artists. He was many years a drawing master, until he accumulated sufficient to retire with comfort. He was an original member of the "Incorporated Society of Artists," the precursor of the Royal Academy. He remembered the execution of the Scots Lords on Tower-hill, in 1716. In Cirencester-place, Nov. 21.
- TARBUTT**, William B. Esq., aged 63, Dec. 31.
- THACKWELL**, Edmond, infant son of Major-Gen. T—, 3rd Light Dragoons, at Cawnpore, E. I., June 4.
- THEOBALD**, Thomas, son of T—, Esq., Stockwell, Senior Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge, and Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, at Hampstead, Dec. 21.
- TOMLINSON**, John, Esq., of Cliffeville, Staffordshire, Nov. 12.
- TOWNSEND**, Elizabeth Lawrence, aged 37, 3rd dau. of the late R. L. T—, D.D., of Bishop's Cleeve, Gloucestershire, at Knighton, Radnorshire, Dec. 3.
- TRAFORD**, Fanny, aged 16, 2nd dau. of Col T—, at Frankfort, Dec. 28.
- TRAIL**, aged 78, widow of the Rev. Archdeacon T—, at Lashburn, Ireland, Nov. 30.
- TROTTER**, Mary Stuart, 2nd dau of Capt. T—, of Ballindean, at Edinburgh, Jan. 13.
- TRUTER**, Emarentia, aged 80, relict of the late Peter John T—, Esq. Church Commission of the Colony, Cape of Good Hope, Oct. 1.
- TUCK**, R. Esq. He has left the munificent legacy of 1000*l*, to the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital Strumpshaw, Norfolk, *lately*.
- TUCKER**, Miss Jane, dau of the late Rev P. T—, of Morchard Bishop, at Therverton, Devon, Dec. 16.
- TUGWELL**, George Howard, Esq., aged 73, of Crowe Hall, near Battle, Jan. 14.
- TUSON**, John, Esq., aged 80, Surgeon, at the residence of his son, Russell Place, Dec. 10.
- WAINEWRIGHT**, Anne Elizabeth, aged 27, 2nd dau. of the late John W—, Esq., at Islington, Dec. 21.
- WAKEHAM**, Rev. Henry, aged 75, Rector of Ingham, Suffolk, he was of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and instituted to Ingham, 1790. At Ingham, Dec. 5.
- WALLEY**, Michael, Esq., aged 50, brother to Thomas Wakley, Esq., M.P., for Finsbury, at Charmouth, Devon, Nov. 30.
- WALDEGRAVE**, Capt., the Hon William, R.N., 2nd son of the late, and brother of the present, Lord Radstock, Dec. 20.
- WALLET**, —, Esq., only son of Brev. Major W—, Commandant of Jaffna. He was killed by an elephant, at which he fired, while out elephant hunting, near Colombo, Ceylon, Sep. 27.
- WATAEN**, Mary, aged 52, the beloved wife of Nathaniel W—, Esq., of 17, Euston Square, London, after a painful and lingering illness, Dec. 25.

[Notices of Marriages, &c., are received by Mr. W. F. Watson, 52, Princes Street, Edinburgh, Mr. Duncan Campbell, 6, Buchanan Street, Glasgow, Mrs. Meyler, Abbey Churchyard, Bath, No 61, Boulevard St. Martin, Paris, Adam Smith, Esq., Calcutta, and can be forwarded by Bookellers from every part of the Kingdom.]

\* \* \* For further Directions see Pages 205 and 206







Countess Hagarene (1833) 1833

and Wife of Henry IV.

11

Dec 1 1833

The author's portrait engraved exclusively for the Count Hagarene

XIV

of the use of ancient portraits

1833



## MEMOIR AND ANECDOTES OF THE COURT OF MARIE DE MEDICIS,

SECOND QUEEN TO HENRY THE GREAT, AND QUEEN REGENT OF FRANCE.

*Illustrated by a full-length coloured Portrait, from the original by Rubens, No. 72 of the Series of Author's Portraits.*

THE heart of the great Henry of France was still occupied exclusively with the love of his youth, the fair Gabrielle,\* when the idea of his marriage with the beautiful Marie de Medicis first crossed his mind. Sully has recorded the conversation in which his monarch for the first time mentioned to him the niece of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and as it is, perhaps, the most curious colloquy extant on the subject of a royal marriage, it will stand here most appropriately introductory to the mention made of their nuptials. This conversation took place in the year 1598, when France (after a century of suffering,) enjoying the beneficent reign of Henry, was clamorous for his divorce from Queen Margaret of Valois,\* in the hope that their good king would marry again, and settle the succession by the birth of heirs. France expected that the throne would be shared by some royal lady: its monarch had, however, very different thoughts and intentions, as shown in the following dialogue between him and his great minister, Sully.

"The king at certain intervals appeared so pensive and reserved, that it was not difficult to perceive that some secret uneasiness preyed on his mind; and I was the more convinced of it, when his majesty twice ordered me to follow him apart for particular conversation, and then remained silent. Now returning from his visit to the Duke de Bouillon, his majesty saw me as I entered the court, and calling me, bade me go with him into the garden, which was extremely large and beautiful; he held my hand as usual, with his finger between mine, then he ordered the door to be shut, and every person kept out of the garden.

"He commenced a conversation on the miseries of civil war, which might

again, he died without heirs, and a kingdom would be torn in pieces by disputes with the Prince of Orange, and other princes of the blood. The princes of Europe he thought for a wife, in case his marriage with Margaret should be dissolved. I sketched the qualities he required in a wife, which showed very much by asking what was to be met in one, he did not think on any.

"That I may not repeat of matrimony, said the Great Henry, I will now upon myself a misfortune. All others said to be the greatest, that is, to have a wife disagreeable in person and mind. I must find these seven conditions in her whom I shall espouse: beauty, prudence, softness, wit, faithfulness, riches, and a royal birth."

"Not one in Europe was there with whom he chose to be satisfied; but he pursued the dialogue of the disposable princesses.

"I should have no objection to the Infanta of Spain," replied Henry; "although she is a little advanced in years, provided that with her I could marry the Low Countries, even though I should be obliged to restore to you the earldom of Bugey; neither would I refuse the Princess Arabella of England, if as it is publicly said, the English crown really belongs to her. I have likewise heard of some princesses of Germany, whose names I have forgotten; but the women of that country don't suit me; I should fancy I were wedded to a hoghead of wine; besides, France had once a German queen,† who had liked to have ruined it; all this has given me a disgust to

\* The unfortunate Lady Arabella Stuart, just then cruelly persecuted by Elizabeth on account of the foolish pretences of her partizans.

† Isabeau of Bavaria. See this Portrait and Memoir in "The Lady's Magazine" for May, 1833.

\*\* See these Portraits and Memoirs in "The Lady's Magazine" for Dec. 1834, and Jan. 1835.  
Q—VOL. XIV.—MARCH, 1839.

the ambitious ladies of Germany. The sisters of Prince Maurice of Orange have likewise been named to me ; but, besides that they are Protestants, which would give great umbrage to the chief of my subjects ; they are the daughters of a *nun*, which would still more embroil me with Rome. Now, the Duke of Florence has a niece, said to be very beautiful, but she has descended from the meanest family in Christendom that bears princely rank ; for it is only some fourscore years ago, since her ancestors were only citizens and merchants in Florence ; besides, she is of the same race with the queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis,\* who did so much mischief to France, and to me in particular."

This was a most cogent reason ; but it was certainly not urged by Henry in a candid spirit, for all his objections were raised from a secret motive, which, as it appears, even his clear-sighted minister had not as yet discerned. Henry, after having thus discussed the qualifications of the princesses of Europe, proceeded to comment on the daughters of the nobility of France, near enough allied to the blood-royal, to entitle them to the hand of their sovereign.

"Of those within my own kingdom, my kinswoman of Guise,† Louise Marguerite of Lorraine would please me best, notwithstanding the malicious reports that she loves *poulets* in paper better than in fricassee ; for my part, I not only believe these reports to be false, but I should rather chuse a wife who is a little fond of gallantry, than one who wanted understanding ; but I am apprehensive that the violent affection Mademoiselle de Guise shows

for her brothers would create some disorders if she were queen."

After this the king named all the marriageable princesses of France, but to as little purpose, though he acknowledged some to be beautiful, as the Duke de Maînes' two daughters, although of a brown complexion ; the two daughters of the Duke d'Aumale, and three of the Duke de Longueville were either too young or not to his taste. He afterwards named the Princess de Rohan, Mademoiselles Luxembourg and Guemené ; but the first was a Protestant, the second not old enough, and the persons of the two others did not please him ; each for some reason was in turn excluded. He considered that if he entered into an engagement of that kind, it would be with a design of giving his wife the management of his domestic affairs, as according to the course of nature, he should probably die before her, and leave children very young ; consequently, she ought to be able to superintend their education, and govern France during a minority.

Wearry, at length, of endeavouring to find out what the king aimed at, Sully continues, "I said, 'But what is it you mean, sire, by so many affirmatives and negatives, excepting that you are desirous of marrying, but cannot find a woman on earth qualified to be your wife ? By the manner in which you named the Infanta Clara Eugenia, it should seem that great heiresses were most to your taste ; but can you expect that heaven should raise a Margaret of Flanders, or a Mary of Burgundy from the dead, for you, or restore the Queen of England to her youth ?' I added, smiling, 'that for proof of the qualities he demanded, I saw no better expedient than to bring all the beauties of France together, from the ages of eighteen to thirty, that by talking with them in person, he might judge of their temper and talents ;' but, I concluded more seriously, 'that to my mind his majesty had better strike off from his seven requisites, great fortune and royal birth, and content himself with a beautiful and clever wife, who was like to keep his heart, and bring him lovely children as heirs to France.'

\* See this Portrait and romantic Memoir in (the Lady's Magazine,) July, 1836.

† She was a most beautiful princess, and it was once proposed to end the miseries of the siege of Paris, by marrying her to Henry, and thus uniting his party with that of Guise. The sarcastic lampoons of that day charged her with carrying on an intrigue with the Duc de Bellegarde, master of the horse, the handsomest man of his time and Henry's rival with the fair Gabrielle. *Poulets* were a sort of billet-doux mentioned in this lampoon, and to this Henry alludes, in his comment on the Princess of Guise. See this Portrait and Memoir in (the Lady's Magazine,) Oct. 1836.

This was just the conclusion to which the great Henry had been labouring to bring his sagacious prime minister.

“‘Well,’ replied Henry, ‘setting aside your advice regarding the assembly of beauties, with which I am mightily diverted, I have brought you to confess that the lady whom I am to marry ought to be of an agreeable temper, beautiful in person, and likely to bring heirs to France. Reflect a little, whether you do not already know a person in whom all qualities, excepting royal birth and riches, are united.’

“‘I should say, sire,’ replied I, with great simplicity, ‘that you must be much better acquainted with her than I am; for I cannot guess who it is you mean.’

“‘If you cannot guess, I must name her to you,’ said Henry, ‘but you only affect this ignorance, to oblige me to mention her myself.’

“‘Name her, then,’ I replied, ‘for I really have not wit enough to find her out?’

“‘Ah, how dull you are;’ cried the king; ‘but,’ added he, in some confusion, at the discovery of his weakness, ‘confess that all these qualities meet in my mistress; not that I have any design of marrying her; yet I wanted to know what you would say, if, not being able to meet with any other, I should one day take it into my head to make her my wife.’

“My astonishment was great when I found the end of all these artifices, and the conviction struck me that his majesty seriously thought of this most unworthy marriage. I affected, however, to believe he was jesting. My dissimulation did not succeed; Henry had not made such a painful effort to stop there.

“‘I command you,’ said he, ‘to speak your thoughts freely, you have acquired the right of speaking to me plain truths; do not apprehend that I shall be offended with you for doing so, provided it is in private, though in public it would displease me.’

“I then represented to him the disgrace of so scandalous an alliance, which so far from freeing France from the troubles of a doubtful succession, would embarrass it tenfold; for if he should

legitimate the children he had by the fair Gabrielle, yet that would not hinder the eldest, who was born in a double adultery, from being inferior to the second, whose birth was attended with but half that disgrace, and both must yield to those he had by her after she became his wife; it would be impossible to settle their claims, which could not fail of becoming grounds for endless quarrels and civil wars. ‘I leave you, sire,’ I concluded, ‘to make reflections on all this, before I say any more.’

“‘That would not be amiss,’ replied the king, overwhelmed by my arguments, ‘for you have said enough of this matter for the first time.’

“But such was the tyranny of that blind passion to which he was subjected, that in spite of himself he resumed the subject the next moment, by asking me, ‘whether I had any thoughts that the French nobility would rise in rebellion, if he actually married his mistress.’

“This question convinced me that his heart had received an incurable wound, and I treated it accordingly. We continued three hours alone in that garden, and I had the consolation to leave Henry fully convinced of the reasonableness of my objections.”

It appears from the history of Père Perefex, that although Henry for the first time mentioned Marie de Medicis among the list of princesses on whom he was likely to bestow his hand, yet his present wife and some of his ministers had resolved that this princess and none other should be the successor of Margueritte de Valois, who had herself signified at Rome her willingness to comply with the intended divorce in case the king gave his hand to her kinswoman Marie de Medicis; but when the king’s intention of marrying the Fair Gabrielle was made known at Rome, soon after the colloquy held with Sully, all parties were overwhelmed with consternation. Thereupon, Queen Margueritte withdrew her consent to the divorce, and vowed she never would yield her place to Madame Liancour who had so long scandalized France by double adultery. Madame de Liancour, to be even with her, lost no time in forwarding to Rome, by means of her agent Sillery, the ambassador for the

divorce, that infamous collection of calumnies, afterwards found in the Vatican, which has cast such a slur on the honour of the ill-fated Margueritte.

The pope, tormented at the annoyances, and dreading similar calamities to those which occurred in the previous century upon the divorce of Henry VIII. from Catherine of Arragon, when a Bourbon sacked Rome, was far from easy at the present discussions. As a remedy, the pope commanded a solemn fast to be held in Rome, as if all the Romans going without their dinners could inspire the great Henry with rational ideas on the subject of marriage. From that time the divorce remained in abeyance, and Henry in his turn began to think with consternation on the long delays in the progress of the divorce between Henry VIII. of England.

In the course of a few months, however, the untimely death of the Fair Gabrielle,\* set Henry's heart at liberty, and the divorce once more proceeded with the full consent of Queen Margueritte; but before it could be brought to a conclusion, Henry had again fallen in love, and was weak enough to give a written promise of marriage to Made-moiselle d'Entragues, and when Sully tore it in pieces, as related in the memoir† of this lady, Henry had the still greater folly to write another and put it into that vixen's hands, who used it, as might be expected, to the demolition of the peace of his married life.

"I was not of opinion," says Sully, "that this incident ought to stop the affair of the divorce, nor hinder another wife being sought for the king, but rather that it should hasten both. His majesty's agents at Rome made, therefore, the first overture of a marriage between Henry and the Princess Marie de Medicis, daughter to the late Grand Duke of Tuscany. By the force of reiterated importunity the king suffered us to proceed in this business, and even appointed the Constable, the Chancellor Sillery, Villeroi, and me, to treat with the grand duke's envoy whom he sent to Paris on the business. Joannini was the person deputed by Florence."

Marie de Medicis was the daughter

of Francis, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, by the Archduchess, Jane of Austria; therefore if Henry (as we have just seen) objected to her *parvenu* descent on the side of the merchant princes of the house of Medicis, he could not deny that she was granddaughter to the imperial family. This princess was an orphan, her father having died in the year 1588, and, as he left an only daughter, his brother Ferdinand de Medicis became Grand Duke, and acted as guardian to his niece. She was born April 26th, 1573.

Marie de Medicis inherited 600,000 crowns besides a splendid endowment of jewels, no inconsiderable portion of the great riches of her house. Marie was twenty-seven years of age when she married,\* had she been younger her temper would probably have better assimilated to her new country.

Sully hurried on the royal contract, lest Henry should change his mind, and Joannini, the ambassador from Florence, no sooner arrived in Paris, says Sully, "than I had the marriage articles drawn and instantly signed by us all. I was pitched upon to break the news to the king, who was far from expecting that the business was concluded so suddenly. As soon as I entered his apartment he asked whence I came?"

"'I come, sire, from marrying you,' was my reply. The king remained for a quarter of an hour, as if struck with a thunderbolt. He afterwards began to pace the chamber hastily; at length recovering himself like a man who has taken a sudden resolution—

"'Well,' said he, rubbing his hands, 'well! *de par dieu!* be it so! 'Since there is no remedy. If I must marry for the good of my kingdom, I must.'

"He acknowledged to me that the fear of succeeding no better in his second than his first marriage was the cause of his irresolution. By no means a strange caprice of the human mind, when his fair intended was yet a stranger to him."

Henry had been willing enough to marry either of his mistresses, the real

\* See these particulars in her Memoir.

† See Portrait and Memoir of Madame de Vernueil, in "Lady's Magazine," June 1836.

\* In the Memoir of Galligai, p. 32, vol. 12, March 1838, we have erroneously printed that this princess was sixteen years of age when married—she was then twenty-seven years of age.

objects of his heart's choice, but his reluctance arose from his aversion to a state marriage with a princess he had never seen.

The marriage, though contracted in the year 1599, was not solemnized until the following year.

During the interval between the king's contract and his marriage, he became every day more attached to Mademoiselle d'Entraques; she held the promise of marriage from him, and gave herself all the airs of a queen; the persuasions of the king's ministers, however, prevailed, and Bellegarde was sent to Florence to be the bearer of the procuration of marriage with Marie de Medicis. As this Adonis of the French court had been Henry's rival in more than one instance, the choice of the king's deputy does not seem to have been very prudent. Bellegarde was, however, only the bearer of the procuration, the bride's uncle, the Grand Duke Ferdinand, was the proxy who married in her Henry's name.

It was not till October 17th, 1600, that Marie de Medicis left Florence, having embarked at Leghorn with an escort of seventeen galleys, borrowed or hired by Henry, for he did not possess a single ship; she landed after a most tempestuous voyage, at Toulon, whence she came by the way of Marseilles and Avignon to Lyons. As soon as Henry was informed of her arrival, he quitted his camp, being then engaged in a war with the Duke of Savoy; it was very rainy weather, but he set out to ride post to Lyons, attended by a great part of the lords of his court. It was twelve o'clock at night when he got to the bridge of Lyons, and there he waited a full hour drenched with rain, and almost perished with cold, for it was the night of the 9th of November. He chose to submit to these inconveniences rather than announce his name, which would speedily have put an end to the delay and demur of opening the gates at that time of night. Henry had set his mind on surprising the queen, and got wet through rather than spoil his project. At last he was admitted into the town. The queen was at supper when he alighted. As he persisted in his intention of seeing her at table before he was made known to her, he went in as far as

the drawing-room, which was very much crowded, but he was known, the moment he appeared, by those nearest the door, who opened the throng to make way for him, upon which his majesty went away directly without going further.

The queen in the meantime became very well aware who was at hand, but still gave no other signs of agitation than putting away the plates as fast as she was served with any thing, so that she seemed to have set down rather for form's sake than to sup.

After the table was removed, she retired directly to her chamber. The king, who waited only for this, came to her chamber door, and ordered M. le Grand to go before; he knocked so hard, that the queen thought it must be the king, upon this she stepped forward at the very instant that M. le Grand entered the room, who was followed by his majesty, at whose feet the queen instantly threw herself. The king raised her up and embraced her with great tenderness, and all that was polite, passionate, and respectful, passed on both sides. After the first compliments were over, the king took her hand and led her to the fire-place, where he continued talking with her more than half an hour. Sully, who was of the riding party to Lyons, says, "That the marriage ceremony was performed that very evening without any pomp, and that the party then attended the king to supper, where he ate very sparingly, and afterwards dismissed us to refresh ourselves." A public marriage took place between the royal pair at the cathedral of Lyons, December the 10th.

Henry staid with his bride some time in the south, negotiating the peace which was afterwards concluded with the Duke of Savoy. He made an excuse to go to Paris on this business, and while the young Queen followed him slowly to Nemours, he crossed the Seine, and took the opportunity of devoting three days to his mistress, the Marchioness of Vernueil—as his favorite Bassompierre, companion in iniquity, and attendant at this escapade, has informed the world. He proceeds to say, that when the Queen arrived at Nemours, Henry rode post

to meet her, and carried her to Fontainebleau, where she staid some days before her entry into Paris.

Sully had the superintendence of her magnificent entry—these are his words:

“She brought with her, her uncle, Don John, and an illegitimate cousin of the family of Medicis, Virgilius Ursinus, who had been brought up with her while quite young, and had conceived hopes above his condition. Many more Italians of both sexes were in her train: amongst others, a girl called Leonora Galligai,\* and a young man named Concini, who afterwards played a great part in France.

“I went to Paris eight days before the queen to make preparations for the ceremony of her entry, which was performed with great magnificence. The next day, the king brought the queen and the whole court to dine with me at the arsenal.”

It was at this festival, that Sully played the trick on the queen’s Italian ladies, by substituting for water in their Burgundy the white wine of Arbois, which is clear and colourless as rock water; the ladies all became merrier than was quite becoming, but as the joy of the occasion had overcome the gravity of the prime minister, no one thought the worse of the poor ladies.

Sully, at this marriage festival, ordered all the cannon of the arsenal to be fired three times. From the arsenal, the queen was carried in a litter along the moats of the city, and lodged that night at Zamet’s house, the king’s banker, and after that at the Louvre.

Among the accomplishments of the house of Medici, the ladies prided themselves on their skill in composing *ballets*. Marie de Medicis contrived several of these splendid representations, wherein herself and her ladies took part. Just after her marriage, she composed a ballet, and danced in it with thirteen ladies of her court, a sort of quadrille, called *escadron*.

Henry who stood by, pointed out

the fair dancers to the pope’s nuncio, saying, “Monsieur, in all my martial experience I never saw a finer squadron, or one more perilous to the heart of man to encounter.”

The whole of the succeeding year, from the marriage of the queen to the birth of the dauphin, Sully declares was spent by the court in balls and festivals. Preparations were made for the queen’s confinement at Fontainebleau.

In a letter he wrote to Sully, some days before that event, Henry says—

“Bring no people on business with you at this time, no mention must be made of any thing of the kind during the first week of my wife’s lying-in, we shall have sufficient employment to hinder her from getting cold.”

At length, says the faithful minister, the moment arrived which was to fill the whole kingdom with joy: the queen on the 17th of September 1601 gave birth to a dauphin, whose strong health as well as that of the queen, filled the kingdom with hope, and to no one gave more joy than myself, for I was attached to the king by the tenderest ties of affection. He was so well convinced of this truth, that he did me the honour to give me notice of the birth of the dauphin by a billet, which at ten at night he sent from Fontainebleau to Paris containing only these words: “The queen has just brought me a son; I send you the news that you may rejoice with me.” He ordered me (by La Varenne in another letter he sent me as grand master of the ordnance) to fire the cannon of the arsenal for the birth of the dauphin, which was performed in such a manner that the report was even heard by him at Fontainebleau!

Henry seems to have acted over again, with his little babe, the same fond scene performed by his own grandfather, the gallant king Henry of Navarre; the king, according to Père Perefice, “placed the infant’s hand on the hilt of his own sword, praying to heaven to give him grace only to make use of it for God’s glory, and the defence of France. My dearest,” continued he, turning to the queen, “be of good cheer, for God has granted us what we wanted.” Just at that in-

\* See this portrait and Memoir, March, 1838, and a tale succeeding this Memoir of Marie de Medicis, in which are given the extraordinary details of the latter days of her life.

stant a shock of earthquake was felt, which was perceptible all over France. Perhaps this phenomenon coincided with the superstition which was ever lurking in the great mind of Henry.

"He had carefully sought," pursues Sully, "the best watches that could be procured, that the exact moment of the birth of the dauphin might be known, and then he commanded La Riviere, his first physician, to calculate the royal infant's nativity. The various emotions that assailed the heart of Henry, when his heir was presented to him, made him forget La Riviere and his nativity, who had, however, nothing else to engage his attention, since a female attended the queen named Louise Bourgeois."

Those were curious times when a royal physician had nothing better to employ him than to cast horoscopes. Physicians in those days did the work of conjurers.

About a fortnight afterwards, the king and his prime minister were talking over the celebrated prediction of the astrologer La Brosse (which Sully did not scruple to affirm was the origin of his unswerving adherence to the fortunes of Henry), and moralized on its extraordinary fulfilment in every particular, when the king suddenly remembering the horoscope he had ordered the first physician to commence in the queen's chamber, continues Sully, "he became curious in regard to his infant son's fortune, and immediately sent for the physician, La Riviere, to discuss the nativity."

La Riviere, it seems, was very sulky because his conjurations had not been thought of before, and Henry had both to scold and coax him before he would communicate the dauphin's fortunes; at last with a discontented air he said—

"Sire, your son will live out the common age of man (*that was a mistake for he died at forty two*) and will reign longer than you, but his inclination and yours will be very different, he will be obstinate in his opinions (*he was only too flexible*) often governed by his own whims and sometimes by those of others (*he never had a will of his own*), it will be safer to think than speak, (*it needed no horoscope to find out that*) impending ruin threatens all your former society,

all the effects of your prudence will be destroyed, he will perform great things, will be fortunate in his designs, and make a great figure in Europe; (*never was astrologer more mistaken*) in his time there will be a vicissitude of peace and war; he will have children, and after him things will grow worse. This is all you can know from me, and more than I had intended to tell you."

The king, after musing on what he had heard for a little while, said to La Riviere, "You mean this in allusion to the protestants."

"I shall say no more," replied the physician.

"His majesty and I continued a long time in conversation making reflections on every word spoken by La Riviere, which strongly remained on the king's mind."

Here was a pretty employment for a king and his minister, two of the wisest men of their age.

"It was not possible for me to remain long at Fontainebleau, but the king continued to write to me from time to time a minute account of everything that happened. 'You cannot imagine,' says he, in one of these letters, 'how well my wife is recovered; she dresses her head herself,\* and talks already of getting up.' In another, when the dauphin was but nine days old, he says, 'The queen is surprisingly strong, and goes already to her closet; my son is likewise very well, I thank God these are the best news I can send to a faithful and affectionate servant whom I tenderly love.'"

Henry sent his son to St. Germain to be nursed on account of the salubrity of the air; he chose to have him shown to all Paris, for which purpose he was carried openly through the midst of this great city, an example imitated, with improvements, in the case of the recently born Count de Paris by the descendant of Henry the 4th, the present Duke of Orleans.

"Henry the 4th had made a promise to the queen, that if she brought him a son he would present her with the cas-

\* The intolerable yoke of etiquette was subsequently laid on the royal family of France by the absurd palace regulations of Louis 14th. We see here under the king's own hand, that his royal partner dressed her own hair.



tle of Monceaux. 'My wife,' said he, in a letter to me, "has earned Monceaux by bringing me a son, therefore I desire you will send for the President Forget, to confer with him about the affair.'"

"The city of Paris having likewise promised the queen a present of a suit of tapestry hangings for her chamber, his majesty in this letter reminded me to demand it."

"Five days before the birth of the dauphin, the Infanta Anne Maria, his future wife, was born in Spain."

For a few months after she became the mother of a dauphin, the life of the young queen seems to have been spent in the highest degree of worldly felicity. Ignorant of her husband's attachment to Madame de Verneuil, it would have been happy for her if the inquisitive propensities of her favourite, Leonora Galligai, had never been exercised to obtain information which for ever destroyed the domestic happiness of the queen and her royal partner. The first matrimonial quarrel took place just before the queen was likely again to increase the royal family. Henry vowed vengeance against all the Italians of the queen's household, and threatened that they should forthwith be expelled from France; but fears of harrassing the queen in her delicate situation caused him to suspend the order for the banishment of her foster-sister, Leonora and others, her aiders and abettors. Nevertheless, Henry certainly loved his wife—though he did not give to her his undivided heart, he gave her his confidence and informed her of every thing of consequence to him and his kingdom; the mysterious and troublesome rebellion of that impracticable madman, Biron, took place about this time; and Henry confided to the queen every step he meant to take in that difficult affair. Biron was closely connected with the Count of Auvergne, son of Charles the 9th and Marie Touchet,\* brother to Madame de Verneuil. During this agitating time the queen became the mother of the princess Elizabeth,† afterwards married

to Philip the 4th of Spain. The queen mourned over the birth of this beautiful child because she did not think the succession sufficiently secured without a second son; but Henry welcomed the little princess with the paternal tenderness that formed a leading feature in his character. As before, on the occasion of the dauphin's birth, when he gave up all public business to be an attendant in the chamber of the queen, nothing could exceed his anxious attentions. Scarcely was the queen recovered when an illness that threatened to be mortal assailed the king, who supposing himself in a dying state, gave her most affectionate and sagacious advice regarding the future government of France. Notwithstanding these marks of confidence, the queen's jealousy was blown into a furious flame by Madame de Verneuil, who exhibited the marriage promise the imprudent Henry had renewed, after Sully had torn one, and proclaimed to all her party at court, that the queen was an interloper, and her children illegitimate. This was certainly no common case of jealousy, and when we find that Henry was weak enough to insist on the reception of this person at court by the queen, we can scarcely marvel at the uneasiness of mind exhibited by Marie de Medicis. The Roman church, if we look into its annals, was always extremely particular in enforcing the fulfilment of mutual vows and marriage promises,\* and if the tide of political circumstances set in any way against her, Marie de Medicis must have seen that she was, with her infants, in a far worse predicament than the crowned queen of Edward the 4th of England, seemed to be at the death of that monarch. History is full of blame and animadversions on the bad and jealous temper of Queen Marie de Medicis, but we do not ever recollect seeing any

\* See the Paston papers, relating to the curious ecclesiastical enquiry in regard to the love troth plighted between the sister of Sir John Paston and a candle-maker of Norwich. The young lady took refuge with the Bishop of Norwich from the persecution of her family, whose pride was wounded by the misalliance. The bishop seems unwilling to uphold her, but the laws of the church in regard to mutual engagements, at least in private life, seems irrefragable, and Margaret had her candle-man.

\* See her Portrait and Memoir in "The Lady's Magazine" for February, 1836.

† Likewise called Isabella. A Portrait of this beautiful queen is in progress.

candid statement of the provocations she received, or the difficulties of her situation. From the time of the birth of the princess Elizabeth, Sully seems to have been fully employed in reconciling the quarrels which the mischievous Madame de Verneuil fomented between the royal pair.

The chief object of Biron's rebellion (if object be had), seems to have been to get the sister of his ally and friend, the Count d'Auvergne acknowledged Queen of France, and her children acknowledged as Henry's heirs; the Marchioness de Verneuil being, as we have shown in her memoir, half sister to this young prince. We can scarcely blame him for his attempt to assert the honour of his sister; the odium rests on the intolerable infatuation of Henry, who was not content with having armed the lady and her friends with this marriage promise (in spite of the wise precautions of his prime-minister); but in the midst of these turmoils, still continued to visit her as his mistress. Biron, who was a fit subject for medical restraint, being entirely mad, was the victim. Madame de Verneuil had influence enough to save her brother, and he was sent a state prisoner to the Bastille from which he was afterwards released; and again confined as we shall show in its place. After this brief explanation of the causes of the troubles of Marie de Medicis' married life, we pursue the thread of events which befel her.

In the year 1605 she received her predecessor, Queen Margueritte de Valois, with the greatest respect and affection; she visited this princess, who came to take up her abode near Paris, and paid her every possible attention. Notwithstanding Henry's pleasure in the agreeable conversation of his beautiful cousin and former wife was so marked as to set some court jests afloat, yet it does not seem to have raised any jealousy in the breast of Marie de Medicis; she evidently looked up to Margueritte as to a protectress, being her nearest relation in France, and the person who had voluntarily resigned her high station that she might become queen of that realm and wife to the great Henry. The dauphin, as the son of the king and Marie de Medicis, was

the offspring of the two nearest relatives of Margueritte, and with the exception of the children of her eldest sister Claude, Duchess of Lorraine, her only relatives, and on this son of Marie de Medicis, Queen Margueritte settled all the property she inherited from Catherine de Medicis, her mother. She afterwards stood godmother to the children of Henry, and as she resided near Paris, Queen Marie de Medicis frequently sent her royal infants to visit the former wife of her husband, an instance almost without parallel in the history of divorces.

At the close of the year 1605, the queen was indisposed in body and mind, fretful, unhappy, and jealous, fancying she should never survive the birth of the infant she expected, and altogether she led the great Henry a very unhappy life by night as well as by day. All this may be gathered from the new-year's visit paid by the Duke of Sully at the bedside of the royal pair, January 1st., 1606. This scene casts a lively light on the manners and customs of those times of which the most singular is, the want of privacy that attended the actual sleeping chambers of the royal family of France as well as their dressing and meals.

"The king and queen being at Paris this year, I went to the Louvre in the morning to pay my respects to them and offer the usual presents. I did not find the king in his own chamber; Armagnac told me that he was in that of the queen, and probably their majesties were still asleep because the queen had been greatly indisposed, which had kept them awake almost the whole night. I passed on to the queen's apartments to inquire of La Renouillière and Catherine Selvage the state of her majesty's health. I knocked as softly as possible at the door, that I might not wake them. I found that courtiers were already admitted, for several voices, which I knew to be those of Roquelaure, Frontenac and Beringhen, asked all at once 'Who's there?' and when I answered, I heard them say to the king, 'Sire, it is the grand master.'

"'Come in, Rosny,' called his majesty to me; 'you will think us lazy, till you know that my wife's illness has kept us so late in bed; but she growing

easy, we fell asleep, and neither awoke till six o'clock, when she aroused me by groans, sighs, and tears, for which she has assigned imaginary causes. I will tell you what they are when some of these folks have left the room, for you will not fail to speak your mind freely, and I believe your advice will be useful on this, as on other occasions. But in the meantime, let us see what you have brought us for new-year's gifts; for I perceive you have in company three of your secretaries, each loaded with a velvet bag.'

" 'I remember sire,' replied I, 'that when I last saw the queen and your majesty together, you were both in very good humour, in expectation of another son, and believing I should still find you in a pleasant mood, I have brought you a great many new-year's gifts, which I hope will afford you satisfaction, from the pleasure they will give to the persons among whom I shall distribute them in your name; only I should wish your majesty and the queen to be present when it is done.'

" 'Though she says nothing to you and pretends to play the dormouse as usual,' said the king, 'yet I know she is not asleep, but she is offended with you and me; we will talk of this when only you, Renouillière, and Catherine are present, for they know something of the matter. But let us see your gifts.'

" 'These presents' said I to his majesty, 'are not the most magnificent that the treasurer of a great monarch could provide; but small as they are, they will produce you more gratitude and affection than the excessive gifts you lavish upon persons who I am well assured only return your bounty by thankless murmurs.'

" 'I understand you by half a word,' replied Henry, 'as you sometimes shew that you do me; but let us see your presents and talk no more of what you have heard.'

" I then ordered my three secretaries to approach—'Sire,' said I, 'here is Arnaud the elder, who carries in this bag, which holds the council papers, three purses of gold medals.'

" I showed them to the king, and explained the motto which expressed the affection of the people for their monarch.

" 'One of these purses, sire,' continued I, 'is for yourself, the other for the queen, and the third for the dauphin, that is to say, for *Mamanga*, if her majesty does not keep it herself, as she always does.'

We must here interrupt the great Sully's conversation, to notice how the small traits discernable in every-day occurrences, throw a strong light on the personal characters of royal individuals, who, when invested with supreme command, show on an extensive scale the peculiarities that were once only exhibited in their routine of every-day life. Marie de Medicis, as queen-regent, was remarkable for a rapacious acquisitiveness, grasping everything she could obtain for her separate hoards, which she dispensed in boundless profusion to two or three favourites, who had the management and mastery over her mind. Here is an instance of the unpopular manner in which she increased her stores. *Mamanga* was Madame de Monglat, the governess of the dauphin, of whom he was very fond, and called her by that pet name at that time, when he was about five years old, and for long after. Sully had provided a bag of gold medals for the dauphin to distribute under the direction of this lady, to his attendants and court servants. The queen, it seems, on account of the infancy of her son, always seized this bag and kept the medals herself, a mode of proceeding not approved by Sully, we can plainly see by his manner of commenting on it in the queen's hearing. This little trait of unwise meanness will account for the excessive unpopularity of Marie de Medicis as a sovereign regnant. A parsimonious queen, like Elizabeth of England, might withhold perquisites, but an acquisitive one like Marie de Medicis, seized them unjustly, when provided by state etiquette for part of her family. Modern history has been foolishly divorced from biography, and yet one half century of a people's welfare may take its bias from the private propensities of a sovereign invested with plenary power. The acquisitiveness of Marie de Medicis was solely exerted to feed the cravings of the most rapacious woman in Europe, her favourite

and foster-sister Leonora Galligai who wholly governed her royal mistress. Marie was foolishly prodigal to one person and avaricious to the rest of the world. Need we, therefore, marvel at her unpopularity ; but we resume the narrative of Henry's great prime minister :—

“ ‘In this bag, sire, likewise are eight purses of silver medals struck in the same manner, two for your majesty, two for the queen, and four for Renouilliére, Catherine Selvage and such other ladies of the queen's bed-chamber as she shall please to give them to. Arnaud the younger has in his bag five and twenty purses of silver medals to be distributed by the dauphin and Madame Montglat among the nurses and other women attendants on your children, and among the queen's maids ; and in the third bag which Le Gendre carries, there are thirty little bags of a hundred crowns each, in demi-franks, all new, and so large that they look like whole ones, these are for presents to the queen's maids, to the women of her chamber and those belonging to the children of France, according to your orders. I have left two large bags in my coach in the care of my servants, full of *douzaines*, all new likewise, and each bag worth a hundred crowns ; these are to be divided among the poor invalids on the quays of the river near the Louvre, which are, I am told, almost full. I have sent thither twelve of the most charitable men of the city, to range them in order and distribute your alms. You cannot imagine how much these trifling new year's gifts always please the queen's maids and the women of her chamber ; they all declare they do not regard these gifts for the value, but as instances of your regard for them ; especially the queen's maids who say that what is given them for clothes they must lay out as directed, but these hundred crowns they may lay out in what trifles they please, which is more to their taste.’

“ ‘But, Rosny,’ said his majesty to me, ‘will you give them their New Year's gifts without making them kiss you for them?’

“ ‘Truly, sire,’ replied I, ‘since you once commanded me to kiss them I am

under no necessity of prayers and entreaties, all her majesty's maids and women come very willingly—as for Madame de Drou, who is so devout, she only laughs at it.’

“ ‘Ah! Rosny,’ continued the great Henry with the same gaiety, ‘since it is so, pray tell me, truly, who kisses you most willingly, and which of them do you think the handsomest?’

“ ‘Faith, sire, I cannot tell you, for I have no leisure to think of gallantry, and I believe I take as little notice of their beauty as they do of mine. I kiss them as we do relics when we present our offerings.’

“ At this the king laughed aloud, and addressing himself to those who were present, said—

“ ‘What do you think of this prodigal financier, who makes such rich presents out of his master's pocket for kisses?’

“ After laughing heartily, and diverting himself for some moments with the thought—

“ ‘Go to breakfast,’ said he to his courtiers, ‘and leave us to confer a little on matters of more importance.’

Every one retiring but Renouilliére and Catherine, the king gently pushed the queen, saying—

“ Awake you, dormouse, and give me a kiss and be peevish no more, for all our trifling quarrels are already forgotten by me. You imagine that Rosny here favours me in our little disputes ; you would be undeceived if you knew with what freedom he sometimes tells me truths, and though I often warmly resent such liberties, yet I am not really offended with him ; on the contrary I should believe that he no longer loved me if he ceased to make such remonstrances as he thought were necessary for the honour of my person, the good of my kingdom, and my people's happiness. For be assured, my dear, added he, there are none so just and upright who would not wholly fall, without being supported by the good councils of prudent friends and faithful servants ; and, to convince you of the truth of what I say, know that Rosny has been continually cautioning me for the last few days that you ought not to be discomposed for fear of hurting your health.”

"Then this good prince, assuming a tone still more tender, entreated her to tell him, before me, what was the cause of her awaking, sighing and suffocated with tears. The queen at last turning to him, declared that her grief was occasioned by a dream confirming what had been predicted to her a few days before; this seems to have been, that she should not have another son, which it seems she passionately desired, and what was more mischievous that she should not get well through her confinement. The queen continued, 'that, when awake, her mind had been relieved by weeping.' She then, in her turn, entreated the king not to give her any farther uneasiness by talking as if he preferred the company of other persons to her's—'and those too,' pursued she, 'who are not only unfaithful to you but hate you in their hearts; I appeal for the truth of this to M. de Rosny (the Duke of Sully), whose word I will take.'"

"I," continued Sully, "avoided this explanation by answering in a general manner, 'that it gave me great joy to see their majesties open their minds to each other thus freely on their little differences, for when that was the case it would be an easy matter to put an end to them for the future.'"

The queen alluded to Madame de Verneuil, and Sully well knew that her assertion was true, for this person certainly not only hated the king, and spoke most evilly of him even to his face, but had actually conspired with her brother against his life. It was deeply provoking to the queen to know that Henry still visited this person, and thrust her into his wife's society in spite of all these daring outrages. Whenever the queen demanded the dismissal of this insolent courtesan the king insisted that Leonora Galligai, who made mischief in his domestic circle, should be sent back to Italy; at the conclusion of this bed-chamber council, held by their majesties *au lit*, Sully was very earnest for them to agree to dismiss each the other's antipathy, the king banishing forthwith his mistress to her province, and the queen sending all her Italian retinue, with Leonora and Concini, "across the mountains," his own expression, where-

by Sully would have got rid of more plagues than one. They both declared that they would consider of it, and the queen calling for her tire-woman, and the king for his clothes, "I withdrew."

On the 10th of February, after this conversation on New Year's morning, 1606, the queen gave birth to her second daughter, the Princess Christina; she was in great tribulation because the babe was a girl, but the king comforted her with his usual gaiety, saying "that if his second daughter did not meet with a proper establishment, there were plenty more in France who would be in a similar condition, and that if her mother had not borne a daughter, she would not then have been Queen of France."

After the recovery of the queen, which, contrary to the prophecies of the conjurors she had consulted, was remarkably rapid, preparations were made at Paris for a royal ceremony of the baptism of the dauphin and his two little sisters. The principal god-mother, was the queen's eldest sister, Eleanor, wife of the duke Vincentio de Gonzagua, duke of Mantua. Now it was that the princes of the blood royal derided the mercantile descent of the queen's family, refusing to attend the ceremony, if they had to give precedence to the duchess of Mantua. The king insisted that every honour should be paid to the eldest sister of their queen, but as the dispute grew warm he transferred the ceremony to Fontainebleau under pretence that the plague had broken out in Paris, and the tournaments and diversions projected for this festival were dispensed with or deferred.

The queen had nearly lost her life during this absence of the court from the capital: the annals of de Thou, and the *Mercure de France*, thus record the particulars of that accident.

"On Friday, the 9th of June, as the king and queen were crossing the water, in the ferry-boat, at Nieully, on their return from St. Germain-en-Laye, the duke of Vendome, the king's eldest son by the Fair Gabrielle being with them, all these royal personages were in great danger of being drowned."

De Thou, the great historian, declares, "that this dangerous accident befell the royal party after their coach

in which they were seated was drawn into the ferry-boat, this boat having no rails, the two fore horses being restless got so much to one side that they fell in, and drew the coach after them. It was raining, and for this cause the queen, the king, the duke de Vendome, the princes de Conti, and the duke de Montpensier had not alighted. The gentlemen attending the royal carriage threw themselves into the water in such a hurry to save the king and queen that they did not take off their swords: they swam to the place where they had seen the king disengage himself from the carriage, and when they had saved him from danger, in spite of all they could say he insisted on returning to the water to help his queen and his son. The queen had on this occasion drunk a great deal more than was agreeable to her, and had it not been for one of her footmen and a gentlemen named La Chataignerie who threw themselves desperately into the water to pull her out, she would inevitably have been drowned. La Chataignerie caught hold of her hair as she was sinking.

As soon as the queen had recovered a little breath she gave a deep sigh, and asked where the king was. The king began to laugh with his accustomed gaiety as soon as he found that she and all the party were safe; he declared as they had eaten salt fish that Friday and were thirstier than usual, it was proper that they should swallow plenty of water. He was cured too, he said, by the alarm of a violent tooth-ache, and he declared it was the first time he had met with an effectual remedy for that pain.

"The queen testified her gratitude to La Chataignerie who had been chiefly instrumental in saving her life, by giving him a present of jewels and settling on him a pension for life."

The coaches of the great Henry were not inclosed with glass windows but had canopies and pillars with leather curtains; had the royal family been shut up in a carriage similar to the modern coaches, the accident would in all probability have been a fatal one.

It is very evident from this incident that the royal pair were attached to each other, for the king just saved

from drowning, again risked his life to preserve her's, and her first sigh on recovering from being half drowned was for him; there is little doubt that she would have won his heart entirely from her rivals if she could have controlled her jealous and discontented temper. Sully gives us more than one scene showing how very happy the king was when the queen was cheerful and good humoured, and how often her name was on his lips. The reader will observe, as a trait of the affectionate nature of Henry, that he always calls her his *wife* rather than the queen.

"It was to make a party for the chase that Henry had risen so early in the morning, and he was resolved to dine upon the partridges he took in hawking; he used to say that he never thought them so tender and good as when they were taken in this manner. About noon he entered the great hall, calling to his gentleman in waiting who stayed there for his return.

"Cocquet, you must not complain of Roquelaure, Frontinac and me for want of a dinner for we have brought something to treat you with, but go immediately and send these birds to be dressed, and mind and let eight be reserved for my wife. Bonneval here shall carry them to her, and let him tell her that I am going to drink her health. There are three partridges, very fat and not in the least bitten which I took from the hawks myself."

As Henry was sending his partridges to the queen, La Clielle came in with Parfait, carrying in a large silver gilt basin covered with a napkin.

"Sire," cried he, "I embrace your knees, and bring you a great many melons, and very fine ripe ones they are."

"See how rejoiced Parfait is," said the king, "his pleasure in bringing what I like so much will make him fatter by an inch on the ribs. He has brought me some most excellent melons. I am glad of it, for I will eat my fill of them to-day. They never hurt me when they are good and I eat them when I am hungry, as the physicians direct. I will give you each a melon when I have chosen some for

my wife, and for another person to whom I have promised some."

The king then going to his own apartment gave a couple of melons to two boys who were at the door, whispering something at the same time. He then came out of his long closet to go to his aviary, and perceived Beringhen and La Font, the latter bringing something covered up in his hand.

"La Font," said Henry, "are you bringing me a ragout to stay my stomach."

"No sire," said Beringhen, "these are only raw meats fit but to feast the eyes with."

"That is not what I want," said his majesty, "for I am excessively hungry, and would rather have my dinner than any other thing; but La Font what is it you carry covered up?"

"Patterns, sire," said he "of rich stuffs, carpets and tapestry, which your best manufacturers have undertaken to copy."

"Oh," said Henry, "they will afford us some amusement after dinner, I will shew them to my wife and to another person whose opinion and mine do not always agree; especially when we are talking of what he calls baubles and trifles. I believe," added he, "you all guess who I mean. I should be glad to have been present with my wife when you show us these stuffs, that I may have their opinions; he often tells me," said his majesty, speaking of me but without naming me, "that he never thinks any thing good or fine that costs double its real value, and that I ought to consider the same of all goods excessively dear." I let him talk, for he is not a man of few words. Fourcy, go for him immediately, and that he may be here the sooner, take one of my coaches or your own."

While Fourcy goes for the great prime minister to dine with Henry Quatre and his queen, we will notice that this invitation was to make up one of those temporary quarrels these true friends often had when Sully pressed good advice too closely on his king.

This quarrel is not relevant to our memoir, but we must observe on the preceding observation of the king, that prompted by the queen, who in point

of encouragement of the arts was a true daughter of the De Medicis, Henry had introduced into France many rich manufactures at a great expense to himself. We find that Sully, whose virtues were all of the economical class, opposed these measures, but the king and queen were in this instance better politicians than the great and honest financier, since vast sums were expended out of the kingdom by the magnificent noblesse of France, for velvets, brocades, and tapestry, which came from the cities of Italy,—as Venice, Genoa, Mantua, and Padua. Owing to the encouragement given by Henry and his queen to the manufactories established during his reign and her regency, France has since not only supplied herself with those beautiful productions, but a great part of the world. Sully's policy was to cherish and encourage the actual growth of the soil of France, the wine corn and olives of that fine country; he was the great patron of the landed interest. Marie de Medicis stimulated her husband to transplant into France the elegant arts which brought wealth and distinction to Italy. It does not however seem that the queen foresaw the good consequences which would result from this indulgence of her tastes, for never did there exist a more short-sighted person as to the consequences of her own actions; her desire of immediate possession of beautiful articles, without sending money to purchase them, appears to have been the real secret of the good which she thus unintentionally effected. Her patronage and fine taste in painting and sculpture, to which neither Henry nor his great minister gave a moment's consideration, sprang from a motive becoming a queen,—an exquisite perception of the ideal in the fine arts; in her patronage of Rubens she forgot her usual selfishness, feeling it a point of honour that a De Medicis should keep up the reputation of the family as munificent patrons of art. Thus we take the opportunity of illustrating the disposition of this queen from the private anecdotes unveiled by contemporary authors, showing how her tastes and propensities benefitted the country she governed, in what instances she was a voluntary agent of

good, and when she accidentally effected it. It is the close analysis of the springs of action in the private life of the rulers of nations which makes history the science of kings, and a profitable study of causes and effects for all mankind.

When Sully came to the royal dinner to which he had been bidden, the king received him very affectionately, and they soon entered into important discussions. He says—

“Our conversation, which had commenced in so gay and lively a strain, had taken a very serious deliberative turn, when it was interrupted by the queen who had left her table and joined us. The king rising gallantly, went to meet her, and handed her to her seat by his side.” Here we see that the customs of France were in direct opposition to the present etiquette in England, as the queen joined the social circle after dinner instead of retreating from it.

“‘Well, my dear,’ said Henry, ‘were not the melons and partridges I sent you very good? If your appetite has been as keen as mine, you have dined extremely well. I never ate so well as I have done to-day, ask Rosny, he will tell you the occasion of it, the good news I have received on every side to-day has made me more than usually cheerful.’”

“The queen, who was likewise in a very happy temper, replied, ‘That for the diversion of his majesty she had been all the morning making preparations for a ballet and an interlude of her own invention, the ballet was to represent the Golden Age, and the interlude the diversions of the Four Seasons. I do not say,’ added the queen, ‘but what I have had a little assistance, for Duret and La Claville have been with me consulting the whole morning while you were at the chace.’”

“‘How charmed I am to see you in this humour, my dear,’ said Henry to her, ‘I beseech you that we may always live together in this manner.’”

“Fourcy was then ordered to shew her the patterns of the rich stuffs and the tapestry. The king desired the queen to tell him how they pleased her.”

“‘As for you,’ said he, turning to

me, ‘I already know your opinion of such matters.’”

The next account of the queen is just before the birth of that second son she had so ardently desired to have on account of the security of the succession in her progeny. The royal children were then at Fleury when Henry and the queen set out March 20th, 1607, to visit them and take them to spend the spring at Fontainebleau.

In a letter still extant, Henry gives Sully the particulars of this journey, saying, “That the dauphin had come out a league to meet him and that he found him very handsome; that the queen was well in health and that they expected soon to arrive at Fontainebleau. ‘Send me news of the city of Paris,’ said he in a letter dated April 2nd. ‘My wife and I are in good health, as are likewise my children, who are the prettiest creatures in the world and give me infinite pleasure.’”

We may suppose it was about this time when the king was surprised by Lord Howard of Effingham crawling round the room on all fours with one of his infants on his back, he stopped, looked up, and asking whether the English envoy was a father, and being told he was, “Then,” said Henry, “I shall take another round.”

Pere Perefice declares this king, in whom the natural affections were so strong, would suffer none of his children to address him by his titles of majesty; he taught them to call him papa, and would hear from them no other appellation. The queen ought to have forgiven or rather been blind to some of his errors, for many kings had similar frailties but few his amiable qualities. She wrecked her peace by listening to tale-bearers, and Leonora Galligai boasted that she had more influence over the queen’s heart than the king.

The queen’s second son was born on the 16th of April, 1607. He was afterwards called the Duke of Orleans. He died in his fifth year, but survived his royal father. During the queen’s confinement the king had paid a visit to his mistress, Madame de Moret, to the great chagrin of his wife; this person was the mistress second in rank and influence to Madame de Vernueil, but she was not so much the object of the



queen's passionate jealousy, because she had never treated her with insolence; it was her promise of marriage given by the imprudent Henry to Madame de Verneuil which was the fire-brand of discord in the royal family. Madame de Verneuil had the audacity to tell the queen that she usurped her place, and was neither queen of France nor Henry's lawful wife; which taunts may be no small excuse for the uneasiness and jealousy of Marie de Medicis.

From the time of the birth of the queen's second son, the matrimonial life of the royal pair became disturbed with new dissensions. Madame de Verneuil had at this time regained her old influence over the king, which had been strongly shaken by her flagrant conduct during the rebellion of her brother some years before. She had then declared that the queen had threatened her with her vengeance; that her life was not safe, and she had requested permission of Henry to retire into banishment in Spain; she expected to agonise the king's love by this threatened retreat, but Henry told her she was very welcome to go and that he thought it the best thing she could do. She had expected to make him furious against the queen by this complaint, and deeply mortified by the king's readiness to part with her, even into the country of his enemies, she added that she could not leave her children in France at the mercy of the queen and she meant to withdraw them to Spain. That, the king protested should not be done; he gave her, however, a written permission to withdraw herself whenever she thought proper. Her next step was to conspire with her father and brother to carry off her children to Spain, meaning, under colour of the promise she held, to assert their claims to the crown of France. Henry discovered this plot; she was imprisoned, and her father and brother condemned to death, but by her tears and entreaties her father and brother were liberated on condition of her giving up the marriage promise of which she made such a tormenting use; but all three were soon after implicated in a plot against the king's life, which caused the Count d'Entragues to be confined to his estate, and her brother, the Count d'Auvergne, to be impris-

oned in the Bastille. Madame was required to confine herself to her beautiful estate of Verneuil, where she abode for seven months, leaving the court in unusual peace and quiet, while her misdeeds were being examined by the procureur-general. Under the king's direction he acquitted her of treason. After all this turmoil the queen had the mortification of finding her husband gradually resuming his old partiality for this woman, an infatuation the more intolerable, because the piquant sprightliness and wit that had at first been used by the vixen Verneuil to captivate Henry had now degenerated into insolent sarcasm and vituperation; she always hated Henry, and now she railed at him and calumniated him as intolerably before his face as she used to do when he was absent. All Henry's friends felt that his infatuation had become hopeless when such a course of conduct failed to disgust him.

Several of the king's letters to Sully are dated from Verneuil in 1607. This was the seat and marquisate he had given to his mistress. The natural consequence of these visits was that his life was made wretched by the queen's bewailings and unhappy temper when he returned to her. Henry keenly felt the misery arising from his own want of moral rectitude, but as he persisted in the wrong doing which was the cause of it, his domestic uneasiness rapidly increased instead of diminishing. Because he was amiable and sweet-tempered, he considered that he was injured in being made unhappy. In fact, many good-tempered criminals have an earnest wish to enjoy all the calm delights and blessings that attend a virtuous social life, and to continue at the same time in the commission of sin. This is an experiment often tried; but, if we examine every grade of life, from Henry the Great on his glorious throne, down to the private individual of profligate habits of the present day, we shall find it has never succeeded, even if aided by all the good gifts of mind, person, and fortune which an immoral man can possibly possess.

Henry the Great had conquered many difficulties, but he found it was impracticable to reconcile sin and domestic happiness together. It is not every

immoral man who has goodness enough to comprehend the blessings of social life, or who wishes to possess them; but Henry sighed ardently for the tender friendship and soothing kindness which man can only find in wedded life; many a peasant in his kingdom could afford to pay the price at which such a treasure as a faithful, undivided heart could be bought, but the greatest sovereign on earth could not possess the treasure he desired, because he would not pay the price at a personal sacrifice. The remainder of his life was an exemplification of this truth.

"The reader may perceive," says the Duke of Sully, "that in my memoirs of late years, I have dwelt little on the foibles of Henry, except those with the Fair Gabrielle and Madame de Verneuil, the name of none other woman has been mentioned in these memoirs with the title of mistress to the king. I choose rather to suppress all the trouble his weakness made me suffer, than make it fully known at the expense of my master's glory. But the following embarrassing affair in which I was involved with the quarrels of the king and queen, I have excepted from this rule.

"On one of these occasions, when Henry was most deeply affected with the temper of the queen, it was reported that he had quitted her in great agitation, and set out for Chantilly without seeing her. This was true; he took the arsenal in his way, and then opened his whole heart to me upon the cause of the dispute. The king went to Chantilly, and I went in the afternoon to the Louvre to the queen's little closet, where she was then shut up; Leonora Concini was at the door, her head bent down like a person in a profound reverie. I drew her out of it, and she told me the queen had forbidden her to enter her closet; the door however was opened to me directly I was named.

"I found the queen busy in composing a letter to the king, which she gave me to read; it breathed the very spirit of spleen and bitterness; I made her so sensible of the bad consequences it was likely to produce, that she consented to suppress it, on condition that

I would aid her in the composition of another, wherein nothing should be omitted that she might with justice represent to her husband. There was a necessity for complying with this request to avoid something worse. During the composition of this epistle, many little debates arose between the queen and me concerning the choice of expressions and the force of each term; much trouble I had in satisfying her majesty, without being guilty of disrespect to the king. The queen complained of his continued gallantries, but declared she was impelled to complain only by the natural desire she had to possess his undivided heart; he ought likewise to consider her uneasiness regarding the succession to the throne of France, which Madame de Verneuil took pleasure in rendering doubtful. Meantime she reminded him of his promises to sacrifice his mistress to his conjugal fidelity, which she and his children, throwing themselves at his feet, implored him to fulfil."

All persons who have been indiscreet enough to interfere as mediators between angry lovers, or what is still worse, in the quarrels of married persons, must smile at the result of Sully's interference, the usual consequence of which was drawing the displeasure of both on himself. He left the queen, as he supposed, in the full intention of writing the temperate remonstrance he had advised; instead of this, she added (in making the copy) flowers of rhetoric of her own devising, which incensed the king.

"I suppose," he continues, "I failed either in address or caution, for the king, when he received this epistle, was mortally offended with it. Conceive my dismay, when I read the following billet from Henry.

"My Friend—I have just received the most impertinent letter from my wife that was ever written. I am not so angry with her as with the person who has dictated it to her, for I see plainly that it is not her style. Endeavour to discover the author of it. Whoever he be, I shall detest him as long as I live."

"The king, on his arrival from Chantilly three or four days after

came to the Arsenal expressly for the purpose of discovering the bad adviser of the queen.

" 'Well,' said he the moment he saw me, 'have you yet discovered the person who composed my wife's letter.'

" 'Not yet,' replied I in some little confusion, 'but I hope to give you this satisfaction in a day or two, and probably sooner, if you will tell me what there is in it displeases you.'

" 'Oh,' replied he, 'the letter is mightily well written, full of reason, obedience and submission, but wounds me smiling, and while it flatters, piques me. I have no particular exception to make to it, only the style is not her's, she has taken to herself an adviser, and our affairs may get public.'

" 'But sire,' said I, 'if it be such as you say, the advice may have been given with good intention to prevent something worse.'

" 'No, no,' interrupted Henry, 'it is maliciously written with a view to insult me. If my wife had taken advice from you or any of my faithful servants I should know what to make of it.'

" 'What sire,' resumed I hastily, 'if you knew it was one of your faithful servants who had dictated it, would you continue to bear him ill-will.'

" 'Not in the least,' returned the king, 'for I should be very certain that he had done it with a good intention.'

" 'Then, Sire,' said I, 'you must be no longer angry, for it was I that dictated it to prevent warmer expostulations. But to remove all doubts, I will show you the original written on the other side of the queen's first letter.'

" Saying this, I took the paper out of my pocket and presented it to him.

" The king, as he compared them, made me observe the words that the queen had altered into disobliging expressions.

" 'Well,' said he, 'since you are the author, let us say no more about it.'

We think that Henry knew well enough all the time who had composed the letter, only he had a mind to tease his friend a little. It seems he had become acquainted with all the queen's conversations with Sully by means of

questioning his prime minister's little daughter who was betrothed to the prince de Rohan and called by his name.

" 'I knew,' said the king, "that my wife came twice to your house while I was at the chase, that she was shut up with you in your wife's closet, each time above an hour, that at her coming out from thence, although her colour seemed raised by anger and her eyes full of tears, yet she behaved in a friendly manner to you, thanked you, and appeared not at all dissatisfied with what you had said to her. That you may know I am well informed, I shall not hide from you that it was my cousin de Rohan, your daughter, who related all this to me, not for the sake of telling secrets, but because she thought I should be glad to see the queen and you on such friendly terms. I knew certainly that my wife has some business of consequence with you, for notwithstanding all my questions on that head, she has never dropped a word of the tendency of these two conferences. Now, I forbid you on pain of my displeasure to reprehend my cousin your daughter about this matter, or say anything of it, or you will deprive me of the pleasure I have in talking to her, and she will never tell me anything more if she knows I have repeated this to you. Although I play and laugh with her as a young child, she has not a childish understanding. She sometimes, I assure you, gives me very good advice and is extremely secret, which is an excellent quality. I have told her many things in confidence which I am convinced she has never mentioned."

Sully does not inform us of the nature of these conversations which the king was certainly anxious to ascertain, but the author of *L'Histoire de la Mère et du Fils*, gives us a pretty near guess of them: that author says;—

"The queen for a long time placed great confidence in the duke of Sully; she resolved one day, by the advice of Concini, to inform the king that certain of his courtiers, emboldened by his attention to her rival, had had the insolence to make love to her. Before the queen took this step, she resolved to consult Sully on its expediency in

alarming the honour of Henry. The wise minister persuaded her not to carry this design into execution; he forcibly represented to her—

“That she was going to raise in the mind of the king the strongest suspicion a sovereign could have of his consort, since every person of common sense must know very well it was the received opinion, that no man would mention love to a lady of her exalted rank, without having encouragement to imagine the subject would not be disagreeable; the king might suppose she had made the first advances, and that the motives which induced her to make the discovery were disgust or jealousy; or that she was instigated to pique him by some of her advisers.”

Sully must have been a bold adviser to urge such dissuasives, but it appears they were effectual, and they remain on the historic page as counsel to all royal ladies.

The queen's letter, however, had the good effect of inducing the king to suppress the insolence of Madame de Verneuil, and Sully had the office of carrying a stern message to that contumacious fair one, and sure enough it would not lose a particle of its effect by being sent through him, for he heartily detested her.

“‘You must tell this lady,’ said Henry, ‘that as a friend you come to give her notice, that she is on the point of losing my favour, unless she behave with greater prudence and circumspection, and if this should happen, I should certainly take her children from her and shut her up in a convent; that this displeasure is occasioned first by the suspicion that she no longer loves me, and takes the liberty to speak of me with contempt: and secondly, that she receives counsel from persons dangerous to the state, as her father and brother with whom I forbade her to correspond when I granted their lives at her earnest supplication; tell her that I have discovered that she sends messages to her brother in the Bastille by his wife, when I allowed that lady to visit him; but above all this, my chief cause of estrangement from her is her insolent behaviour to the queen.’”

“Henry then charged Sully to press upon the queen's attention his earnest

desire for the dismissal of Leonora Galligai and Concini, her husband: but Henry and Sully in vain exerted their eloquence; the queen obstinately refused to part with her foster-sister.\*

“All that by my utmost endeavour I was able to do for the tranquility of this prince was to procure him some short calms among the oft repeated domestic tornados which assailed his peace; in such alternations was he doomed to pass the short time that heaven yet allotted him. One of his longest intervals of quiet, was during the queen's confinement at the birth of the third prince, Gaston,† who was born the 26th of April, 1608. It was impossible to carry tenderness and solicitude for a wife further than Henry did while she was in this precarious state.

“He wrote to me every day from Fontainebleau, during the period of her confinement.

“The queen, this year, lost her uncle, Ferdinand I., who had always acted the part of a father to her. The king, fearful of her health, in order to break the matter to her, said, as he was getting up—

“‘I dreamed last night that I saw the Grand Duke of Florence dead.’”

“The queen, who was exceedingly superstitious, seemed at first struck by it, but recovering herself said—‘It was but a dream.’”

“‘I should not have dreamed of him,’ said the king, ‘if I had not received news regarding him, just before I went to rest.’”

“‘My uncle is then ill?’ asked the queen.

“‘My dream, said worse than that,’ replied the king, ‘and we are all mortal.’”

“‘He is dead!’ exclaimed the queen.

“‘He is so,’ answered Henry, ‘here is the letter that brought me the news.’ This was in the year 1606. Ferdinand was succeeded by his son, Cosmo the II.”

History blames Marie de Medicis for a constant endeavour to prejudice her husband against the protestants, but we can find no supporting evidence,

\* The narrative relative to these favourites will be found in the “Memoir of Louise Galligai.”

† On the death of his elder brother he became Duke of Orleans.

regarding this fault, in Sully, who being himself a protestant, would have keenly resented any persecution of the kind on the part of the queen; the only instance, indeed, in which the name of Marie de Medicis and protestanism is connected in these important memoirs, was occasioned by one of those discontented tumults of small account, which the protestants were unwise enough to raise, in a reign when they were fully protected by the affections of the king, and the inviolable faithfulness of his protestant prime minister.

"I found the king shut up in the queen's little closet: with him were that princess, the Chancellor, and Villeroy busy in examining those papers which had heated the lively imagination of Henry.

" 'Well Monsieur Obstinancy,' said he to me, as I entered, 'here is the war begun, supported by all your Huguenots!'

" 'All the Huguenots—ah, sire, what makes you think so? I will answer for many, that they do not entertain the least notion of it, and I am ready to answer for most of the rest that they dare not.'

" 'Did I not tell you, my dear,' said Henry turning to the queen, 'that he would not believe this? according to him, no one dare give me the least offence, and it only depends on myself to give law to all the world.'

"The rest of the king's ministers had aggravated this little agitation into a formidable insurrection. Sully roundly accuses them of doing so; he requested to be despatched with twenty archers to put it down, and was successful. He does not accuse the queen of aggravating the offence, and if she had been guilty he would scarcely have passed it over without uttering one word against her.

"About this time the great Henry appeared to all his faithful friends to be devoured by an unaccountable melancholy, which, as he was well in health and prosperous in his affairs, was for sometime perfectly inscrutable. At last he confessed to Sully that he had fallen desperately in love with Charlotte Margueritte de Montmorency, the young daughter of his faithful friend, the Constable of France. The mar-

riage of this princess with one of Henry's favourite nobles, had been suddenly broken off without any apparent reason, excepting the natural coxcombry of her betrothed, François de Bassompierre. The court, for a time, believed that the affections of the young lady had been betrayed for the gratification of Bassompierre's wretched vanity; but when Bassompierre saw his bride, whom he hoped was utterly disconsolate, treat him with contempt and prepare to give her hand to the first prince of the blood in obedience to the command of the king, Bassompierre declared aloud that Henry's jealousy of his fine person had made him first traverse his marriage with Charlotte Margueritte, and give her to his kinsman, who was plain, and in the eyes of a man of Henry's faulty morality, little likely to inspire his partner with the faithful love which this pair afterwards manifested for each other.

Sully may well declare that all the previous troubles which Henry's unfortunate passions had caused his friends were nothing in comparison with the tempests that ensued when his mad love for the Princess of Condé was made known to the queen. It appears that the mother of the princess talked very absurdly in favour of the king's attachment, as if a double divorce was to take place, and the young lady raised to the throne of France. Her father was a man of honour and abilities; he was one of Henry's great ministers and a powerful instrument of his undertakings for the benefit of France, but with so small a portion of acquired advantages, that his royal master used to say of him—

"My constable could govern the world if he did but know how to read and write."

Charlemagne was in a similar predicament, but then the persons he governed knew no more than their imperial lord. This constable, de Montmorency, does not seem to have agitated himself about the court scandal respecting his daughter, taking probably the fact that the king had given her in marriage to his nearest kinsmen as a proof of his honourable intentions.

Not so the queen and the Prince of Condé; aided by Concini and his wife,

they were in perpetual consultation on the best means of defeating the nefarious intentions, which were attributed to Henry.

"All my endeavours," says Sully "to calm the queen were unavailing, she was quite furious, and the Prince de Condé being inflamed with rage at the reports constantly whispered to him and the queen, both of them kept the court in a complete uproar."

The queen was certainly privy to the manner in which the Prince de Condé carried off his wife\* from France, no one can blame either her or them for taking a step perfectly consistent with a prince who had a proper regard for the honour of his wife. He escaped on horseback, carrying the princess on a pillion behind him; in this manner they arrived in Flanders and put themselves under the protection of the Archduke Albert, at Juliers.

The queen was highly pleased with the success of their mutual stratagem; she had deceived Henry into complete security, by assuring him that the Prince de Condé had informed her the day before that he was perfectly contented with the king's conduct.

This was a double injury to Henry, for he not only lost the object of his mad passion, but the first prince of the blood had thrown himself into the power of Spain, his natural enemy, with whom he was on the point of war. The queen did not consider this political injury in her ardent desire of ridding herself of a rival. She must greatly have enjoyed the scene which Sully thus describes to have taken place in her chamber.

"On the 29th of August, 1609, at eleven o'clock, Praslin entered my chamber just as I was going to bed; he told me I must come directly, for the king wanted me." Sully broke forth with into a tempest of grumbling.

"What can the king mean, cousin?" said I, "*pardie*, he torments me to death, I cannot live, I cannot sleep! I must rise at three o'clock to-morrow morning to inspect accounts and read letters which must be answered directly, and

if I go now to the Louvre, he will keep me till two or three hours after midnight, so that I shall get no rest at all."

"Monsieur," replied Praslin, "the king knew you would be angry at his disturbing you, but nevertheless you must come. For the man you know of is fled, as the king said you foretold; and what is worse, has taken the lady with him."

"When I came to the Louvre I found the king in the queen's chamber, walking backwards and forwards with his hands behind his back. The queen was present, and Sillery, Villeroi, and some others were leaning against the hangings."

"'Well,' said Henry, taking my hand as soon as I entered, 'our man is gone, and has carried *all* with him. What say you to this?'"

"'I say, sire,' replied I, 'that after what he told me at the Arsenal, I expected this flight, which you might have prevented, if you would have believed me.'"

Bassompierre and the queen were both witnesses to Henry's trouble of mind for the loss of the Princess of Condé; both were injured by the king's lawless passion, and it was strange that he should in any way discuss the matter before them.

Sully does not mention the birth of the queen's youngest child, Henrietta Maria, who was afterwards Queen of England; this princess was born at the Louvre, Nov. 1609, according to Pere Perefex.

The great Henry had formed a design of establishing a sort of congress of European Sovereigns for the purpose of adjusting all quarrels among kings and maintaining peace for ever in Christendom. With this pacific intention he was about to plunge into a bloody war, thus meaning to expend the thirty million crowns which Sully's good management had hoarded for him. With this object Henry, in the spring of 1610, was just about departing from Paris to commence the war by attacking the King of Spain's vicegerent, the Archduke Albert, whereby he meant to take vengeance for the protection afforded to the runaway Prince and Princess of Condé.

The queen was to be left during this

\* See Portrait and Memoir of Charlotte Marguerite Princess de Conde in 'the Lady's Magazine,' Dec. 1836.

campaign, but she was exceedingly urgent that her coronation should take place before Henry invested her with his authority.

The fatal results that ensued on this coronation have made historians unjust enough to impute wilful wrong to the queen's urgency in requiring it ; a little reflection will shew that she was not to blame, situated as she was, between Queen Margueritte of Valois, a living wife on one side, and the Marchioness of Verneuil with her boasted marriage contract on the other, to insist on every ceremony that could give dignity and stability to her state. Moreover, the separate coronation of queen consorts have in history been always resorted to, as an intimation that the queen so crowned was mother, or expected to become so, of the heir apparent. The coronation of Queen Marie de Medicis was intended to give stability to the succession of her son in case Henry Quatre should be killed in the approaching campaign. These are the rational historical motives for this measure ; but when we look close into the circumstances attending it, the modern reader will be amazed at the superstitions with which the great mind of Henry and weak mind of the queen were equally infected.

The rational motives we have mentioned were not the real springs of the queen's urgency for her coronation ; it proceeded from the predictions of a nun of the name of Pasithea, who was considered as a very holy person and an inspired prophetess ; this nun had foretold that if the queen was not crowned, her authority would be very unstable after the king's death which was now very near. Henry so little liked this prophecy that he banished the prophetess from France, yet the queen corresponded with her to his great displeasure. Thereupon every astrologer in the kingdom had the impertinence to tell the king's fortune, and the predictions were nearly general that he would die in his fifty-eighth year ; some indeed said he would never survive the completion of the approaching coronation. The conjuror, consulted by the king on his own account, bade him beware of the coronation, and declared that he would be killed in a coach ; and

Sully declares that he had been bidden to beware of coaches all his life. We have seen him in danger of being drowned in one, but he himself thought a new coach prediction was especially invented for this approaching crisis.

Altogether Henry was entirely averse from the performance of the coronation, but the expediency of it as a mode of settling the succession and the constant importunity of the queen made him yield, though not without suffering internal agonies.

"He was filled with melancholy and dismay," says Sully ; "and here I relate Henry's own words to me."

"My heart tells me that some disaster will happen to me if my wife obstinately insist on this coronation, which the Concini urge her to ; she has likewise an earnest desire to bring Pasithea back into the kingdom. I cannot endure this person should ever return to France."

"The king continued to inveigh against the queen's counsellors, and among others Concini and his wife. He told me several circumstances regarding these foreigners which made me look upon them as monsters. He said that the queen refused to eat any thing but what was cooked in their apartment, which they had converted into a kind of kitchen, as they had persuaded her that her husband meant to poison her as a convenient way of making her new rival Queen of France. These measures were pursued by the queen before the escape of Condé, and were persisted in afterwards to annoy her husband into compliance with her wishes regarding the coronation."

As the queen most firmly believed from her fortune-tellers, that this coronation would render her a widow, her urgency for it to take place was not very complimentary to her husband, and Sully never forgives her for the eagerness she manifested regarding it. Since the king's foolish passion for the Princess of Condé had been notorious, mutual uneasiness and constant quarrels had entirely weakened the affection that Henry and his queen once had for each other. According to some letters, lately published from the *Bibliothèque Royale*, it is found that Henry tried to bargain with his queen for the per-

formance of the coronation, if she would write to the Princess of Condé urging her return to France. This Marie de Medicis indignantly refused; the king and queen quarrelled violently for a week on this point, during which time the queen was seen with her eyes so red with weeping that she could scarcely see. Henry's temper in this instance was excited to the utterance of words of violence and injustice which seemed quite foreign to his nature. As a punishment for the queen's refusal to comply with a request little better than infamous, Henry punished her by deferring the coronation several days. Sully takes the blame of this delay on himself; but his extreme desire to vindicate the memory of his adored friend from the worst blot on it, his unjust treatment of Condé is evident in every page of his work.

The deep impression of superstitious horror regarding the queen's coronation certainly is one of the most extraordinary features of that epoch; it is strange to see men of the firmest minds indulging in such follies; yet here are the words of one reputed to be the wisest man in France.

"What" asks Sully, "can we think of those black presages which it is most certain this prince had of his cruel destiny? they were indeed dreadful and surprising to the last degree. I have already related with what reluctance he permitted the ceremony of the queen's coronation to go on. In a state of overwhelming horror, which I own I thought at the time an unpardonable weakness, he opened his whole heart to me; his own words will be more affecting than any thing I can say.

"Oh! my friend, I know not what is the meaning of it, but my heart tells me some fatal event will happen at this ceremony."

"He sat down, as he spoke, in a low chair, which, because he liked such a seat, I had caused to be made on purpose for him and always kept for him in my closet, then resigning himself to the horror of his anticipations he grasped the case of his reading glass hard between his fingers, and continued in a deep reverie, then suddenly starting up and striking his hands together, he said, \*

"*Pardieu*, I shall die in this city, they will murder me here. Oh this cursed coronation, it will be the cause of my death."

"*Mon Dieu*," sire, said I to him, what a thought have you entertained, it is my opinion you ought to break off the queen's coronation, your journey and your war."

"Yes," said he, after I had several times made the same proposition to him, 'yes, break off this coronation and let me never hear more of it. My mind will then be free from the warnings I have received. I shall then leave this city and have nothing to fear. I would not yield to your solicitations,' continued he, 'but it has been foretold to me that I should be murdered at a public ceremony and in a coach.'

"And I, not knowing this," replied 'I have often been surprised to hear you cry out when in a coach and seem alarmed at an inconsiderable danger, you whom I have seen unmoved in all the rage of war, amidst volleys of cannon and musket shot, and environed by hostile swords and pikes. However, as you are so uneasy, depart tomorrow, sire, and let this coronation be performed without you, or put it off to some other time, and let it be long before you either see Paris or get into a coach.'

"I would consent to it willingly," replied the king, 'but what will my wife say, who has got this coronation so strangely into her head?'

"Let her say what she will," resumed I, 'but I cannot believe she will be contumacious when she knows your anticipations of evil accident.'

"I did not wait for any further order, but sent immediately to put a stop to the preparations for the coronation. It is with much regret that I am obliged so confess that the queen would not give her husband this satisfaction, despite of the prayers, entreaties and arguments, with which, during three whole days I endeavoured to move her. Henry was the first to condemn his own terrors in his usual mind; at last he left off speaking of them in regard to the coronation. The queen then privately urged forward the preparations, and again his anticipations of calamity returned."



Nor was the queen without her superstitious apprehensions; according to Mathieu, she woke in the night in the greatest agitation, and when the king inquired the cause, she said.

" 'I dreamed some one stabbed you with a knife on the staircase.

" 'Thank God,' replied Henry, 'it is but a dream.'

" 'Then both Henry and the queen had a dream the night before the coronation, of a house falling on him and killing him in the Rue de la Ferronnerie.

Some time before this period, the king was dining at Zamet's house, the court banker, when he retired from table, saying that he would lie down in a room by himself and take some repose. But directly he was by himself, he sent for Thomasson, the most celebrated astrologer of his time, who it is said, dealt direct with the devil. His majesty then put many questions to him, relating to his person and kingdom. The magician told him he must take care of himself in May, 1610: he even pointed out to him the day and hour on which he would be killed. But the king made a jest of him and of his art, and began to pull him by the hair, and sometimes by the beard, making him take two or three turns round the room in this manner. He was very right, adds L'Etoile, and would have done still better, if he had not listened to him at all, but banished him, and all such abominable pests, the kingdom.

" 'With these predictions on his mind, Henry said to the queen.—

" 'My dear, if this coronation be not performed on the Thursday, it will never be done; no, for Friday will be too late; after Friday, you will see me no more.'

" 'Then, seeing her absorbed in the preparations for robes and decorations, he exclaimed—

" 'Aye, go on, go on queen regent.'

" 'To the ladies who stood by, he showed the dauphin, saying,

" 'This is your king.'

Nor were there wanting minor superstitions, in the shape of omens. When the coronation procession began, the court discovered with dismay, that the painter instead of enamelling the

queen's arms on argent, had given them a dark violet ground, the colour of widows; and instead of palms, he had encircled her scutcheon with twisted cords, another emblem of widowhood.

Superstition had reached its climax, we think, at the very crisis we are describing, and it appears to us that the prophecies of sister Pasiphea, the queen's conjuring nun, brought their own fulfilment with them. It was, indeed, so generally divulged through the kingdom, that Henry would meet with a violent death before the coronation ceremonies concluded, that all the desperate fanatics afflicted with destructive mania must have been strongly excited by the conviction that it was the king's fate to die that month of May. If this prediction had not resounded as it did, from one end of the kingdom to the other, it is probable that the maniac Ravaillac would never have provided himself with a knife to slay his patriot king. The disputes between the king and queen, relative to the banishment of the nun Pasithea, had fixed the attention of all the furious fanatics in France on her prophecies, and more than one plot was certainly on foot to fulfil them, although the solitary monomaniac Ravaillac, keeping his intentions secret, was enabled to strike the first blow which was successfully fatal. Yet we consider the death of Henry was solely owing to the diviners, who were encouraged by the weakness of the age to pronounce a doom, which a madman thought himself called upon to fulfil. Moreover, the somewhat Quixotic war undertaken by Henry was believed by all the court to be for the sake of regaining the Princess de Condé, and by the ignorant Catholics for the purpose of subverting the papal dominions and establishing calvanism as the religion of Europe. This last notion acted on the fanaticism of the mono-maniac, who during the time of mental anxiety to which Sully has described his heroic master a prey, had stolen a knife from an ordinary, and was busily employed following Henry through Paris wherever he went, and stealthily watching to strike the blow he believed himself fated to inflict. Among Henry's other forebodings he fancied, in the last few

days of his life, that he constantly heard the steps of some unseen assassin seeking him. His state of mind cannot be more beautifully described than in that splendid allusion which Schiller puts into the mouth of Duke Wallenstein, and which is thus nobly rendered by Coleridge :—

“That which we read of the Fourth Henry’s death

Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale  
Of mine own future destiny. The king  
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife,  
Long ere Ravallac armed himself therewith.  
His quiet mind forsook him; the phantasma  
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth  
Into the open air; like funeral knells  
Sounded that coronation festival,  
And still, with boding sense, he heard the tread

Of feet that even then were seeking him  
Throughout the streets of Paris.”

“The numerous tokens of the death of Henry IV.,” says a celebrated writer, “are finely tragical. Marie de Medicis, in her dream, saw the brilliant gems of her crown turn to pearls, the symbols of tears and mourning. An owl came and hooted till sunrise at the window where the king and queen slept at St. Denis on the night preceding this coronation. While the ceremony was performed, it was observed with horror that the dark portals leading to the royal sepulchres beneath the abbey, stood gaping and expanded, as if yawning impatiently for the entry of a new tenant. The flame of the consecrated taper held by the queen was suddenly extinguished, and twice her splendid diadem fell to the ground.”

Meantime this long dreaded coronation of Marie de Medicis took place, happily, at St. Denis, on the 13th of May, Thursday, 1610. The favourite Bassompierre, in his memoirs, declares that it was performed with the utmost magnificence, and that the king (most likely believing the danger was past) became exceedingly gay during the ceremony. “The king said to her majesty before both the Duke of Guise and myself,

“‘Nevertheless, I shall die one of these days, and when you have lost me you will find the difference between me and other men.’

“I said to him :—‘Good God, sire, will you always talk of this dying so

soon? Such expressions are not proper. You will still live, please God, many happy years. There is no felicity comparable to yours on earth; you are in middle life, in perfect health and strength of body, loved, nay adored by your subjects, have the most flourishing kingdom on earth, and plenty of money. You have a beautiful wife and lovely children growing up apace. What can you wish for more?’

“He sighing replied, ‘My friend, I must leave them all soon.’”

Such was the dialogue the Duke de Bassompierre records as passing in St. Denis at the coronation of the queen.

The most splendid of the coronation festivals was expected to take place on the Sunday following, when the queen, arrayed in her diadem and royal robes, was to enter Paris and pass in procession to Notre Dame.

On the evening of the coronation day Henry thus forecast the occupations of the ensuing week :—

“I will put my affairs in order on Friday; on Saturday I will run at the ring; on Sunday my wife shall make her grand entry into Paris; on Monday my daughter Vendôme\* shall be married; on Tuesday we keep the marriage feast; and on Wednesday to horse and away to the war.”

Not one of these appointments was he ever destined to fulfil.

The Duke of Sully had been severely indisposed with the breaking out of an old wound, which had prevented him from attending the queen’s coronation. On the afternoon of the 14th of May, Henry got into his coach for the purpose of visiting him at the Arsenal. Henry had not slept the preceding night and was remarkably restless and uneasy. His son, the Duke de Vendôme,† entreated his majesty not to go out on that day which had been predicted as fatal.

“I see,” said the king, “you have consulted the almanac, and have heard of the prediction of La Brosse from my cousin, the Count de Soissons, but he is an old fool, and you who are young are ‘worse.’” The Duke of Vendôme then went to the queen who likewise

\* Daughter of the Fair Gabrielle.

† Son of the Fair Gabrielle.

begged the king not to go out that day. He said to her, "I have no great inclination to go to the Arsenal, because I shall put myself in a passion."

"Do not go then, Monsieur," replied the queen, "you are in a good humour now, why should you go to make yourself uneasy?"

The queen showed but little penetration to call the perturbation of her husband good humour. But she thought all humours good that did not oppose her peculiar selfisms.

"My God!" answered Henry, going to the window and striking his forehead, "there is something here which strangely troubles me. I know not what is the matter, but I cannot overcome it."

Père Matthieu declares that when he inquired if his coach was ready and that word was passed down to the court-yard of Louvre, the assassin who was lurking therein exclaimed—

"I have thee! thou art lost!"

As the king was going into the coach, M. de Vitry approached and said—

"Permit me, sire, to send the guards with your majesty."

"No," returned the king, "I will have neither you nor your guards. I will have none about me—go, do what I told you."

"Then entering his coach, and reflecting, it is supposed, on the fatal predictions for that day—he asked what day of the month it was."

"Sire," said one, "it is the 13th of May."

"No," said another of his attendants, "it is the 14th."

"Right," answered Henry to the last, "you know your almanac better than he." He laughed, but added, in a low voice—

"Between the 13th and the 14th of May." He ordered the coachman to drive to the churchyard of St. Innocent. Ravaillac had remained a long time watching with malignant patience, sitting on the stones at the gates of the Louvre where the footmen wait for their masters. He designed to have given the blow between the two gates, the place where he was affording him some advantage; but he found the Duke d'Epemon on the side where he expected the king would have been.

Henry was seated on the back part

of the coach, and unfortunately the weather being very fine, he would have all the curtains drawn up, that he might see, as he passed, the preparations for the queen's grand procession to Notre Dâme. Our readers must not figure to themselves any resemblance to a modern state carriage in this vehicle, not even to that of the Lord Mayor of London, which was the state coach of the grandson of Henry, Louis the XIV.; this coach was more like a pillared waggon, with an awning and leathern curtains festooned between; we find by the load it carried, that it must have been cumbrous beyond measure; it had steps on each side, with a sort of leathern case to keep those who entered, from the wheels, something like a modern appendage lately introduced for that purpose: these were called *boots*, and in or near them was some sort of contrivance for persons to ride. This explanation is requisite to make the mode of Henry's assassination at all comprehensible. For there were seven persons besides himself, seated in that coach. Henry, with the Duke d'Epemon at his right hand, occupied the back of the carriage, the Marshals de Lavardin and Roquelaure, the right boot; near the left boot were the Duke de Montbazou and the Marquis de la Force, whilst opposite to the king sat the Marquis de Mirebeau, and Du Plessis Liancourt, his first master of horse; Vitry, the captain of his guard had, as we have seen, been sent another way by the king; this was really to hasten the preparations for the queen's grand entry into Notre Dâme on the ensuing Sunday.

The coach turned from the Rue St. Honoré into that called Feronnerie, which was then very narrow, and made more so by the little shops erected against the wall of the Churchyard St. Innocent. A little embarrassment was occasioned by the meeting of two carts, one laden with wine and the other with hay, so that the king's coach was obliged to stop in a corner of the street, over against the abode of a certain notary. The footmen took a nearer way, that they might with less difficulty come up to the coach at the end of the street. These footmen as well as the species of coach will not coincide with the

ideas of modern readers, they were attendants of a carriage, who ran after it, and before it, and on each side; they were called running footmen, but had little difficulty in keeping up with the heavy caravans called coaches which carried eight inside.

Such was the state of the king's equipage, when Ravaillac, who had followed the royal equipage from the Louvre, perceiving that it stopped and that there was no person near it, advanced to that side where he observed that the king was seated. His cloak being wrapped around his left arm served to conceal the knife he held. Sliding between the shops and the coach, as if he were attempting to pass by like others, he supported one foot upon a spoke of the hind wheel, and the other upon a stone, and, drawing a knife, edged on both sides, gave the king a wound a little above the heart. Henry had, the instant before, just turned towards the Duke d'Epemon, and was reading a letter: feeling himself struck, he cried out—

"I am wounded!" In the same instant the assassin perceiving the blow to have been ineffectual, repeated it with such quickness that not one of those in the coach had time to parry or prevent it. The last blow went directly to his heart, so that the blood gushing from his mouth, the king expired with a deep sigh, or as Matthieu asserts, pronouncing in a faint and dying voice these words:—

"It is nothing."

The murderer stood perched on the wheel, perfectly insensible to his own safety, brandishing his bloody knife; had he thrown it down and run away, it would have been difficult to have made out who had killed the king, for the nobles who were in the coach, got out of it with such precipitation that they hindered each other from seizing the assassin. One of them finding that the king spoke no more, and that the blood kept proceeding from his mouth, cried out in his horror.

"The king is killed!"

"These words immediately occasioned a great tumult. The people, who were in the streets, rushed into the nearest shops, one upon another, in the same dismay as if the city were

taken. The Duke d'Epemon be-thought himself of crying out that the king was only in a swoon; they desired some wine for him, and while the crowd eagerly dispersed to get some, the coach was shut up and hurried, back with the royal body to the Louvre.

"The queen was in her closet when this sad news was brought to her: wild with grief she came out to see him whom she had recently parted with full of health, brought back a, murdered, corpse. The chancellor met her rushing down the grand staircase, he stopped her, and almost forcibly led her towards her closet.

"'Oh, heavens,' she said, 'detain me not, the king is dead!'

"He, without betraying any emotion, replied, 'Your majesty must pardon me, the kings of France *never* die.'

"Then persuading her to re-enter her closet, he said, 'We must take care of our affairs and reserve these tears for our leisure, we have need of remedies not of grief.' Siller was the man who uttered this cold-hearted piece of good sense.

"The Captain of the Guards was then ordered to assemble all the royal children in the strongest room of the Louvre, and to watch them there, especially the young king, to whom no one was to have access. Louis XIII., the eldest of these little ones, wanted some months of completing his ninth year, the youngest, Henrietta, was a baby of six months old.

"The Duke de Bassompierre was not with the king when the fatal blow was struck. He thus vividly describes his feelings at the fatal news:—

"'When I heard of this frightful event, I ran like one deprived of reason, and mounting the first horse I could get, galloped to the Louvre. I rode on as far as the rails where the French and Swiss guards were then placed, with their pikes lowered; M. Le Grand and I got through, we ran to the king's closet, and saw him extended on his bed. M. de Vie had laid the cross of his order on his mouth, and sitting by him on the bed implored him to think on God. Molon the first physician, was sitting on the

bedside weeping. We fancied we heard him sigh, upon which the physician, cried out, 'Ah, it is over, he is gone.'

"M. Le Grand, when he entered, knelt down at the foot of the bed, and took his hand which he held and kissed. As for me, I threw myself at his feet, which I embraced, weeping bitterly. The Duke of Guise came in and embraced him.

At night they drest the king's body as if he were alive. M. du Maine gave him his clothes, M. le Grand served him and I was ordered to serve him in place of M. de Bouillon.

All this time the Duke de Sully behaved like a man distracted; indeed the deep intensity of his grief seems to have taken away his usual presence of mind. Not for a moment was the fact supposed to be as it really was; no one guessed that the blow originated in the mind of a solitary and secretive monomaniac under the excitement of religious fanaticism. It was believed to be the first outbreak of a revival of the league, the first stroke of an insurrection involving a revolution. In the hands of the Duke of Sully were placed the care at once of the Arsenal, the Bastille, and an immense mass of treasure which he had stored in the vaults of that fortress. If Sully fell into the hands of the enemy's faction, all was lost to the young king, in case of an insurrection of the people. This must be considered when we read with surprise the extraordinary caution displayed by that great minister in refusing to go to the Louvre immediately the queen sent for him. He thus mentions the manner in which the news of Henry's death first reached him.

We have mentioned that Sully was ill, the king had commanded him to receive him in his night gown and cap, and to bathe and take great care of himself. In this invalid state, Sully was waiting for the visit of his master when the assassination took place.

"At four in the afternoon I had just entered my wardrobe, when I heard Castinet utter a great cry which was re-echoed by a scream from my wife: presently my whole household resounded with the exclamations—

"Ah God, all is lost! France is undone!" I went out precipitately, un-

drest as I was, to enquire the meaning of this lamentation.

"Ah Monsieur," cried all my people, "the king has been just now dangerously wounded in the side by a knife!"

I had no time to doubt the dreadful news, for St. Michel, who had been witness of the cruel blow, rushed in, bringing the knife with which it had been given, still reeking with the blood of my king.

"Oh God!" cried I raising my hands to heaven in a distraction of grief no words can describe, "Oh God, have pity upon him, upon us and the poor country, 'tis done! and he is murdered, God has let loose all his wrath upon France, by permitting so cruel an accident! by which he has delivered her into foreign hands."

While Sully imagined the king was yet alive he mounted on horseback and with a strong party of horse approached the Louvre; but when he actually heard that the king was dead, he forbore entering, and retreated to the Bastille where he went to bed, and refused to rise and go to the queen though she sent upwards of ten messengers, each more urgent than the other to demand his presence. This conduct, which arose from the necessity Sully felt for keeping guard over the vast treasure under his care in the vaults of the Bastille, has been interpreted into a distrust of the queen's rectitude of intention; historians have accused her favourites, the Concini as the real conspirators against the life of Henry the Great and have even declared that the queen was in the plot. As civilization has advanced, a greater proportion of maniacs afflicted like the wretched Ravallac, have passed under observation both in public and private life. We can believe the wretched man had no accomplices; a fact that added certainty to his blow; but nothing could induce any contemporary to credit that the great Henry was not the victim of a complicated conspiracy. According to the prejudices of the writers; the Concini, and the queen's party; the Marchioness of Verneuil, and her party; the Duke d' Epemon, and his party; and the Guises and the Spaniards, the old leaven of the

league, are each in turn made guilty of having effected the king's death by the hands of Ravallac.

Nothing could be more unfortunate for the queen's good name, than Sully's distrustful hesitation of putting himself in her power; this only lasted till the next day, when finding no symptoms of revolt or any agitation, excepting that of universal grief among the people of Paris, the great minister impelled by his affection for Henry venturing to relax from his personal care of the treasure set out well guarded to the Louvre.

Had Henry's death-stroke been effected by the rebellious movement of an adverse party, such conduct was most prudent and admirable; but, as that was not the case, the queen afterwards took this caution heinously, and it prevented France from having the blessing of his wise government during the minority of the young king.

The queen herself was in too much affliction to have formed any resentment at the first interview with the prime minister, nor was she at that time aware but that there was great occasion for all his precautions. It was the after comments of her favourites that occasioned her displeasure.

"As I passed through the several courts of the Louvre," says Sully, "some of the king's personal servants advanced to meet me with tears in their eyes, some groaned heavily as they saw me pass, and some cried to me, not to abandon the children after having so well served the father! When I came into the queen's presence, all the little constancy with which I had armed myself so totally left me that I broke out not only into tears but cries, and her majesty no longer found in herself that fortitude with which she had prepared to see me, our grief prevented speech and we made up a scene together that could not be beheld without anguish. At last the queen ordered the young king to be brought to me, whose tender caresses gave a new assault to my heart, almost more than I could bear. What the young prince said to me, or

what I said to him, I cannot remember, all I know is, that I held him to my heart in such a passion of grief that his attendants could scarcely tear him from my arms.

"My son," said the queen, his mother, to him, 'this is M. de Sully, you must love him well, for he was one of the best and most faithful servants of the king your father, and I entreat him to continue to serve him in the same manner.'

"The Queen and I had some other discourse together, neither of us being able to cease from weeping for an instant she afterwards said that the sight of me wrung her heart more than that of any one belonging to the king."

The sudden death of Henry had left the kingdom in a total state of disarrangement in regard to the government during the minority of the little king. Henry we find, had intended to leave the queen as regent during the campaign he was about to make, but she would have evidently been restrained and directed by a council guided by the wisdom of Sully. It was likewise his intention, according to the ancient constitution of France, to make Marie queen regent in case of his death. France forbids its sceptre to pass to a female heir, lest a foreign prince should govern; yet permits a foreign princess to govern them in the difficult circumstances of a minority! The enthusiastic affection of the parliament for the memory of their patriotic king, led them to fulfil his known intentions by making his widow regent, but unfortunately, they exceeded Henry's wishes, and placed unlimited power in her hands. Despotism is a weapon too heavy for the wielding of men of ordinary capacity, but in the hands of a female who was ill educated, and of a character at the same time pliable to interested flatterers and obstinately perverse to the advice of true friends, it was a gift of the most injurious nature for her own happiness, as we shall presently see in the continuation of this queen's memoirs during her stormy regency.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE

*Whole-length Portrait of Marie de Medicis, second Queen of Henry the Great, King of France, copied and coloured from the Original, painted by Rubens from the life, in the Luxemburg Gallery.*

Our portrait of Marie de Medicis is detached from one of those master-pieces of Rubens which adorned the Luxemburg, that palace built and ornamented under the munificent patronage of this queen when she was Regent of France. This figure is detached from the grand picture of her marriage with Henri Quatre, and represents her in her bridal robes, in the act of giving her hand to receive the wedding-ring from the king. Our engraving is a remarkably successful likeness of this beautiful princess. We must remind our readers that, with the exception of dark Italian eyes, this princess was a German in person, and bore a resemblance to the Austrian family of whom her mother was an archduchess; for this reason all Rubens' numerous pictures of his royal patroness remind the beholders of his fair blooming Flemish countrywomen; but in reality this princess resembled her Flemish ancestry on her maternal line, rather than her Italian forefathers.

Queen Marie was just twenty-seven when she gave her hand to the great Henry in the Cathedral of Lyons, in the year 1600, when she wore the present dress as a royal bride; her hair is combed backwards over a cushion, according to the fashion of the era; even allowing for that addition, her head is

remarkably high and pointed in front, and the same development may be observed in the portraits of her unhappy son, Louis XIII. An antique coronet of gold is placed slanting backwards, from which flow gold edged lappets. She wears the throat pearl necklace usual throughout that century. Her dress is white satin embroidered with gold; it has the graceful open ruff, and the corsage of the dress has reverses which turn back on the shoulders and partially show the bosom. The sleeves are full above and straight to the wrists, which are barred with gold and finished with puckered cuffs; the corsage is pointed; a large pearl medallion figured with a *fleur-de-lis* placed in front, probably conceals a portrait of the king; from this pearls and diamond studs are alternately arranged down the front to the corsage point. The skirt of the dress has a sweeping train bordered with four bands of gold tissue. Instead of a *cordelière*, broad bands of figured gold tissue, edged with pearls, are placed down the front of the dress, trimmed with little love-knots of white ribbon and gold tags or points. A mantle of gold and white gauze is thrown around her. The cumbersome outline of her drum farthingale alone detracts from the elegance of this royal bridal costume.

## P E N S E E.—Nc. VI.

## FLOWERS.

Flowers are the loved of all :  
Of young and old, of peasant and of peer ;  
E'en the stern tyrant of our race himself  
Loveth their bloom and fragrancy, and doth cull  
Full many a garland from the homes of earth.  
Less frequent on the wither'd form of age,  
Than on the joyous heart and cloudless brow,  
His icy touch is laid. Alas ! for them—  
The young, the beautiful, the well-beloved ;  
Flowers fair and sweet of scent, a radiant wreath  
To deck the cold and wintry brow of death !

T. W.

## THE FALL OF LEONORA GALLIGAI,

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF MARIE DE MEDICIS.

[The Portrait and Memoir of this remarkable person, was published in "the Lady's Magazine," March 1, 1838. The following account of her fall and fearful execution for treason and sorcery, contains details *as extraordinary as faithful*, of the private and public life of one who held so conspicuous a place at Court, as well as in the affairs of a great kingdom.]

### I.—A YOUNG FAVOURITE.

One lovely morning in the month of April, a young man, very plainly attired, and apparently in delicate health, was observed in profound reverie, resting upon his elbow at a window of the chateau of the Tuileries. A clear and serene sky, radiant with the earliest beams of a spring-tide sun—sparkling diadems of pearly dew-drops crowning each leaf and budding flower in the delightful gardens around—varlets, horses, dogs, guards, gentlemen walking or riding to and fro; trumpets, drums, the confused hubbub and bustle of a gay and animated court failed to awaken him from the reflections in which he seemed to be so deeply absorbed; and nevertheless each individual who passed beneath the window in which his pale and pensive face was as it were enframed, in silent respect uncovered his head. At length, as if suddenly struck with some idea, which he had long been endeavouring to master, he abruptly quitted his post, and hastily traversing the vast and still deserted galleries of the Tuileries, at a distant wing, entered hastily and unannounced, a richly furnished chamber. The disorderly aspect of the apartment betrayed the careless habits and ill-assorted luxury of its occupant. Swords, daggers, pistols, a superbly illuminated missal, hunting-horns, cuirasses, stags antlers, chains of gold and silver, dog-whistles and riding-whips, were heaped pell-mell upon the rich cushions and furniture, carved by the hands of the first artists and admirably polished; whilst a pourpoint, cloak, haut-de-chausses, and a pair of funnel-shaped boots upon the floor around the bed, announced the haste with which some one who still slumbered profoundly, had on the previous night betaken himself to rest.

No sooner was the door opened, than a beautiful greyhound flew barking towards the door.

"Softly, Jupiter," exclaimed the young man's well known voice, and the crouching dog approached as if to implore a caress from the new comer.

"Who goes there," cried his master awakening: "by Saint Hubert, wilt let one have some little repose? After the fatigue of yesterday's chase, one might readily dispense with going to mass this morning."

"Comrade," replied the visitor, "we will in future repair to the chase when we have nothing better to do—now to mass to thank heaven for its protection, and when masters of our homes then will we sleep the whole morning long."

"Sire!"

"Luynes, my faithful servant and companion, my dear Luynes, call me no longer *sire*; it was right whilst I remained young, and knew not what it meant, to be seated upon a throne, but now. . . I ought to reign, command; I am lord and master here; yet, see the manner in which they treat me; my mother has betrayed me, and dissipated the heritage of the Great Henry, by bestowing largesses upon an adventurer and his wife. Luynes, Luynes, what should be done?" And uttering these words, the youthful speaker, Louis XIII., seated himself upon the foot of his favourite's bed; the latter was about to rise.

"Lie still; here we may converse alone at liberty; they know not I am in thy apartment. The insolence and avarice of Concino increases daily—how to put an end to his usurpation and despotism, I know not."

"I have already told you a thousand times, sire, that there is only one way: by ridding yourself for ever of that infamous Italian—dispatch him at once."



"Thou proceedest quickly in the business, comrade. Woe followeth the footsteps of him, who, in order to fix himself on a throne, makes dead bodies serve him by way of steps."

"Ay, ay, woe attend the traitor, the ambitious wretch who in order to seize upon a crown to which he possessed no shadow of right, would make his sword hew down the head which wears it. Woe be to him, for he has stolen that which belongs not to him; woe to him! He has sacrificed the man upon whose forehead heaven has written 'thou shalt be king!' woe to him for he has committed high treason against his master; woe to Concino, for he withholds your right. So strike the beggar adventurer, who, arraying himself in your royal mantle, daily treats you with scorn. Sire, sire, it is but justice, 'tis a duty to be rid of him, for heaven ordained that you were born a king! . . . Continue silent, enduring, and they may say with reason 'King Louis is merely a peevish and ailing youth; in order to distract his ennui, we will send him a hunting in the forest of Vincennes, with that hair-brained de Luynes.'"

"Could you not," inquired the too peaceful monarch, "find some other means to remove him? Might I not withdraw myself into Champagne, in the heart of my army—take up my abode at Rouen or in Amboise?"

"No, no, sire, the Italian must be struck down in Paris: no arming—no war. 'Tis here, here, is the seat of his fortune and the theatre of his iniquities, and here he ought to fall. In fine, does his majesty believe me to be devoted to his service, ready to risk my life for his?"

"Yes, Luynes."

"Yet think me the friend of Concino and his sorceress wife?"

"No."

"Will your majesty then not rid yourself of them? Will you be king?"

"Yes."

"'Tis not for you then to attempt to accomplish an enterprise, the execution of which must only be confided to sure hands, whose lives, if there be risk, are less precious than yours. I only ask one thing of you,

sire, charge me with the whole affair, and I will vouch for its success?"

"Entirely alone?" inquired Louis.

"Trouble yourself with nothing, sire, and they shall soon see whether Luynes knows only how to hunt, whip in dogs, and breed speckled magpies."

"But surely, Luynes, thou canst have this Italian carried off! One could put him in the Bastille, and then the parliament could be entrusted to prepare a process."

"Useless ceremony, sire; one slays a thief without either form or process. The Italian and his mate must die. Can you so quickly forget their endless insults. Yesterday only, whilst playing billiards with you, did not this unhang dog remain covered? At the last council, did he not seat himself in your majesty chair—the king's chair! and by a wave of his wand, command the secretaries of state to read, one after another, the dispatches, giving unasked his assent or dissent as fancy prompted. And Galligai, the sorceress, the lady-pensant, who left her wooden shoes at the palace-gate, and exchanged her wool-len *colillon* for a velvet robe; has not *Madame la Marechale* too, desired Louis the Thirteenth not to speak so loud, because she had a head-ache? Is this not sufficient evidence of pride and insolence; yet their ambition remains unsatisfied? The other day, said Concino, 'I am curious to see how far fortune is able to impel a man.' 'To the gallows,' replied I mentally—from my heart's very core."

"Ay, ay, you are right. But my mother?"

"The royal lady, your mother! sire? The crown of France never falls to the distaff. You would surround it with honour, and watchfulness, and then if she love and honour you, as her title of queen and mother demands, ought she not rather to rejoice at beholding one among the first diadems of the universe in the brow of her son, than in the grasp of a once beggarly foreigner!"

"But the death of Galligai her favourite would grieve her exceedingly."

"No, no, sire, for she would, at the balance weigh, between your majesty,

and that knave. Know you what Concino said at billiards the day before yesterday? It was relative to the small cannon you have thought fit to plant in the garden of the Tuileries, and your desire to join the army in the field. 'That boy go to war!' cried he,— '*Maitre-Mouche*\* would deserve to be whipped.'

"Insolent!—but, Luynes, my mother! What should I do, what should I say, when she comes in tears to demand an account of Concino's death?"

"Refuse to listen to or see her."

"Good—it—shall be so. I will not see her. You promise then to rid me of him?"

"Sire, I swear it."

"Whom wilt thou choose to aid thee?"

"Vitry, the brave Vitry, the son of the best servant of the deceased king, your father."

"Well—let it be Vitry. Now, my good Luynes, let me embrace thee. And when reckon you—"

"To-morrow, you will be king."

"To-morrow!—you will be the king of France's best friend."

"Heaven grant it!"

"Some one comes—I leave you. Should my mother ask wherefore I came to visit thee thus early, tell her 'twas to consult thee concerning one of my speckled magpies that had fallen sick."

"Ay, sire, to-morrow—and after that no account shall be rendered to any one."

"Yea, but indeed:—to heaven and my father, the deceased king," gravely replied the young prince as he withdrew.

"Concino, Concino," murmured Luynes, when his royal master had quitted the chamber.—"Marie de Medicis, you have jested long at my expense; your star of fortune hath set, and the hand of the page who bred the speckled pies will shortly grasp the baton of grand constable of France."

## II.—THE AMBUSH.

Long, loudly, bitterly, had the principal lords and princes of the court,

together with the ancient servants of the late king murmured against the immeasurable avarice and ambition of the Marshal d'Ancre. The son of a notary from some small town of Italy, Concino Concini had married Leonora Galligai, daughter of the nurse of Queen Marie de Medicis. The bride of Henri Quatre had brought in her suite several Italians to the court of France, and among others, Concino and his wife. The queen had conceived the greatest affection for them, and at the death of her husband, when the parliament conferred upon her the regency of the kingdom, she invested Concino Concini with unlimited confidence, loaded him with honourable distinction and the highest offices of the kingdom, and the administration of that powerful state, which through the skill, care, and patience of Henry the Great had been snatched from the inevitable ruin impending over it, had now become the prey of an obscure favourite.

The queen-mother and the friends of the marshal, however, did not fail to see that the horizon around was growing dark and threatening; they feared though without knowing any thing definite or certain, the plotting of a nobility jealous of a foreigner's authority, and howsoever mild and timorous the character of the young monarch might be, they dreaded the fall of an impending thunderbolt. More confident than ever in his good fortune, the marshal neglected all advice, and notwithstanding the pressing solicitations of his wife, added to those of his friends, he was obstinate in remaining in France.

On the 24th of April, the young king had risen at an early hour, having announced on the previous evening his intention of joining in the chase. A carriage and six awaited to convey him to the appointed spot; his ordinary attendants and his swiftest hunters stood ready in the court-yard, showing many signs of impatience for they had long waited the signal for departure being given. Each time that an officer made his appearance in the court-yard, the guards fell into the ranks, but as quickly broke them again, for the king was not yet ready; at one period it was thought he had gone to breakfast, at another that he was attending mass, at another

\* A nick-name given by Henri Quatre to his son Louis XIII.

that he was merely finishing a game at billiards. Louis XIII. was, however, walking to and fro in the great gallery, accompanied by M. de Vitry and Colonel d'Ornano, his whole frame betokening a high state of agitation and mental suffering.

"At any rate, M. de Vitry, I desire that you remove madame, my royal mother, that I may not see her. Not that I dread her presence or remonstrances . . . but her anguish . . . her tears."

"Yes, sire, in an hour all will be over."

At these words an equerry entered and made a sign to M. de Vitry.

"Sire, the moment has arrived; I hasten to clear the road of an obstacle that impedes your progress."

"Go, M. de Vitry, you have ever shown yourself brave and faithful by the side of our deceased king and father; you will perform the like services for his son. That which you are about to render me is perhaps the greatest which I may ever claim at your hands. I thank you heartily for your good will—depend upon my gratitude."

Vitry took his departure. The king sat down, and the youthful Botree conversed with him on various subjects; but he scarcely gave an appropriate answer to a single question, and, in order to conceal the violent emotion that oppressed him, amused himself by scratching a piece of parchment with the blade of a penknife.

Luynes had concerted matters with M. de Vitry on the previous night, and the latter had taken upon himself the task of dispatching the Italian in the morning. He had posted several persons in ambush, whose duty it was to apprise him of the marshal's arrival at the Louvre; he had stationed the Sieur du Hallier, his brother, in a corner of the lower court with two or three executioner's men, and Persan in another spot with a like number of soldiers; Laschenaye stood sentinel at the first gate. As for himself, after quitting the king and whilst awaiting the signal, he seated himself in the hall of the Swiss guard, upon a coffer, and held conversation on indifferent topics with the men around him. About ten o'clock the marshal quitted his abode to repair

to the Louvre accompanied by fifty or sixty persons who preceded him. He was attired in a *pourpoint* of black gold *toile*, and a *haut de chausse* of greyish-brown velvet with broad Milan bands. He was truly a noble-looking cavalier; all his movements were imprinted with grace and ease, and in the midst of the *cortège* which surrounded him, he had rather the air of a prince of the blood, than that of a courtier or officer going to render homage at the monarch's levee. Vitry, apprised of the marshal's arrival, quitted the hall of the Swiss guard with cloak over his shoulder, and, his baton in hand, proceeded straight to the gate of the Louvre. Du Hallier, Persan and their men, some fifteen in number, followed and ranged themselves round him in the passage between the outer court and the drawbridge. By degrees, Vitry and his party made their way through the crowd escorting the marshal, with whom were the Baron du Tour, Sardiny, Casiny, Lamotte, Bonvil, and others; several amongst them stopped M. de Vitry in order to compliment him—Casiny took him by the arm.—

"Well, captain, you've heard the news; the heretics have raised the standard of revolt in the south. The king is going to hunt this morning. How does he find his health?"

"Well," replied Vitry, turning towards his interlocutor, still walking onward (the Marshal d'Ancre at the same time passing near him without his perceiving it), and not meeting with the marshal:—

"Is monseigneur the marshal indisposed, M. de Colomby-Cavigny?"

"No, M. de Vitry, he is ahead of you there—perusing a letter."

At these words Persan and Sarroque passed behind the marshal, who was slowly proceeding by the foot of the lowered bridge of the Louvre, accompanied by the Sieur de Beaux-Anias, Cavigny de Betancourt, governor of the castle of Caen, who was informing him of the meeting convened by supporters of the reformed religion.

As soon as Vitry perceived the marshal, directing his steps towards him, he seized him by the arm.—

"The king has commanded me to apprehend your person!"

"Me!" cried the marshal, and making a step backwards, he leaned against the barrier of the bridge.

"Ay, ay, even so," said he, closing in upon him—"charge, comrades, charge!" Whereupon du Hallier, Perré Guichaumont, Marsains and Le Buisson threw themselves upon the marshal, and discharging their pistols, some balls struck the barrier, the others took effect in various parts of his person. Persan, Laschenaye, Boyer and others sprung upon the body. Sarroque and Turand pierced the head with a sword, but their victim was already dead, yet, propped by the barrier, he still rested on his knees. Vitry, nevertheless shouting "Vive le roi!" in final triumph stabbed him with his sword, whereupon the corpse lay stretched upon the ground.

Not one amongst those forming the suite of the marshal thought of defending him; two of his pages indeed seemed disposed rather to *amuse* themselves by weeping over his remains, but the adversaries' pages and attendants stripped them of their hats and cloaks. Colomby, who had withdrawn at the noise of the firing, after the crowd had disappeared, from curiosity alone, went to assure himself that the marshal was already dead. When he had raised the dead man's hands he saw the features all blackened by the powder and wadding, and the ruff blazing like the lighted match of an arquebus.

The body was immediately carried into a small chamber under the gateway belonging to the soldiers on guard nigh the Louvre, and placed on the ground beneath a small portrait of the king.

Meanwhile M. de Vitry re-entered the courtyard of the Louvre; he had the troops ranged in battle array, he himself walking up and down their ranks in all directions and keeping every thing bridle in hand. La Catharina who had heard the reports of the pistols, now opened one of the lattices of the queen's chamber which looked upon the courtyard.

"M. de Vitry, what is all this?"

"'Tis that the Marshal d'Ancre has just been killed."

"Holy Virgin! who has dealt this blow?"

"I—by the command of the king."

"Madame," cried La Catharina, en-

tering the queen's apartment, "monseigneur the marshal is no more."

"Dead!—I have reigned seven years—I desire henceforward only a heavenly crown."\*

Laplace, in the service of La Marechale Galligai went immediately afterwards to the queen to tell her that she knew not how to announce this news to her mistress.

"If you, madame, yourself would deign . . ."

"Truly, I have something else to think about. If you are not disposed to tell her this news, why, then sing it to her! For this long time past I have foreseen what has just happened; I told those people to return to Italy, they would not listen to me—so much the worse for them."

La Galligai, on her part, at the report of fire-arms, asked one of her maids the cause of the tumult.

"'Tis some affray in which Vitry is mixed up," was the reply.

"How! Vitry! pistol shots in the Louvre—ah! you will find that their mark has been my husband!"

"Madame," said one of her domestics entering, "I bring bad news, monseigneur the marshal is dead."

"He has been assassinated."

"It is too true, and 'twas Vitry who killed him."

"The king has ordered this. Retire, all of you; leave me, I would be alone." On the instant she undressed herself, locked her chamber-door, deposited her jewels in the paillasse of her bed, and extended herself upon it without shedding a tear.

Colonel d'Ornano in the meantime proceeded to the armoury cabinet, whither the king had retired, and knocked at the door.

"Sire, open, it is done."

"Good," said the king, "Lescluseaux, lie there, my big Vitry," (so the king had named a carabine which M. de Vitry had given him), and, sword in hand, he directed his steps towards the great hall, and as he proceeded

\* Mario de Medicis the marshal and his wife had preserved the Italian pronunciation and accent. The original phrase has not been given here, as it would have presented some orthographical difficulty without any advantage to historic truth.

thither, Colomby came to confirm the death of the marshal.

The king presented himself at the window which looked upon the courtyard, and in order that he might be seen more conspicuously, Colonel d'Ornano embraced him, and held him in his arms to point him out to those who were below with M. de Vitry. A loud shout of "*Vive le roi!*" rent the air on all sides.

"Thanks, many thanks, infinite thanks to you all! From this hour I am king."

From the window which looked upon the kitchen court, however, the cry was still "To arms, to arms, comrades!" But on hearing the king's voice all the soldiers of the guard fell into their ranks, and posted themselves at every avenue leading towards the streets, and were overjoyed to see their young monarch safe and sound, for they were apprehensive of some serious misfortune.

In the hall, a crowd of faithful nobles and servitors surrounded the king. To their felicitations, he replied:—

"Heaven be praised, I am now your king, let them go seek the old servants of the late king, my father, and the ancient members of my state council, for by their advice will I henceforward govern."

Larroque at that moment presented on one knee the marshal's sword to the king.

"Keep it, my brave friend, as a recompense for thy courage and fidelity. La Buisson, be thine the diamond you took from the Italian's finger (estimated by some at six, by others, at fifteen thousand crowns); Boyer, you take his scarf and black velvet mantle." Then, approaching Luynes. "His wardrobe to the varlets; the throne for myself; for thee, the appointments of the defunct."

"Sire, my zeal shall prove to you that your goodness has not been bestowed upon an ingrate."

"And my mother?"

"Knows all; she laments it, but she comes not thus far, for she has ceased to reign."

"Yes, her reign ends, mine commences."

And whilst the courtiers were thus overwhelming the monarch with their

felicitations, the friends of the marshal sought places of concealment, and the soldiers of the guard, charged with the care of the body, busied themselves with stripping off its vestments.

"He has no jacket of mail, as they said he had; Varand, look at this golden chain, scarfed upon the thief's shirt; what's this box?"

"An *Agnus Dei*."

"No: open it. An *Agnus Dei*! See here, a bit of white linen, four times folded. 'Tis a charm! but monseigneur the sorcerer, you are not less stone dead for all that."

"Bournon, what findest thou in the pockets of his haut-de-chausse?"

"Some papers; carry them to Vitry."

"Now we have quite stripped this fine gentleman, our work is at an end. Where is the bier?"

"A bier for this miscreant? You shall see where it is."

• At these words they wrapped the body in a sheet which cost only fifty sous, the ends of which they fastened with a piece of pack-thread to save the trouble of sewing, and about midnight he was carried by the king's orders to the church of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois and interred directly under the organ, the stones were then so skilfully replaced that none might discover where the Marshal d'Ancre reposed. A priest was about to chant a *De profundis*. "Silence!" cried the soldiers, "that knave merits not that heaven should be addressed in his behalf."

Such was the end of the Marshal d'Ancre; and here the king's vengeance and that of the people ought to have stopped. It however pursued his wife and son, and the sanctity of the place, in which the relics of the unfortunate Concino Concini reposed, did not protect them against the wrath and brutality of the populace. It is a sad and pitiful tale, and almost too revolting to humanity—too disgusting to relate.

### III.

#### FATE OF A QUEEN'S FOSTER-SISTER.

Vitry had just given his archers the order to repair to the apartment of the Marechale Galligai; finding the door of her chamber fastened, they knocked at it with the butt-ends of their arquebusses.

"In the king's name, open."

"Madame la Marechale is ill, and in bed."

"What matters it to us, whether your mistress be in bed or not? open to us—or we'll break down the door."

"Open, Juliette," said the marechale to her *femme-de-chambre*, "our reign is over."

The soldiers, in disorder, rushed into the chamber, and seized upon every thing they found lying about or in the drawers of the coffers. In an instant the chamber of this royal favourite was pillaged like a house delivered up to the mercy of a victorious enemy.

"And now, vile sorceress, arise," said the sergeant-at-arms.

"My friend, I cannot, I am sick."

"Get up, and point us out the place where you have deposited your jewels."

"But you have taken every thing from me."

"Wilt get up?" seizing her by the arm and rudely flinging off the covertures of the bed—"Wilt get up! . . . thy jewels! thy jewels! awake thee, my dark-skinned fortune-teller.\* You have had a pleasant dream, no doubt, my lucky Italian dame; but only, yesterday, the first lady of the whole kingdom of France, to-day, the last, the most miserable among the most infamous of her daughters; get up, get up, the executioner calls for thy hideous carcass."

Leonora, without evincing the slightest emotion at the coarse words of this brutal archer, quitted her bed.

"Thy jewels! thy jewels!"

"Messieurs, you have entered here in the king's name, 'tis in the king's name you demand my jewels—they are there (she pointed to her bed); have a care! abstract not a single stone, for they are the property of the king."

The archers seized upon the jewels hidden in the *paillasse*.

"Come, now follow us."

"Messieurs, you have carried off all that was here, and I have not even a pair of stockings."

"Is it for us to find stockings for this gipsy, eh?"

"Go, then, and ask on my behalf from my son a trifle, that I may procure myself what may be necessary."

The complexion of Galligai was very swarthy.

"Good."

And the soldier who was dispatched to fulfil this commission returned with a pair of cotton stockings which he had purchased. The poor little boy had found in his pockets only the quarter of a crown and had sent that to his mother.

"Quick march!" exclaimed the rude leader of the band.

"Whither would you conduct me? They have slain my husband will not that suffice? Let them allow me to leave the kingdom altogether."

"A good joke, truly! let you leave the kingdom! Oh! no. The Italians have entered it—not only to fatten themselves upon its wealth and courtly spoils, but for awhile to seat themselves upon the most exalted throne of the universe. Their sepulchre, therefore, must be in France; here, in the same place where they have reigned. Instead of conducting you to Saint Denis, and putting you both in a splendid mausoleum of marble, the *grève* shall be the place for your lying-in-state—where your bodies shall be exposed, and the hangman suspend on the gibbets of Montfaucon the remains of two infamous thieves—two execrable sorcerers who yet darken the earth by their presence.—March!"

Leonora Galligai evinced, in these painful and perilous circumstances, the greatest self-possession, the most heroic firmness; haughty, silly, presumptuous, base and ridiculous as she was during prosperity, now she exhibited equal fortitude and resignation. She followed the soldiers, and, whilst ascending the staircase of the wing towards which they were conducting her, one of them thrust her forward, exclaiming, "Up, up! there's only one flight of steps more."

"Thank heaven," replied she, "for then I shall no longer be a butt for the exercise of your brutality."

Messieurs Aubry and Du Bailleul were in the apartment, to which the guards led her, in company with M. du Hallier and others; they inquired of the prisoner what she had done with her jewels.

"Messieurs, I have sent a casket to the king, wherein there should be two hundred thousand crowns' worth of

precious stones, but I think some portion thereof has strayed by the way ; I have yet a necklace consisting of forty pearls of the value of two thousand crowns each, and a chain of five twists worth fifty thousand crowns each ; in all, here is to the amount of nearly five hundred thousand crowns' value. Here they are ; these gentlemen, (pointing to her guards) did not lay hands upon them ; I remit them therefore to you, desiring that they may be enveloped, in my presence, in paper, and that a seal be placed on the packet ;" (then turning towards Du Hallier) :—" M. Du Hallier, how fares the queen, his majesty's royal mother ?"

"She is no longer in Paris, she is at Blois."

"Sancta Maria! at Blois! And is it not enough the having killed my husband! Who then inherits his appointments?"

"M. de Vitry has been nominated Marshal of France, and the barony of Lesigny has been conferred upon him."

"Jesu Maria! That barony was ready to his hand, situate in Brie, near to Vitry! But our great mansion at Paris, our horses, furniture?—"

"Are M. de Vitry's."

"Who is first gentleman of the chamber?"

"M. de Luynes."

"Who has received the lieutenant-generalship in Normandy with the Pont-de-l'Arche?"

"M. de Luynes."

"Vitry! Luynes! *Mon Dieu!* And our marquisate of Ancres, and my little mansion adjoining the Louvre?"

"All these have been bestowed upon ancient and faithful adherents."

"And they have left me nothing! M. Du Hallier, my husband is dead; do you think that the king will extend his resentment even to me—to me a weak and defenceless woman; intercede with him for the wretched Leonora, the foster-sister of his mother; tell him that I have ever loved him, that I was the first who saw him at his birth. Oh! my good messieurs, save me, save me, and my gratitude shall equal the service you will render me; I beg you to accept a present of two hundred thousand crowns, M. Du Hallier."

"I have an order to conduct you to the Bastille. Misfortune has made you meek and resigned. There remains for you a fortnight yet, madam; had we, in days past, gazed upon you as we now do, you would have taken offence, and declared that sorcery had been practised on you."

"Oh! I was mad at that time."

"Messieurs Aubry and De Bailleul, is your task accomplished?"

"It is M. du Hallier."

"Signora, to the Bastille; but ere we set forth, answer—have you no more jewels?"

"No, monsieur; this small locket encloses an amber chain; 'tis all that remains to me of my late wealth and ornaments."

"But on your person, under your petticoat, have you nothing hidden?"

"See, messieurs," and so saying, she raised her petticoat as high as her chin, disclosing beneath a pair of drawers of red Florence frieze. "At another time I would not have submitted to this; but you are masters now."

"March!" cried Du Hallier, after having, with his own hands, searched La Galligai, "the Italian jade is as poor a beggar now, as any boatman's wench upon the Seine."

"Will my apartment be tapestried?"

"If it be so already, so much the better for thee; if it be not, I fear me much that thou wilt not live long enough to allow of such comfortable arrangements being made in your prison."

"Let me carry my little dog along with me;" and at these words she took her dog in her arms, and followed M. du Hallier with a firm and resolute step. She was accompanied by an elderly female Italian servant, and her apothecary, the only domestics whom misfortune had not yet driven from her.

The soldiers of the guard, women and nobles, hastily followed her footsteps. M. the Duke d'Uzès was among the group, having a young lady, wearing a mask, leaning upon his arm. He attentively watched Galligai, and followed her every movement with the liveliest curiosity.

"What countenance keeps she?" inquired the masked lady of the duke.

"A bold and haughty one, madam."

"Does she not weep, M. le Duc?"

"No, madam."

"Wretched creature! she has no dread of death then?"

"A sorceress is not so easily terrified."

"Oh! I should like well to see her at the *Grève*; she will, no doubt, give way at the sight of the faggot-pile."

"Madame Leonora," said the old female domestic in Italian, "I think I recognise that masked lady who leans upon the arm of M. le Duc d'Uzès; it is *madame la petite reine*."

"Yes, I recognize her too. As firm and courageous as her husband, yet she dares not look her enemies in the face until they be chained. Mon Dieu! what will become of us!"

And the curious, sympathising bystanders exclaimed, as she passed them—"The intriguing foreigner is driven forth like an enraged dog from the dwelling wherein she received such hospitality. We shall see her soon upon the *place de Grève*. Heaven and his majesty will see justice done in her case."

#### IV.—A CHARITABLE HEART.

Leonora Galligai was imprisoned but for a few days at the Bastille, and when the parliament had completed its process, she was transferred to the dungeons of the palace. Her apothecary and her aged companion were then separated from her. Alone, a prey to all the horrors of her wretched position, a mark for the infliction of the most cruel vexations, during a captivity of the most wretched character, Galligai preserved a bearing at once calm and lofty; she was resigned to the fate which awaited her; her enemies had sworn that she should die, and she hourly heard the people, with cries of ferocious vengeance, beneath her window, demanding her head.

One morning the gaoler unexpectedly admitted to her cell a lady thickly veiled.

"Who are you, madame?—and what object can have led you to seek the unfortunate Galligai?"

"Signora, I am not a stranger to your misery, your anguish, and the desertion in which you are left; I come

to bring you succour and afford you consolation;"—and at these words she flung back the veil which concealed her features.

"Madame de Persan! the wife of M. de Vitry's brother-in-law! Vitry, the assassin of my husband! Come you to insult me in the very depths of my prison?"

"No, no, signora; you are unfortunate—exposed to a thousand dangers, a thousand privations; permit me to aid and console you. On my knees, signora, I intreat it. I am not your enemy. Each day in my prayers, I call heaven to witness, that I will protect the unfortunate, that I will visit the widow, the orphan, and the prisoner."

"Oh! my good lady," cried Galligai, her eyes bathed in tears, and her voice choked by sobs, "yes, I am indeed unfortunate and bereft of everything. I have neither linen nor clothes: I had a small bundle of necessities and a muff, wherein I had hidden eighty crowns; on entering the *Conciergerie* they made me sign the prison register, and momentarily laying aside my muff to write more easily, during that short space they robbed me of it. Yes, I am indeed very poor; I would gladly change this soiled linen which you see upon me, but, alas! they will give me none."

"Here is some which I have brought for you."

"I thank you a thousand and a thousand times. You cannot imagine the comfort, the happiness you have procured me! You know not what it is to be in filth and misery!"

"You have appeared before the parliament?"

"Yes; and what astonishes me is, that hitherto they have only pestered me with the silliest interrogatories possible: they asked me if I believed in sorcery and astrology. They doubtless have ascertained my innocence, and it is only to please my enemies that they prolong my trial."

"You must bitterly regret the loss of your late exalted station."

"No, madame;—when I quitted the dwelling of my father, a poor joiner, to enter the service of the queen, I forer saw in the sequel that a brilliant career awaited me; my hopes have been rea-



lised; our fortune was splendid,—so ample as to excite envy among the highest nobility of France. The days of our grandeur flew swiftly away; and now, madame, at this moment I prefer death—yes, madame, death is far preferable to me than dragging out a life of wretchedness; to be the object of contempt and disgust to the great, and of derision even to children. I should but linger out a life of squalid poverty upon the highways of a city over which my husband has been lord; soldiers and beggars would alike smite the foster-sister of Queen Marie de Medicis; jews and sorcerers would spit upon my brow and Galligai might in vain call the archers, who, far from hastening to her assistance, would be heard shouting—‘To the Seine with that miscreant wretch!’ No, no, madame; I was present at his majesty’s birth, perchance he may deign to remember me—or, if otherwise, his royal mother will not abandon me. She loves me, madame; yes, madame, Marie de Medicis loves me well, she will do her utmost to save me; I trust she will snatch me from the fury of my enemies, and restore me to my place by her side.”

“May heaven hear and aid you!” said Madame de Persan as she retired from the cell.

“I thank you heartily, madame, for your kind visit.”

And when the door of the cell was closed, La Galligai joyfully attired herself in the clean linen this good and amiable woman had brought.

It was the last pleasure experienced by La Galligai, the last token of benevolence in charity that she received at the hands of humanity; and it was the sister of her husband’s assassin who wiped away her tears.

#### V.—THE GREVE.

It was a lovely evening; the last rays of a bright May sun illuminated the city. Traders, nobles, students, children in motley and continuous streams were hastening to the *place de Grève* and the adjoining quays. The river covered with small barks, rafts, and shallops presented a spectacle of the most animated nature. Jugglers and mountebanks were exhibiting on all sides for the amusement of the po-

pulace, and by dint of trick and buffoonery, exercised by turns, contrived to gather an ample harvest of sous and deniers. Every thing in that quarter announced the liveliest joy and reckless gaiety of the crowd, and during the interval between the cessation from daily labour and the hour for supper, it displayed itself in an endless variety of wild extravagance.

Seven o’clock at last sounded from the belfry of the palace-tower; and then suddenly arose a wavelike agitation accompanied by a wide and stormy murmuring from amongst the crowd. The sports and exhibitions were instantly broken off, the boats and quays abandoned: and at the cry—“Here comes La Galligai, whom they are dragging to the *Grève*!”—every soul rushed in the direction of the fatal spot.

In the centre of an escort of two hundred horsemen, placed in a charette, La Galligai was slowly dragged along. She was attired in a velvet robe figured with withered leaves; her face was uncovered, as was also her head. She was attended by two doctors in theology, Messieurs Leclercq and Bernard.

An officer read at intervals the sentence recorded against her by the parliament. Leonora Dori, otherwise Galligai, was convicted (such was the wisdom of some of past ages) of the crime of high treason against the highest powers *divine* as well as *human*, and condemned as a sorceress to have her head cut off and her body burnt.

At the sight of that woman devoted to the scaffold, with pallid yet lofty mien and streaming hair, standing up in the ensanguined vehicle, between the two confessors, to whose exhortations she refused attention, and casting a firm and bold gaze upon the multitude,—at the sight of that woman condemned by the parliament for having had relations with the powers of evil, at the sight of her dark and sinister countenance, the people, as if struck with panic terror, became perfectly silent.

The procession slowly advanced towards the place of execution, the lugubrious and monotonous tolling of the bells of Notre Dame breaking, at intervals, the preternatural hush, and momentarily drowning the voice of the officer who read aloud the condemna-

tion of La Galligai. The first shadows of night were beginning to descend over the city, and the people followed in silent anxiety each scene of this gloomy drama. Galligai, surrounded by her guards, her countenance lighted up by the last rays of the setting sun, night having already enveloped those beneath her in partial obscurity, stood erect in the vehicle, with firm resolution impressed upon her features, to meet death unshrinkingly; in the eyes of the stupid and ignorant populace who swarmed around, she, indeed, appeared a terrible and mysterious being, and no longer a timid, silly, superstitious creature, endowed with a commonplace mind, a prey to the thousand prejudices common to people of a condition as low as that from which she had sprung. The mob saw in her, on the contrary, an energetic, courageous woman, and those who credited not the accusation of sorcery asked their inmost consciences—"Wherefore they were about to kill her?"

The *cortège*, at length, reached the place; La Galligai ascended the scaffold. Night had fallen—and the ob-

scurity was such that the spectators could only perceive, a shadow, struggling with the executioner. The condemned would not suffer her eyes to be bandaged. Fire was next applied to the faggot-pile, and an immense and dull-sounding murmur arose from the multitude, whilst the square of the Hotel de Ville was illuminated by the ensanguined glare of the flames. La Galligai, pallid, but still collected, erected her form to its utmost height, cast a last gaze over that mute and terror-stricken concourse, and then knelt down. Her head was the next instant severed from the trunk, and the headsman flung into the flames the lifeless remains of his victim. Then exhibiting the head to the people, he shouted: "Justice is accomplished, messeigneurs!"

But the populace uttered no response, and rapidly withdrew from the place of execution.

But several of the burgesses, as well they might, on entering their dwellings pale and aghast, whispered to their wives:—

"Of a verity we have been witnesses of a most infernal spectacle."

*The following are the charges of sorcery, with which the marshal and his wife were charged in the process.*

*The Concini were accused of having taken into their service a Jew named Montalto; for having kept and read Hebrew works; of having made use of diabolic charms which they suspended round their necks; of keeping images of wax in shrouds; of consulting magicians; maintaining astrologers; of having sent for certain sorcerers, called Ambrosiens, who compelling all their household domestics to quit their service, then scattered incense over the garden, and bestowed divers benedictions upon the ground. Galligai was reproached for eating nothing but the combs of cocks and rams' kidneys which had previously received benediction. They reproached her also for having made a judaic sacrifice of a cock in several churches amid horrible shouts and howlings.*

Buxdorfius, professor of the Hebrew language in the synagogue of Basle, taught at that epoch, as follows: "The jews," said he, "killed a white cock for the expiation of their sins, (they were careful not to immolate a red one, because, according to their faith, sin is red, and in killing one of that colour, they fear to be immolated like it); after that, they enter their cemetery and give away in charity the value of the fowl sacrificed; they then eat the cock amidst shouts of noisy rejoicing. As for the bird's entrails, they throw them upon the roof of the house, in order that the crows may carry them away together with their sins, because they hold that sin, which is an interior thing, is signified by the entrails.

"If it be a man who makes the sacrifice, he kills a white cock; if a woman, she immolates a white hen; and if it be a woman *enceinte*, she immolates a white cock and hen."

## THE LOVER'S LIST.—A BALLAD.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

"Come, sit on this bank so shady,  
Sweet Evelyn, sit with me!  
And count me your loves, fair lady!  
How many might they be?"

The maiden smiled on her lover,  
And traced with her dimpled hand,  
Of names, a dozen and over,  
Down in the shining sand.

"And now," said Evelyn, rising,  
"Sir Knight! your own, if you please;  
And if there be no disguising,  
The list will out-number these.

"Then count me them truly, rover!"  
And the noble knight obey'd,  
And of names, a dozen and over  
He traced within the shade.

Fair Evelyn pouted proudly;  
She sighed—"will he never have done?"  
And at last she murmur'd loudly,  
"I thought he would write but *one*!"

"Now read!"—said the gay youth, rising—  
"The scroll,—it is fair and free,  
In truth there is no disguising,  
That list is the world to me!"

She read it with joy and wonder,  
For the first was her own sweet name,  
And again and again written under,  
It was still—it was still the same!

It began with—"my Evelyn fairest!"  
It ended with—"Evelyn best!"  
And epithets fondest and dearest  
Were lavish'd between on the rest.—

There were tears in the eyes of the lady  
As she swept, with her delicate hand,  
On the river-bank cool and shady,  
The list she had traced in the sand.

There were smiles on the lip of the maiden  
As she turn'd to her knight once more,  
And the heart was with joy o'erladen,  
That was heavy with doubt before!

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRESS.

### AND THE ART OF PERSONAL ADORNMENT.

THERE is no subject, however frivolous, upon which the eye of philosophy may not alight, as a source whence to cull instruction, or on which it may not cast some additional light. That art, therefore, which numbers so many adepts amongst its votaries—the art of personal adornment—why should it be alone excluded from the domain of philosophical inquiry? Wherefore should it be visited with a contemptuous glance—when its consummation is nothing less than a ravishing of the eyesight, and through the medium of the eye the captivation of the heart? Adornment (and by the word we are to understand that ornamenting of the person over which taste presides), is the auxiliary of beauty, and whoever discourses upon this latter topic, does he not talk about that which is at once the most delightful and the most powerful quality in existence.

What! some thoughtless one may however exclaim, bring philosophy to bear upon an art which seems to make sport of every rule, which owns no law save that of caprice, and exercises itself upon trifles whose fugitive creations vary with every object, disappear with each succeeding day? Under what appearance can it be garbed? would you analyse the ripples of the rivulet that bubbles through the plain, the mobile configuration of the cloud floating through ether, the sun-ray glancing amidst the foliage, or the undulations of the palm tree whose branches are swayed to and fro by the wind? In a word, is not good taste, in the ornamental adjustment of attire, as indefinable as personal gracefulness? Granted that it may be so; yet notwithstanding, we do not the less imagine that some path may be struck out in which many minds may succeed in making, without much difficulty, a few steps forward in this difficult science, by taking close observation for our guide; let us try, therefore, whether the latter may not herein suggest to us some perceptions alike novel, just, and satisfactory.

Adornment may, it appears to us, be considered under a double relation, the

means and the end—adornment, simply as such—*per se*, and the person adorned. The first comprehends the fineness of the materials of dress, the brilliance of ornamental used embroidery, splendour of jewels; the second, the good effects produced by the appropriate arrangement of colour and form, their accordance with the proportions of the wearer's shape, with the cast of complexion, habit of body, the expression, features, and, not least of all, the *looks*. The art in its perfection, is, indeed, the distinction of mind and matter applied to the toilette.

From this simple distinction is derived, if we mistake not, the first law of taste in the matter of costume. If the reader will deign to make the remark (and this is an observation which may be verified every day of our lives) that ill-dressed persons are so, generally, merely because in making their toilette they *busy* themselves more about their clothes than about the figure in which they are arranged; and their coquetry is actually defeated by their vanity. This is so true, that we may lay it down as a principle well nigh incontrovertible, that good taste and profusion of adjustment stand in an inverse ratio to one another. Thus then, as a general rule, do you desire to be dressed with taste?—let your attention be directed rather to yourself than to the habiliments of which your attire is composed. It is yourself, and not they, which ought to look attractive and well. Remember that adornment is not an end, but a means of pleasing; that it is an accessory which has no value, save through the principal object which it is destined to accompany. The ambitious belle, in anticipation, hears buzzed in her ears, "*What rich diamonds! what superb lace!*" rather than, "*What lovely eyes! what a charming figure, how elegant the tout ensemble!*" To dress well, be it thoroughly understood, is then not the having fine cachmires or jewels of price upon the person; all this merely prompts the remark upon the wearer, "*How rich she is!*" To dress well, is in fact, to elicit the ex-

clamation, "*How well she looks!*" With such attention, we have ever had an indirect concern for the mind as well as the persons of our readers. We have aimed, and some have said with good taste, never to present to our subscribers such designs as are unfitting the personal elegance of our countrywomen.

We would beg our readers to refer back, successively, to the fashion designs furnished monthly for their use, and we would ask whether, upon examination, these be not found in accordance of taste, which exhibits a peculiar, a great, and indeed surprising tact in these *artistes* by whom they are furnished.

Herein, however, our object is sometimes defeated. Correspondents (milliners, doubtless milliners in *disguise*) from time to time have requested us to add to the number of our monthly fashion embellishments. Far be it from us not to comply with the wishes of any who give us their patronage, whether they be gentle or *simple*, and we have accordingly had recent occasion to give one general answer on the subject at the head of our Paris correspondents' letter (see page 178, in our last number). Why then this rapacious thirst for excessive variety and novelty? Why should not the fair belle be content with a few new fashions per month, yet desire to force her milliner to feed an inclination for variety, which we fancy cannot be kept within the bounds of good taste. Not content with a few elegant changes, she exclaims, perhaps, "I must have something quite new, quite different to anything yet seen by any one." With one class this is gratified in the following manner:—A skilful milliner thinking to delight her fair customer, presents for approval the designs and instructions contained in the monthly article on dress in the Court Magazine, and from which she at the same time declares she has already made several dresses for persons of distinction. This is however hardly gazed at than the pages of other *copyist* publications are required and referred to, containing a great multitude of fashioned figures; and in like manner, as many artists take the cast of a Lady-Blessington-hand as a fit model to add

hands to the figure of some one whose likeness they are painting, not so much to show the rapid skill with which they take a likeness, as to save ladies from the tedium of too long a sitting (as if securing their features on the canvass, the rest was to be added by the inspirations of genius, upon one general and invariable law, and that a little bit of the figure which belonged to one, was equally fit for every one). These, like the hand in question, taken from good originals are cut, changed, and altered; so that a whole figure contains the partial form of one, the partial costume of another, and these are the *fashions* which are put before the requirant some twenty on a page!!—duly inspected—an order is given for something differing in a trifling respect from the make, shape, colour, and form of that before them; and finally, the leaves of the rose are combined with the flower of the carnation, sprigs of (spring) lilac, with (autumnal) dahlia; in fact, there is no referableness to times, seasons, colours, keeping, form or propriety; and the hand of an unphilosophical milliner is forced to immolate taste at the shrine of morbid variety,—whilst the fair novelty-seeker has spent days of torture in *thinking* of and devising new patterns for her use, instead of simply adopting that which good taste has provided for her. Gaze at the walking throng—are not the materials of their dresses good? good, yea the very best in quality, the dearest in price—are they attractive?—gaudy and attractive!—like a bed of a flaunting nursery parterre.—Are they fashionably dressed? they are in the fashion, beyond it; in the excess of fashion, and over doing it; it is this excess which becomes ridiculous.

But mark the simple, yet sometimes splendid elegance of the titled and aristocratic belle—the best of everything made by the best fitting hands, gains, for her, commendation and praise—her mental acquirements are brought to bear upon her corporeal necessities, and taking no heed for herself except in making a GOOD SELECTION, an hour's work only, from new, approved, and fashionable designs, she appears as men would wish to gaze on her, elegant and captivating.

But to return to our own designs,

formed, planned, and prepared under the rules we have laid down in this paper—whether for wife, sister, or maiden we love, are not those provided by us such as we would feel pleased to see them wear, suitable to times, persons, and seasons; what more then would the fashion-votary wish,—what more the eye of taste require?

Those too who, in their adornment, instead of seeking to set off to the best advantage their natural gifts, think only of parading the rare and precious objects it may fall to their lot to possess, appear to us to resemble those musicians who, void of genius, construct their learned harmonies not to serve as an accompaniment to a melodious song, or to strengthen dramatic expression, but merely to compose a scientific harmony. "*Sonata, que me veux-tu?*" exclaimed Fontenelle, while listening to similar music. How many times in society have not we ourselves, parodied Fontenelle with—"diadem—necklace—wreath—what do you mean?"

Whence then, proceeds this aberration from good taste which leads so many people to ruin themselves only to affect their personal disfigurement? And how happen it that so many people show themselves more sensible to the pleasure of having their clothes admired, than to the gratification of eliciting admiration for themselves? The fact is, that two *penchants* are here opposed to each other, and two *penchants* possessing almost equal power over the human heart—coquetry and pride—the desire to please and the desire to shine.

If adornment be a means of personal embellishment, so likewise is it a means of giving a high idea of self, of one's rank and fortune. Under the first point of view it adds to one's *agréments*; under the second, it adds to one's importance.

There are also many persons who much rather prefer being important than agreeable; such is the constitution of human nature. This peculiarity of feeling, it must be owned, appertains chiefly to limited understandings, narrow, vain, or perverted minds—in fact is one and the same thing—thence, unfortunately, it follows that such is common to the larger portion of mankind; but it may be

also observed that proportionably as the intellect develops and corrects such errors in judgment, whether by advance in age or from education, good taste re-assumes its province, so that, generally speaking, adornment is so much the more natural, according as the mind is most rational and enlightened. As light is acquired, obscurity is banished; children and women of the humbler classes dress themselves in order to look fine; the sensible man and well brought up woman attire themselves with a view to becoming propriety; and this remark is so true, that the expression is almost proverbial, "a gentlemanly-looking man, a lady-like woman—how neatly! how quietly they are dressed!"

This remark which, perhaps, may not be void of interest or importance, is capable of being yet further generalised to advantage. If we observe the march of civilization, we everywhere see good taste in dress follow the progress of intelligence, and its procedure approach nearer to nature, proportionately as the arts approach perfection.

Turn to the savage races, you will find the mind of man so modified on this head, that you can scarcely recognise his motives. In the infirmity of his intellect, he believes that he embellishes his person by its disfigurement: he applies all his care, to fashion for himself another countenance, another form and a different complexion than those given him by nature. In some cases he elongates the head of the newly-born infant by squeezing the skull between two pieces of wood; in others, he gives disproportionate length to the ears. Here we find him painting his face and body; there, tattooing them, incrusting in his skin, by the help of a colouring matter, divers figures of plants, animals, and other objects.

On emerging from the savage state he begins to follow in the matter of attire, a procedure of a somewhat less whimsical character. He no longer aims at transforming, but is contented with disguising himself: the attire is no longer *contrary* to it, only *goes beyond* nature. Man, in this state, seeks to render himself comely by means of

every thing extraneous to him ; his natural form becomes effaced, if we may be allowed the expression, beneath a mass of foreign ornament. It is thus in India that the native women have a singular mania of covering the entire frame with rings and bracelets ; they have them on the arms, legs, on every finger and toe, in the ears, even in the nose, which latter ornament produces, as most of us have recently seen in the *Bayaderes*, an effect somewhat more singular than charming.

Let us, however, quit India and transport ourselves among a more civilised people, but, at the same time, of a civilization rude and imperfect, like that of the nations of Europe during the middle ages and even in more modern times. The progress of adornment already possesses something less of the factitious, without being yet perfectly natural ; and here we might refer our readers to the abundant example furnished by our series, or gallery of ancient portraits in the various eccentricities of attire.

It is true, we no longer discover pointed-shaped heads, huge ears, tattooed skins, or rings depending from the nose-tip ; but we had in use and vogue, till within our day (nay have sometimes even now), brown and white wigs, rouge, powder, patches, and pig-tails ; we have had the vast hoops, the coal-skuttle bonnets, the wide-flowered robe, enormous ear-rings, and the glaring red of coral necklaces. All this species of array, be it remarked, assorted marvellously well with the structure of the so massive and elaborately carved furniture peculiar to the middle ages, with the ponderous forms so confused and heavily relieved of its monuments of architecture. This is no longer, it is true, the reign of barbarism ; but we are far from having yet entered generally upon the epoch of good taste.

As a termination to our travels in search of the picturesque in dress, with what pleasure do our eyes mentally repose upon the now desolate shores of Greece—upon that land of poetry and art—upon that people of all nations among the whole human family of earth the most sensible to beauty ! Here, adornment consisted not in profusion of accessories—in parade of ornament ;

it was evinced in purity of outline, in grace of contour, in the elegance and lightness of the draperies. Here we no longer discover the factitious ; it is no longer gold, pearls, and rubies, to whose task is committed the care of rendering the wearer fine ; it is in fact, beauty. The same may be said formerly as well as now, of the graceful cloak of the noble Roman ; and the peasant even, without effort, casts it with such art and grace around him, that the beauty and majesty of his mien and bearing rivet the beholder's attention.

Dare we avow that, upon this point, the modern adjustment of our countrymen is still far from satisfying us, and that, for several years past, it appears to us we have retrograded a little towards the false taste of the middle ages ? Yes, we would frankly avow what we have at heart. We are truly afflicted when we behold our young and lovely countrywomen, so unapproachably lovely in form and complexion—as is admitted throughout the whole world—break, by a hideous *fronnière*, the pure soft lines of the brow ; unless, with Juno-like front and proportions, her power be irresistible to act as may please her fancy. Nor would we pass over another and not a very dissimilar error into which our fair countrywomen, who have passed some ten or fifteen years beyond their teens, are constantly falling : if the very young thus venture to divide not too ample brow, they recklessly conceal at least the whole of the upper portion of as much of the forehead, nay, even the side face and ears, by thick and massive curls, darkened sometimes, we fear, with some liquid of unnatural growth, so that the mass of hair quite outportions the whole of what would seem to be the natural quantity and colour of this otherwise fairest and natural adornment of their sex. Others, again, deform their looks by using heavy drop-earrings, and destroying the graceful harmonious contour of the face.

Fair ones, will you never understand that what you possess most pleasing to man, is—yourselves ? Wherefore then will you perversely transform yourselves, when we find you so admi-

nable such as you are? That gem, youthful aglaë! suspended by a chain of gold across your forehead, bears a high value, we doubt not; but that gentle brow it pleases us better to contemplate in its native grace. That sapphire which glitters on your finger is most brilliant, we own; but your hand would be so pretty without it! Nothing can be finer than the pearls of that necklace; but what business has it to distract our attention from the undulation of that elegant neck, far more white than ivory? Those diamond pearls are of the finest water, we are free to confess—and we are accounted no mean judges; but wherefore do they sparkle only to mar the happy proportions of a countenance fairer to behold than all the diamonds in the universe? Believe you us not? consult then artists, good-judges ordinarily in matters of taste; tell us what painter has ever thought of showing you Venus decked with a diadem? Hebe wearing ear-rings, or Diana with a *rivière* of diamonds? The Greeks, it is well-known, painted the Graces naked. It is not exactly this style of costume that we desire to see introduced *à la mode*; but at least it enables us to perceive, that among a nation best organized in their perception of art, and the best judges of the truly beautiful, it was not under vain ornament that they recommended it to be sought for.

"He, who," remarks a celebrated French writer, in an enthusiastic manner, "he who is struck with the diamonds which bedizen a beautiful woman, does not deserve to gaze on a beauty." What boots, in reality, all this false glare of ornament? If it be jewels that we are anxious to inspect, let us not enter the *clique* of the fair sex, but repair to a jeweller's shop. Rundell and Bridge alone would, in that way, spread before your gaze greater marvels of the mine than all the drawing-rooms of Belgrave and Grosvenor-squares could together muster—ay, or a birth-day drawing-room into the bargain, taking the paste into account.

One very simple observation, however, will serve to enlighten us upon the vanity of this false ornament which always seeks its means of pleasing else-

where than in the object which it is thought to embellish. From the commencement of the world, humanity has been decked in every imaginable fashion; every mode has by turns held its sway; every species of ornament, from the most simple to the most quaint, has been brought into play. Notwithstanding, throughout all these vicissitudes of costume, one thing has undergone no change; ugliness has never ceased to remain ugly, and simple beauty invariably to have its idolizers.

Almost all youth of the fair sex appear to us pretty, or at least agreeable. Is this solely an effect of the charm attached to the grace and freshness peculiar to adolescence? Doubtless, this has something to do with it. But it must be owned that it is also an effect of that happy simplicity of adjustment which their age and position in society impose upon them. This salutary constraint which, perhaps, many among them denounce as a grievance, is however, in part, a source of their charms. The poor young damsels are not allowed to render themselves ill-looking by adventitious adornment: they are condemned to remain pretty.

From all this, some have inferred that women do not array themselves for the sake of the men, but to please, or rather perhaps to excite the envy of their own sex. "'Tis vanity alone," whispers the tongue of scandal, "which decks them out with such splendour of ornament. They well know that the men like them better without all this parade; but they prefer to appear less attractive rather than to yield to other women in profusion or the chances of *eclat*. They attire themselves in London as they burn themselves at Calcutta, through vain glory." We are, ourselves, tenacious of advancing, unreservedly, opinions which would accuse of a flaw (such a puerile flaw) that sex which it is our supreme delight to praise and honour. We should be rather tempted to admit the explication given—we forget by what author—of that taste which has been generally remarked among women for *recherché* ornaments which only have the effect of disfiguring them. That writer pretends that it was the ill-favoured who first brought them into vogue, in order to





The sceptre glitters in his grasp,  
His eye with joy is bright—  
He wakes—it is an empty dream—  
His spirit owns our might!

“ We bear the slumbering maiden  
From her happy village home,  
To gay and gorgeous scenes, o’er which  
She long hath sigh’d to roam;  
And nobles how to do her will  
In halls of dazzling light—  
She wakes—it is an empty dream—  
Her spirit owns our might!

“ We weave our mystic spells of power  
Around the frighten’d child,  
We bear him from his mother’s side  
To caverns dark and wild;  
The owl hoots,—the bat flies past—  
He screams in sore affright,—  
He wakes—there’s terror in his glance—  
His spirit owns our might!

“ The poet journeys far away  
Beneath our shadowy wings,  
To where the Persian love-rose blooms,  
To where the bulbul sings;  
Or wakes the echoes with his lyre  
When midnight stars look down,  
Or sits beside the rushing streams  
On plains of old renown.

“ We bear him to the mossy tombs  
Where rest the holy dead;  
To the ancient abbey’s silent aisles  
That startle at his tread.  
He muses on those scenes, with all  
A poet’s rapt delight,—  
He wakes—the glorious dream is past—  
His spirit owns our might!

“ Oh! wondrous is our two-fold power  
Of sorrow and of mirth,  
When we weave our mystic shadowy spells  
Around the sleeping earth;—  
Ye rule the gladsome world by day,  
But ’tis *we*, who rule by night;—  
Ye bow before our awful sway,  
Your spirits own our might.”

T. W.

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EPIGRAM FROM THE FRENCH OF PIRON.

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Greece, so famed in history’s pages,  
Founder of a thousand schools,  
Ne’er produced but seven *sages*—  
Judge the number of its *fools*!

T. W.

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A CONFESSOR.

BY THE ABBE MONTELLE.

No. I.—THE CONFESSOR'S STORY.

(See pages 61, January; 165, February, 1839.)

It was winter : snow was on the earth ; without fire, and far colder than this inclement season, I was seated alone, in one of the shaded recesses of the apartment. The narrow pointed gothic windows built high above me, only revealed the barren sky peering through the ice-clad branches of an ancient tree whose boughs were motionless. The nurse held in her arms my child, the heir of my family and estate. Unutterable was the sensation of my mind, except that the presence of this infant was abhorrent to me ; though, only once before, in the sick chamber, it had been presented to me. Under this same secret sensation of disgust, my hands withdrew the hood from its young face. What consummate mockery lives in smiling ! the writhing of eternal disquiet was changed to well-feigned outward pleasure, and the soft greeting of the parent belied my inward aversion. The innocent being gradually won upon me till I took it to my bosom.

"It's a sweet pretty child," the woman remarked. "Come, Louis, love, look up at dear papa, Louis ;" and seeing my amazement at the name, she added ; "It is so like the colonel, Monsieur Dumont, my lady calls him Louis, sir."

The smothered imprecation died in its utterance ; my honour was in my own keeping ; silence—silence was the guardian of it.

"Take care that he be called by his right name," I answered slowly. "Remember, idle words oft make industrious mischief. Never let me hear that word again ;" and, unaware of my actions, the infant dropt from my nerveless grasp.

The nurse caught it with an expression of terror ; and mumbling her apologies, and glancing at my pale and trembling emotion, she hastily withdrew.

Were heaven and earth at work in my strange destiny, that this impres-

sion formed in passive clay, this likeness of another should here be born to torture me ! We are told that what the mind dwells upon, the body imitates ; as we have often seen two attached beings insensibly adopt the manners, method of action, tone of mind, bodily attitude and mental likeness of each other, till all the world have talked of the resemblance ; calling the lover and mistress, sister and brother, only because sympathy has instilled into them the gentle wisdom of knowing one another. The union and fellowship existing in the natural world bears out the theory, and plants partake each other's qualities. Therefore, Isabella had loved the man, had thought and dreamt of him ; and this was the living testimony that she had done so. For the rest—who shall believe in things without the proof ? I thought that Reginald Montelle was not the man to do so. I say, I thought so ; even when the burning heat of jealousy consumed me—when desperate dreams of revenge beguiled me—when incessant scenes of revelry availed me nothing. The extremity of misery was still found at the end of pleasure ; or rather, misery joined the links that made up the chain.

The child, even in the midst of affluence, was neglected. It had been born to be my curse ; and Isabella, as she was no wife of my affections, so she was ignorant of the gentle claims of mother ! She was the same dispassionate, regal, queen-like creature, moving as if the world were but the footstool of beauty ; but then the world was not in the secret how all this loveliness was nothing to me—the gaudy sepulchre of a soul that had no existence there. Besides, her state, and dignity, and circumstance, were all she contemplated ; she was the reigning belle of fashion ; and the child, seldom beheld by her or me, was, when four years old, scarcely familiar with either of us. My life

however, was passed in watching her, and seeking to forget myself. There is one recollection, however, still grateful to me. At more frequent periods it was now my amusement not only to visit, but to spend several hours with my little son ; and latterly, it was my custom that some portion of every day should be devoted to him. The child, as reason dawned within him, instinctively loved me, delighting alone in my society, and roused only into joy at my approach. Methought, the little fellow had partly lost something of that resemblance which had forced me to detest him ; and people did say that he was the miniature of myself. Wilfully would I believe that that fatal, hideous likeness was all imaginary ; distrust my thoughts, rather than deem that such a woman could be called my wife. Meantime, Louis Dumont was intimate amongst us ; though sometimes beheld with jealous watchfulness and doubt, at others, welcomed as friend and partner in my difficulties ; or, as the abettor of that extravagance and folly in which my life was wasted.

We were all of us sitting one summer's afternoon in rooms where only happiness might be thought to dwell ; the boy was playing on the floor, and clambering from time to time upon his father's knee, upon *my* knee ; while Isabella was all courteous dignity becoming to her as mistress of the mansion. Then was I in one of the abstracted reveries peculiar to me. The child, awed at my silence, had wandered away from me, gambolling to and fro across the room in the free merriment of infancy.

"Come here, my little boy," said Dumont ; "and you and I will have some talk together." Dumont seldom addressed him, and the child did not like him.

"No, no, I love papa," said he, with only half-uttered accents and crouching down beside me. "You are not my papa ; is he, now ?" Yet, in that rosy face of early childhood the demon of my destiny was smiling.

My wife and Dumont sauntered through the open window upon the lawn—the infernal demon stirred me. I seized the little fellow and flung him to the further end of the wide cham-

ber. The silence of the place upbraided me, and as I advanced upon him, he rose up again, and was again held in my strong grasp. The child lifted no look upon me.

"Damnable urchin !" I muttered, "shame of my pride and honour, mention the thought again, and I will kill you ! I am not your father—not your father—not," and I shook him in the terrible convulsion of grief and shame combined.

As by the reproving voice of heaven itself, my child replied, "No, dear papa, I *feel* it," and the strong wisdom of that double answer, silenced me at once, and saved me from the crime of second murder. I relaxed my hold, while the poor boy leaned on the chair near him and sobbed aloud.

As passing and rough winds will snap the early sapling, so these harsh words were death to him. He never played again, nor looked upon me, but fell into a slow fever ; it was but summer warmth to the hot fire that scathed me. My jealousy and all my maddening doubts were revived through the ignorance of this unknowing creature ; and swift conclusions came to satisfy me. My vigilance was for some time unrewarded, but, as chance directed it, the clue was at last discovered to conduct me through the windings of this labyrinth, and it was to lead me into certainty.

Five years had passed since this fatal union ; but all my miserable subjection of degraded pride was now to be recompensed by one short moment of triumph, and by another of complete revenge. I thirsted for this sweetness extracted out of bitterness ; and, quitting the sick bed of my little boy at happy intervals, worked my way through every obstacle, and brought truth to light at last. But out of sin, new sin was doomed to spring.

Upon my estate there was a retired and unfrequented spot known by the name of the Lover's Walk ; and as closely entwined boughs were here wedded into one, forming such mysterious light as suits with inward aspirations and pensive melancholy, the name was perhaps not altogether inapplicable. From this

very fact, it was the last place where one might be supposed to discover a fashionable intrigue, or such species of amour as this, to discover which I was spending my life blood. Without whisper or suggestion from others, chance, however, directed me. They were known to walk and lounge together in most familiar intercourse, but other proofs had until now been wanting.

It so happened that my own unhappy thoughts conducted me to this seclusion, where my footsteps had often wandered before; but never with the like accident, seemingly, intended, purposely to conduct me to the certainty of my wrongs.

While I strolled up and down the bowered pathway, where day assumed the darkling hue of evening, the sudden glancing of sunbeams poured in meridian brightness from between an opening amidst the trees, and fell athwart the gravelled alley in varying shadow before me. Startled by this glorious daylight to my dreams, my eyes were cast upward to behold it, when immediately above me, a folded paper, lodged adroitly between the boughs, attracted me. In the firm conviction of the truth, but with senses trembling at the thought, the billet-doux was taken, opened, and perused.

Here was truth that might have struck into death, the very powers and faculties of sense. Amorous phrases tuned to the sweetest harmony of prose, and gentlest sentiments made musical by soft persuasion; and this was addressed to my wife! But vengeance and rage were not yet to be awakened, and my heart whispered them, and bade them sleep warmly and sleep well.

At last, at the still hour of eventide, the moment of the appointment drew nigh. At the stealthy pace of creeping vigilance I threaded the silent alleys, when presently she approached to wait his coming.

Habitual self-possession is, in such instances, the best defence of all; and to have seen her gliding as in saintly dignity of womanhood, not the most debased of minds could have conceived her guilty. But let me not invent this libel on woman's modesty; nevertheless, the practised coldness of the wife, is but

too often the mask to cover impudence, or the pretence of something that exists not, and this was the nature of Isabella. She could quietly calculate the chances of discovery and then devise the method to defeat it. She was a thing of art, fit to be looked upon—no more.

She paused awhile in charmed anticipation, until in the opposite direction the chosen cicisbeo came towards her. My lurking place lay in the bosom of thick trees, whence nothing could be heard; but fancy spoke unuttered language, and passion told the rest. They walked and talked together, their arms linked in the gentle twine of softest love; their footsteps treading out the time as loathe to part with it. My heated pulse beat audibly in answer to the sighs of leafy trees, and under their close shelter was the seat which previous hope had told me would be their resting-place, and to this rustic bench they now advanced: my listening senses waited till the first accents of their voices were heard by me. In close and kind embrace they sat together, and under this excitement, the acute faculty of hearing recognised the slightest sound of creeping things that rustled to their rest.

"My life is employed in unavailing sorrow," sighed she; "regret that we have ever met—that we did not part for ever. Why reproach me, dearest Louis, with neglect? You know I must sustain appearances—must be discreet. You teach me, love, my heart has been too open with you; you are unkind, cruel, yet—yet—"

"Well, but when can we meet again?" he whispered. "When can you get away? Remember, at the cottage all is safe."

"Safe—and yet not so," said she; "suspicions have been excited. However, I will come—make the excuse to visit, for a day or two, my mother."

But how repeat it! The abominable evidence was heard and written in my brain; foul facts lamented that only proved too much; hints of an earlier date of friendship—that was the expression—sustained ever since my marriage, of tender connexion existing even from the first short period. My greedy senses heard, and would have swallowed more. She was false, not as hell, but

out of the pale of all its common punishments. A monstrous deformity nursed in the lap of luxury—such a detestable being as only hated pomp gives birth to; thus much might be guessed; but surely imagination tells too much. Let me not credit it, that nature had selected the most disgusting of its creatures to be the curse of one weak man, that he might wear this mockery of virtue—wear it even as the precious pearl above all price, and bought at the dear price of honour. I will not believe it. Enough that she was false. When? where? how? Bid eternity itself refuse to give up that living fact. They had, by their own account, loved one another long and faithfully. She had married me for my wealth and title—the fact was in itself a cutting satire on personal distinctions. While he was an apt licentiate in dissipation, to whom these courtships were pleasant pastimes, he played the lover as it suited him, to whom and when he pleased; and here was comfort to my pride! My heart leapt up alive to all its vengeance.

But though their mingling voices made music that might lead me to perdition; bound in the spell of my own sad emotions, and rooted to the earth in silent presence, I still stood there immovable; my sword was rusted in its scabbard, blunted of its thrice-whetted edge by the strong conscience that rose up within me to blast me into powerless tranquillity. It was the spirit of *Astasie*, the peasant, that bade me listen to this tale of shame, and murmur not, who called from the abyss of foul dishonour, to show me the Eden of that peace whence my guilt had cast her; and as fallen angels are in their fall more beauteous than the aspiring demon bent on ruin, so she was still above this loathsome thing called by the name of wife.

Yet, in Heaven's full retribution, truth whispered me that now my deeds had met their just reward. Yes, nothing less than this, nor something more, could have so struck the statue into me, leaving me motionless as lifeless things, and still as stone; blood frozen into petrification; vital energy benumbed to death-like sleep. The craven quality of cowardice was not in me, nor of me,

fear was unknown to me; but only in unflinching fortitude and calmest purpose, did my senses listen; no thought of instant revenge occurred to me throughout it.

Slowly and surely, the hand of indelible disgrace was marked upon my mind. Though secretly dishonoured, and stripped of all virtue by myself, by my own infamy, yet this hard infliction was not felt the less; but acted on me through the power of nature, even as the accidental sting of the fanged serpent pierces more keenly than the asp, whose flattering venom we take unto us as something sweet and grateful.

"Hush! did you hear a breathing?" said she. "The very leaves seem thrilling with stirring life. Dear Louis, I must away."

"Absence but whispers coming hope," he answered, softly, "and you will meet me there to-morrow, at the first hour after twilight. Sweet *Isabella*, you remember."

"Love's memories are lasting," she sighed. "Farewell, I will be with you," and gentle love's embrace and the soft kiss—the seal of the unworded sin—was here exchanged.

Even as they separated, and space grew into distance wide between them, my soul expanded into unknown purposes of deep laid vengeance, and fixed resolutions, built upon design, that they should be at once and everlastingly divided. Unto this sequestered scene of guilty love my thoughts in anticipation followed them, and, emerging from the shelter of the trees, my deep intentions spoke in the sullen action with which my limbs moved listless to the spot, and there reclined, in that precise peculiar place, in that exact position of luxurious ease in which this excellent pair had just before so tenderly indulged. The dreams of my revenge were sweet.

Oh, nature! why so beautiful to contemplate, in outward evidence immaculate; yet, in mysterious resemblance of something thou art not, thy ways are not to be divulged, nor thine unfathomable secrets known? Thy falsehood was felt too soon—thy truth too late. Oh, *Astasie*! child of the wilderness, untutored offspring of the forest,

nymph of the mountain and the field, one spark of nature's love outshines the uncounted lamps of borrowed lustre, with which the world still smiles upon itself; one word of pure simplicity, breathing of the untaught wisdom of truth, tells more than the cultured cunning of discourse—full of the ignorance of falsehood. Thy kiss knew not the taint of sin;—thou bird of spotless plumage, struck by the towering hawk which flew above thee!

But as hope christens the future, regret still consecrates the past. Dear peasant! But the last shade of twilight had fallen round me, and my sad memory had travelled back to the far village—my straining sight fixed on the high-growing trees whose branches hung shadowing the opening vista before me. Was it the conjured spirit of the past, or, in the eclipse of thought; did the mortal figure put on its mortal flesh? or was it sudden vitality swept hence in quick oblivion?

There, under the pliant boughs, Albert Frantzen, the vine-grower, was standing; his noble shoulders bearing his tools of husbandry, the sickle in his hand, the vine branch drooping in rich grapes hung from his leathern girdle. It was his picture living as he stood. The vision of my senses was fixed upon him, till the dark slanting shade of darker night clipt him away and closed the light on nothingness. It was a dream, beheld and gone.

And with hardest labour, wrung from me in the bondage of servitude, would my regretful soul have earned anew the lost eternity of heaven, only to render it up again for the dear privilege of calling back to life this tiller of the fields, this servant of the harvest. But in vain; for selfish shame might teach me repentance of my sin, but the wrath of heaven is not so easily propitiated. Nevertheless, in my remorse, my spirit called on Astasie and was forgiven; my rage and storm appealed to the world who heeded it not; and the hot tears that broke away from my heart but watered and revived the misery which had taken root there. But of the blossoms of this grief was to be born my vengeance, and the slow soil, gifted with sudden fertility, put forth the germ of that which the next

day's sun must ripen. All future fond contrition was here resigned; guilt did not look sufficiently like guilt; for though Astasie were gone, yet revenge for my disgrace—retaliation for my wrongs—this was still mine. My brooding thoughts were rife with mischief, and all my nature full to overflowing with its true gall and bitterness.

At length my plan was laid, ready and ripe for action; and nothing, not even intervening fate, should thwart me. And to beguile my thoughts from this dear pleasure I rose up, and gloomily wrapt in this transport of idea, strode towards my home and found Isabella seated at her needle.

"You work late to night, my love," I said. "Do you not know that too much toil destroys this human beauty? Beware you do not lose my love sweet mistress, unless, indeed, you have something to replace it."

"Nothing can ere do that," she answered, and the softness of the reply bade me remember this game played many times before. "You, dear Reginald, you do not waste your thoughts on me, something more worthy occupies them."

"My thoughts are with you," I replied, sullenly, "but trust me, I do not waste them. It strikes me yonder grove, the Lover's Walk, my Isabella, were just the place for us who love so dearly—fit dwelling for fond turtles, pretty witch." She eyed me with the calmness of self-possessed assurance peculiar to her.

"I have often thought so myself," she said. "But what are peaceful places in themselves if mild affection do not dwell there? If you were the lover, then Montelle, no wonder if the scene were loved indeed."

"It shall be so, aye, from this hour!" I cried, emphatically. "As much admired as if true love and faithful vows and tender kisses had hallowed the blessed spot. Where is the child? We want but that for real happiness."

She looked on me as doubtful of the meaning of my speech, but though her sight gazed full on mine, as womanly innocence might look upon itself, yet the mystery that was hidden between us peeped out in both our aspects. The placid and cold smile that greeted her,

appeared to re-assure her ; and at last, this pleasing scrutiny was willingly, by both of us, resigned.

"The child is far too ill to see us," she answered, coolly; and the withering curse that blights, even though in silence, fell from my heart upon her.

"Yes," I pondered. "I will once more look upon—welcome it—love it," and in oppressed emotion, I quitted her and went to the chamber.

The child was lying, the emblem of peace, upon the brink of slumber, but at my approach, he awoke and raised himself up. While sitting with him his trembling hands played in gestures of affection about my hair and sported round my temples ; while all my heart-strings answered to each appeal he made. It is unknown how the simplest things tend to our strongest feelings, and I could have wept anew, had tears been mine.

"You are papa, you *are*. I never loved but you," he uttered smilingly ; and, beautiful creature that he was, I sighed upon the thought and hailed it true.

"I am thy father—too willing to believe it," I replied ; for so it was, the child recalled that fatal day as if it were the living thought of his existence ; even as riper age, before it resigns its load of human life, calls up the bygone memory, ere it be gone for ever.

"You love me—love me," he babbled, sweetly, "eh, papa?"

"Love! yes, poor child, love is the lasting word ;" and he attempted to raise himself towards me, but as if beat down never to rise again, he fell instantly backwards, and languished into tears.

The night of that fatal day passed over and ushered in the morning ; and with smiling artifices to deceive us, and under pretence of visiting her mother, this woman quitted the house ; and this long day of apparently interminable agony I spent beside the bed of my dear child.

But language can never depict the horror of that reverie which bound and wrapt me up in silence during those few hours ; that species of distempered and wild reasoning to which the strong misery of madness were almost preferable. Indeed, my senses struggled to

know themselves and to be known, amid a chaos of conflicting remorse and grief of the past, of rage, revenge, and mingled scorn and hatred of the present. My affection for my child and fear of its unhappy condition, perhaps was paramount to all, and the last worthy sentiment that lived amid the blight and desolation that had fallen on me.

As evening came on, the warning of my vengeance sounded. This was the eve of meeting, this was the midnight whose stars were to guide me to my revenge, and it should be a sure one. As the golden sun sunk down in the far west, and the crescent moon hung its fair silver bow in the opposite direction, my heart thrilled and vibrated to each moment in expectation of the one that was to crown my victory. My passions stirred and struggled, and bade me quit the chamber of sickness, and be at hand and ready for the prosecution of this, my great design ; and all my nature heard them and applauded the wise resolve.

At last, as my child lay weak and exhausted before me, I soothed him into peace and kissed him back to slumber, in all the quick deceit of powerful necessity ; and presently, as he lay quiet in the dissolving trance, my whispers spoke the unheard benison, and I crept away well pleased to go to my appointment.

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The night had now almost drawn in. Years of agony could not accumulate the heaped-up misery that loaded me, as my footsteps quitted the home of my fathers. I stood in the hall of my ancestors, and with the frowning visages of centuries ago gazing in cold vacancy athwart the twilight, I lifted down my sword and tried the point and blade and buckled it to my side ; and slowly as lovers stroll in their deep dreams, I wandered through the ancient glades where my forefathers had trod, and when the high-arched iron grating was passed, I turned back to review the scenes of my childhood. The grey and sombre outline of the castle broke through the gloomy perspective ; but in the dim shadow of its obscurity, the dull serenity of age was exemplified—of age clothed in that dignity, which mourns not for the present or the past.



The thought was welcomed by me as if it were not easily forgotten; and sternly, in the dead apathy of all emotion, in perfect insensibility of all that might ensue, I paced slowly my way to the place appointed, where my groom was to be in waiting; for the scene of rendezvous was yet some miles distant from the castle.

I mounted my horse and bade my servant return homeward; but in jealous watchfulness, perceiving perhaps something remarkable in me, he watched me out of sight. But, no sooner was the angle of the road turned, than I spurred forward at the pace which only rage and murder ride when fearless of the footing. The wind, as it blew, was seething hot to my ice-bound limbs; the moon, as it shone, was freezing cold to the fever of my head; and outward heat and internal chill alternated in me; but the mind lived on apart from all, fixed in the resolution of an unchanging purpose. Noiseless, to my hearing, were the hoofs of my charger, as if flying buoyant on the buoying wind; and long as was this night-time ride, it fled, as an instant, across our thoughts and was eclipsed as shortly.

However, at last, the humble cottage of the lovers was near. My horse was fastened to a tree by the way-side; and folding myself closely in my mantle, I crouched among the verdant shelter of the wilderness growing near the place, for the purpose of watching my best method of action, or whether the hour of this tender meeting were yet arrived.

My expectations at length were only too surely fulfilled. His horse, grazing in the near pasture suddenly broke away from its boundary, and now joined mine in the near coppice; and the animals in recognition of one another, neighed and bounded in active frolic, testifying the joy of well-known old friends on meeting once again.

At this instant, the fluttering of female raiment passed before the casement of the cottage, and my doubts were ended by the voice of Isabella singing a well-known tune. It was an air in which Dumont always much delighted, but it startled me into desperation. I sprung to my feet and slunk creeping under the eaves of the roof,

seeking the nearest method of entering the dwelling; but none offered, and my views were for a time defeated. In the meanwhile, the night had quite closed in, and utter darkness was around about.

Until this moment, all had been doubt and hesitation, the disbelief of every faculty that told of my dishonour; it was the bewilderment of some hideous dream, or the confusion of a too fearful reality. But here was living evidence enough to smite me into ruin, by all I saw, by all that was unseen. I wrapt my mantle round me and muffled in its folds, with hat bent down upon my brows, struck cautiously at the doorway, and demanded an hour's rest from travel and fatigue; and I was presently admitted. The old woman, indeed, answered me as if something in my manner forbade the possibility of denial; and doubtless, when my person came in full view before her, the pallid front and writhing lip of the avenger were recognized at once.

"Is Colonel Louis Dumont up stairs?" I whispered.

"There is one Colonel Dufoe," she answered, trembling.

"It is the same—the man's the same," I muttered; and listening as if 'twere silence itself could tell me something, or speak of things never expressed before, we listened together, but nothing but a pause of dreadful import here intervened.

"There is a lady?" I gasped. "She—she is called—Isabella, Isabella Montelle, beautiful, artful, speaks with melodious accents—walks with imposing presence?"

"There is a lady called Isabel Mont-travers," she answered, "beautiful, but full of fear, sir,—she speaks like a queen and—"

"The same. Isabella—yes, my heart!" I murmured, and my fingers played patting my good sword into sharpness and coaxing it to its good work; and drawing it forth, I passed the blade slowly before the waning light. The woman trembled and spoke not, and yet she questioned me, and the wan smile that answered her, with finger pressed against the mouth, most surely hinted my unspoken meaning. I waited for the moment when this deed must be done;—her palsied shriek denoted

it and struck the sudden chime; and darting up the stairs, the dazzling of lights passed over head; I leapt into the passage and the voice of Dumont was heard.

"What is it? Who is that? Who? Speak!" he cried.

"'Tis I, traitor, it is myself," I whispered, and the still whisper sounded as if far echo uttered it—the sound was lost in the clash of meeting swords. The shrieks and cries of my wife, as she broke forth from her concealment, were all unheard. It was but an instant—and my clean blade passed through him—the point pricked at his life—the hilt of my weapon grazed against his breast, and the warm oozing blood crept forth, bathing my hands and person with a stream more welcome than hot tears to breaking hearts, since in that tide of ebbing breath the name of great Montelle was purified. As I drew forth the sword the body fell without sign or word before me—the soul had passed away. The lights were in the struggle extinguished, and we were left alone with darkness and the dead.

"Oh! he is gone—he is gone!" she moaned, and the dead silence told her it was true, but to me it said other things. My weapon was pointed downwards, but instinct showed the way; and by its direction, its point yet once again probed, pierced, and paddled in the heart and life-blood of my victim. Thus, in imagination did my revenge destroy him again and again, and in this soothing satisfaction were my rage and my pride appeased. And now I would have left the place, but darkness bound me closely and strongly, and as the felon's chain holds him to his dungeon, it held me where I was. As the time passed away however, my wrath melted away into sorrow, and my senses were called back again to duty.

"Woman," I faltered, "Isabella, we never meet again. Return to your father, and if not, all that my charity can give is your's." But my words were unheard and like sounds breathed amid desolation. Turning aside, my feet intuitively felt out the pathway, and my progress was uninterrupted. The old woman below stairs was wrapt in the fearful ecstasy of prayer. I

lifted the latch of the cottage and faced again the light of heaven, and leading my horse from the deep shade of the trees I bent my way towards the castle. On mounting him, my steed sped forward at his fleetest pace, and bore me swiftly from the scene of horror; and as the horse and its rider passed on their deserted way, murder and death might well give wings to our speed, whose shadow and awful likeness my ghastly looks and blood be-spattered garments only too much resembled.

Oh! powers of nature and of heaven, must I still remember it! Unseen and wandering through the night of this obscurity, I found myself once more at home; and turning my horse loose once more, I took my way through the wide vaulted archway of the chapel, where tombs, unto my heated fancy, seemed to yield up their dead anew, to witness to my action. Through this marble vacuity, this monument of the past, my footsteps went onward; till standing once more in that deserted hall, there I gave back unto oblivion the record of my dishonour now only to be remembered as my glory; and hanging my bloody sword there in commemoration of the deed, and as the trophy won from disgrace, I strode away, remorseless, fierce, unchanged, but full of woe. Nevertheless, my paternal roof was dear and welcome to me.

God of the just!—That roof, that home, that shelter was for ever lost to me—no longer to be endured. The child, this breathing incarnation of the skies—this supposed hideous creation of the earth—he, who had twined himself unseen about my heart, was gone from me for ever, and must return no more. In raiment dyed with the blood of vengeance, I hung about the bed where he expired, and my mind held unquestioned communing with the stern fate that had imposed the doom. Had his meek spirit prophesied my errand—or pined in the harsh infliction of unkindness—or died in earnest love of me—to expiate my sins or plead against the heavenly judgment due to me! Those ashes that were left me, once held the spirit pure above others; but now no

child was mine—neither father nor husband—but soft! reproach not, *Astasie*, the truth was eating through my heart in deadliest ruin. At last, it trembled to the touch of grief and vibrated no more, the rest was happily forgotten.

In the sweet trance of nothingness, in the delusion of insanity, still time passed on; but memory is the thorn that rankles within, even when the fresh thriving bramble is passed by with living stings unheeded. This memory was no longer mine; and when oblivion is happiness, when to forget is all the mind desires, then madness is, indeed, the best gift that life can give. I would have died, and here was mimic peace which suited me as well. In fine, nature, life, and time were words, no more—since all their further meaning was lost to me.

On waking from this stupor, however, my mind was all unwilling to recognise itself again. How infinitely desirable it were still to forget what could be no longer remembered with content. Alas! I did not yet know the best philosophy of human thought, which lies in making out of all the works of fate that some one something which may best avail us, to promise for the future or mend the past. In silent grief my passing thoughts were buried, from which deep lethargy they were aroused by intimation that the late events must be explained, and all their horror justified before the expectant world. In truth, they were not so inexplicable, but that the simple facts spoke for themselves. Beyond this, my tongue refused its utterance and my soul to render up its strict account.

Suffice it: the honour of the house of Montelle was vindicated, and the reputation of its illustrious master exalted before men. Here was perfect retribution, that none but *Reginald Montelle* had dared exact; and though my home was one of mourning, it was wrapt round with the mystery of romance; and though the heart-strings were stretched to breaking, yet pride came to the aid of reason, and bade me know the degradation of tears, till all else was relinquished but the one conviction that vengeance, at least, was mine.

Life now resumed its wonted fascination, and leaving the ashes of the past buried with the past, I departed from my native home and the scenes of my youth, which neither time nor circumstance could ever again render pleasing. From this dwelling of my childhood my spirit turned away, and as it so happened, in my future pilgrimage, my earthly wanderings never returned to it again; nor have my thoughts ever revisited those haunts of grandeur, or repined over them as lost hopes which were meant to be regretted. Proud in my seclusion, I re-entered society once more, as the forest animal, victorious after the chase, flies back into the wilderness; intent on pleasure as it comes; or seeking in wider range the prey most grateful to its nature; or roaming in savage leisure wherever the pasture opens its glad lawns, a feeding amid fresh verdure, and drinking of quenchless fountains whose waters leave no bitterness behind.

But man promises, and time performs; and “the *Cynthia* of the minute” still escaped before the minute was over; and like the rest of my fellow-creatures, who till industriously the niggard soil of hope, they were but scanty gleanings of hard-earned experience which sprung from it. The world of dissipation was before me, its insidious voice and smiling temptations welcomed me; from the highest enjoyment of human luxury, to the imbruted and besotted state of mental degradation, every degree of all the scale was familiar to me, and proverbially designated by the name of happiness. In crowded courts, at places of public resort, *Reginald Montelle* was well known, by all but himself, to be most fortunate and happy. But we will reverse the picture.

The inward torture of sin worked sure and slowly. Goblets of wine were bitter as the lees to anxious lips; lights that lit to joy but showed my misery more distinctly, and the silence of darkness was but such dead tranquillity as denoted the comfort of death. *Astasie*—with her my thoughts still lingered. *Isabella*—with thine, the thread of my life was yet mingled.

Is public scorn one jot more shameful than private degradation? *Isa-*

bella, before long, showed herself insensible of either. Quitting the last protection of her friends, a new innamorato was selected, and unto me and before the world did she cast away the holy gift of blushes. The shameful fact was openly exposed to the world, the decency of private and home feelings violated, 'I and my affairs converted to fitting subjects of public observation; in fact, shame followed me as my shadow, which the broken sunlight of my fortunes made only too apparent. But folly was still to be sought and forgetfulness obtained; and mirth, and revelry, and madness, were therefore still my best companions.

It is believed that gentlest strains of music lull the mind, those dulcet warblings of impassioned melody breathe back into the soul its lost delight, and, in the crowded throng, such sounds my wearied senses were never tired of hearing. But let the writhing thoughts be stretched upon the mental rack to throb and quiver in the vital revulsion of all nameless feelings, and those ethereal harmonies but madden with their mockery, or give the zest to tortures never felt before. Thus, in the blaze of crowded theatres, my sight beheld her—my wife—in shameful ease of confidence unreprieved, and sporting in free dalliance—the wanton toy—the willing slave of every human vice. This was the abominable thing that nature gave me to be my fit companion; to be revered and loved—the minion of my gentleness—the casket of my honour; this base deceit and counterfeit of every living virtue! If this were my Eurydice, where was the lute of Orpheus that might lure her out of hell? It was laughter wrung from tears, that applauded the weak thought. And as that melody ruffled the spirit of rage, and stroked it down into obsequious calmness, and stirred it into the ecstasy of phrensy, such just decision came upon me as must necessarily divide us for the future, now and for ever.

And that unblushing, gemmed and jewelled brow of impudence,—that beauteous body of corruption, clad in the costly wonders of the loom, graced with the last new of prodigy of fashion

—she was the thing to lead me unto ruin, and bid me swallow draughts of pure oblivion that I might never know myself or her. Those tones of melody, however, bore on their wings reviving thoughts of peace; and my soul was wafted back again to Astasie; far from the smiling of exalted vice to the last tearful home of depressed virtue; and my mind dwelt upon her—upon the peasant—till it drew its own inference of wisdom, even as wise philosophy deducts from the base soil itself some theory of thought to change corruptive nature into the never-ending source of human good. And this too painful contrast made me enough repentant of the past, that willingly would I have made the last reparation that time had left me, but it was not now permitted.

Yes, I would have returned to her, humbled myself to the dust, once again solicited her, and have atoned for all things. My restless soul longed to be with her, but how revisit her! Could I insult her with offers opposed to virtue? Impossible. Had she not rejected me? Yes. Was she still living, had shame and sorrow left her to me? Strange infatuation of my love—base contradiction to my conduct? Every six months from the moment we parted I had taken care to know this truth; at least, my agent had informed me that she lived, and my conscience dared not question further. And singular deceit of mortal thought! But the news never came: but in idea she was restored, the same as ever, unchanged by time. Yet, though human thought remain immutable, earth and this life revolve the circle of unceasing change.

I will not say how often during these years the sting of conscience pressed me. In the meanwhile, a divorce had been obtained; this marriage shackle was, at last, thrown off, and I was once more free. My first thought turned faithfully to Astasie; but free will now argued other things.

Had I not thrown away the badge of my dishonour? My feet had crushed the brand upon my household hearth, and what would I more? Besides, was not Astasie shamed unto her own eyes and before men? The world looked me full in the face; this buzz-

ing, babbling world would make itself heard unto me, and in these expostulations the memory of her was once more hushed.

I was one afternoon sitting in the window of an inn situated in the romantic vicinity of one of the many towns that people the continent, and my senses were dissolved in that dreamy forgetfulness alike agreeable to the happy or the sad. The departing sun fell in level beams of gold slanting to the ground before me; and up and down these beams the filmy wings of summer flies were playing their mimic evolutions. I was lost in reverie, but, slowly and by degrees, was aroused by the stir and tramp of footsteps, and that suppressed movement of commotion which generally indicates some peculiar event or sudden accident. I arose and touched the bell, as an excuse for making myself acquainted with the cause of this disturbance. My oft-repeated summons was unattended to, till at length the landlord appeared; consternation and distress in his aspect. An indefinable dread kept me some moments silent.

"What is the matter?" I cried. "Something seems to have happened."

"It has, my lord, it has," said he, "a young labourer has fallen from the rocks yonder, and is killed upon the spot." But the scarlet hue of my countenance changing to the sudden hue of death silenced him, and ere he could say more I was hastening to the scene of action. In strange bewilderment of agitation I sped onward, and met them bearing the body to its home; but through the force of association, another scene was re-represented to my fancy.

"Is the vine-grower killed?" I asked, interrogating one of the men who supported him. "Poor young man—brave Albert Frantzen—is he dead?"

"Dead as the earth itself, sir," said the man, "but he was no vine-grower, my lord, a poor creature enough, and his name is Jacques Florian. They think that some kind friend must have pushed him over."

I said no more. The passing of lightning athwart me, that withered me into nothing beneath its burning

breath, could not have more annihilated each sense and faculty than this. I then must be the murderer—his murderer, and like one following to the judgment hall to give witness to his sin, I walked after the dead man, and when the door of his home opened to him, there waited like one expecting to be questioned and taken prisoner. But the crowd passed on and left me to myself, and the surrounding desolation quickly recalled me to my reason, but the dart of conscience was still rankling in me. In this state I sauntered back again to the inn, among whose inhabitants it was apparent that my departure had assumed the likeness of benevolent curiosity.

"So the young man is dead, sir," said one, "some secret enemy must have done it."

"Battered to pieces, I suppose," cried another. "His poor family will hardly get on without him."

I nodded my head, speechless, to their inquiries, and drawing forth my purse, forwarded an ample sum to his bereaved friends; but this was like bargaining for blood, and the buying of secrecy for the sin committed, and even that act confounded me. But now, to my distracted fancy, some other curse of conscience was uprising, and it came upon me with certainty both true and horrible.

"It is the month of August," I muttered, in scarcely articulate accents. "Can, can you tell me the day—what day it is?"

"It is the sixteenth, sir; yes, my lord, the sixteenth," answered the careless voice of the bystanders. But that voice completed my entire misery, and left the double curse of superstition to work upon me. The cold drops of perspiration stood upon my brow, my limbs trembled convulsively, and I sunk into a seat, not unconscious, but with sensations of poignant and bitter anguish, in comparison of which insensibility had been a blessing. On recovering, I hastened away from the place, soul-stricken, miserable, amazed; the form of Albert Frantzen walking beside me, following me, murmuring to me, in all places, amid all scenes, the stain of innocent blood was upon me. Yet, notwithstanding this,

contrite feelings were now mingled in the sad task of daily existence; and ultimately, my resolution became fixed to return to Astasie—to marry her—to make her happy; and let the world say what it would, the man himself is the better judge, whether the woman be worse than woman, or if he himself have been the deceiver. My heart and soul whispered unerring evidence of truth to convict me upon this point: she was modest at least.

From the moment of this decision, renewed serenity took possession of my mind; all indeed that is left of tranquillity to those who live under the oppressive sense of guilt. I was anxious to believe that the remainder of my life should be honourably spent, and solicitous of doing anything that might lead to the completion of the hope. In truth, I was tired of carrying on a system of existence averse from all my secret wishes; and of contending with emotions which could bring me nothing but sorrow in return. I was resolved also to buy happiness for the future, by making amends for the past; and some natural curiosity now perhaps spurred me on upon my errand.

Therefore, my orders were given to travel by rapid stages, and the coming prospect was every day left behind me, till, finding myself within the last two days' distance from the end of my journey, I left my attendants at the first town, it being my design to complete the way on foot, and return to the village again entirely alone.

Walking, as my will directed me, certain familiar objects which constituted my world of memory, shortly intimated the fact that I was near the completion of my pilgrimage, and naturally suggested thoughts of the best method of my introduction, of the manner of my reception; nor may it be denied that other thronging aspirations and emotions came fast upon me. My journey had been so arranged, that almost at the self-same hour as on my first arrival, I stood at the rustic bridge that led to the hamlet.

There did my eyes draw in the soul-absorbing remembrance of all my past life, with all its bliss and misery; and no wonder if we gaze upon such scenes till tears blind up the sight. All was

changed, in me and around me, but in that glance the first love of my youth was revived; where all is mutable, this is the only feeling still unchanged; and though denied, it is not therefore destroyed. I gazed and felt that this one sentiment was, at least, sincere: and not because sorrow filled my heart was it the less so. I looked around me, the scene was dead, cold, and barren; the cottage in the distance cheerless and deserted; the sinking sun left no tracking behind him; grey, sombre twilight hung about me. In the deep strength of my contrition, it seemed that I lingered there like the spirit of desolation come to revisit the haunts of its own ruin. But here did my thoughts ponder in earnest misery, and made decisions which have been since proved vain.

While in this reverie the heavy tramp of feet passing across the bridge aroused me, and the peasant halted as if he recognized me, and doubted not that I must assuredly remember him.

"Good even, good fellow," said I. "how are you in the valley?"

"Well, sir, well," replied the blithe old man; and with something like regret in his manner, he added, "there will be great joy and heaving of the heart, to see you once again—but better late than never, my good sir."

"Tell them," I muttered, between the pauses of my emotion, "hint to them—let them know I am in the neighbourhood. I shall be down among them to-morrow—you understand?"

"Aye, sir, like enough," said the man, putting aside or thrusting back upon me the money offered him. "No, it's bringing comfort to the young creature, and—and I wish you joy of your return, sir," and he plodded homeward on his way, leaving me under the impression, that my dignity of station had not saved me from the contempt of such a tool of earth as this.

But this was nothing to me, or something more than indifferent. Heart, mind, and memory were otherwise occupied, and leaning on the wooden rail of the bridge, I watched the time till every object was washed away in coming night.

But all these objects retreated from me, their likeness was drafted in my

mind in forcible impression ; and the world of my past passions rose up and stirred me into feelings, deep as they were terrible. This bitter skimming of the dregs of life is still made up of tears ; but they were not mine, assuredly not. This landscape and its living object, shut from my view, lived in me, through me—the moving panorama of my thoughts ; and where it was not, profound vacancy, death-like as the loneliness of night was in me, where all was willing darkness, dark as this. Not, however, till night was fast closed in did I descend into the village, where, my appearance at my old lodgings procured me every attention and means of repose until the following day ; and retreating from all curious inquiry, I sought my chamber, though incapable of rest.

At last the sun arose which was to light me unto happiness, to give me back again this peasant's love, and all her disinterested truth. Eight years had passed since last we met, but time had made no outward change in me. My person was, without boast, both noble and imposing ; and as I passed through the hamlet, it was impossible not to perceive that it was recognised as something not only remarkable but welcome to the view ; for though my senses were thrilling with intense anxiety, this was apparent to me.

The day was bright with fading autumnal beauty, and my spirits were for the first time buoyant beneath the thoughts of years. This was the hour of reparation for all my selfish villany. This act was to amerce me of one crime, and give occasion to expiate another. Beside, did I not love the girl—love her as earth may look on heaven. Yes, yes, my heart and soul avowed it. I paused in the revulsion of doubt and fear, with my hand on the gate leading to the cottage, and I trembled as the prodigal returned, as the spoiler and oppressor kneels at the feet of his injured victim. In this amazement and hesitation of mind, I entered once more the abode of the peasant Astasie.

Around the dwelling all was new and strange. The house had assumed another aspect, less graceful, less pleasing ; it was deserted, mournful, com-

mon as every other hut stationed near it. It was too evident indeed, that the nature of true happiness, which is often times expressed in pleasing acts of grace and elegance, was no longer known to the peasant, nor recognized by others.

Seated at knitting, some holy book laid upon her knee, I found Astasie Frantzen—or rather a form my sight might scarcely deem familiar to me. At her side stood a lovely boy, poring over the volume and attempting to read it aloud ; but my senses were wrapt up in her. Majestic sorrow—beautiful decay—religious mildness ; that intellectual sweetness dimmed by tears ; with banded hair, once ebony locks, now dappled with the grey of wintry snow, and twined about her brow, like withered weeds amid the ruin of marble palaces—such was the form that welcomed me. That form and bosom were motionless as the tomb wherein the broken heart lies buried.

At my sight she suddenly motioned to rise, but only to fall back again in momentary fainting ; and as I stood before her, the tender stirring of her soul trembled in her closed eyelids, but at last she looked upon me, and we were known to one another. Oh, God of heaven ! it was herself indeed.

"Astasie, dear creature," my tongue articulated, and I laid my hand upon her shoulder and gazed upon the beautiful child. The hue of death was gone, fascination lingered in her looks.

The creeping blood stole rosy through her, flushed on her brow and bosom, burnt into burning blushes to her temples ; the painful colour that springs up from shame, "no purple light of love" was there. She sunk, ere I was aware, to my feet, and clasping the boy to her bosom, wept long and low in the suppressed but hysteric passion of her grief, such tears as speak reproach deeper than words ; tears that left me nought to answer them. I was confounded in the silence of guilt.

"This is our child—*our's*—my Astasie !" I at length exclaimed.

"Dear, sir," she cried, "my only comfort. Oh ; do not take him from me !"

"Take him from you ?" I whispered, "Dear injured girl, come to my heart.

Yes, Astasie, let me teach you to forgive;" and yielding to me she was pressed in my embrace; methought amid my caresses, one gentle kiss was returned me, ere she drew herself away in resignation to the thought that bade her do so.

"My affection is unabated," I gasped, turning to the child to conceal my feelings, "dear girl, I have resolved to marry you, and learn but to forget the past, and you may find me not unworthy yet."

She remained pale and silent, while the throng of contending affections agitated her; it was the stirring of the smothered ashes of passion, even while the fire was waning away; it was the effort of the broken spirit to reject the last hope of happiness remaining to it. In this unspeakable anguish she suddenly, in a tone of austerity, bade the boy retire from the room, and as he obeyed her followed him with her looks and breathing sighs.

"Yes, yes, I am the child of God," she murmured to herself; "I am his servant, and humbly let me bow—let me bow to his behest;" and wordless silence came upon her.

"As that precious boy is our's, you shall never lament your concession," I cried. "Oh, Astasie, remember me as you once loved me—as I once was."

"Lover of my youth—father of my child," she whispered, "why have you made me unworthy you?"

"Forget the past, Astasie, for that boy's sake and——"

"He is the alien of his father's house, the least of his children," she cried, her face still buried on her bosom. "Oh, day of my shame!—he—he will live to curse me."

"Never, Astasie, never," I repeated. "He shall be dear as yourself—dearer far than others; for his sake, listen and be mine."

As I said this, she lifted her drooping figure and pallid looks before me; her form seemed as the sepulchre of every living hope; and yet there was something more than grief in the out-breathing expression of her face. Her eyes were again fixed on mine with such mild questioning that my reluctant nature quailed within me. Could she guess her brother's doom, her brother's

fate? My soul was sick, I dared not look upon her; my trembling hands touched her's in the faint action of entreaty.

"Answer me," she whispered, as if she feared to hear the words she spoke, "one of the peasants told it me; and—oh heaven!—how often have I dreamed it! The night—Albert—my brother—was killed, you saw and quarrelled with him?"

I spoke not, my brain grew giddy, an immeasurable gulf seemed to yawn before me; my senses sought annihilation, but not even these words could crush them; my heart yearned for oblivion, but memory was too deeply rooted there. Her looks appeared to search me through and fathom all my thoughts.

"He was killed," she repeated again; "but they say that he was murdered."

My looks were peering into her looks in blind infatuation; but the fascination was too strong, and all my guilt peeped out of their confusion in spite of me. My crime was betrayed, and my guilt known, yet her clay-cold fingers grasped mine convulsively, and her melodious voice still sounded to me.

"You have answered me," she said. "God of the wretched! he has answered me. Dearer than life or soul—husband of my heart, you are denied me! yet—yes—my Reginald—my lover—take my latest blessing." And as the passing of some tender vision, those icy lips were pressed against my forehead: and lost in the stupor of discovered guilt—in the contrite anguish of shame—in the double bitterness of despairing grief; nothing more do I remember, but that on rousing myself at the terrified cries of her mother, who just then entered, I found Astasie lying insensible before me, having crept to my feet while uttering those fatal words. I lingered by her till she again recovered, when perceiving her to be on the verge of a relapse, and deeming it best to obey the hasty and almost insulting commands of the aged woman, I quitted the cottage, an alien from all future hope of peace, and banished to the just punishment of remorse and sorrow.

Oh! where was gone the being whom I loved—the peasant girl—the type of



all of nature's loveliness! She had gone from me and from the world; swept away as the butterfly at the rude touch of human hand, she was utterly passed away. And in her place, this blighted apparition of the past, this too holy shadow of departed hope, this existing record of earthly misery and mortal suffering, was all that my weak heart might henceforth know. The same, yet not so; another? but far too dear. Alas! when we part from one another, can we swear to the identity of the being again; or will fate torment us with its mockery—heart, feeling, intellect, and nature changed—and to return no more? Oh! let the human heart respond to this too human thought!

I quitted the house, and, under the excitement of my feelings, turned to that spot which had never been visited by me since the painful night of the death of Albert Frautzen. I took the same path and toiled up the same precipice where we had struggled together, and in whose hoary bosom he had died. The grass about the spot grew green as ever; the trees, stripped of their leaves, made melancholy music; it was the same place seen under another aspect, but I *would* know it—be acquainted—aye, intimate with it again precisely as it was; I dared the recognition.

There was the spot where he had fallen—there, hanging over that dizzy height, was the still thriving bramble to which his trembling hands had clung; the sides of the rigid rock were strong as then; that bramble was dyed red with autumn suns, sprinkled with the red hue—yes, from its branches might be plucked the fitting thorny wreath to bind the brow of murder. But the mute interrogation of the place and its mysterious silent questioning my despairing spirit braved; and it told me the stern truth not easily forgotten; and, lying down upon the grass, I looked over the brow of the rock into the quiet lake, but the deep wordless waters answered nothing. The eagle down beneath, with searching eyes scanning the broad daylight, gave greeting to me, as if I were a thing of blood as he was, and the fit friend for his wide solitude.

I looked beneath into the waters, but the day and the hour had gone by, and an interminable world now lay between the vine-grower and me. All the un-

measured space of thought, dividing the 'infernal region of inexpressible sin from the bright land and resting-place of virtue. My soul longed for human sympathy and found none, even the soul of Astasie was closed against me.

I lay there, brooding over the past, despairing of the future; and as I brooded, my unconscious hand plucked the red leaves of the bramble and threw them downward into the watery depth, where they were lost upon the waters. There, far away from all remark of my fellow men, I lay and wept such tears as are like blood wrung from the conscious spirit; tears that fall like the waters of life from the heart that sheds them; tears—burning—bitter—shameful, and salt with the savour of unkindly truth. But this was but repentance wrung from selfishness, and in time I arose, stern in the fortitude of remorseless apathy, and devising new schemes by which the future might amend my foregone injuries.

The child, *our* child, was my first thought—for he, at least, was left me; and that he was mine, nature had stamped it living in his features. Through this boy then I was to redeem myself and eventually atone for all to Astasie. Returning home, I instantly wrote to her, words ripe with the meaning and misery of my mind, entreating her to see me once again, for the sake of that precious being whom heaven had granted to us, and whose lasting welfare was now my only thought and desire. This was my honest intention, beyond it no word escaped me, for all expressions of my affection were useless, and what could they avail to her whose injuries were greater than hate itself could have inflicted on her. Besides, I feared to alarm her by any explanation of my existing feelings—my enduring friendship for her.

Here, however, let me pause. It is the last fact, the closing sad reality, the memory of which pierces me more acutely, even as blunted steel irritates the agony of pain in all the quivering wound through which it passes. Yes, this was the last event that made me what I am.

As the next morning dawned I sought her, but she was too ill to see me, and this for many successive days; but at last her mother told me that she was

gone, and had quitted the hamlet during the night after that parting interview. She had fled from me, taking the boy along with her; fled in the fear that she might be deprived of him. The old woman, amid the bitterness of her reproaches, refused to tell me more; but, leaving a small packet in my possession bade me quit the place, nor intrude farther on the sorrows which myself had caused.

The packet contained certain sums of money forwarded to her since the unhappy night of our separation, which sums she had never touched; and a jewelled picture which in my happier days had been presented to her, the gems and gold she had returned—the likeness was only kept. The peasant was too proud to retain them as the price of her infamy; poor girl, she little thought that the world's wealth could never buy virtue so pure as hers.

But did she fear me or did she fly the temptation of my love—was it too dear to be resisted? My conscience told me thus much and much more. However, I quitted the valley, shook the dust from my feet, and finding all search and inquiry fruitless, left orders with my agent to forward to me the notice of her return, and I entered once more the giddy throng of fashion in quest of happiness.

But years passed away and passed unheeded; meantime Astasie returned not. Her home in the vineyard was deserted, and she visited it no more. For myself, my memory haunted the stream of Lethe but could not taste of its waters; the bitter cup of life was presented to me in the darkness of despair; and in seeking to lose the curse of thought, I lost myself; was hurried hither and thither in the mad dissipation of wealth, or bound and chained down in the abject slavery of customs befitting my state, and useless ceremonies necessary to my rank. But a short period, and the game was over; distaste and absolute aversion followed; contempt of empty show and useless wealth; hatred of life and all its absurd arts of existence; total annoyance, unrelieved disgust. I had long since quitted my paternal home and forsaken all ties of relationship; there was little to be done, and at length my resolution became fixed.

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Yet, ere my thoughts bear me further, let me linger with this peasant girl awhile. She had fled from me; but if the doom of after years had been written down before us, she had better have dwelt with me; since the shelter of vice is not forsaken or despised of the world, but the harmless desertion of virtue is branded with scorn. Oh, Astasie, child of nature, thou art gone. The fields, pastures woods, and fountains, which had created thee joyous in their own likeness, they are known to us still, but thou art departed for ever. But not so. In after years another being was seen and known, and she was called Astasie Frantzen. Pride had destroyed my peace, but here was its last overthrow. Alas! the elysium of a moment, the eternity of time, was proved in this last meeting. Farewell, poor girl; until you come again, my crimes live with me; all but the *error of my ways*—THE SHAMELESS SIN OF PRIDE.

But my soul is tired of itself, and let me hasten to the end. I signed a deed which gave over to my cousin the title and estates of my family; that dignity and heritage which had already cost me so dearly, in the sacrifice of all that mental peace which is the only happiness of man. I kept to myself such small sufficiency of fortune as might supply my wants, and give the means of charity. My wife was since dead. Well, I took the vow of celibacy, and assuming the holy order of the church, in the humble garb of the travelling friar, in the dark mantle of the way-faring priest, with rosary and scrip, and rugged staff, I went forth on the pilgrimage of nature—on my long journey of philosophical speculation, respecting the ways of my fellow creatures, and the principles of action that direct them. If these principles have been proved nothing better than the stimulant of headstrong passions, it was a proof that was not of my seeking.

I believed in the probability of finding them unlike myself; it was a fallacy. However, though the species differ, the prevailing genus is the same, the root is of the earth, earthly—but the flower blows obedient to the breath of heaven. It is flint whereof the quarry is sometimes marble; that linked union which exists between the fair

and foul, changing them in the indissoluble bond of one united being.

However, the high pretensions of rank which I had willingly forfeited, together with the reputation of certain acquirements of learning, soon gained me considerable respect and unlimited confidence in the vicinity where our order resided; and as the character of the priesthood generally admits them to free communication and daily intercourse with all who sustain an appearance of the outward proprieties of religion, I easily obtained admission among the high and the low, and recommended myself to all classes by the urbanity of manner peculiar to me. Indeed, this great essential of good breeding, the cultivation of which had been easily insisted on as necessary to the true dignity of elevated rank; this remarkable gift of seeming benevolence opened the way, in all my wanderings and in every country alike, to such private and confidential communication on the part of others, as led to the precise result most pleasing to me, and necessary to that knowledge of others, which was my great aim in taking the badge of this wandering fraternity. In truth, this charitable brotherhood, though preaching of wisdom and the ways of virtue, yet owned many apt disciples, who were neither followers of one nor of the other.

Enough:—I became the Confessor Montelle—one of the priesthood; a being all seeming religion and apparent sanctity; one learned in the art of dissimulation, and skilful in humility; an adept in the knowledge of all things but himself. However, it has been my fate to hear truth—truths that were almost too horrible to tell—falsehoods that it was meritorious to avoid, catastrophes brought about by human intervention, and circumstances explained by human interference; in fact, no weakness, or folly; no strength, or wisdom; neither crime nor virtue, but all have been revealed to me.

Believe it, the cowl of the confessor veils many things,—events regarding himself and others; and it is by the lifting of this cowl, that the deformity or beauty of humanity shall strike the beholder.

Enough again: I am a priest, reputed

to be crafty, subtle, searching, creeping, cunning, hypocritical, the fitting hand to lure the serpent, whether of wisdom or sin—to lure it and make it my own. I am a priest, mild, humane, sanctified, full of holiness and the reverence of prayer, the proper bosom for the dove of simplicity and truth to rest upon—to nestle there and never know itself the worse. Nevertheless, I have met holy men, and these men were friars; stray sheep from the flock—or prodigal sons come home again.

However, of them let me speak nothing, but of myself all things. It has appeared proper to me, and probable of affording interest, or subject of thoughtful morality, that I should hold up to the world the picture of itself under many aspects. While travelling in foreign lands, my memory collected and retained strange incidents, and hideous facts, and errors of perverted nature, which time and sin could only bring about, conjoined with human passions, self-willed, obdurate, and unchangeable. These, the guilty and the innocent are dead and gone; but the experience of a life, even my life, may serve to amend or give comfort to the living.

My confession is completed—even to that sad hour when first it was my task to stand in the confessional alone; that the revealed conscience of others might reflect back the darkness of my own, and all the peace my tutored precepts gave them, be more than all the consolation that was left me—me—the most wretched! And here, my Astasie—but soft! In the marble solitude of the cathedral, with palisade and secret lattice-work between me and my pupil of prayer, strange facts and stories have been whispered, to which my own seemed ignorant virtue that mistook itself. And here, in yonder gloomy aisle, yon high, arched cloister, remote from vaulted roofs and echoing pavement—here came the peasant, and—oh my lost soul!—no more.

They have been told like confessions to me, and shall be utterly repeated in their truth; for the Abbé Montelle now crowned with the grey hairs and reverence of sacerdotal dignity, he may not be doubted, even though the ignorant will not believe.

## THE DEATH OF THE POETESS.

SUGGESTED BY THE RECENT DECEASE OF MRS. G. MACLEAN.

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"The heaven whence thy nature came  
 Only recall'd its own,  
 It is Hope that now breathes thy name,  
 Though borrowing Memory's tone ;  
 I feel this earth could never be  
 The native home of one like thee."—L. E. L.

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Another light has left the sky,  
 Another brilliant star  
 Has ceased to charm the wanderer's eye  
 With lustre from afar.  
 The silver lute, whose chords entranced,  
 Is broken and unbound ;  
 And Death has dimm'd the eye which glanced  
 Its love on all around.

Sweet sister of immortal song !  
 I have not words to tell  
 The stern unbidden thoughts that throng  
 Within my bosom's cell.  
 The treasures of thy mighty mind  
 Still float amid my dreams,  
 As pilgrims hear upon the wind  
 The voice of falling streams.

A nobler wreath than Sappho won  
 Adorns thy marble brow ;  
 Alas ! we never deem'd thy sun  
 Would set as dark as now !  
 When shall we hear thy tuneful voice  
 Bid passion's throb reply ?—  
 The heart must lose its early choice,  
 The gifted one must die.

Beneath Ausonia's cloudless sky  
 No roses deck thy grave,  
 Thou hast not closed thy beauteous eye  
 Amid the Atlantic wave ;  
 No—far upon a southern shore  
 Must rest thy lovely form,  
 Where the departing thunder's war  
 Is mingled with the storm.

Yet shall thy verse be cherish'd long  
 Within our ocean-isle ;  
 Thy song of love—thy matchless song  
 Our sadness shall beguile.

The heart shall throb at thy command,  
 The eye shall sparkle bright,  
 And thou shalt give to many a land  
 The impulse of delight.

Thou could'st assign an equal charm  
 To all thy genius wrought,  
 And bid Tradition's spectral arm  
 Unclose the mines of thought.  
 The Genii, that had long been bound  
 With Slumber's iron chain,  
 Obey'd thy lute's awakening sound  
 And rose to life again.

The night that lost its brightest gem,—  
 The Pleiad of the skies,—  
 Which sparkled in its diadem  
 Like light from seraph's eyes ;  
 Thy lyre bewail'd its early doom  
 With too prophetic tone,—  
 Unconscious that so dark a tomb  
 So soon would cloud thine own.

Although the ocean rolls between  
 Thy native land and thee,  
 Endear'd to many a homely scene  
 Thy hallow'd name shall be ;  
 Thy rich creations shall descend  
 Along the stream of Time,  
 And future ages fondly blend  
 Thy beauty and thy rhyme.

Oh ! peace unto the distant shore  
 Where thy remains repose ;  
 Life's " fitful fever " now is o'er,  
 And pass'd life's fitful woes ;  
 The silver chord is loosen'd now,  
 The lute is thrown aside,  
 The fount of song has ceased to flow  
 With music in its tide.

Sweet Priestess of the classic Nine !  
 Our tears are vainly shed,  
 We cannot from their earthly shrine  
 Recall the silent dead.  
 But far beyond this world of care  
 Thy home is with the blest,—  
 The wicked cease from troubling there,  
 And there the weary rest.

G. R. CARTER.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

\* \* *The Number to be published on the 1st of May, will contain Four Plates of Fashions.*

[Having found that many of our Subscribers have been desirous of having a greater Number and greater Variety of Fashion Plates than we can possibly give in this Work, we beg to inform our Readers, generally, that there are eighty-four Plates and upwards of the same description published by us annually in Paris (from which, monthly, we select two of the most novel and seasonable for the use of the Court Magazine), and that the same can be obtained from Mr. Dobbs, our publisher, at No. 11, Carey Street, or by the Order of any Bookseller in England, Scotland, or Ireland, viz., for three months, 12s.; for a year, £2, in advance, as customary in France.

No. 5.—*Costume de Ville*—Dinner dress. Dress of *cedre de rose* satin, corsage made low and quite tight to the bust; short full sleeves in two puffs, or *sabots*, with ribbons between (see plate) and very deep blonde ruffles *à la Louis XIV*. The skirt is ornamented with two *bouillon* trimmings, placed rather distant from each other, at the left side of the dress they form a kind of festoon, and are finished with a large bunch of full blown roses, without either foliage or stalks (see plate). A similar bouquet, but only consisting of four much smaller roses, retains the rich blonde tucker in front of the corsage. The turban is of India muslin wrought in gold, and after forming a thick roll over the brow, hangs down as low as the shoulder on the left side. The hair is in smooth bands and a *feronnière* crosses the forehead. On the neck is a short gold chain, from which depends a *Saint Esprit*. Gold bracelets are over the gloves, which are of white kid, with a quilling of satin ribbon at top. White silk stockings, black satin shoes.

No. 6.—*Ball or Evening Dress*.—Dress *à l'Antique* of black velvet. The corsage is low *à pointe*, and with five *rouleaux* or folds going entirely round the bosom of the dress (see both figures in plate). The black sleeves are very short, quite tight, and sloped up to a point in front (see plate);

underneath appears a short full satin sleeve forming a puff (*à l'Antique*) at the opening of the black one; this sleeve is tightened round the lower part of the arm with a gold cord, whence depend two long tassels, and the sleeve is terminated with two very deep falls of blonde, forming ruffles *à la Louis XV*. The skirt of the dress is open in front in the ancient style, and is trimmed down the two sides with cameos set in gold, placed a large and a small one alternately (see plate). Beneath this very elegant dress is one of white satin, ornamented with three rich flounces of blonde; as they are very deep they are put on so as to leave no distance between them. The front hair is in full tufts of ringlets, much in the *Mancini* style, except that the curls fall rather lower; the back in braids *à la Grecque* falling as low as possible at the back of the neck. Two ostrich feathers are placed at back and droop towards the front of the head; a crimson velvet flower is over the curls on the left temple, with a gold stiletto towards the back; a gold *feronnière* with a large ornament of jewellery finishes this very elegant head-dress. Round the neck is a massive gold chain, whence depends a brooch. Long white kid gloves, with a puffing of blonde at top. White satin shoes. Bouquet.

*Second figure* gives the back of the coiffure and dress. The robe is of pink satin.

## THE NEWEST MODES OF PARIS.

BY OUR OWN PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

*Paris, February 20, 1839.*

I have nothing very extraordinary to give you this time, *chère belle*, as you know we are at present in the *carême*, (Lent) and do not dance, except with rare exceptions, till Easter. Black, in consequence of the court mourning for our amiable princess, is more worn than any thing else, white excepted, which you are aware is equally adopted for ball dress in the time of mourning. The corsages for dress are *à pointe*, but unless

the dress is made *à l'antique*, with open skirt &c., the point is, I may say, only one in name, it is so exceedingly short; the back of the corsage has often a similar point, but at back it is really not pretty. These corsages, as I have before told you, fit quite tight, some have a deep *mantille* or tucker all round the neck, and others have, in place of the *à la Sévigné* draperies, others which go all round the bosom of the dress; they have the appearance of five *rouleaux*, very

slightly wadded with cotton, enough to prevent their setting flat, the corsage is slightly sloped down in centre of the front, which gives it much grace, and the *rouleaux* follow the slope of course, they go straight across the back. With these *rouleaux* a tucker or mantilla is not worn. The sleeves are very short and full, in one or two *sabots*, with a fall of blonde or lace between, and finished with deep ruffles. The skirts open in front à l'antique are very fashionable, as are those *en tunique* or à *tablier*; flowers are much in vogue as an ornament on the skirts of the dresses, the skirts are frequently looped up at one or both sides with *bouquets*, the blonde flounces are sometimes brought up to a point, *en feston* (festoon) with a bunch of roses or other flowers. Some have a wreath going round the bottom of the dress, and others crossing the front of the skirt diagonally from the waist. The blonde flounces on black velvet dresses are put on nearly plain; those on satin are more full. Black velvet, black satin, white satin, white crape, gauze, and organdi, are the materials worn for ball and evening costume.

Mourning dresses are made *en redingotte*, corsage à *cœur croisé*; the front crossed and only half high in the neck, the sleeves are made full but by no means immense. A small plain piece like a half handkerchief, the point rounded, is at top next the shoulder, and the full sleeve gathered to that piece. A deep wrist or cuff fastened on the outside of the wrist with gold buttons finishes the sleeve.

Hats.—The hats are small, the crowns low, and the fronts *très évasée*, much thrown up, and rather deeper at the sides of the face. The fronts of some hats are turned up all round the edge, they are frequently ornamented with a short veil of black or white blonde. The materials in vogue are plain and terry velvets, satin, and *gros d'Afrique*, ribbed silk, imitating *velours épinglé*. They are ornamented with marabouts or ostrich feathers, or velvet flowers.

Hair.—The style of dressing the hair has not altered since my last: the front in bands, or in full tufts of curls à la *Mancini*. A few ladies wear braids in fronts; the back à la *grecque*, as low as possible on the back of the head.

*Feronnières* are universally adopted, and in full-dress *barbes* (lappets) of black or white blonde, or blonde embroidered in gold or silver. This is a very elegant fashion and adopted by our highest nobility.

Small hats à l'*Maria Stuart* and à l'*Espagnole*, made of satin or velvet, and ornamented with feathers, are very much in fashion.

Half-turbans and half-caps, coiffures in the style called à la *reine Berthe* are still worn. I have already described them to

you; they are composed of velvet and marabouts, lace or blonde *en oreilles de caniche* (dog's ears), and intermixed with velvet or artificial flowers, gold sprigs, &c.

Small wreaths (*en couronne*) of marabouts, mounted on a little frame of crimson or black velvet, are quite new and very pretty.

Pearls are a good deal worn in the hair, being well adapted to the coiffeurs à la *Grecque*.

An ornament little calculated for a lady's wear has just come in, that is, three gold poniards or stilettos! One is placed at each temple in the braids or curls, the third stuck into the braids at back.

Braccllets are again in fashion; it is the mode to wear three on one arm, none on the other.

The tops of the gloves are trimmed with a puffing or a quilling of satin ribbon, a puffing of blonde, or a trimming of swan's down.

The jewellery most in fashion are necklaces and ornaments of pearl, particularly earrings; the very long gold ones are exploded. The most elegant to be seen consist of a single large pearl forming the drop; it is set in gold. Heavy gold chains à la *châtelaine*, from which depends a brooch, are coming in. Coral ornaments are, next to pearl, the most fashionable. The brooches are still very large.

Some of our belles propose bringing in high-heeled shoes it is said; the heels however are to be moderate, just sufficient to give grace to the foot. Many say this will not take. You know that two or three of our *couturières* tried to bring in hoops, but without success.

Velvet and satin shawls à *capuchon* (with a hood) are worn in carriage costume; they are wadded and lined with coloured silk. Some are trimmed with black lace, others with swans'-down, the latter for evening.

There has been nothing new in the cloaks since I described them to you.

Muffs are, as I have already mentioned, much in fashion. The furs most adopted are ermine, swans'-down, chinchilla, and sable.

Pocket handkerchiefs embroidered in red ingrain cotton are adopted by all our *élégantes* in morning costume. Some have a simple *feston* all round, and are marked in gothic letters, white and red. Some marked in a device, as a flower, bird, &c. &c. This is a very elegant manner of marking handkerchiefs. Some are more elaborately worked with a *rivière* (open work), and a border all round inside the *rivière*. The handkerchiefs for full dress of transparent cambric are splendid; they are trimmed with rich Valenciennes, tolerably deep, and put on fuller; the lace is put on to a deep *rivière*, and inside is a beautiful border of flowers and

birds, and frequently an entire landscape goes round a handkerchief.

The collars are richly embroidered likewise, and trimmed with handsome lace.

Next month I hope to be able to give you many pretty *nouveautés*; our spring fashions will be coming in, and the mourning by that time will be expired. We have had many *bals costumés* this season, they are however over now, except those at mid-lent, when we may perhaps have one or two. The costumes adopted with most success were historical characters, in the dresses of their time,—as Mary Queen of Scots, Catherine de Medicis, the Marquise de Pompadour, Anne of Austria, &c.

Colours.—I have told you that black and

white are the prevailing dresses in our *beau-monde* at present, but as the mourning is confined to the frequenters of the court many other colours are also worn. For grand costume,—pink, cherry colour, *maïs*, and blue, the latter not much worn; and for mourning,—grenat, purple, different shades of grey, and *cendre de rose* (a kind of cedar).

For hats—black, grenat, mouse colour, and drab.

You will call this a shabby letter *ma belle*, but what can I do? only promise to make up for it next time and give you all the spring fashions that can be seen.

*Adieu, donc chérie aime toujours ton amie.*

L. de F——.

## THE EARLY DEAD.

BY TENNANT LACHLAN.

Hemans! Jewsbury! Landon! Where are they?"

O how weary is the heart,  
When we gaze on those we love,  
Death hath bidden to depart,  
Though it be to realms above.  
Oft we kiss the milk-white hand,  
But its touch is cold as lead;  
Veil'd in silent grief we stand  
Mourning o'er the early dead.

In the wan and moveless face,  
And the ever closed eyes,  
Not a joy, or grief we trace,  
All in mystic stillness lies.  
E'en the hair is hidden now,  
And we find a shroud instead,  
Circling round the marble brow  
Of the tranquil early dead.

Look at that pale rigid cheek—  
Fear not! it will blush no more,  
For the spirit *here*, so meek,  
Far hath flown to heaven's shore.  
Yet though hush'd she be in sleep,  
Come around with noiseless tread  
Weeping vigils we will keep  
Nightly by the early dead.

Death's cold hand hath stopp'd her breath,  
Waking she will never know,  
Till victorious over death,  
She shall hear the trumpets blow.



Maidens, by a maiden's bier,  
 Pause awhile, and kneeling shed  
 Nature's tributary tear,  
 For the sleeping early dead.

Now upon her snowy breast  
 Sprigs of myrtle gently strew ;  
 Pale night flowers, to watch her rest,  
 Place amid those strips of rue :  
 Like a little fairy place,  
 We will make her coffin-bed ;  
 All that's beautiful should grace  
 Pillows of the early dead.

Scented rosemary hither bring,  
 Pansies,\* with their large bright leaves,  
 O'er her winding-sheet we'll fling,  
 For no care her bosom grieves.  
 Of the sweet† white violet  
 Form a chaplet for her head,  
 Diamond tears therein we'll set,  
 Which are for the early dead.

Now we leave the darken'd room  
 Where the oaken coffin lay,  
 Only *it* was wrapp'd in gloom,  
 All around us *now* is day !  
 Birds are singing from each tree,  
 Light on ev'ry thing is shed ;  
 E'en the honey-laden bee  
 Passes by the early dead.

What a contrast do we find  
 'Tween the pow'rs of God and man ;  
 One is boundless as the wind !  
 And the other—but a span !  
 Slowly to the old church-yard,  
 Now the sable plumes have led,  
 And we almost think it hard  
*There* to take the early dead.

Hush ! the solemn passing bell  
 Boometh from the sacred pile :  
 Thoughts e'er echo to that knell,  
 That must banish ev'ry smile !  
 Now her resting-place we reach—  
 What a sudden thrill of dread  
 Doth the mourning visage bleach,  
 When earth owns the early dead !

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\* "The Pansies peaked with jet" is one of the flowers placed by Milton on the bier of Lycidas.

† "The violet is an emblem of faithfulness, probably from its blossoms being generally blue. I have ventured to extend this emblematic character to the *white* variety, the flowers of which are larger and more fragrant, and thus appropriated it to the dead ; and surely its timid beauty and delicate odour seem to render it worthy of this mournful distinction."—*The gifted authoress of The Moral of Flowers.*

Down upon her coffin throw  
Branch of never dying bay :\*  
Years to come that sprig will grow,  
Never can it know decay !  
Emblem of immortal life,  
Though unto the tomb it wed,  
It will rise in glory rife,  
Like the silent early dead.

Now her humble grave we deck  
With the flow'rets of the field ;  
They man's vanity will check,  
And in death a moral yield.  
For, within God's Holy Book,  
Of their lives we oft have read ;  
Can, we then, on the wild-birds look,  
And forget—the early dead ?

Ivy true, and cowslips† pale,  
Place upon her silent tomb ;  
Snow-drops, too, will tell the tale,  
That she died in Spring-tide bloom.  
Plant a willow by her grave,  
Mournful shadows it will spread,  
As its weeping branches wave  
Slowly o'er the early dead.

PENSEE.—No. VII.

FLOWERS EMBLEMS OF INGRATITUDE.

Are ye not emblems of ingratitude,  
Ye flowers, that thus desert the waning year ?  
While skies were clear and summer suns shone bright,  
Your name “was legion ;” but when wintry blasts  
Blow from the north, and the first snow-flakes fall,  
Like treacherous friends whose love abideth not  
Adversity's ordeal, one by one,  
From the fast-fading earth ye shrink away.

T. W.

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\* “ Bay possesses, in a remarkable degree, the power of resuscitation long after it has appeared dead ; if left undisturbed it will put forth leaves again and assume its pristine vigour ; on this account a sprig of bay was formerly thrown into the coffin at the time of interment, being considered a striking symbol of the resurrection of the dead.”

† Milton strews the hearse where Lycid lies, with “ cowslips wan that hang the pensive head.”

## Monthly Critic.

*Home Education.* By the Author of "The Natural History of Enthusiasm."

PARENTS deeply impressed with the truth of Wordsworth's inestimable aphorism, that "the boy is the father of the man," will rejoice in the assistance afforded them in the arduous task of training children in the way they should go, by the author of this valuable volume, which among the numerous works on tuition recently published stands alone; being certainly unique, and truly original in plan and execution. These qualities arise from an acute observation on the peculiar characteristics of childhood, and the faculty of entering into metaphysical analysis of the human mind, which is the chief tendency of the works by which he has derived his literary reputation. We do not for a moment hesitate in placing "Home Education" far above "The Natural History of Enthusiasm;" but this is as it ought to be; for being written on a practical subject it possesses a grasp on the mind of the reader more than we ever found that mere abstract essay, how elegantly soever composed, could effect.

The business of the book commences with a comparison between home education and school education. From this we gather, that after a firm foundation of moral and religious training has been laid, the author considers that school tuition is best for boys, and home education for girls. We are pleased to see him apply the following sensible observations to that mistaken plan of education so frequent in modern practice, which endeavours to found good principles on utter ignorance of evil.

"Home is the place where, if at all, purity of sentiment is to be preserved from contamination, where the domestic feeling may be cherished, and the heart and tastes refined; and where, especially, religious knowledge, religious habits, a genuine conscientiousness, and an unfeigned piety, may best be imparted, conserved, and promoted. These reasons will, with some parents, out-

weigh every other consideration; and yet such would do well to remember that there is a balance, even in relation to the moral welfare of children, and that an extreme anxiety to seclude young persons from all knowledge of, and contact with the evil that is abroad, induces, often, a reaction, worse in its consequences than an early and unreserved acquaintance with the world as it is. None are more likely to meet with cruel disappointments than those parents who trust too much to the innocence and ignorance which they think they can preserve within the sacred precincts of home; for such are often astounded by the discovery of the simple fact that the human heart wants very little infection from without, to render it liable to the most fatal disorders; an evangelical truth, but such hearts would be still more corrupted abroad."

Our author proceeds to discuss the important question under consideration, with truth and candour, pointing out the advantages of each mode of life to children.

"The school-bred man is of one sort—the home-bred man is of another; and the community has need of both; nor, as I think, could any measures be much more to be deprecated, nor any tyranny of fashion more to be resisted, than such as should render a public education, from first to last, compulsory and universal.

"But a very different class of feelings belongs to young persons educated at home, and who, although perhaps they may not be prompt to contend for the foremost positions in society, are wholly unprepared to cringe before arrogance and oppression. They have moreover acquired in seclusion that decisive individuality of temper which impels them on all occasions to search for a reason, satisfactory to themselves, before they bow to the dictates of those who have no right to their submission."

"Young men so nurtured under the paternal roof, when, for the first time, they encounter the rude wilfulness, and the selfish violence of vulgar spirits in the open world, may perhaps recoil, and be tempted to leave the field in disgust: but they presently (if not naturally feeble-minded) recover their self-possession, and plant their foot firmly in the path where what is just

and good is to be maintained against insolent power or lawless aggression."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Girls well taught at home, may tacitly compel their brothers to feel, if not to confess, when they return from school, that, although they may have gone some way beyond their sisters in mere scholarship, or in mathematical proficiency, they are actually inferior to them in variety of information, in correctness of taste, and in general maturity of understanding; as well as in propriety of conduct, in self-government, in steadiness and elevation of principle, and in force and depth of feeling. With young men of ingenuous tempers, this consciousness of their sisters' superiority in points which every day they will be more willing to deem important, may be turned to the best account, under a discreet parental guidance, and may become the means of the most beneficial reaction in their moral sentiments."

Chapter II., entitled "Family Happiness," is replete with valuable advice, and will, we are certain, add greatly to the sum of human happiness if its precepts are properly acted up to. As an indispensable aid to the practicability of successful "Home Education," the author very properly lays a stress on the fitness of the tempers of the parents themselves for the task, saying:—

"This first law of education—sanctioned as it is by the clearly-expressed will of God, must be held to condemn at once every mode of instruction, and every principle of treatment which in any degree trenches upon the gay felicity of early life; and it must be said too, and on the same ground, that a stern and gloomy temper, as well as an irritable one, in a parent or teacher, is a decisive disqualification for the task of education: especially it should be remembered that while the unhappy temper of the master of a school bears upon the minds of children only occasionally, and partially, and still leaves room for enough of thoughtless hilarity; the very same temper in a parent or a private instructor, cannot fail to exclude almost every ray of joy from the narrower precincts of home. A home, under such auspices, will be nothing better than a prison, whence the luckless inmates will wildly rush the moment it is possible for them to do so. An austere master is but as one to forty, sixty, or eighty; but an austere father, or a crabbed mother, sourly loquacious, is as one to three, or five or eight; and so large a proportion of the ingredient of bitterness will be more than enough to spoil happiness."

In this important chapter he speaks with all the earnestness of intense perceptiveness, guided by the reasoning powers, on the fact that it is the constitutional tendency of children to be happy; he says, and most justly,

"Particular instances of ill health, ill treatment, or ill temper excepted, children are as happy as the day is long, although grimed and grovelling about the gutters of the courts and lanes of London or Manchester: much more certainly are they happy—tattered, dirty, and ruddy, at the door of a hut on a common or road side:—they are happy, more than might be believed, in the cellar or the garret of the artisan, or in a jail, or even in a poor-house!

\* \* \* \* \*

"The happiness of children is not a something to be procured and prepared for them, like their daily food; but a something which they ALREADY POSSESS, and with which we need not concern ourselves, any further than to see that they are not despoiled of it. This simple principle, if understood, trusted to, and constantly brought to bear upon the arrangements of a family, would at once relieve the minds of parents from an infinitude of superfluous cares."

Who can forget the instance of Madame de Maintenon\*, when at the height of worldly grandeur, as the wife of Louis XIV., she looked back with regret to the childish hours she passed, playing with the turnkey's daughter in the prison of La Trompette, where her infancy was reared!

Our author has not alluded to one of the many female virtues which is best fostered in Home Education, and this the conscientious economy and regard to personal expenses. Home children feel a sympathy with the cares of their parents, which seldom fails to produce in girls, at least, a salutary influence on their conduct as wives and mothers, while at a boarding school the half-yearly supplies being provided without any witnessing of the cares of provision, on the part of the daughter, reckless expenditure becomes more probable than when she is a participator of the various anxieties interwoven with the very existence of every little domestic commonwealth. It would be a statistic well worth the enquiry, to ascertain

\* See her Portrait and Memoir, No. 31 of our Series, September, 1835.

how many woman, who had ruined their husbands and families, had been brought up at home, and how many at school. Yet there is no excellence but what has its abuse if exaggerated; while the early participation in the cares of a family may stamp a certain worth on the character of the home educated young lady, superior to the thoughtless school-girl of the same age, she ought sedulously to be guarded against too heavy a pressure of worldly anxiety; for while school accomplishments sometimes bring their votaries to the grave, are there no eldest daughters worn and worried into consumption by the restlessness of an affectionate but ill-judging mother, or over anxiety of a father? In family government wilful wrong is seldom done, while the most fatal results often arise from mistakes. And those authors are inestimably valuable, whose warning voice points out errors which well-disposed, but weak minds, are apt to suppose are excellencies. For instance, a too careful and constantly importunate mother, who leads the young minds of her daughters with an undue participation of her own cares, may produce greater injury on the tender frame of her child, than the careless and unfeeling routine of a school; but when errors arise from tender affection, how difficult is their cure. Nothing but a vigorous cultivation of the reasoning powers in those who are called to govern families, can produce a home of peace and love. To this important result, the chapter entitled "Love and Order" is likely to contribute in a powerful manner. Our author gives some good hints towards the preservation of that family cheerfulness, without which there can be no health of either body or soul.

"Parents may be found, in the highest degree solicitous for the welfare of their children, and not deficient in general intelligence, who nevertheless are perpetually struggling with domestic embarrassments, and sadly depressed by disappointment in the discharge of their daily duties. In such instances there may be observed, a something *too much* in the modes of treatment—too much talking and preaching, and a too frequent bringing in of ultimate motives, until the natural sensibility and delicacy of children's minds are, if the phrase may be allowed, worn threadbare; for all the gloss

of the feelings is gone, and the warp and substance are going."

"The rule of management might then be condensed into the three words—discern, fellow, and lead. That is to say, there is first the catching of the clue of thought in a child's mind; then the going on with the same train a little way; and, lastly, the giving it a new, though not opposite direction. By the means of a governance of the wandering minds of children in some such method as this, there is hardly any limit to the control which may be exercised over, as well their conduct, as their moral and intellectual habits. The same law of influence holds good even with adults, or at least with all but the most highly cultured and vigorous minds, which renounce this sort of control; and it is on this principle that the demagogue, or the religious orator, who is gifted with an intuition of human nature, leads and turns the minds of thousands, by the lifting of his finger.

"If a mother preserves the gloss and brightness of her children's love by indulging them in playful caresses, so may a father render his authority the more intimate by holding it in reserve; while his ordinary manner toward his children is marked by vivacity, and a discreet intellectual sportiveness. It must, indeed, be thoroughly understood in the house that a father has not only the power, but the resolution to enforce absolute submission to whatever he may command:—but it is enough if this be tacitly known; and the fact need very rarely be brought under notice. On the contrary, a father, immovably firm as he may be in maintaining his rights if disputed or resisted, is yet, in common, the leader and author of pleasures, and especially of such as are in any way vivified by intelligence.

"A father who has the peculiar talent requisite for the purpose may with advantage, and especially at table, and in hours of relaxation—in the garden and the field, use a sparkling and sportive style, giving indulgence, under the restraints of good taste, to facetious turns, sudden comparisons, and sprightly apologues. A chastened pleasantry serves many purposes, more or less important:—it graces and recommends the paternal authority; it gives rise to a state of mind intermediate between sport and study, tending at once to connect the former with intelligence, and the latter with pleasurable sensations; it is a great means of quickening the sense of analogy, on which so much depends in all the higher mental processes; and it is an initiation in the vivid and elegant conversational manner that distinguishes the best society."

It is this art of government which

makes a family cheerful and happy, such persons, whether their establishment be large or small, are generally blessed with good and obedient servants; knowledge of character, a power of discriminating between the practicable and the impracticable dispositions of their fellow-creatures, is the wand of their enchantment; but without a well-ordered routine, family education, even where the means are ample, is a source of agonizing trial to all who compose the domestic commonwealth. Neither kindness nor justice separately administered, will diffuse contentment through a rising family, but a proper mixture of both faculties produces the happiest results. Yet the inflexibly just parent, or master, is more likely to be beloved, than one who is invariably indulgent, or who merely opposes moral wrong by querulous complaint; perhaps aimless complaint is one of the most noxious clouds that can overcast the sunshine of the fireside. Yet, when our author recommends a country life intermixed with agricultural pursuits, as the best situation in which a family can be placed for efficient domestic education, we think he does not calculate on the intense accumulation of care such pursuits must bring on parents, it being a well-known fact, that agricultural pursuits are not only profitless, but ruinous to those who have been brought up to attend to the operative department thereunto belonging; such a scheme of life would overwhelm with cares and complainings the most enduring mother, and we can assure our author that the vicinity of the stable and farm-yard is most injurious to young boys, let the vigilance of a father be what it may. Wherever there are agricultural pursuits, every country gentleman knows his sons must be dispatched to school as soon as they are liable to escape from the nursery. Supposing that a gentleman who has realized a handsome fortune in professional pursuits purchases or hires a farm, and retires to the country in order to realize this pleasant Utopia dwelt on by our author, of uniting the education of his sons with agricultural pursuits, we can foretell to him every species of disappointment and loss of capital; but if the land is let to a far-

mer and merely a cow or two kept, affairs would assume a different aspect; yet even then great loss and trouble must ensue to all those who are little acquainted with rural pursuits. But fortunately a rural abode is not necessarily connected with agriculture. We think our author, when he held up so bright and fascinating a picture, ought, in pity, to have shown the too probable reverse of it.

Passages marked by good sense occur in the course of the chapters entitled the Later Period, Mental Diversities, and the Conceptive Faculty, but we own that our author has, in the chief part of these portions, retired into the metaphysical abstract essay, not, in our opinion, likely to be of so much practical use as the commencement of the work. For the great excellence of the book consists not so much in starting new ideas, but in placing the noxious errors, at present practised in education in a truly original light.

Our author is among the many who do not comprehend the use and meaning of the "ponderous nomenclature of botany." It is misused, we own, by all the educational teachers we ever met with, but that does not impair the admirable excellence of its scientific arrangement, which must be acknowledged by every one who has made use of the classes and orders of Linnæus as a key of reference, by which an unknown plant can be traced in a work properly arranged for the purpose, like that of *Withering*. We must not blame the professors of the science for the folly of its teachers. The intricate terms of botany resolve themselves into beautiful simplicity the moment a student knows how they are to be applied.

We find in the pages of this volume some good criticism on juvenile literature, but we are not particularly partial to the literary exercises recommended. We think such picking of the bones of language would leave the imagination of the student with nothing but chaffy adjectives to feed upon: we much doubt if a nervous style were ever formed with any such preparation. In fact, the great fault of our writer himself is a redundancy of language. His periods are too long, and his ideas encumbered with a repletion of words.

His style has been admired by those who make mere words matters of higher importance than they deserve ; such admiration is dangerous, as it must lead him to exaggerate his chief fault. But wherever he is employed in the discussion of facts he is a luminous and delightful writer. Facts and instances are scantily introduced in his works ; we own ourselves impatient of metaphysical essay without them, and think that his writings would be infinitely improved by more attention to facts in connection with his train of thought. With the exception of the mathematical problems which are pedantically introduced, as well as being out of place, we like his last chapter on analogical evidence ; and we conclude with a passage containing great beauty of idea, connected with a fact which, though it has often been presented to the mind, has never been better illustrated.

" If, in returning from my walk, and entering my study, I find the fair sheet of paper which I had left on the table, inscribed, in an unknown hand, with these words—'The Hexagon is the best of all figures for combining roominess with strength.'—I should not merely be quite sure that some one had been there in my absence, and had written these words on the sheet, but I should recognise, in them, an abstruse principle of mathematical science, which, whether or not it had been understood by the person who actually guided the pen, in this instance, is an infallible indication of mathematical proficiency in the mind which first put the sentence together ; and moreover, *that* mind and my own are, by the intervention of this proposition, brought into rational correspondence, the one with the other.

" But now, let me suppose that while musing upon this mathematical verity, concerning the property of the hexagon, I return to the garden, and there looking into a bee-bive, find—not ink and paper indeed, or any verbal proposition, but what is better, namely,—the very same truth, worked out in wax, by a swarm of unreasoning insects. Am I not then, while looking at the bee-hive, brought as near to a *knowing mind* as I had been, just before, in reading the sentence on my study table? Or is there, or can there be more reason in words, than in the things to which they relate? What can be so irrational (if, indeed, the terms have any meaning) as to suppose that the embodying of a mathematical truth in some natural work is a questionable expression of mind, while we accept, in a moment, a

verbal expression of the very same principle, as an indubitable evidence of reason and knowledge."

*The Cathedral Bell.\* A Tragedy in five Acts.* BY JACOB JONES, ESQ.

When we compare the tragedies of Mr. Jacob Jones with those which still keep their places as stock pieces in the collection called "The British Theatre," we cannot but marvel how those were ever acted, or how these remain off the stage. Compared with such tragedies as "Cleonise," "Cyrus," "Eurydice," Congreve's "Zara," and a host of others we could name, the productions of our modern dramatist would shine resplendent. Nay, if the *chef d'œuvres* of Rowe were forced to surrender all that Rowe has stolen ; we should not find in his far-famed dramas a tithe of the merit to be perceived in the tragedies of Mr. Jones. This gentleman, indeed, appears to have been born a century too late for his desire of reaping a full harvest of dramatic fame ; by some strange freak of fate he has been separated from those loving play going audiences, who would have sat in judgment on his tragedies, and at least have awarded him the applause they bestowed on Hoole and Jephson. We do not think we live in an age which can appreciate such tragedy.

The Cathedral Bell is founded on an historical incident that happened at the Siege of Valencia ; we have read a beautiful old Spanish poem on the subject ; the Maniac, and the self-tolling bell of the Cathedral we owe to Mr. Jones ; in the original, Don Alphonso permits the actual sacrifice of his son by the Moors.

We cannot draw so many choice poetical *morceaux* from the present tragedy as from Spartacus. Mr. Jones, indeed, seems more bent on effecting striking dramatic business than on gathering poetical flowers ; we present one scene as a specimen.

SEB. God's voice is in the thunder and the flame  
Marks where he passeth by ; his children's  
king !

It never shall be said, to blight my age,  
My boy was lawlessly condemn'd to death,  
This hour appointed—I at hand, in arms,  
And I, his father, was afraid to strike,

My love o'erawed by numbers, numbers,  
friends!

How oft have frightful numbers, past account,  
Been scatter'd by a band less firm than we,  
And motiveless comparison'd with us.

[*The great Bell of the Cathedral tolls.*]

1st. WAR. Hist! hist! a miracle!

2d. WAR. The solemn bell

Tolls through the welkin of its own accord!

[*They cross themselves.*]

2d. WAR. Its echoes undulate along the  
air,

Starting lone silence from her first short sleep.

SEB. All hail, prophetic sounds! ethereal  
chimes

Struck by ethereal hands! a solemn knell  
Of terror to the wicked—boding signs

[*Spies steal off in terror.*]

Impalpable, to worshippers a peal,  
Inspiring holy hope, and high resolves,  
As self-sustaining as the power of God.

1st. WAR. Tradition tells, this moon, 'tis  
threescore years,

Miraculously toll'd a passing bell,

At dead of night, through Saragossa's towers.

3d. WAR. A never failing omen, on the eve  
Of death among Spain's mighty ones.

[*Maniac passes over back-ground.*]

SEB. Brave hearts!

Be it a fresh incentive, a loud cry  
Of a destroying angel, o'er yon hordes,  
Exciting you to slay; a warning sound;  
Yon mighty traitor's to his native Spain,  
Yon Renegado's death sign, and last knell!  
[*as tolling ceases, dead silence ensues for a space.*]  
Now, fathers! hold your breath, and steal as  
tho'

A footfall would uprouse some ravening beast  
Sleeping beside the promise of your homes,  
But, when the bloody savage is at bay,  
Then rend the firmament with shouts, and  
drive

Your never-tiring blades, with frantic aim,  
As tho' each death-descending thrust could  
save

Your children, fathers! or their mother's  
lives!

[*They hurry forth enthusiastically, led by Seb. Bell tolls again, amidst thunder and lightning.*]

VOICE. Toll, spirits, toll, my love has  
pass'd away,

Dark spirits, toll, and blessed spirits, pray.  
Take, purgatory, take his faithless soul,  
Toll, toll, toll, toll, dark spirits, toll, toll,  
toll.

[*Scene closes.*]

The name of Herodia, here introduced, strikes us as a little singular; for, whether it be derived from Herod or Herodias, it seems out of place in a christian nomenclature.

#### *The Reign of Lockrin. A Poem.*

In the very waywardness of poetic per-  
versity, wilfully and well knowing that

he was travelling on a wrong track, the author of Lockrin has built him a poem high up among the misty legends of the aboriginal natives of our island. But if our poet could have been told how exceedingly adverse readers are to such indistinct subjects, how often we, for instance, threw down his book, and with what distaste and illwill we began to read from a sense of duty, in the conviction that all writing placed in such a time must be positively unreadable, he would be convinced that it was a great error to waste talents on such an impracticable era. We did not, however, read long before we were assured our author had abilities, though he thus threw them away. We found his Spenserian verses, difficult as they are of construction, smooth and flowing; we felt concerned that he had nothing better to put into them than the bald generalities which must attend every story divested of all costume and manners; we soon found he had too much taste and knowledge to invest his aboriginal Britons with ought pertaining to later ages, and truly comfortless his poor savages remain, drinking, for ought we know to the contrary, out of their paws, without a fire to sit by, or a stool to sit upon, nearly naked, and little to carry excepting spears and shields. Thus his poem is utterly without individuality, and if it possess a name it is without local habitation, a want which all readers must feel who crave for the charm of reality. We judge from the prose appendix to the poem of Lockrin, that the author is disposed to be contumacious to all criticism, however sincere or candid it may be. But we would ask him to run over in his own mind all the poems or works of imagination which have been treasured by mankind, as productions of enchanting genius, and see whether a rich individuality and a locality, whether founded wholly in imagination or otherwise, is not an indispensable part of their charm. Yet he has wilfully chosen materials utterly stubborn and impossible to mould into any semblance of life. We remonstrate with him because he has attractive abilities had he chosen to work practicable matter; and though with hands fettered, he sometimes strikes out in a verse worthy of attention. Here, for instance, is the only



description of life that a wild island can afford :—

“ And now the stars through heaven were  
half gone out,  
And less of darkness chill hung on the  
the air ;  
While sudden rose a stir, spread wide  
about  
The hills, the vales, and waters every  
where ;  
It told of all things hurrying to their lair  
Ere morn should wake, unwelcome to  
their sight :  
The hungry wolf, scout of the woods,  
seemed there ;  
The crafty fox, the hare fearful in flight,  
And gloomy owl and bat, with all that roam  
by night.”

The following verses are good and  
so much the better for being digres-  
sive from his subject :—

“ How happy he who the long day may  
claim,  
Call every hour his own ! If in his breast  
The gift of glorious verse, and thirst of  
fame,  
Be born, to some loved spot, far from  
the rest  
Of mankind, he may haste away, and,  
blest  
There with his ease and choice, in silence  
brood—  
Culling fair visions as they please him  
best—  
Nor needs he murmur, nor, as cares in-  
trude,  
Crave the dear prison, for its cell and so-  
litude.

“ Oh, were I but a shepherd on the hills !  
On the green mountain tops ! up there  
alone,  
With the light air of heaven, far from  
ills  
\* And cares still weighing here with sorrow  
down,  
Free were my thoughts to wander, and  
their own  
Wild fancies seek, while idly led to stray  
Through scenes of silent bliss ; or, like  
the tone  
Of murmurs heard at evening time to  
play  
Over the vale, they flowed in melody  
away.”

His story we think is derived from  
Milton's noble history of the aboriginal  
monarchs of our island. Lockrin, the  
son of Brute the Trojan, the original  
colonizer of our colonizing country, is  
engaged to marry Gendolah, the daugh-

ter of a very fierce Pagan, called Cori-  
neus. Gendolah seems to be a very  
pretty creature, though we do not much  
like the first part of her description, but  
this morçeau is good—

“ Her hair  
Is glittering black ; part loose, and, like  
a crown,  
Part woven above—and blue her eyes—  
and bare  
And high her brow ; but when she cast  
it down  
In dark or angry mood, it wore her father's  
frown.”

On the wedding-day an invasion  
takes place by somebody with some  
ships, and after some stanzas very full  
of fight, and this somebody and all his  
merry men, the somebody is especially  
well-beaten, and moreover killed, and  
all the somebodies that came with him  
are killed, so very dead that none can  
give the slightest explanation whence  
they came. Lockrin's people, however,  
find alone in the ships that have brought  
the somebodies, a pretty girl This is  
a king's daughter from somewhere, who  
had been stolen by the invader for a  
wife, Jarl Egle fashion.\* She con-  
tinues to signify to Lockrin that she  
does not care a straw for the owner of  
the ships, and she is very glad he is  
killed. Lockrin falls desperately in  
love with her, though on his wedding-  
day : and his father-in-law, foreboding  
mischief, proposes (merely for the sake  
of peace and quiet,) that Estrildis be  
forthwith thrown into the sea. She  
flies to Lockrin for protection—all stare  
—no wonder, for a very convenient  
darkness compasses them round, and  
they both walk through the crowd,  
somewhere, we believe, into a wood,  
and Estrildis sets up housekeeping in a  
cave, to the infinite indignation of Gen-  
dolah, who finally effects the destruc-  
tion of her husband, her rival, and their  
infant. And all this brings us to a  
beautiful passage, showing that our au-  
thor can, if he please, make good work  
with good materials.

“ Meanwhile, far hence, beside the lonely  
cave,  
Musing, Estrildis sate. She is not now

\* See this noble poem, by Motherwell, though  
on an antique subject, full of spirit and rich in  
individuality.

All what she has been ; years and sorrow  
gave  
A change of beauty ; and her blue eyes  
throw  
Less a bright beaming, than a settled  
glow.  
And o'er her cheek a paler hue is spread,  
And deeper thought is marked upon her  
brow,  
Than when, in younger day, gay visions  
led  
The heart which since, from hopes long  
flown, hath often bled.

“ Locked in her arms, an infant sleeping  
lay,  
Fair image of herself. O'er it her eyes,  
Untired of ever gazing, fondly stray,  
While its calm breathing mingles with  
her sighs.  
With cheek sunk on her heaving breast it  
lies,  
Unconscious of the woes that breast still  
knew.  
And oft as in its sleep young visions  
rise,  
It smiled upon the grieving mother, who  
Her infant then caressed, or closer to her  
drew.

“ And she would pour the murmuring  
lullaby,  
To soothe with softer sound its gentle  
sleep ;  
Calling the while kind airy beings nigh,  
Their guard upon her friendless child to  
keep ;  
And she would cry : “ oh, heaven never  
steep  
This soul in such affliction, as to part  
Sabrina from these arms.” And then  
would weep,—  
As feeling, at the words, strange bodings  
start,—  
And kiss her babe again, and press it to her  
heart.”

After many pages of very confused  
fighting, Lockrin is slain, we scarcely  
know how, and his infant, with Estrildis,  
left to the mercy of his wife, who has  
both of them thrown over the cliffs into  
the water. Here then are some verses  
of great beauty :—

“ Meantime, beside her chief, Estrildis  
sate,  
Sabrina in her arms ; and she knew not  
Why all about her laughed ; but desolate  
And wild the look, with which she them  
besought  
To leave him so ; as though her mind  
then caught  
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The memory of some scene it once pos-  
sessed,  
When watching o'er his sleep, and that  
she thought  
Such time was come again, and now op-  
pressed,  
As one who had been journeying far, he did  
but rest.

“ Oh ! wake him not, sweet lady : he  
hath come  
A very weary way. All the long night  
I saw him in my dreams. He left his  
home,  
That he might reach me soon, with the  
first light  
Of early dawn ; for he loves me in spite  
Of those who only make me mourn and  
weep,  
And I do love him too. Sweet lady,  
slight  
Not what I say ; nor thus still on me  
keep  
Thy angry frown, nor laugh so loud—  
'will break his sleep.

“ Sabrina loves him too. See, she would  
spring  
To his embrace, as ever wont to do,  
When he comes here ; and pleased to see  
her cling  
And hang thus on him, Lockrin loves her  
too.  
Sabrian, my sweet child, why is thy view  
So fearfully on all about thee set ?  
Can fear or sorrow thy young day pur-  
sue ?  
Behold thy sire at rest ; he soon will let  
Thee fondle in his arms, but none may  
wake him yet.

“ He hath come a long way, and, weary  
now,  
Much needs he rest. Ah, lady ! I  
not so ;  
Nor let me bide the darkness of thy  
brow,  
Nor the wild gaze of those rude men—but  
lo !  
The sun hath set—fain would I some-  
where go,  
If Lockrin only waked—here am I sad.  
Ah ! my poor mind is wand'ring, and I  
know  
Scarce what I think or say.”

This is nature and pathos which can  
manifest their power, even through the  
dimness and uncertainty of such a dark  
era as a capricious fancy has chosen to  
dwell on. We would recommend our  
author to consider that the capability of  
interesting a reader is the first object in  
a narrative or poem ; for, if he write to  
please himself, this is as well effected

with a manuscript poem as with a printed book ; but if he seek for general readers they must and will be amused, or they will not read, and pages full of indefinite scrambling battles, though written in smooth verse and in good English, can but little interest their hearts in the affray. Let him study concentration of thought, and never write a stanza without he has something better than mere words to put into it. He possesses command of language and the power of building stanzas, which are arranged like rows of goodly houses, too many of which are unfurnished. We have, on the contrary, given instances of his capabilities, and hope for the future the author of the *Reign of Lockrin* will write up to the measure of his own powers.

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*The Poems of Richard Monckton Milnes,  
M.P. Poems of Many Years. Memo-  
rials of a Residence on the Continent.*

It is certainly a delightful, though rare event, to meet with emanations of a poetic mind.

Volume the first will be best appreciated by those who agree in thought with Mr. Milnes, and regard human life and feeling with his intensity of feeling. The simplest, the commonest emotions are the themes of his poetry ; but they are treated as a true poet alone can think and express himself. Who has felt the anguish of waking, after some recent affliction, will have a heart to respond to the following, wherein there exists union of strength and simplicity.

“ Sleep not,—you whose hope is dust,  
Love-deserted man !  
Or, if feeble body must,  
Seldom as it can.  
Sleep is kin to Death they tell,  
You for this might love it well,  
But it is a kinsman poor,  
Hardly gets beyond the door,—  
Never fairly dwells within  
Where they rest and weep not  
Who are safe from Pain and Sin ;  
Sleep not, Mourner, sleep not.

“ Misery spent revives in Sleep,  
Will has no resistance,  
Anguish delves abysses deep  
In that dream-existence.  
Then we wake and half-believe,  
That we may ourselves deceive,

That the souls our loss deplore  
May be but a dream the more ;—  
Till, at one sharp start, we know,  
Though we shriek and weep not,  
Our reality of woe,—  
Therefore, brother, sleep not !

“ But let Sleep some wayward change  
Bring upon our being,  
Let sweet fancies freely range  
With calm thoughts agreeing :  
Let sad memory be abused  
By the pleasure circumfused,  
And dear forms no more below  
Softly round us come and go ;  
Or let time be buried quite,  
And the moments creep not,—  
Though oblivion be delight,  
Still, poor mourner, sleep not !

“ For an Agony will come,  
In the instant waking,  
Like a dagger driven home,  
Like a nerve in breaking :  
Consciousness recov'ring life  
But confounds us in the strife  
Wholly yielded up to Pain,  
As when drowned men feel again ;  
In that rush of gasping thought,  
Wo for them that weep not !  
Too, too, dearly may be bought  
Such repose—oh ! sleep not !

“ Rather think the Evil down,  
Rather weep it out ;  
Certain grief remits its frown  
Easier than doubt.  
There are strong yet gentle powers  
In the growth of many hours ;  
Sorrow longer-lived will gain  
Something more of peace than pain,  
Such as God's still works possess,  
Things that sow or reap not  
In the world of more and less,  
Live and die, but sleep not.”

The strength and depth of feeling in the following, is fit for those whose thoughts soar aloft with the highly cultivated poet.

“ They tell me I have won thy love.—  
That if there be  
One man most blest all men above,  
Then I am he ;  
I answer not, resolved no more  
To linger here,  
And they have bitter words in store  
To taint thine ear.  
“ Did they not mark me dread to speak  
When thou wert by ?  
Did they not watch my quivering cheek,  
My streaming eye ?  
And can they fable none the less  
That I disdain  
A gift, whose very perniciousness  
Is all my pain ?

" 'Tis true, that when that fatal hour  
Did first disclose  
The mystery of willess power  
O'er thy repose,  
I felt it was th' ordained one  
That tie to sever,  
That only then it could be done,  
For once and ever!

" I shall not see thy motive grace  
Before me play.  
I shall not look upon thy face  
One other day!  
And yet I swear that I am free  
From bond or vow;  
What stands betwixt my soul and thee?  
Oh! ask not Thou.

" Time was, when I too had my part  
Of wealth divine,  
A simple, free, and plastic heart  
Almost like thine,  
When lighten'd sorrow floated up  
And died in tears,  
And easy joy o'erflowed the cup  
Of eighteen years.

" If fate had then let cross our ways,  
'Thou wouldst have been  
The Una of my nights and days,—  
My spirit's Queen;—  
'Thou wouldst have led me glad and pure  
As thy white lamb;  
How dare I match this portraiture  
With what I am?"

We are half tempted to extract many passages of rare beauty from this first volume; but must content ourselves with gathering here and there a striking thought.

" The beautiful! the noble blood!  
I shrink as they pass by,—  
Such power for evil or for good  
Is flashing from each eye;  
They are indeed the stewards of Heaven,  
High-headed and strong-handed:  
From those to whom so much is given,  
How much may be demanded!"

The "*Leonore*" is an exquisite piece of ideality, sometimes a little deformed by a quaint epithet, yet it is replete with exceeding loveliness, and as a whole, is perhaps, the gem of the volume. The poem, "*Life in Death*," bears the stamp of beauty.

It is, perhaps, not well for mental health to wind up the chords of intellect to so sharp a pitch, though all be right and true in moral feeling, in the fine ethical poem, "*The Combat of Life*," in which there is evinced a spirit, a guard and guide through all the

painful realities of life. It thus commences:—

" We have come out upon the field of Life,  
To war with Evil; by some mightier power  
The Memory can embrace, or Reason know,  
We were enlisted into this great strife,  
And led to meet that unknown enemy."

In the second volume the poet is more occupied with the tangible world about him, and less abstracted with the invisible world of reflection and feeling. One is the poetic inspiration of youth, the other the produce of more ripened intellect. The last volume will be the most popular with the many; but those who delight in gathering choice and original flowers of poesy, will prefer the former.

Mr. Milnes seems familiar with the choicest literature of Europe, and we find translations from Italian, Spanish, and German; among these we particularly admire the *Boy Robert* from Arndt. Charlemagne and the *Hymn of Christ* is a fine historical poem, in the old German simplicity, though not ostensibly translated from that language. We like all his historical poems, those on Venice especially well; among these we prefer the *Lido*, though there are magnificent portions to be gathered from its companions. The two verses allusive to *Shylock* are not equal in merit to the rest.

" I went to greet the full May-moon  
On that long narrow shoal  
Which lies between the still Lagoon  
And the open Ocean's roll.

" How pleasant was that grassy shore,  
When one for months had been  
Shut up in streets,—to feel once more  
One's footfall on the green!

" There are thick trees too in that place;  
But straight from sea to sea,  
Over a rough uncultured space,  
The path goes drearily.

" I past along, with many a bound,  
To hail the fresh free wave;  
But, pausing, wonderingly found  
I was treading on a grave.

" Then, at one careless look, I saw  
That, for some distance round,  
Tombstones, without design or law,  
Were scattered on the ground;

" Of pirates, or of mariners  
I deemed that these might be  
The fitly-chosen sepulchres,  
Encircled by the sea.

"But there were words inscribed on all,  
I' the tongue of a far land,  
And marks of things symbolical  
I could not understand.

"They are the graves of that sad race  
Who, from their Syrian home,  
For ages, without resting-place,  
Are doomed in woe to roam;

"Who, in the days of sternest faith,  
Glutted the sword and flame,  
As if a taint of moral death  
Were in their very name:

"And even under laws most mild,  
All shame was deem'd their due,  
And the nurse told the Christian child  
To shun the cursed Jew.

"Thus all their gold's insidious grace  
Availed not here to gain,  
From their last sleep, a seemlier place  
Than this bleak-featured plain.

"Apart, severely separate,  
On th' verge of th' outer sea,  
Their home of Death is desolate  
As their Life's home could be.

"The common sand path had defaced  
And prest down many a stone;  
Others can be but faintly traced  
I' the rank grass o'er them grown.

"I thought of Shylock,—the fierce heart  
Whose wrongs and inju'ries old  
Temper, in Shakspeare's world of Art,  
His lusts of blood and gold;

"Perchance that form of broken pride  
Here at my feet once lay,—  
But lay alone,—for at his side  
There was no Jessica!

"Fondly I love each island-shore,  
Embraced by Adrian waves;  
But none has Memo'ry cherisht more  
Than Lido and its graves."

The chief fault in these volumes is over humility and having sometimes adopted the style of others. Whatever justice we may do to Lamb in the department where he was really great, as a most picturesque delineator of character and circumstance in the bygone everyday life of the metropolis and its environs, he was no eligible guide in poetry, nor would anything he has put in verse have survived him two hours, if his admirers had not been swayed by a sort of bewildering prejudice in favour of the productions in which he was really great. He wrote very picturesquely on our elder poets, but the examples he brought forth from the dust of centuries, after being cleaned and varnished, were not worth the la-

bour, and his taste in their fantastic affectations had not a little of euphonism mixed with it, and reminded us often of his own gustativeness in eating, which craved for hare's ears and other queer tit-bits, which no one with a healthy appetite cares for. Deeply as we admire many of the poets of the Elizabethan and Stuart era, we would not counsel any modern poet to imitate them; for such mimicry produces mannerisms which more ripened judgment finds it difficult to break. Lord Byron began with the Spenserian spelling and phraseology, but we see little indeed of it in the two last cantos of "*Childe Harold*;" it was a boyish folly and he left it off, even at the risk of writing one poem in two languages; he was right. We do not think it has ever been noticed that Spencer himself affected a more antique and quaint phraseology than that which belonged to his own times, this is partly the reason why he is so much more talked of than read. And this observation reminds us that we have yet to reprove Mr. Milnes for the singularity of his orthography: he should cure himself of the weakness of aiming in trifles to be unlike other people. Those who possess original genius ought to be above surrounding themselves by a petty array of singularities, a passion pertaining to third and fourth-rate writers. We can trace no ostensible purpose in this orthography, excepting the spoliation of the best got up volumes which we have seen for a long time; surely Mr. Moxon's printer must have been in a typographical agony at the introduction of such whims, and Mr. Moxon's self knows too well how to set forth a book to the best advantage, not to have lamented over such odd doings.

As a friendly word at parting, we would counsel Mr. Milnes to lean calmly on his own strength of genius, and hold himself above all the pettinesses of singularity. He has that within him which will effectually distinguish him from the thousand and one poetasters of the day, without spotting his lines with queerly spelt words, or heaping upon his fires the mere dust of departed centuries.

*Love's Exchange. A Tale in Three Volumes.* By CHARLES JOHN BOYLE. Longman and Co.

No person of taste can read this novel without experiencing pleasure derived from many sources; the language is always elegant; the style good and attractive, and the story in many instances very interesting. It is not very often that we open a first work in which we find so little to condemn, and so much deserving of commendation.

The faults, on the other hand, are those of one inexperienced in the construction of fiction; there is a want of concentration as a whole, and a certain heaviness in the dialogue, a tendency to dwell too long on trifling objects, with a minute sort of Dutch painting, which is, however, a fashion much in vogue in modern composition. Then the progress of action and story is too often impeded by moralizing on scenery and weather, with a diffuseness which we must think is misplaced, although we allow that the language is tasteful and poetic, and the sentiments moral and good. The fact is, the author has excellent materials in his power, but has not yet proved them sufficiently to be able to use them in the most efficient manner; for these reasons the reader does not proceed through the volumes with rapidity and eagerness proportionate to the real merit of the work. Our author must remember that tedium is the most fatal symptom that can befall a composition wholly imaginative.

The story itself is rather intricate, and not well developed during the two first volumes. Many indications of talent occur; but it is not till the middle of the third, that we meet with a passage bearing the decided stamp of genius, and capable of moving the heart; it seems not till the death of Maurice Honeton, that our author has mastered the propensity to digression which gives heaviness to his story. Indeed, the insipidity of the characters of Lady Helen and Mabel, must have annoyed the writer as much as the reader, and when fairly escaped from them the novel gains strength and interest.

The passage we allude to, is as follows:—

"Arrived at the edge of the lake, the younger Honeton called to his brother to tell him, that, on his mother's account, he could not remain with him; and, as Maurice did not yet appear from behind the island, Basil called a second time, and louder; but no sort of reply came back: there was the yell of a dog, Basil knew must be Fleance, and that seemed to recognise his voice; but no other sound returned after the echo of his own words had died away. Thinking, however, that his brother must have heard him, though, for some reason, Maurice might not immediately answer, Basil waited awhile, as if sure of beholding him glide quickly into sight. Still Maurice was not seen to move from behind the mass of dark stems and withered underwood, which, when Basil had watched him from the knoll above, effectually concealed him.

"'He is punishing the dog,' thought Basil, for a faint sort of groan was again audible; and he now proceeded to raise his voice, and halloo so loudly, that the name he vociferated, again repeated more than once by a loud echo, was carried off to the opposite woods.

"As these mocking sounds became fainter and fainter, Fleance, for the third time, sent forth the most piercing yell. Basil then felt his blood cold in every vein. Without allowing himself time to weigh the sudden misgiving, that had seized upon him, he sprang forward from the margin of the lake, was soon some way over its hardened surface, and, in a second more, had gained the island. To break through the leafless mass of branches and withered briars was no easy matter; but Basil's mind was, more than ever, assailed by the most dreadful prognostic; and, as he gained the further side of the island, his straining eyes seemed to swim before him. The tall form—the merry countenance of Maurice Honeton no where met the searching glance, which was cast from bank to bank; but, at the distance of a hundred yards from where Basil stood (and he now recollected with horror that a strong under current, rarely or ever, suffered the surface to be more than thinly frozen over in this same spot) lay the dog Fleance. The touching appeals for aid of the faithful beast were now redoubled; for he had perceived Basil approaching; whilst, with his paws, he turned over and over again the beaver hat of Maurice, which instinct, perhaps, taught him would excite attention. It had fallen from the unfortunate young man's head, as he had last thrown his eyes upwards, and with the long knotted staff, a few minutes back held by him vauntingly in the air, remained upon the ice, to mark where he had been. The ice itself was

broken up in an irregular circle, as Basil guessed too well, by the vain efforts and desperate struggles of him, who had now sunk beneath it.

"It was impossible to reach the spot; even the hound remained at some considerable distance from the dead'y opening. Basil now called in the tone of wild despair; his own words returned upon the echo; but no other came with them to tell him he was heard.

"Basil was now convinced that to remain, as he was, could only be loss of time. Without some assistance the chance of yet saving his brother was hopeless. Avoiding the insecure ice, he hurried towards the head of the lake, gained the bank, and fled, like lightning, up a path, that struck into a wood.

"The wood was soon threaded. It formed the high bank, between which and the island the unfortunate Maurice had sunk. Despair and affection seemed to lend a speed that was almost supernatural; for Basil did not pause, till he had gained the dwelling he knew to be the nearest at hand; it was the falconer's, and Basil stood breathless at the cottage wicket.

"Bernard! Bernard!" he cried wildly, unable at first, in his extreme impatience, to lift the latch. "For the love of God, Bernard, where are you?"

"Father's up higher in the wood—a feeding the birds in the mew," cried a voice from within the house; and as instantly slipping from under the low porch, the falconer's daughter made her appearance.

"Run to him then, my good Alice," answered Basil, brushing by her, and entering the dwelling. "run to him without a moment's delay. Bid him collect all the men he can find, and hasten with them down to the lake on this side—let some take the path to the boat-house—send others to climb down the bank—straight down through the wood—opposite the island—with ropes, staves, irons; and as Basil ran on, he tore down coil after coil, of a fishing apparatus, from the wooden rack over his head.

"The poor girl guessed some dreadful accident from the extreme agitation of her young master: prompted by an anxious curiosity to speak again, she was on the point of demanding further information, when Basil checked her at the very outset of her inquiry.

"Tarry not, tarry not, Alice. Every moment is fearfully precious—death, perhaps—death in it. Fly to your father—find Bernard, and make him follow me. Do you then run, and call every human being you can meet with. Send them all after us—down to the lake. Oh God! my poor Maurice, there has been fearful delay as it is,"

d seizing the bundle of ropes he had

heaped together, he swung them across his shoulder—snatched up a long pole with a hook at its point, and hurried back to the fatal spot.

"All was in the state he had left it, save Fleance. The poor dog, as if exhausted by its howlings, or bereft of every instinctive hope, had crept as close to the broken edge as it was able; and now lay quite still, its head resting on its paws—its eyes fixed upon the large open space, from which it suffered nothing to turn it.

"A low plaintive whine escaped at the intervals of Basil's fruitless endeavours to find his brother.

"In vain the wretched young man approached within a dangerous distance of the wide opening. In vain he called upon Maurice, letting down the ropes, and pushing the blocks of floating ice from the hole he every moment made larger with his repeated blows. The ropes came up again; but no other hand but his own grasped them.

"Again and again had he repeated these endeavours, when Bernard, suddenly dashing down from the woody bank, stood breathless at his side.

"What is it, Master Basil?" cried the affrighted man, loaded with every implement that could promise succour, or that human forethought could have devised; 'what is it?'

"Uttering the words, his eye encountered Fleance—the beaver hat—the long knotted stick, his own gift that very morning to his favourite.

"The Lord above! Master Basil, whom seek you? Not him—not him—no—not Maurice Honeton."

"Yes, yes," cried Basil, 'I do seek my brother; I do seek Maurice, and, oh God! as I fear, never to find him.'

"Bernard, at these words let fall the contents of his hands. He was like one smitten by the bolt of Heaven. He turned ghastly pale. His eyes were fixed upon the broken ice—his teeth chattered, and his knees shook with such violence, that he would have lost his footing upon the bank, if Basil had not caught hold of him. An infant's hand might have felled the tall muscular form of the falconer to the earth.

"Rouse yourself, Bernard!" cried Basil, in a beseeching tone, 'rouse yourself! be-think you who it is, that needs every effort we can make. Perhaps we might yet save him.'

"These few words, delivered with that sort of cold tone and calm authority, which often the more clearly denote a well-grounded despair, had instant effect upon the falconer. He seemed by a violent struggle to recover from his stupor; for with a burst of agony he exclaimed,—

"The poor boy! the poor boy!"

"As he spoke tears started from the man's eyes, and rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks. Seizing some of the implements, he had let fall, he proceeded to assist Basil; but, for some moments following, their joint exertions were undisturbed by further conversation. Both remained silent. Basil, grasping a rope held by Bernard, approached the opening in the ice; till it bent under his feet, and he was forced to make a backward step. Bernard dealt blow after blow upon the hard surface of the lake, to enlarge the already wide circle, then plunged the grappling iron below.

"Am I not to look upon that face again?" at last sobbed out the faithful servant, as it were, addressing himself. 'Shall I never hear that cry, with which he kindly hailed me, as I passed him an hour ago? Oh! my young master—Oh! Maurice, Maurice Honeton! where are you?'

"Alas!" replied Basil, 'I begin to fear that the under current has carried him far down. Maurice! my poor brother! that you could answer—that you could reach this hand!'

"Before much more time had been expended by Basil and his companion in a hundred such attempts to draw Maurice Honeton from his watery grave, a multitude of workmen and others had come to their assistance. Every further effort, however, proved equally vain. The lake was broken up in all directions, flat-bottomed boats were conveyed to the edge, and soon launched amid the fragments of disturbed and floating ice. Grappling irons, hooks, poles, ropes, were lowered again and again into the deep water; but, each time, they returned to the hands that held them, raising nothing but muddy heaps of weeds, or dripping rubbish.

"At last, however, a party of men who were considerably lower down upon the lake than the rest, called loudly to their companions, and beckoned that they should join them. Basil guessed the truth, and, followed by Bernard, made his way to the spot. As they drew near, the stiffened body of Maurice Honeton was in the act of being lifted from the water. His face was dreadfully gashed and bruised; the current having driven him with violence against some projecting edge of ice, or equally sharp substance, and carried him, as Basil had said, far from the spot, where the stick had fallen from his hand, when he sank through the treacherous opening, to yield his last breath beneath.

"Basil gazed upon his brother, and spoke to him; yet he was quite conscious that life was extinct; and stooping, he gently closed the lid; for the distorted glassy stare of that once laughing eye was not to be endured.

"Such affection as Basil felt, hovers round the cold corpse to the last; often refusing to acknowledge the changes that are palpable; watching—speaking—as if life were yet there,—till the grave claims the precious relic—locks it up—and in its avarice, yields it no more to mortal gaze.

"Basil, for a few moments after he had performed the sad office mentioned above, preserved a silence which the numerous crowd now collected, respected too much to break.

"My mother!" he at length said in a low voice, 'oh my poor mother! how will she bear to look upon him? And he!' for the thought of the father's adoration for the one child flashed across the other, 'he loved *him*; assuredly my father loved Maurice.'

"Basil buried his face in his hands, as if to stifle the accumulated agony of his thoughts; then again he bent over the dead body, and again he brushed back the long, wet, clustering hair from the inanimate countenance. There could be traced upon it now, no other expression than one of intense suffering. The agony of death was depicted in the most frightful distortions.

"Would that Heaven had thought fit to choose me in your stead," said Basil, speaking a second time in the lowest voice, as if the sleep of death could be disturbed by words of man; 'would that Heaven had chosen me, so that you were laughing still, my poor brother!' and the afflicted speaker clung to the cold corpse, and wept aloud.

"It was the falconer's grief, however, that soon seemed to know no bounds. He called upon Maurice Honeton 'to look up—to speak—to joke with him as he had done that morning—to answer him now;' and then he cried like a child—sobbed hysterically—tore his hair—beat his breast—and was altogether like one bereft of all self-command or reason.

"In the mean time Basil had quitted his brother's body, and the men had contrived to drag the boat, in which it lay to the opposite bank. They then lifted out their burden, and deposited it on the ground, till a litter could be formed for carrying it further.

"Basil again knelt beside it; at one moment chafing the hands, as if life still lingered in their dark veins; at another, gazing upon the face with an expression scarcely less fixed.

"When at length the men were prepared to carry it, the body was raised from the ground; Basil placed himself by the side, and turned with his brother towards his home. Behind slunk Fleance.

"Basil turned *with his brother towards his home.*"

Passages of beauty and power follow



this scene in quick succession ; but confusion of narration in the winding up of the tale, meant to force it into a happy termination, is really inexplicable. The delineation of strong feeling and some power of drawing character, are the best points of our author ; in any attempt at comedy, or even playfulness, his failure is signal. His genius is wholly of the tragic and reflective cast ; he must remember for the future, that where an author's forte is in the stirring of strong passion, intricacy of plot is not needed to keep alive the reader's attention.

The whole interest of the tale rests in the characters of the Honeton family, every individual of which is well and efficiently defined. This remark will show how little the real merit of the work depends on the tricks of its machinery, and the ambiguities of incident depending on foundling children, and changelings at nurse.

The historical costume is carefully sustained ; but we think it pertains a shade nearer to that of Charles I., than that of his grand-daughter, Anne.

*The Amateur's Manual.* BY FRANK HOWARD. Author of the "Sketcher's Manual," &c.

Some cross accident or impish phantasy has abstracted a review of the "Amateur's Manual," duly prepared by us for press more than a month ago ; we therefore pray Mr. Frank Howard to excuse this seeming neglect of his truly clever and unique publication.

"The Amateur's Manual" is calculated to be of the greatest service to ladies, who are usually much perplexed with the first rubbing in of colour both in painting from nature in oils, and copying the works of the old masters. Mr. Frank Howard has in his numerous plates dissected and laid bare the first principles of art, and we think he has been eminently successful in the Flemish school ; his dissection of Ostade, Teniers, Cuyp, and Botte will prove of the greatest service to the student who copies from these masters, or, what is better, endeavours to look at nature as they surveyed her. These useful plates are accompanied with directions well explaining the technical

terms of art and commenting in a luxurious manner on the principle by which each artist effected his work. If amateurs talk of what they do not understand, and use the terms—tint, toneing, balancing, contrast, &c., in the wrong place (which by the way a great number of literary critics constantly do when reviewing works of art), they must henceforth be considered inexcusable, now that so perspicuous a manual is published. Hulmandel has admirably given the indistinct softness of half rubbed in paintings in most of his admirably well coloured lithographs ; the frontispiece possesses great merit ; the blue-toned picture of Turner, and also the grey daylight and moonlight are calculated to give great assistance to the student.

We do not like Mr. Howard's delineation of the Italian masters ; at least, not as regards the accompanying illustrations which are too rude and raw to be very profitable ; to make these plates of effectual service requires comparisons in a more advanced state.

The book, however, is good, and ought to be added to the library of every artistic student, being the work of a painter whose progress, in the art he defines, has gained him a considerable reputation among his contemporaries.

*Yarrell's History of British Birds.*  
Part 10.

This Number finishes the family of the Emberizidae or Buntings, and commences the numerous tribe of the Fringellidae or Finches. The cuts though not quite so striking as in the preceding numbers, are most delicately and accurately executed, and the character of each bird is so well preserved, that no person of common perceptiveness needs the assistance of colours, in order to recognize in them the living birds. The Black Headed Bunting, the Tree Sparrow, and the House Sparrow, are excellent resemblances. The nest of the Yellow Hammer is not a very good design, compared with the leaves of the brambles surrounding it ; the eggs are as large in proportion as fowls' eggs. The vignettes also are somewhat too large for their stature, as tail pieces ; but the bat-fowling vignette is a fas-

cinating design. Mr. Yarrell's narrative possesses every scientific excellence, but his rigorous exactness is perhaps carried too far in speaking of a creature of such decided personal character as the house sparrow, which might have furnished him with a few more anecdotes. We ourselves have just had a skirmish with a troop of these feathered impudent rogues who insisted on taking possession of the nest of a certain chimney swallow which had built under our especial patronage in a snug nook under the drawing room shades; we had pledged ourselves that the swallows should have their nest safe and sound on their return, when lo! an impudent pair of sparrows after doing battle royal with various of their species stuck their audacious selves there in the past month of November; we indeed expelled them, but they were much inclined to show fight; finally we put a piece of tile on the flat nest to keep them out, but they still pertinaciously roost on the bit of tile. There will, we expect, be fine fun when the swallows come back to their summer residence. In the same month we saw many battles among the sparrow tribe for some martins' nests under the eaves of a neighbour's house. Mr. Yarrell has not alluded to these practices of this vivacious tribe, yet their felonious appropriation of the habitations of other birds is familiarly under the notice of every inhabitant of the country, and we think it ought to have formed a feature in the detail of their manners and habits.

*Stammering Practically Considered.* BY  
T. BARTLETT. EVANS.

The physiological works of the present day reflect perhaps more honour on the literary character of our era than any other species of publication; they are peculiar to this century and promise to do incalculable good to human kind. Formerly all defects or sufferings which destroyed mankind were discussed in a mechanical and material manner, but now the mind is taken into fair consideration as connected with bodily affliction, and none is more completely shared between mind and body than stammering.

Mr. Bartlett's observations and instructions are founded on good sense and accurate observation; his style is earnest and impressive, and the picture he gives of the misery of a young man devoted to the church, who is thus afflicted, is drawn with eloquence and truth. The directions of the author are brief and simple, and efficient for the object in view; and as such we can fully recommend them to be followed by those who are so afflicted.

One question we would ask Mr. Bartlett. Has he ever noticed as we have that the heads of persons afflicted with nervous stammering slope off at the top of the head behind, the ears being deficient in firmness and self-esteem? In infant patients the cultivation of these faculties while the brain is in a flexible state would go a great way to effect a cure; this reasoning will be allowed by those who remember that a sudden depression of self-confidence often produces stammering in persons remarkable for glibness of utterance; how then does an organic want of self-confidence deal with a person whose utterance is defective?

We think Mr. Bartlett has scarcely given himself space sufficient for the importance of his subject, he ought to devote a volume for the use of those who have the care and instruction of children afflicted with impediments in speech, and such children ought to be subjected to a peculiar course of instruction and training; instead of which they are usually placed heedlessly among other pupils and subjected to the thoughtless mockery of their companions. Mr. Bartlett very properly advises that a child immediately it shows symptoms of stammering be withdrawn from school; this is expedient because stammering, like squinting, is quickly communicated by imitation, and has this worse effect, the stammerer's defect is aggravated by the irritation produced from the mockery of his companions.

The rules laid down for the benefit of those impeded in utterance would, we are convinced with the exception of the third, prove of infinite use to all those learning to read or studying elocution, and ought to be carefully followed by teachers; indeed we once knew a teacher whose pupils were

remarkable for the skill and grace with which they read aloud (a rare accomplishment) who subjected them to a series of previous lessons on alphabetical enunciation, governing the tongue and lips by rules of the same nature with those so cleverly laid down by our author. We repeat again that Mr. Bartlett's rules ought to be well studied.

*Travels of Minna and Godfrey.*

We noticed with approval the first volume; the second is sustained with equal talent and simplicity of style. We have often progressed up the Rhine in company with travellers of greater pretence but never with one more entertaining.

Illustrations from the old masters are here continued. "The Young Sportsman," and "Maidens by the Fountain," are very attractive.

*Conchological Manual, and Illustrations.*  
By G. B. SOWERBY, junior.

So many charges having taken place in the classification of shells and in their nomenclature, that a work like Sowerby's *Conchological Manual* has long been required by beginners, nor will it be found unacceptable to those who are further advanced in the science.

It is compiled and judiciously arranged from the works of the best conchologists, thus the difficulties of the science will not alarm the tyro who wishes to commence this beautiful and interesting study.

"I have found Mr. G. B. Sowerby's work, (says a friend, who is distinguished by his geological studies), exceedingly useful in arranging my fossil shells, judge then how valuable it must be to a beginner in the study of recent conchology?"

The explanation of the derivations of nomenclature will be found particularly serviceable to the uninitiated in the science; it is to be regretted that Mr. G. B. Sowerby, did not extend his labors a little further, by explaining the meaning and derivation of all the terms used for compressing the orders, Genera and Species which would indeed

have made the *Manual* an inestimable production.

The frontispiece of the *Manual* consists of the *Spondylus Americanus* and the *Nantilis pompilius* figured and colored in the same splendid manner as the Illustrations which we personally mention.

The rest of the figures belonging to the *Manual* are more remarkable for utility and accuracy than for beauty, they are very numerous, amounting to more than five hundred.

The whole does great credit to the author who is likewise the artist, it is a work, which must be considered a great acquisition to Natural History and as perfect for its size as possible.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Conchology is a study peculiarly suited to ladies, there is no cruelty in the pursuit, the subjects are so brightly clean, so ornamental to a boudoir, and such delightful objects for the pencil that next to floriculture few pursuits of amusement are more in unison with feminine taste as conchology.

Mr. Sowerby's work (of which a specimen is before us) peculiarly deserves the attention of those ladies who wish to study conchology; we subjected our coloured specimen to the severest test, a minute comparison with nature; we laid down the *Conus Miles tessellatus* and most of those depicted in our number by the coloured engravings, and were satisfied and pleased with the correct and spirited resemblances.

The figures are accurately drawn and shaded, and tinted with united delicacy and brilliancy.

In the delineation of shells most amateur artists are unsuccessful, because they over-do the coloring; a few shells copied from this elegant work would cure that defect; these delineations having all the chastity and delicacy of nature; as beautiful lessons in drawing and coloring we can especially recommend them.

MAUNDER'S SELECT BRITISH BIOGRAPHY. — This is another of those useful works of reference for which we stand indebted to Mr. Maunders' talent for compilation. The notices are generally succinct, yet comprehensive

when the subject requires it; and they are written in an impartial and unprejudiced spirit—qualities which particularly recommend the book to the hands of youth of both sexes. Like its predecessors, the volume is beautifully and accurately printed.

OLIVER AND BOYD'S CATECHISM OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION. — This little elementary work upon our institutions is happily free from political bias, and by careful study of it youth may lay the foundation of an accurate knowledge of the origin, progress, and nature of the British Institution.

THE CICERONE OF THE METROPOLIS. — Improvement begets improvement. The heels of the Red Book of Boyle are cruelly trod upon by the talons of the Blue Book, and it, in turn, by this elegant and useful little card-case volume in green, in which the nobility and gentry are classified according to rank; for personal canvassing or other purposes it is the most convenient Court Guide yet published.

FAIRY TALES IN VERSE. — These are our old friends of the nursery with new faces—Cinderella, Tom Thumb, Little Red Riding Hood, &c. in an ornamental attire, which shows how far baby literature has progressed since we listened with delightful attention to such legends. The fairy laureate has done well by sticking closely to his text, thereby preserving the spirit and interest of the narrative and the short moral attached to each tale was a happy thought. Children may now commit them to memory with a view to recitation. The little volume is profusely illustrated with gem-like wood-cuts, advantageously contrasting with the huge polychromatic daubs of their precursors.

MINSTREL MELODIES. — It would be fortunate for our native composers if the *libretti* of many English operas could boast of poetry of a character as pleasing and of equal lyric vigour which is evinced in these melodies. Truly lamentable is it to so frequently find lovely airs having the sad fate of being wedded to ill-constructed nonsense—dignified nevertheless by the name of verse.

JOSEPH HEYDERICK, OR MILITARY FIDELITY. — We are indebted to Capt

Johnston for a faithful and spirited translation of this little dramatic sketch from the German of Theodore Körner. The subject is an affecting and authentic incident, which occurred at Voghera during the late war, on the evening succeeding the battle of Montebello, when, after the repulse of the Austrians by General Lannes, an Austrian corporal, of the line, deserted in order to succour his lieutenant, who, dangerously wounded, had become prisoner to the French,—the former sacrificing his own life to save that of his officer. Without the smallest derogation from the merit of the translation, we think that the anecdote would have told better as a narrative than in a dramatic form,—for dramatic it certainly is not.

EULENSTEIN'S GERMAN GRAMMAR. — In this excellent first grammar for students in the German language the compiler has given only such rules as are of real and practical utility, accompanied by examples, consisting of words and sentences which occur in the daily course of life. It is a very short and easy introduction to the elements, as much so indeed as would be consistent with accuracy. Here the tyro may safely trust to its guidance, as far as it carries him, unassisted by a teacher,—nay, we are inclined to think that his future progress would prove more rapid having thus first thoroughly mastered these simple but necessary first rules.

HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1839. — The number of *balls* kept up in the air by an *infant Momus* tells us that this is Hood's tenth *annual budget* of genuine wit and humour. It is really astonishing how he can *keep it up* with such force and variety. The letter-press and wood-cuts, notwithstanding they so well illustrate each other, would, independently, each form works of themselves. We have a set of caricatures, often merging into *discriminative character*, and an endless variety of *original puns* contending for the mastery with the author's own superior flights of more indisputably genuine wit. It is quite a mistake to suppose that Hood would be without a large *stock-in-trade* if the *Paronomasia* could by any possibility be disallowed to swell his own *sums total* as a *figure of rhetoric*,

The only thing that brings punning

into disrepute is the readiness of weak persons in fancying themselves able to master it,—it is so easy to get hold of a *quibble* without the peculiar tact of bringing it to bear as an *epigram*. Thus, if a lady is requested to oblige some friends with a song, "Aye, that's right," says the would-be punster, "*you* can sing a song to a *T*, but some people can only sing like a *tea-kettle*." If a gentleman at table asks for *bread*, it is,—“Dear me, what is the use of giving bread to you when you're so well *bred* already.”

No specimen of such pestiferous annoyance is to be found in Hood, or if it has, we have been hood-winked (by Morpheus) when inspecting the volume; on the contrary, they rather remind one of some such old title-page as—

“Wit and mirth mixt with more serious matters.”

We will not defraud Hood by making extracts from a book which ought to lie constantly in every parlour window, as a most efficacious repellent of “*Blue Devils*” after “*exposure*” to cold *censures*, *severe lectures*, “*Horrid Confessions of a Confessor*,” and such like terrible stories.

*On the Language and Literature of Italy.* BY PROFESSOR CARLO PEPOLI.

THIS inaugural lecture of Signor Pepoli to the London University possesses many of the qualities our readers must have perceived in his contributions to this magazine; it is brilliant in matter, full of fire and verbal eloquence. Signor Pepoli has nearly as great a command of our language as he has of his own. His allusions to his own state of exile are free from egotism and deeply interesting; thus far we fully sympathise with our learned and accomplished contributor.

The republican sentiments of this oration are not, however, so agreeable to us as they were to the London University, yet we do not blame Signor Pepoli for his partiality to the native constitutions of his country, for every one knows that Italy, before the Roman Empire, was a collection of little re-

publics, and that after its fall they reverted to their divided state in a variety of forms of popular government. Had Italy after the fall of Rome been united in one moderate monarchy she might have defied Austria and the whole world. Yet no rational person can stigmatise an Italian for his love of the ancient constitution of his country.

But we consider that Signor Pepoli's assertion that the aristocracy of Italy have ever been the enemies of learning is not borne out by fact, and we could produce a volume of instances in direct contradiction were we not restrained by the wholesome dread of making our review longer than the professor's oration. His citation of the wrongs of Columbus, Tasso, Dante, Leonardi da Vinci, Ariosto, Galileo and many others, as accusations against aristocracy, are uncandid we think, however pleasing they might be to his audience who are, perhaps, very slightly acquainted with Italian biography. A one-sided view of a question is unworthy a great mind, and the attempt to take too favourable a side or torture facts in support of hypothesis is at best a weakness.

We will put forth the following.

If *Columbus* was sent home in chains it was owing to the envious malice of his inferiors, perhaps to their democratic impatience of a superior; as soon as his royal employers heard his representations they restored him with great honour to his command and sent him on another expedition. Queen Isabella had previously pawned her jewels in order to fit him out on his voyages of discovery.

*Tasso* was mad; by his own account he was subject to perpetual delusions both visual and vocal; that the medical attendants of the hospital of St. Anne made his detention grievous is only too probable, for with all the improvements of the present day, the insane are still absurdly and cruelly treated. But no unprejudiced person who reads what the behaviour of Tasso was at Rome where he was treated with adoration by the pope and cardinals can doubt of his direful infirmity.

*Leonardi di Vinci* is a most unfortunate instance to bring of the barbarity of kings and nobles; he was muni-

ficently rewarded both by Leo and Francis I. and breathed his last sigh on the bosom of the latter.

*Ariosto* was a professed grumbler (a common case with the literary); whoever reads his epistles will see that he growled at everything in existence. Earth, air, and sea, winter and summer weather were all alike the subjects of his complaints; the house of d'Esté must have been more than mortal if any one belonging to it could have satisfied him. Nevertheless the patronage afforded to this *frondeur*, such as as it was, was such as modern poets in democratic countries have in vain sighed to obtain. His chief cause of complaint was his appointment as envoy to the cold empire of Germany. How many of our present poets would growl at such preferment? We happen to know more of *Ariosto* than his greater poem.

If *Dante* was persecuted by a faction of Florence and driven into exile who was it that protected him at Ravenna? Was Polentas' eagle displayed on a plebeian banner, or on that of one of the haughtiest nobles in Europe?

We conclude with this specimen in confirmation of the opinions we have hazarded.

If *Galileo* had not had the powerful protection of Pope Urban VIII. and of several cardinals who were his disciples, the vulgar outcry of the rabble would have caused him to experience real and serious persecution. See his own confidential letter to Father Vincentio, where he speaks of the kindness of the Piccolomini and Orsini.

"I was cited to Rome by the Holy Office, after the publication of an essay addressed to Cardinal Orsini (one of the noblest names in Italy). I surrendered myself to the clemency of Pope Urban VIII. who deemed me worthy of his esteem, though not skilled in writing amatory sonnets." He then details with *strong satire* though in very different terms from vulgar opinion of the present day, the censure of the inquisition who acted as ignorant reviewers.

His punishment he himself shall detail.

"Finally I was compelled as a good catholic to retract my opinion and the Orsini dialogue prohibited with heavy penalties. With generous consideration the villa of Monseigneur Piccolomini was made my prison, he being my dearest friend. At this time the plague raged at Florence. The elegant conversation of this beloved friend I enjoyed here with such tranquillity that I soon

recommenced my studies, and discovered and demonstrated a great part of my mechanical conclusions of the resistance of solid bodies. At the end of five months the pestilence having ceased, his holiness permitted me to change this confinement for the liberty of my beloved country the beginning of December, 1633."

Now, if it had not been for the affection of the nobles Orsini Piccolomini and the care of the sonnet-loving pope, the persecutions of *Galileo* might have amounted to the magnitude attributed by vulgar error.

Now, if it had not been for the affection of the nobles Orsini and Piccolomini, and the care of the sonnet-loving pope, the persecutions of *Galileo* might have amounted to the magnitude attributed by vulgar error.

#### NEW MUSIC.

"Le théâtre n'est que de la littérature en action."  
MAD. DE STAËL.

A late journalist, in undertaking to write for a monthly periodical, deemed it expedient to make a species of preliminary protest, announcing the principles by which his criticisms would be guided: we think it prudent to adopt a similar course.

In entering upon the functions of his office, the Roman prætor explained the system he should pursue in his administration of justice, a proceeding which warrants the inference that extreme latitude was allowed to the magistrates, or at least, that great want of uniformity prevailed in the legislation.

The decisions from the pen of a modern journalist bear much resemblance, we think, to those of the Roman prætor; for the code of *literary and dramatic magistracy* is not more fixed than that of the pro-consul.

A dramatic or literary reviewer would do well, therefore, to imitate the pro-consul, and since, as *Moliere* says,

"Lorsque l'on pend un homme, on lui dit pourquoi c'est,"

declare at the outset by what laws and principles he will be guided in his judgment; for, notwithstanding the presumed infallibility attaching to the character of a reviewer, the public, and especially the poor sufferer (the author) like to know the reasons of the sentence that is passed.

And truly, to impale a culprit, without the approbation of the worthy in

testimony of the justice of the punishment, is a manner of treatment which approaches too closely to Ottoman despotism. We shall therefore be careful not to make any production, deserving of analysis the victim of a *bon-mot*; we shall not be found seeking out the weak points of a composition worthy of criticism, for the sake of relieving ourselves from the labour of grave reasoning; much less, we trust, will it ever be charged against us that we have applied the epithets beautiful, good, bad, vile, merely to indulge a transient whim. Our opinions and judgments will be framed upon the evidence of an impartial examination; and in giving an account of a dramatic production, whether tragedy or comedy, we shall content ourselves with describing the sensations and emotions excited in ourselves, or manifested by the spectators, and then referring these various emotions to their source in the requirements of moral propriety, good taste, and progressing civilisation.

We shall proceed with all needful precaution and delicacy, for we are perfectly aware how unbecoming it is to judge and condemn in three quarters of an hour, a work which has cost the author three months, perhaps three years.

This being premised, we turn to the subject before us, the opera of *Farinelli*, written by Mr. C. Z. Barnett, composed by Mr. J. Barnett, and represented at Drury-lane.

We shall commence our critique with a few remarks upon the libretto.

The name of *Farinelli* is well known as forming an epoch in the history of modern music. His vast talent, his fortunes, his adventures, rendered him ever an object of admiration, as also of envy; for during life he was assailed by satires whose objects were often imaginary, though sometimes real; and even when dead was not suffered to rest in peace. It is difficult, however, to invest satire with the character of truth or even of verisimilitude; while on the other hand, it is very easy to substitute vulgarity for point, or nonsense for spirit. And for the very reason that the theatre may be described to be *literature in action*, a poet in attempting dramatic satire, encounters a

difficulty of no slight magnitude. Whoever thinks the contrary, must be ignorant of the principles of the art. But let us see how the author of *Farinelli* handles his subject; and first, what shall we say to the libretto?

For a long time past the libretto has been but an incongruous product of the various and conflicting exigencies of the singers, the composer, and the music; so that, in fact, the term *libretto* has become very nearly synonymous with *absurdity*.

Scribe, and some other French composers, Romani and other Italians, have endeavoured in their musical theatres to effect a reform; but much still remains to be done. G. Linley made a similar attempt in England, but there is yet ample scope for improvement. According to the opinion of Arnaud, the libretto is now nothing more than

‘Un prétexte pour faire de la musique.’

If ever this assertion were verified, it is so now in many respects by the libretto of *Farinelli* written for Drury-lane by C. T. Barnett.

Is the fault to be ascribed to him alone?—is a question of difficult decision: for the mind of the poor poet is cramped and tortured in a multitude of ways by the capricious exigencies of the music.

While, therefore, we refrain from the expression of a formal judgment, and without entering into the analysis, we freely admit that it contains some dramatic circumstances well adapted to the music; but at the same time we are compelled to acknowledge that we regard the *Farinelli* as a mere tissue of scenes, or rather of pretexts for the composition of airs, duets, trios, &c.

Thus, when we have applauded some well-painted scenery, and objected, almost without exception to the dresses of the actors, which present a confused, ill-judged medley of costumes belonging to various places and epochs, there is little left us but to admire the feeling and intelligence of Miss Romer, express our approbation of Miss Poole, to whom, nevertheless, we would venture to recommend the acquirement of a little more ease of manner, and bestow our willing praises upon the solos of Balfe, suggesting at the same time

to Mr. Stretton that much attentive study is necessary to form a correct and good style. We admit the excellence of the orchestra, although we must confess that there appeared to us a deficiency of colouring in the *forte* and *piano*; and if we might be permitted, we should express a desire for greater unity in the chorus. Unity is the grand beauty of a chorus; but excepting the chorusses of the operas of Berlin and Paris, and of San Carlo, at Naples, we have never heard that rich, full, compact harmony which might be described as a vocal column, and which constitutes so essential a quality in every opera of distinction.

To the Italian Theatre in London, for example, among the numerous things which need to be reformed in order to render them even *tolerable*, such as improvements in the dresses, apparatus, &c. &c., we would recommend the training and more careful preparation of the chorusses. It often occurs there, that an opera is completely ruined in the chorus parts. F. Lablache, we see, and the beautiful Signora Monnani—with her jet-black hair and sparkling eyes, of whose grace, sweetness, and force in singing, the journals of Firenze and Naples speak in terms of highest praise—are already arrived, and form the van-guard of the corps at the Italian opera. It will afford us great pleasure when this theatre re-opens, to find subject of praise, but our criticisms will be strictly impartial.

However, not to wander too much from the opera of *Farinelli*, we will close this article with announcing that those indefatigable publishers of new music, Messrs. Cramer and Co. (201 Regent-street), have already published the parts of *Farinelli* composed by John Barnett, who has received well-merited praise, but whose great talent is evidently capable of far better things. Such is our impression, which we thus candidly avow.

1. *There came from soft Italy's bright glowing Shore*: sung by Balfe.—To say the truth, justifies its title, "The Lay of the Troubadour;" this is one of its principal merits: it is not calculated to attract much attention, notwithstanding Balfe's excellent singing.

2. *By the flowing Guadalquiver*: well

sung by Balfe.—Is extremely graceful, but to a severe judgment may seem not altogether to possess the true character of a *romanza*, though it might be adapted for a ballad.

3. *LEONORE*.—This ballad is sweetly imagined: the modulations are excellent, and when thoroughly understood by the singer, will never fail in effect. Few, we fear, will equal Balfe.

4. *In Realms of Light the Fairy dwells*.—This trio, from reading the music, would seem with the exception of a few passages to be a species of pastoral; but the interweaving of the parts is made with judgment, and the effect of the whole is very pleasing, particularly as sung by Miss Romer, Miss Poole, and Balfe.

5. *The Dreams of the Past fade before me*: sung by Mr. Stretton.—We were disposed to give Mr. Barnett much credit for this air and recitative for a baritone, but it recalls to our mind very forcibly some music of Donizetti.

6. *COLD DECEIVER, FARE THEE WELL!*—A very pretty air, sung by Miss Poole, but which, to a strict criticism, seems deficient in inspiration and novelty—a fault which is discovered in many parts, instrumental as well as vocal, of the opera. Without a particular reference to Mr. Barnett, we may affirm generally, that it is all very well to write according to good rules, but inspiration wanting, good rules may send the public to sleep. They are necessary to science, but do not include all that is required in order to please. The spirit of invention must be present; and when the ancient poets and musicians used the phrase "*Est Deus in nobis*," this is precisely what they meant to express. *Cold deceiver*, &c., is nevertheless a *decidedly sweet air*.

7. *Oh, sadly throbs my Lonely Heart*.—A *cavatina* full of happy modulations, to which exact and masterly execution, such as Miss Romer's, gives a fine effect. But would not criticism require more unity of idea than appears in this composition? We put this question without hesitation to Mr. J. Barnett, because true talent disdains not to receive suggestions, but rather uses them as helps to reach the goal of perfection.

8. *A MODEST BLOOMING FLOWER*:



is a very graceful ballad, the words of which are sweet and pure poetry. The musical thought is beautiful, tender, and of that kind of simple pathos in which Bellini excelled so much: and truly Bellini would have been content to be the author of a cavatina so delightful. All praise therefore to the composer, and also to Miss Romer who sings it so admirably!

In conclusion, we can sincerely say that we hope to see more operas of Mr. Barnett's production. He may, if he chooses, occupy a distinguished rank among English composers.

**SACRED MUSIC.**—"*Psallite Domino.*"—Those who apply themselves to the composition of Sacred Music should ever bear in mind the lofty purpose which the notes they write are intended to serve. The great psalmist, David, when he exclaimed: "*Servile domino in cymbalis bene sonantibus, cantate domino in cordis et organo,*" introduced the word *bene* to indicate the high ministry to which music was appointed, and the great beauty which it ought to possess in order to be worthy of its office. This view of music is entertained not by Christians only, but by other people, and especially the Chinese, who make it the vehicle of prayer, and with whom it forms an essential part of religion. Thus considered, music assumes a Divine character, it is the perfume of the human flower rising to heaven; it is the messenger of mortals sent to obtain grace and peace, and to thank eternal providence.

We therefore consider Sacred Music as the first and most noble of all; but we also deem it the most difficult.

There is a great quantity of music which presumptuously takes the name of Sacred, because it has succeeded in intruding itself into churches; but we should be very far from recognising its claim to the title, for there is as much difference between such music and that to which the term sacred may justly be applied, as between a living flower from Engaddi, and its imitation on canvass; or sometimes even as between prayer and blasphemy.

Sacred music requires an inspiration deep and vast, and its heavenly cha-

racter should be displayed in the full flow of its grave and tender, but simple and beautiful modulations.

Of the three religious melodies—"The Land of Promise"—"*The Spirit's Home*"—"The Rainbow."—We shall briefly observe, that they are three poems on sacred subjects, written with appropriate grace of style by Edward Haite, Esq., and set to music by J. Loder. They are three little effusions well worthy of notice, though, as it seems to us, in the composition of verses upon Scriptural subjects, in seeking to infuse Scriptural character into both poetry and music, care should be taken not to introduce musical ornaments adapted to various subjects of a totally different nature. But we are, we acknowledge, somewhat rigid in this respect, and should have been better pleased with a little more of the odour of the mystic cinnamon and nard. With this slight exception, we think these little poems resplendent with beauties of no common order, and wish them all success.

"**SACRED OFFERINGS, Consisting of Psalms, Hymns, and other Sacred Airs, adapted in an easy style for the Piano-forte, &c. &c.**"

The numbers already published Nos. 1, 2, 3, present most creditable specimens of simple, touching, delightful sacred music, and we may truly apply to them the Latin line, "*Abundavit deliciis, in simplicitate sua.*"

Mr. Rogers has our warmest praise and congratulations for having sounded as it were an echo of the sacred harp of David.

We repeat continually, that music is the handmaid of virtue and pleasure on earth,—it is a voice from heaven—and what is termed sacred music is the true, the beautiful, but at the same time the most difficult interpretation of that voice.

**THE SISTER ARTS.—First Series.—Lyrical Beauties.**—No. 3, **SIMPLICITY.**

The third number of this publication contains a sweet ballad, written by C. H. FREEMAN.

"There's beauty in the daisied mead,  
There's fragrance in the breeze  
And earth, and air are vocal with  
A thousand melodies:

The minstrel bee his fav'rite tune  
 Hums onward as he flies;  
 The jocund lark is carolling  
 Its matins in the skies—  
 Around are beauty, music, mirth;  
 Oh happy, happy, happy earth!

The music by C. W. GLOVER, accords admirably with the subject, *SIMPLICITY*, which the engraving represents under the form of a beautiful little girl, drest in white, and holding a dove in her arms. The engraving, taken from an original by T. W. HARLAND, is very neatly executed by Francis Hall.

We prognosticate that "the Sister Arts" is a publication which, if carried on with care, will be found on the piano of every drawing-room of fashionable resort.

**FINE ARTS.—BRITISH INSTITUTION FOR PROMOTING THE FINE ARTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.**—An exhibition of fine arts, offering to the artists of a great nation a free opportunity for the public sale of their works is an evidence of the wisdom and judgment of those by whom it was instituted: it stimulates the power of the talented; it invites intelligent amateurs to come forth as admirers, purchasers, judges; and incites them to promote that noble emulation which has advanced the glory of the fine arts both in ancient and modern times.

The ancient Greeks, sovereign masters of painting, sculpture, and architecture, were well aware of the importance of such an institution; and they established public exhibitions and museums, and appointed rewards and crowns. Hence the vast number of their eminent artists, who were regarded as sacred members of the Republic.

At Athens there was a contest in the fine arts, and the prize awarded to the noble victor was a splendid tripod of gold and silver, magnificently sculptured. Around the tripod was engraven the name of him whom universal consent acknowledged to have excelled all others in some work of the fine arts.

Infinite are the examples of artists possessing almost omnipotent influence over the minds of the people, who have had bestowed on them triumphal honors, exulting in their eminence, as they

would in the success of a conqueror. It was then an undisputed axiom, that in order to judge of the progress of civilization in any country, it was sufficient to observe the state of the fine arts.

The people of Cenedos, as Polybius asserts, did not cultivate the fine arts; and when the country, visited by the plague, resembled one vast cemetery, the Greeks, feeling no compassion for their miseries, exclaimed in contempt, "The people of Cenedos deserve their fate; it is the just punishment of heaven for their neglect of the fine arts."

On visiting such a place of public exhibition, these and a thousand other thoughts and anecdotes of the fine arts occur to our mind. We seem to be entering a temple where human intellectual power rises above the common sphere, and becomes the interpreter of the beautiful, of that beauty which has its birth in heaven, and is emanation and manifestation of divine omnipotence.

Such were our meditations when we entered the *BRITISH INSTITUTION*.

Paintings heroic, mythological, imaginative; landscapes, portraits, flowers, animals—an ocean of pictures of every possible quality, style and dimension—interspersed occasionally with sculptures in terra cotta, marble, and even wax models,—are arranged in three magnificent rooms.

In such an assemblage of excellence and mediocrity, we shall notice and criticise those works alone which seem to us worthy of particular observation, giving at the same time the names of their authors; but respecting many productions, and names we shall prefer conforming to the well-known verse of Dante,

"Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda, e passa."

(NORTH ROOM.) 10.\* **CHRIST IN THE WILDERNESS**, meditating on the means of redeeming the world, *Wilhelm Hensel*.

A picture of colossal proportions, (nine feet) representing a most sublime subject, and placed opposite the entrance door, first presents itself to the observation of the admiring visitor. The God-man is the grandest subject

\* N.B. The numbers correspond to the printed catalogue.

of the beau ideal of christian painting. The Jupiter of mythology does not equal it in sublimity, bears no resemblance to the Christian type; nor can the pagan art, although most grand in its exhibition of the character of divinity under a human form, be compared to the christian art, which aims at the representation of God and man under the same form.

The ancient Italian painters, in the Campo Santo di Pisa, for example, and afterwards Leonardo in the Supper, Raffaello in the Transfiguration, and many others have handled this most difficult subject, and diffused a mystic splendour over their works.

At present, the modern Dutch school of painting, and at its head, the celebrated P. Cornelius, are exerting every effort to spiritualise the christian art in similar subjects. The famous Greek head of *Jupiter Stator* is the general model for painters, who modify it with an expression of greater sweetness and compassion, depicting the character of *God* prepared to die for *Man*.

This is now established as a certain physiognomical type, known as the picture of Christ. Correggio adopted this as the model for his incomparable picture of the *Salvatore*; Thorwaldsen, not copying, but drawing inspiration from this, carved his statute of Christ for Copenhagen; and from this Hensel painted his picture; but the style appears to us somewhat studied. The execution is beautiful. Some of the drapery is well deserving of our admiration, and the design is by no means inferior; the colouring in many respects is certainly rich; but if we ask ourselves, or the spectators—is it a living God?—the reply would, we fear, be a negative. Neither does the picture contain that tone of harmony peculiar to the christian art, or breathe that inspiration which appears in the verses of the blind poet, the christian Homer, when he wrote

“ Meanwhile the Son of God, . . .  
One day walked forth alone, the spirit leading;  
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse  
With solitude, till far from track of men,  
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,

He entered now the bordering desert wild;  
And with dark shades and rocks environed round,  
His holy meditations thus pursued.”

*Paradise Regained.*

46. THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY, (*J. Uwins*) is the subject of a picture (seven feet wide) presenting great warmth of tone, in some of the oriental figures, such as the face of the woman, and of an old man, the selection is very good; but whilst many parts of the composition, and the grandeur merit our admiration, we cannot but feel that the design is deficient in correctness, and a more placid harmony of colouring desirable.

It is easy to produce a great deal of noise in music, but not so to create true melody.

(*To be continued.*)

BURFORD'S PANORAMA.—For some years past we have been visited, by the aid of Mr. Burford's magic pencil, many a spot of beauty and renown—and it has frequently been a subject of regret to us that these talented productions after a few short months' should be doomed to perish, instead of being preserved for public entertainment and increase of topographical knowledge, in some national building erected for the purpose. Here within a compass of sixty feet in diameter we have before us the 'Eternal City,' and that gigantic wonder of all ages, the coliseum. This and Rome are the subject of the two new Panoramas opened on Monday last to Mr. Burford's friends, the press and lovers of the arts. If we merely give vent to the general opinion among the visitants we should certainly say that the coliseum and country adjacent met with the greater approval. In gazing upon this wonder of art, and of his pencil, the mind of the spectator is almost carried into the regions of reality. In the area below almost half of the base is visible and the country around as well as the antiquities are strikingly presented to the eye. The visitor having ascended the stair of the Panorama finds himself on a sudden, level with the highest accessible range of the arches of the coliseum, and can then form a very good opinion of the place itself.—(*Rome in our next*).

## CONTINENTAL THEATRICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## NAPLES.

*Royal Theatre, San Carlo.*—February 12th, was presented to the public a new ballet by Mons. Taglioni, uncle to the celebrated dancer of that name, who is at present sojourning at St. Petersburg. M. Taglioni was warmly applauded by the first nobility in this capital. The new ballet entitled, *Il Rajach di Benares*, has created an unexpected sensation with the public. There was also performed *Bellini's* favourite opera of *La Norma*, in which Madame Ronzi and M. Nourrit sang, and gave great pleasure to numerous fashionables present.

*Theatre Nuovo.*—February 15th, was represented a new opera, *Il Lazzarone Napolitano*, the composition of Maestro Salvatore Agnelli. Our correspondent does not speak very fully or favourably of its reception at present. In our next number we hope, however, to be able to give a more full detail.

*Theatre del Fondo.*—At this theatre will be performed in a few days a new opera, entitled, *L'Astuccio d'Oro*. The vocal part of this company is not esteemed to be of the first quality, consequently no very favourable result is anticipated.

## VENICE.

At this season of the year, during the carnival, with a sun so brilliant, people so gay, and an extraordinary assemblage of visitors from every part of the country, there has been more than ordinary bustle and gaiety. Balls both public and private—all enjoyment, pleasure and clamour. In this pleasure-seeking, the undermentioned theatres are crowded to excess every evening.

*Great Theatre, La Fenice.*—The opera, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, by Donizetti, was received with unbounded applause on the 29th of January. Madame Ungher is without exception a talented person. M. Moriani, the first tenor Italy can at present boast of—one who might perhaps rival Rubini—caused great delight to the intelligent musical public of that quarter of the kingdom. We sincerely hope that M. Moriani may have an opportunity of displaying his talent shortly, to the

English public at the Queen's Royal Theatre.

*Theatre Apollo.*—In the opera, *La Cantatrice Villane*, by Fioravanti, and the second act of the opera by M. Ricci, *Gli Esporti*, gave great satisfaction; but Madame Dabedeilke was the presiding genius, who won, and deservedly, great applause.

*Theatre Malibrand.*—Here they have the finest dramatic company of Italy; and Venice it is, which has at the present time the most talented and agreeable choice.

## MILAN.

*Royal Theatre, La Scala.*—February 9th.—*Rossane*, a new opera, by M. Schoberlechner, was this evening introduced for first representation; it is from the pen of M. Schoberlechner, well-known in England as an excellent pianist; the music wants inspiration—he has copied much from other Italian authors, Rossini, Donizetti, and Ricci—it does not, indeed, possess a sentence of music adapted to the tenor voice of M. Donzelli. Madame Mary Brambilla, M. Badiali, and M. Balzar were thus called upon to sacrifice their talents without effect. The celebrated Basso Galli was placed in such a bad position, that one of the chorus might have sustained it equally well. Madame Schoberlechner, first soprano, who had an important part allotted to her, was seriously indisposed, consequently they were obliged to omit the aria in the second act, which perhaps was the finest piece in the opera. Altogether, the piece has not satisfied the frequenters of the *Scala*, and after the usual third representation, the opera, *La Muta di Portici*, was substituted in its place. The libretto of *Rossane*, by M. Rossi, is taken from the *Mary Tudor* of Victor Hugo, the modern French poet, and the alteration which M. Rossi has made has tended to injure, rather than improve, by changing the name of Mary Tudor to that of *Rossane*.

## PARIS.

The celebrated fashionable composer, the Musical Lion, as the Parisians please to denominate him, in other words, Maestro Donizetti, in spite of

having to compose four operas for the Italian Theatre at Paris this season, in a fit of despair has written an album, the merit of which we have no doubt will be duly appreciated by the fashionable musical world; indeed, taking this work altogether, it will be impossible to meet with a superior collection of music. The sentimental Spaniards have a fine bolero; a little Neapolitan song, which paints to the fancy all that is lovely, picturesque, and sublime in that part of Italy—*Me voglio far 'n casa* has a beautiful effect also duet *soprano* and *tenor*, which finishes this choice collection. This superior work will merit the approval and fine taste of the English lovers of Italian music.

The pretensions of the father of Madlle. Rachael, are the talk of the theatrical and fashionable world. This tragic actress was engaged at 4000*fr.* per annum. In consequence of her good success, she has received from the direction of *La Comédie Française*, 8,000*fr.* and finally 20,000*fr.* Not content with this, the father of Madlle. Rachel now demands the enormous sum of 60,000*fr.*; but whatever good opinion the director of the theatre may have of her attractions, he declines giving that immense sum. Assuredly such an amount was never received by either comic or tragic actor—not even by the immortal Talma!

#### RIGA (*Russia*.)

Miss Clara Novello gave two Concerts musical in this country that produced three hundred roubles. This celebrated singer caused so much interest in this town that the director of the theatre of St. Petersbourg went expressly to engage her.

#### GENOA.

*Theatre Carlo Felice*.—The Opera by Maestro Coccia, *La Solitaria delle Asturie*, was given at this theatre on the 5th of February, having been previously before the public at the *Theatre La Scala* at Milan, where it met with anything but approbation; although we cannot divine why it failed in affording pleasure to the public at Milan, yet without seeing why, we must speak generally of the theatre, artist, and public. The composer, Maestro Coccia, has certainly improved the opera, by altering some of the music according to

the voice of the singers, with which improvement it has caused quite an excitement at Genoa.

#### FLORENCE.

*Theatre della Pergola*.—The 4th of February was represented a new Ballet, *Il Poeta Imprudente*, by Ramaunini. In point of plot it does not possess much interest, but the dances are very pretty and well adapted to the public taste. Amongst them is a German waltz, which we must recommend to the English; it would be well if it took the place of some of the old waltzes now common in England.

*Theatre Alfieri*.—February 5, was performed the Opera *La Straniera*, for the benefit of Madlle. Eufrosia Borghese, in which that talented actress was received with universal applause by a delighted audience.

#### LEGHORN.

*Il Giuramento*. This much admired Opera, assisted with the talented tenor, Mon. Mussich and Madlle. Strepponi, was represented on the 9th of February, and received general approbation from a liberal and intelligent public.

#### LUCCA.

M. Lanari has undertaken the management of this Theatre, and comprises in his efficient company, M. Moriani, the latter is at present singing at the Fenice Theatre, and is considered the finest tenor in Europe, Rubini excepted.

Madlle. Brambilla, and M. Pedrarzi, are also persons of first-rate talent, consequently under such able auspices the theatre of Lucca, in the Summer season, cannot fail being considered one of the first theatres of Italy.

#### VIENNA.

*Royal Theatre Porte de Carinthia*. The only operas that have been presented at this theatre for the last six years, for the benefit actors, are *Robert le Diable* and *Norma*, they cannot certainly display their fine taste better than by choosing from the fantastic works of Mayerbeer, and the sentimental soft melodies of Bellini. Mr. Standiof, who in the general opinion of Germany is the finest singer in that country, was honoured by a large assemblage of the nobility. Madlle. Lutzer and Madlle. Mayer, also sang in this piece, and certainly for some time past

we have not had the same parts equally well performed.

#### PALERMO.

*Theatre Carolino.* At this theatre was given the Opera, *Il Belisario*, by Donizetti. This composition has captivated the public of Palermo, and the tenor, M. Collini, met with enthusiastic applause.

DRURY LANE.—A new opera entitled *Farinelli* by Barnett, has been produced with merited success, as regards the music. The dramatic portion is heavy enough, and the poetry exceedingly mediocre. For a detailed notice of the *morceaux* with which the opera abounds we refer to our critique in the new music of the month.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—This, the most elegant of all our metropolitan theatres, opened at the commencement of last month under the management of its new lessee, Mr. Hooper. Our old favourite Mrs. Glover personated the *Old Maid*, in a burletta so called, with admirable keeping and judicious humour. *Love among the Roses* followed the exhibition of M. Taudevin's Forest of Wild Animals, supported by the varied talent of Dowton, Wrench, and Miss Turpin. Three new burlettas have since been produced, severally entitled *The Young Sculptor* (a serious piece), *Friends and Neighbours*, from the pen of Mr. H. Bayley, and *The Troublesome Lodger* (personated most amusingly by Wrench); the plot and incidents of the latter are said to turn upon circumstances lately mentioned in the police reports. These pieces have all been highly successful, and so we trust the career of the new manager will prove, for he has commenced his campaign with great spirit, tact, and liberality.

WEST'S OPTICAL PYRAMID.—This is an ingenious adaptation of a magnifying lens and reflecting mirror fixed in a pyramidal box—the result is a most amusing toy, capable of affording inexhaustible diversion to young and

old—by a well chosen series of engravings being placed at a focal distance. We have instructed Mr. West to adapt one for the display of the several beauties in our collection of authentic portraits, in order that we may pass them as large as life before us, whenever fancy prompts.

THE TALKING CANARY BIRD.—On first hearing this interesting little winged prattler the effect of his plain pronunciation of the phrases—“*Sweet pretty little dicky dear.*” “*Pretty Queen,*” &c. is truly startling,—so much so as to induce a momentary belief of its being some trick of ventriloquism practised by an attendant. Our knowledge of comparative anatomy is too limited to allow us to define the peculiar conformation of the bird's throat, which, by a freak of nature, has enabled it to exert a mimetic power of speech; but talk it does, and imitates likewise, very intelligibly, the ringing of a bell immediately the hand of an attendant approaches the bell-pull. It is as novel as interesting an exhibition.

COURT MOURNING.—We may shortly expect another order for court mourning, for the Dowager Princess of Tour and Taxis, sister to Her Majesty the Queen of Hanover, whose recent demise has thrown the Hanoverian royal family into deep affliction.

Equestrian exercise becoming daily more in vogue with the fair sex—doubtless from the example set by that Royal Lady, who is herself “the observed of all observers,” combined with the healthful and exhilarating effect of the practice itself—we think it may not be unacceptable to our fair readers to give a hint or two upon a new style of Riding Habit (which we have been invited to examine)—a *fac simile* of that made for her Majesty, and several ladies of distinction—by Mr. Minister of Argyll Place. From its simple mode of adjustment it can be put on in about a minute, without the aid of a second person. The train is attached to the body, which has the desirable effect of keeping the body of the habit symmetrically to the shape—a decided improvement upon the old method of fastening by hooks and eyes. The train is made very full, and is plaited round the waist, which gives a graceful roundness to the figure, and at the same time affords much ease in mounting, dismounting and sitting the horse.



## QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

### VIVAT REGINA.

Jan. 29.—The Queen gave audience to Count Sebastiani, the French Ambassador. The Queen walked in the garden of the Palace. Her Majesty went in state to Drury Lane Theatre, to witness the performance of the *Maid of Artois*.

30.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen.

31.—Viscount Melbourne and Lord Hill had audience of the Queen.

Feb. 1.—The Queen honoured Covent Garden Theatre with a state visit.

2.—Her Majesty took equestrian exercise in the Riding House at Piclico. Viscount Melbourne had an audience.

3.—Her Majesty and her august Mother attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Goddard, from the Revelations, chap. 22, v. 16 & 17. The prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Knapp, the lessons by the Rev. Mr. Wesley, and the altar service by the Bishop of London, the sub-dean, and the Rev. Mr. Knapp. The Chants were by Beethoven and Hawes, the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* were Kings in F, the Sanctus by Hawes, the commandments by Nares. The anthem "God is our hope and strength," (Greene) was sung by Messrs. Sale, Welch, Evans, and Hobbs. Sir George Smart presided at the organ.

4.—The Queen held a Court and Privy Council, at which Her Majesty's speech for the opening the session of parliament, was arranged and agreed upon. The Queen honoured Drury Lane Theatre with her presence to witness the performance of Guillaume Tell.

5.—Her Majesty went in state to the House of Lords, to open the Session of Parliament with a speech from the throne. The Queen afterwards honoured Covent Garden Theatre with her presence.

Dresses at the opening of parliament :

The ladies in the gallery of the House of Peers all wore mourning dresses, but the ornaments were gold, pearls, or diamonds, which had a very beautiful effect on the dark ground-work of the robes.

Her Majesty wore a magnificent branch diamond stomacher, and diamond ear-rings and necklace. Her crown of state was the same worn at the proroguing of Parliament.

6.—Her Majesty took equestrian exercise in the Riding House at Piclico. Viscount Melbourne had an audience. The Queen honoured Sir Francis Chantry with a sitting for her bust.

7.—The Queen held a Court at the New Palace, for the reception of the Addresses

from the Houses of Lords and Commons. Her Majesty gave audiences to Viscount Melbourne and Lord Foley.

8.—The Queen rode out on horseback in the parks, attended by her usual retinue.

9.—The Queen gave audience to Count Mandel-on, Envoy Extraordinary from the King of Wurtemberg, to deliver a letter from his sovereign. Her Majesty took equestrian exercise attended as usual.

10, Sunday.—Her Majesty and her august Mother attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Bouverie, from the 8th chapter of Deuteronomy, v. 11 & 12. The prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Povah; the lessons were read by the Rev. Mr. Dakins, the Chant was Attwoods; the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* in C, Nares; the Sanctus, Savage; the Responses, King; and the Anthem, "Thou, O God, art praised in Sion," was sung by Messrs. Wilde and Hobbs. Sir George Smart presided at the organ.

11.—Her Majesty, attended by Lady Portman, visited the Princess Sophia at Kensington.

12.—Her Majesty honoured Drury Lane Theatre with her presence, to witness the performance of *Farinelli*.

13.—The Queen held a Privy Council; Her Majesty afterwards took equestrian exercise attended by her usual suite.

14.—The Queen rode out on horseback, and in the evening accompanied by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, honoured Covent Garden Theatre with her presence.

15.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty.

16.—The Queen rode out, attended as usual.

17, Sunday.—Her Majesty and her august Mother attended Divine Service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The Sermon was preached by the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, from Colossians, chapter 3, v. 17. The Lessons were read by the Rev. W. H. Hall, and the Prayers by the Rev. C. Wesley. The Communion Service was read by the Lord Bishop of London, and the Rev. Dr. Sleath, Sub-Dean. The Chant was the Earl of Mornington's; the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, Boyce in A; the Sanctus, Dupin's; the Responses, Calah; and the Anthem, "O Lord give ear" (Greene) was sung by Messrs. Knyvett and Hobbs. Sir George Smart presided at the organ.

18.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience. Her Majesty honoured Covent Garden Theatre with her presence.

19.—Lord Glenelg had an audience of Her Majesty, and resigned the seals of office as Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies.

20.—The Queen held her first Levee this season, at St. James's Palace, when the following noblemen and gentlemen were presented:—

By Viscount Melbourne: Lord Carrington, on coming to his title—Sir Benjamin Heywood, on being created a Baronet.—Rev. Arthur Moore, on having been presented by Her Majesty to the living of Walpole, St. Peter, Norfolk.

By Lord John Russell: Sir William Henry Poland.

By Lord Palmerston: Sir George Hamilton—Lord William Hervey, on his return to England.

By Sir John Hobhouse, Bart.: Mr. Hobhouse.—Maj.-Gen. Sir J. Law Iushington, G.C.B., on being appointed G.C.B.—Maj.-Gen. Sir A. Caldwell, on receiving the G.C.B.—Maj.-Gen. Innes, on promotion.—Maj. Snell.—Lieut.-Col. Cadell, on return from India.—Lieut. G. Falconer.

By Lord Morpeth: Sir Samuel Crompton, on being created a Baronet.

By Rt. Hon. Lord Hill, G.C.B.: Maj.-Gen. Sir J. Kearney.—Lieut.-Gen. Sir C. Dalhaic, upon appointment as President of the Board of General Officers, and to the command of the 3rd regt. Drag. Guards.—Maj.-Gen. Reeves.—Lieut.-Gen. Huskisson.—Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Peacocke, on promotion.—Sir G. Walker, on promotion.—Lieut.-Gen. Sir C. Doyle, upon being appointed Military G.C. of the Roy. Han. Guclphic Order.—Maj.-Gen. D'Oyley, on promotion.—Gen. Goldie, on promotion.—Gen. Sir M. Disney, on his promotion and return from abroad.—Maj.-Gen. Sleigh, on his appointment to the Staff, as Inspector Gen. of the Cavalry.—Col. Sir W. Herries, on being appointed C.B.—Col. Cowper, on being appointed C.B.—Lieut.-Col. M'Creaigh, 86th Foot.—Lieut.-Col. Hope, K.H., on appointment to the Rifle Brigade, and return from Australia.—Col. E. Parkinson, on appointment to C.B.—Col. Rolt, C.B.

By the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Minto: Adm. Sir J. Beresford, on promotion.—Comm. S. P. Pritchard.—Comm. Forbes.—Comm. J. Hathorn.—Comm. T. Meredith. Lieut. C. W. Lindsay, R.N., on return from foreign service.—Lieut. J. Evans, on return from foreign service.—Comm. R. Douglas. Comm. S. Hope, on promotion.—Lieut.-Col. Owen, on being appointed C.B.—Capt. Sir W. H. Dillon, R.N., on his return from foreign service.—Capt. W. H. Cole, R.N., K.H., on his promotion.—Capt. J. Parker, R.N., on his promotion and return from foreign service.—Lieut. W. Clark, R.N., on return from foreign service.—Capt. Quin, R.N., on promotion and return from India.—Capt. R. Maunsell, R.N., on being nominated C.B.—Lieut. H. J. Matson, R.N., on his return from foreign service.—Lieut. G. F. Somerville, R.N.

By the Duke of Norfolk: Mr. Hawker, on his promotion to the office of Clarendieux King of Arms.—Mr. Courthope, on his appointment to the office of Rouge Croix, Pursuivant of Arms.

By the Earl Marshal: Mr Robert Laurie, on his appointment to the office of Windsor Herald.

By Lord Foley: Hon Edward Butler, on his appointment as Lieut. of the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at Arms.

By the Marquis of Lothian: Lord Mark Kerr, 20 Regt.

By the Lord Bishop of Ely: Bishop of Soder and Man.

By the Marquis of Westmeath: Lord Kilmaine.

By Lord Kenyon: Mr. Self.

By Lord Foley: Mr. Alfred Perkins, on his appointment to the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms.

By Lord Dacre: Mr. Lawrence, Gentlemen of H.M. Hon. Privy Chamber.

By the Marquis of Westmeath: Hon. Thomas Nugent.

By Lord Courtown: Archdeacon Stopford.

By the Marquis Conyngham: Mr. G O'Malley Irwin.

By the Hon. C. Gore: Mr. Rhodes.

By Mr. James W. Freshfield: Mr. James Scott, on his return from Madras.

By Lord Bloomfield: Mr. Bailey.

By Mr. Serjeant Jackson: Mr. G. White West.

By Capt. Lord J. S. Churchill: Lieut. Fead, R.N., on promotion.

By Gen. the Hon. R. Meade: Maj.-Gen. the Hon. H. Murray, on promotion.

By Earl Amherst: Maj.-Gen. M'Innes, on promotion.

By Lieut.-Col. Hope: Capt. the Hon. G. Liddell.

By the Master Gen. of the Ordnance: Capt. Wingfield, R.A., on promotion.

By Capt.-Gen. and Col. H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex: Capt. J. G. Middleton, Hon. Artillery Comp.—Lieut.-Col. Oldfield, upon his appointment as Commanding Engineer in the Colonies.

By Lord Fitzroy Somerset: Col. St. Clair, on appointment as C.B.

By Lieut.-Col. Sir M. Crecagh: Ensign Edwards, 86th Foot.

By Earl of Huntingdon: Ensign Jauncey, 11th Regt.

By Lieut.-Gen. Sir Arthur Brooke, K.C.B.: Ensign D. F. Ogliby, 6th Foot.—Ensign F. R. M. Dawson, 88th Regt.

By Lieut.-Gen. Sir. H. Cumming: Ensign Bicknell, 75th Regt.

By Maj.-Gen. Sleigh: Capt. Ellis, 13th L. Drag., on his return from India.

By the Adjutant-General: Capt. Boys, 2nd or L. Drag. Gds.

By Col. Walton: Capt. Lord F. Paulet, Coldstream Guards, on his appointment as Adjutant.

By Maj.-Gen. Lord A. Lennox: Capt. Impett, 71st Highland Light Infantry.



By H.R.H. Duke of Sussex: Capt. Margary, Hon. Artillery Comp.

By the Hon. Sir C. Colville: Capt. J. Spence, 5th Fusileers.

By Gen. Sir H. Campbell, K.G.H.: Capt. Jeffreys, 88th Regt.

By Lord A. Lennox: Major Denny, 71st Highland L. I.

By Gen. Sir G. Colville: Major Johnson, 5th Fusileers.

By the Marquis of Westmeath: Major the Hon. G. A. Browne, 64th Regt.

By Col. Lambert: Col. Higginson, on promotion in the Grenadier Guards.—Col. Grant, Gren. Guards, on his return from Canada.

By Col. Wyndham: Col. Charles Wyndham.

By the Mast. Gen. of the Ordnance: Col. Colby, Royal Engineers.

By Col. Walton: Col. Bentwick.—Lieut.-Col. Dansey, Royal Artillery, on appointment to C. B.

By the Duke of Wellington: Second-Lieut. Sir Thomas Munro, Rifle Brigade, on appointment.

By Lieut.-Col. Hope: Lieut. W. I. McLesh, Rifle Brigade.—Lieut. Young, Rifle Brig.—Lieut.-Waddington, Rifle Brigade.—Second Lieut. Romer, on his appointment to the Royal Artillery.

By Lieut.-Col. Sir C. Hopkinson, C.B.: Lieut. James Freese, Madras Army.

By Admiral Sir John Bercsford: Second Lieut. Beresford, 5th Foot.

By the Earl of Albemarle: Lieut. A. Stewart, 21st Fusileers.—Lieut. S. H. Murray, 50th Regt.

By Rear Adm. Sir W. Parker: Capt. W. Pickering, R. N., on promotion and return from foreign service.

By Gen. Sir G. Anson, G.C.B.: Comm. Anson, R. F. on his promotion.

21.—The Duchess of Gloucester visited Her Majesty.

22.—Viscount Melbourne and the Chancellor of the Exchequer had audiences of Her Majesty. The Queen sat to Sir Francis Chantrey for her bust.

23.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience. Her Majesty honoured Covent Garden Theatre with her presence.

Sunday, 24.—Her Majesty and her august mother attended Divine Service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Bangor, from the 19th chapter St. Matthew, v. 23, 24. The prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Knapp, the lessons and litany by the Rev. Mr. Dakins; the altar-service was read by the Sub-Dean and the Rev. Messrs. Knapp and Dakins. The chant, Battershill; the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* in F, Arnold; the *Sanctus* and responses, Towers; the anthem—"O God, thou art my God" (Greene) was sung by Messrs. Knyvett, Hobbs, and Sale. Sir George Smart presided at the organ.

25.—Her Majesty took equestrian exercise in the Riding-school at Pimlico.

#### GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.

H. R. H. Duchess of Kent, Feb. 3.  
Their R. H. the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Feb. 9.

H. R. H. Princess Augusta of Cambridge, Feb. 9.

H. G. Duke of Wellington, Feb. 9.

Duke of Rutland, Feb. 9.

Duke of Argyll, Feb. 9, 15, 21.

Viscount Melbourne, Jan. 29, Feb. 2, 6, 7, 8, 11, 13, 16, 20, 25.

Marquis of Breadalbane, Jan. 31, Feb. 9.

Marchioness of Breadalbane, Feb. 9.

Earl of Albemarle, Jan. 31, Feb. 7, 16.

Viscount Falkland, Jan. 31, Feb. 6, 13.

Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Paget, Jan. 31.

Viscount Morpeth, Feb. 16.

Marchioness of Tavistock, Feb. 2.

Lord Byron, Feb. 2.

Lord Alfred Paget, Feb. 2, 16.

Lord George Paget, Feb. 2.

Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Feb. 2.

Earl of Errol, Feb. 6.

Viscount Torrington, Feb. 6, 9, 13.

Hon. W. Cowper, Jan. 29, Feb. 6, 8, 13, 25.

Rt. Hon. G. S. Byng, Jan. 29, Feb. 7, 8, 11, 13, 16, 22.

Dowager Countess Cowper, Feb. 8.

Lord Portman, Feb. 8, 20, 21, 22.

Lady Portman, Feb. 9, 20, 21, 22.

Lord Lilford, Feb. 8, 16.

Lady Fanny Cowper, Feb. 8.

Sir George Anson, Feb. 8.

Hon. Miss Anson, Feb. 8.

Mr. Rich, Feb. 8.

Marquis Conyngham, Feb. 9.

Earl of Ilchester, Feb. 9.

Earl and Countess of Lichfield, Feb. 9.

Earl of Courtown, Feb. 9.

Lord and Lady Ashley, Feb. 9.

Col. Armstrong, Feb. 9, 22.

Lady Flora Hastings, Feb. 9.

Miss Kerr, Feb. 9.

Hon. Miss Murray, Feb. 9.

Hon. Miss Spring Rice, Feb. 9.

Lady Caroline Barrington, Feb. 9.

Baroness Lehzen, Feb. 9.

Miss Davys, Feb. 9.

Earl of Pingall, Feb. 9, 20.

Hon. C. A. Murray, Feb. 9.

Baron Knesebeck, Feb. 9.

Hon. Major Keppell, Feb. 9.

Col. Wemyss, Feb. 9.

Earl of Uxbridge, Feb. 11, 25.

The Duke of Norfolk, Feb. 15.

Marquis and Marchioness Lansdowne, Feb. 15.

Viscount and Viscountess Mahon, Feb. 15.

Viscount Palmerston, Feb. 15.

Lady Louisa Fitzmaurice, Feb. 15.

Lord Oulton, Feb. 15.

Count Charles and Countess Pozzo di Borgo, Feb. 15.

Hon. William and Lady Caroline Lascelles, Feb. 15.

Col. and Lady Mary Fox, Feb. 16.

Marquis and Marchioness of Normanby, Feb. 21.

Marquis of Headford, Jan. 29.

Hon. Charles Gore, Jan. 29.  
 Lord Dalmeny, Feb. 21.  
 Lord Leveson, Feb. 22.  
 Sir Frederick Watson, Feb. 22.  
 Earl of Surrey, Feb. 22.  
 Lord Melgund, Feb. 25.

*The following accompanied her Majesty in her Rides and Drives and Visits to the Theatre up to February.*

H. R. H. Duchess of Kent, Feb. 14.  
 Baroness Lehzen, Feb. 8, 9, 13, 14, 16, 26.  
 Lady Barham, Jan. 29.  
 Hon. Miss Murray, Jan. 29, Feb. 9, 13, 14, 16.  
 Miss Quentin, Feb. 8, 9, 13, 14, 16, 26.  
 Earl of Fingall, Feb. 8, 9, 12, 13, 14, 16, 18.  
 Col. Wemyss, Feb. 8, 9, 12, 13, 14, 16, 18, 23, 26.  
 Viscount Torrington, Feb. 8, 9.  
 Rt. Hon. G. S. Byng, Jan. 29, Feb. 9.  
 Hon. Major Keppell, Feb. 8, 9, 12, 13, 14, 16, 18.  
 Lord Alfred Paget, Jan. 29, Feb. 8, 9, 13, 14, 16.  
 Sir George Quentin, Feb. 8, 9, 13, 16, 26.  
 Viscount Falkland, Feb. 8, 13.  
 Hon. C. A. Murray, Feb. 8.

Lady Portman, Feb. 12, 14, 18.  
 Hon. Miss Spring Rice, Jan. 29, Feb. 12, 18.  
 Lady Caroline Barrington, Feb. 12, 18.  
 Sir Frederick Stovin, Feb. 13, 16, 26.  
 Earl of Uxbridge, Feb. 14, 16, 26.  
 Earl of Albemarle, Jan. 29.  
 Marchioness of Tavistock, Jan. 29.  
 Marchioness of Breadalbane, Jan. 29.  
 Hon. Miss Pitt, Jan. 29.  
 Hon. Miss Cavendish, Jan. 29, Feb. 23, 26.  
 Hon. Miss Paget, Jan. 29.  
 Duke of Argyll, Jan. 29.  
 Marquis Cernyngham, Jan. 29.  
 Lord Lilford, Jan. 29.  
 Lord Hill, Jan. 29.  
 Col. Cavendish, Jan. 29.  
 Sir R. Otway, Jan. 29.  
 Mr. Martins, Jan. 29.  
 Mr. Blackwood, Jan. 29.  
 Mr. Montgomery, Jan. 29.  
 Sir T. H. Curteis, Jan. 29.  
 Marchioness of Normanby, Feb. 23.  
 Lady Gardiner, Feb. 23.  
 Lord Byron, Feb. 23, 26.  
 Mr. Rich, Feb. 23, 26.  
 Hon. Miss Cocks, Feb. 26.  
 Lady Lyttelton, Feb. 26.

The mortal remains of the gallant veteran General Sir John Elley were deposited in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, February 4th. The pall was supported by the surviving officers of his regiment. The naval and military knights of Windsor led the procession, which was followed by many distinguished military characters.

The disposition of this brave soldier may be best told from the following most interesting letter of recommendation regarding the welfare of a faithful servant and brother combatant. It deserves to be widely known, for the attachment between a warrior and his charger is perhaps the most pleasing circumstance connected with actual warfare. The letter is addressed to J. Ramsbottom, Esq. M.P. We copy it from the Naval and Military Gazette. "May 22nd, 1826.

"My dear Ramsbottom,—Custom in some measure reconciles, if it does not justify, a liberty taken with a very old acquaintance, and when the subject is known to you I am certain I need not add any other apology for this communication.

"I am engaged as counsel to plead the cause of a poor old war-horse, whose cognomen is Salamanca, and age twenty-four years. This gallant animal embarked at Portsmouth for Lisbon in the year 1808, then six years old, and shared the dangers of the following battles: Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes D'Onor, Salamanca, where severely wounded he remained on the field unable to rise, then Vittoria, the Pyrennees, Orthes, and Toulouse, returning to England with the army at the peace of 1814.

"In the following year he embarked at

Ramsgate for Ostend, and stood the brunt of *Waterloo*; returned once again to England, and in the year 1820 embarked for Ireland, and in this year for the last time for Old England, drooping from extraordinary length of service, still possessing undaunted courage, exhibiting the remains of a fine and generous animal which never lost a day's work, but from wounds, during a period of 18 years.

"In the course of the ensuing month, being recommended to go abroad for the benefit of my health, deranged by many and severe wounds, and having no means within myself to afford this faithful slave repose, by turning him out, I am induced to seek your kind offices with our esteemed friend Lord Harcourt to admit within his lordship's rangership this worthy pensioner. I really consider this object of my solicitude would be an ornament among the cattle enjoying freedom and repose on the royal domain of our beloved monarch; and I am persuaded that should it not be in the power of Lord Harcourt to meet this appeal in correspondence with my wishes I shall have the benefit of his lordship's forgiveness for this liberty, arising from anxiety to pay the debt immense of gratitude to the animal that has carried me in safety through many a hard fought day.

"Believe me to remain with true regard, &c. "J. ELLEY."

George the Fourth acceded to this request, and Salamanca ended his days peacefully among the shades of Windsor Park.

The enumeration of the services of the gallant war-horse includes those of his master.

# General Monthly Register of Marriages, Births, and Deaths at Home and Abroad.

Court Magazine Office of Registration, 11, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn.

## SCALE OF CHARGE FOR EACH INSERTION.

For a Marriage, not exceeding Five Lines..... Three Shillings  
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[In order to render this, *our* new system of registration, an *easy key* to Parish, and other registers, the number of the register, and the name of the cemetery where the interment has taken place, should be added. And in cases of Births, the *intended* name also of the infant.]

## MARRIAGES.

ACOCKS, Sarah, 3rd dau. of Thomas A—, Esq., Dulwich, Surrey, to Bernard PHILAN, Esq., of Clonmel, Ireland; at St. Giles', Cambridge, Feb. 2.

ANDREWS, Annette, 4th dau. of the late W. S. A—, Esq., M. D. of Richmond, Surrey, to T. W. WILSON, Esq., M. D.; Comillah, E. I., Nov. 8.

BARCLAY, Frances, 2nd dau. of Robert B—, Esq., Islington, to John BALLANTINE, Esq., Edinburgh; St. Mary's Islington, Feb. 6.

BARTON, Georgiana Emelia, eld. dau. of George B—, of Coolbariah, to James CROOKE Esq., Calcutta; Oct. 20, 1838.

BARTON, Mary Catherine, ygst. dau. of the late W. B—, Esq., of Newington, Surrey, to George SCOTT HILLS, Esq., of Kishnaghur; at Calcutta, Oct. 20, 1838.

BEST, Frances, widow of the late G. J. B—, Esq., to John G. BLAKE, Esq., of Gower Street, Bedford Square; Feb. 8.

BATES, Elizabeth Ann Sturgis, only dau. of Joshua B—, Esq., of Portland Place, to his Excellency Sylvain Van de WEYER, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the King of the Belgians; at St. George's, Hanover Square, Feb. 12.

BATEMAN, Mary Anne, 2nd dau. of William B—, Esq., of Bunhill Row, to Thomas BUSHBY, Esq., Finsbury Circus; at St. Stephen's, Coleman Street, Feb. 12.

BATESON, Elizabeth Honoria, 2nd dau. of Sir Robert B—, Bart. M. P. of Belvoir Park and Moira, Downshire, to John Neilson GLADSTONE, Esq., Lieut. R. N., 3rd son of John G—, Esq., of Carlton Gardens and Fasque, Kincardineshire; at Knockbreda, Downshire, Feb. 7.

BATTLE, Harriett, 2nd dau. of the late Lieut. Col. B—, 60th Rifles, to Willoughby BEAN, Esq., Green Point, Brisbane Water; July 11, 1838.

BEDFORD, Eleanor, only dau. of the Rev. W. B—, senior chaplain Lincoln's Inn, to Alfred STEPHEN, Esq., of barrister at law; at Hobart Town, N. S. Wales, July 21, 1838.

BIRCH, Mary Anne, 2nd dau. of S. B—, Esq., to Lieut. JOHN BALDOCK, 22d Regt. N. I.; Futtchghur, E. I., Oct. 30, 1838.

BLEWETT, Marianne, dau. of Charles B—, Esq., of Prospect, to A. P. CHEYNE, Esq., at Port Macquarie, N. S. Wales, June 21, 1838.

BOLTON, Harriett, ygst. dau. of the late John B—, Esq., of Meyne, county Louth, to Francis Charles ANNESLEY, Esq., of the king of Prussia's Life Guards, son of the Hon. Robert A—, late H. B. M. Consul at

Antwerp; at St. Thomas's Church, Dublin, Feb. 5.

BOSWELL, E. M. Montgomery, dau. of William B—, Esq., advocate, sheriff of Berwickshire, and grand dau. of the late James B—, Esq., of Auchinleck, biographer of Dr. Johnson, to John Williams, Esq., C. S.; Byculla, Nov. 21, 1838.

BURTON, Mary Anna, 2nd dau. of J. B—, Esq., late of the Madras Med. Estab. to Henry BASKERVILLE, of Wooley, Wilts, formerly of Madras C. S. at Cheltenham, Feb. 14.

CHRISTIE, Hannah Francis, eld. dau. of the late Dougal C—, Esq., of Montagu Square, to Phillip Elliott FARNALL, Esq., of Boldner, Isle of Wight and of Clifton; at Freshwater, Jan. 31.

COBB, Emma, ygst. dau. of William C—, Esq., of Margate, to Charles LECHMERE, late of H. M.'s State Paper Office; at St. John's Margate, Feb. 7.

COX, Anne Elizabeth Barbara, only dau. of the late Lieut. W. M. C—, to R. N. Beebee, Esq., H. M. 6th Foot, Poona, E. I. Oct. 30, 1838.

CRAIG, Sarah Isabella, 4th dau. of the late Rev. Robert C—, of Frescati, county of Dublin, to Benjamin JOHN CHAPMAN, Esq., of Old Ford-Hall, Middlesex; at Booterstown Church, Feb. 11.

DAVIS, Mary, eld. dau. of Wm. D—, Esq., of Chetiscombe, Devon, to James WRIGHT, Esq., of Lanyon and Sydney, N. S. Wales, Sept. 1, 1838.

DAVIDSON, Ann, ygst. dau. of James D—, Esq., of Sayes Court, Surrey, to the Rev. Paul ASHMORE; at Weybridge, Surrey, Feb. 2.

ELLIOTT, Caroline Amelia, 2nd dau. of the late Obadiah E—, Esq., of Springhill House, Plaistow, to the Rev. John Molesworth BUTT; at Bromley, Kent, Feb. 5.

EYRE, Anastasia, eld. dau. of John E—, Esq., Eyre Court Castle, County of Galway, to Henshaw RUSSELL, Esq. 97th Regt., and of Wimbledon, Surrey; at Eyre Court Church, Feb. 7.

GRENFELL, Caroline Temple, dau. of the late Pascoe G—, Esq., to John Ashley WARRE, Esq.; Taplow Church, Jan. 30.

GREY, Sarah Elizabeth, 3rd dau. of H. G—, Esq., to F. M. INNES, Esq., Editor of the *Colonial Times*; Eastbourne, St. Paul's Plains, N. S. Wales, July 31, 1838.

HEUGH, Johanna Henrica, ygst. dau. of P. H—, Esq., of Port Elizabeth, to W. S. VAN RYNEVELD, Esq., son of the Civil Commiss. and resident Magistrate of Graaff

Keinet; at Port Elizabeth, C. G. Hope, Oct. 24, 1838.

HODDING, Anne, ygst. dau. of the late John H—, Esq., of Salisbury, to Richard WALFORD, jun. Esq., of Charlotte Street, Bedford Square; at St. George's Bloomsbury, Feb. 12.

HOOPER, Eliza, eld. dau. of W. H. H—, Esq., late of H. M.'s Ceylon C. S., to Capt. William Charles PHILLOTT, R. N., Exmouth; Jan. 24.

IKIN, Emma Sophia, ygst. surviving dau. of the late of Thomas I—, Esq., of Levanthorpe House, Yorkshire, to Capt. John Bentham, 52nd Light Inf. ygst. son of the late General B—; at Brotherton, Feb. 7.

JACKSON, Eugenia Elizabeth, only dau. of the late Capt. Henry J—, of Grange, King's County, Ireland, to John B. DUNOSE, Esq., of Xerez, in Spain; at St. Pancras Church, and afterwards at the Spanish Chapel, Manchester Square, Tob. 14.

JONES, Miss J. C., to the Rev. C. B. LEUPOLT, Benares, *E. I.*, Aug. 17, 1838.

LANGLEY, Anna Maria Antoinette Ellen Isabella de Jorions, 2nd dau. of Edward Archer I—, to J. A. HUBLESTON, Esq., C. S.; Madras, Oct. 20, 1838.

LEGH, Lavinia, dau. of the late Charles, L—, Esq., of Macclesfield, county Chester, to William Harcourt TORRIANO, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law; Lewisham Church, Feb. 9.

LYND, Anna Matilda, dau. of W. L—, Esq., to Arthur NOVERRE, Esq., of Stanmore; St. George's, Hanover Square, Jan. 29.

MANNING, Adelaide, ygst. dau. of John Eyde M—, Esq., Ultimo House, to Charles FORBES, Esq., late Capt. H. M. 17th Regt.; Sydney, N. S. Wales, Aug. 1, 1838.

MARRIS, Pleasance, ygst. dau. of the late Thomas M—, Esq., to Christopher DENMOTT, Esq., Surgeon of Pimlico; at Great Limber, Lincolnshire, Jan. 31.

MARTIN, Emily, ygst. dau. of the late Robert M—, Esq., of Ilford, Essex, to Alexander, 2nd son of John MILNER, Esq., of Chadwell; at Dagenham, Essex, Feb. 12.

MARTYR, Jane Charlotte, 3rd dau. of Thomas M—, Esq., of Greenwich, to Henry Northover PINK, Esq., son of J. N. P—, Esq., of Racedown House, Dorset; at St. Alphage, Greenwich, Feb. 7.

MAXWELL, Emma, ygst. dau. of the late Brig. Gen. W. G. M—, C. B., to W. H. RYVES, Esq., Adj. 4th Local Horse, Neenwich, *E. I.*, Oct. 19, 1838.

MILLETT, Amelia Helen, widow of the late Henry M—, Esq., C. S., to George EDMONSTONE, Esq., jun., C. S.; Sultanpore, Benares, *E. I.*, Nov. 15, 1838.

MOORE, Elizabeth Susannah, ygst. dau. of the late J. Patrick M—, Esq., of Aspley, to Hugh JACKSON, Esq., of Wisbeach, Cam. at Aspley Guise, Beds. Jan. 29.

MURRAY, Lillias, eld. dau. of Hugh M—, Esq., to James F. STRACHEN, Esq.; at Hobart Town, N. S. Wales, Aug. 14, 1838.

MOUNSEY, Margaret, only dau. of the late James M—, Esq., of Kingfield, to James EWART, Esq., of Woburn Square; at Carlisle, Feb. 11.

NELSON, Elizabeth Agnes, only dau. of the Rev. John N. M. A., Prebendary of Heytesbury, &c., to Henry HIPPESEY, Esq., of Lamborne Place, Berks; at St. George's, Hanover Square, Feb. 9.

NICHOLSON, Charlotte, dau. of the late Capt. J. N—, 8th L. C., to H. J. L. THORNTON, Esq.; Calcutta, Nov. 10, 1838.

OGILVIE, Margaret Hannah, only dau. of Alexander O—, Esq., C. S., to Thomas Coutts LOCH, Esq., C. S., Kishnaghan, *E. I.*; Nov. 1st.

OTTLEY, Louisa Elizabeth, dau. of the late William Young O—, Esq., to Lieut. VINE, 6th L. C.; at Secunderabad, Oct. 1, 1838.

PROCTOR, Sarah Anne, only child of the Rev. Richard P—, M. A., Vicar of Laxton, Notts, to the Rev. Augustus Otway FITZGERALD, B. A., Rector of Fleetborough, Notts, and 3rd surviving son of Sir Robert F—, K. C. H.; at Laxton, Feb. 7.

PETERSON, Anna Matilda, dau. of W. P—, Esq., to Lieut. W. HERFORD, 5th N. I.; Tranquebar, *E. I.*, Oct. 20, 1838.

ROBINSON, Isabella Esther, youngest dau. of the Rev. Sir John R—, Bart., of Rokeby-hall, Lowth, to the Rev. Edmund HOLLOND, of Benhall-lodge, Suffolk; at St. George's, Hanover Square, Feb. 6.

RUSSELL, Martha, eldest dau. of Major R—, of Orthes, near Cawdor, late H. M. 29th Foot, to George J. ROGERS, Esq., Solicitor; Sydney, N. S. Wales, July 28, 1838.

SCRIVEN, Martha Anna, 2nd dau. of Edward S—, Esq., to Archibald GRAHAM, Esq., Surgeon; Dapoolie, Nov. 22, 1838.

SEWELL, Fanny, dau. of the late Robert S—, Esq., of Oak End Lodge, Bucks, and relict of Edmund CHAMIER, Esq., Bombay, C. S., to Lieut. Hamilton GRAY, 13th Dragoons; Madras, Nov. 20.

SMITH, Elizabeth Harris, eldest dau. of Capt. S—, R. N., to William PARKER, Esq., R. N.; at St. Mary le Strand, Feb. 12.

SMITH, Sarah Clarke, 3rd dau. of C. N. S—, Esq., Registrar of the Judicial and Revenue Departments, Bengal Presidency, to Alexander M'Carthen, Esq., Calcutta, Oct. 20.

SMITH, Henrietta Foote, 3rd dau. of Wm. S—, Esq., M. D., to Evan, 3rd son of John PROTHEROE, Esq., of Bristol; at Bideford, Feb. 16.

STEVENSON, Ann, dau. of John S—, Esq., of Glenpachan, Argyleshire, Scotland, to Murdock M'KAY, Esq., Sydney, N. S. Wales, July 5, 1838.

TANNER, Jessy Anne, eldest dau. of Capt. T. T—, of Exeter, Devon, to Lieut. George ROBINSON, *I. N.*; Byculla, Nov. 19, 1838.

TAYLOR, Charlotte, 3rd dau. of William Raynsford T—, Esq., Madras, C. S., to Wm.

M'TAGGARD, Esq., of the firm of Messrs. Arbuthnot & Co.; Madras, *late*ly.

TESSIER, Fanny, youngest dau. of John T—, Esq., to John, 2nd son of D'SILVA, Esq.; Mahe, Nov. 6, 1838.

TINDALE, Jane, 2nd dau. of John T—, Esq., Hornsey Wood, Penrith, to Thomas BROUGHTON, Esq., of Sydney; at Windsor, N. S. Wales, Aug. 21, 1838.

TOWNSEND, Mary Susan, only dau. of the Rev. George T—, Prebendary of Durham, to George Albemarle CARON, Esq., of Leeds; at Durham, Feb. 12.

TROLLOPE, Cecilia Frances, only dau. of the late T. A. T—, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, to John TILLEY, Esq., Surveyor of the Post-office for the Northern District; St. Mary's, Bryaston Square, Feb. 11.

VERNON, Antoinette, only dau. of the late Col. John V—, to R. H. MACKINTOSH, Lieut. 2nd Grenadier Regt. Bombay Army; at St. Nicholas, Brighton, Feb. 2.

WAKEFIELD, Margaret, youngest dau. of J. W—, Esq., to Joah, only son of Edward BATES, Esq., of Euston Square; at Fordingbridge, Jan. 31.

WALDEGRAVE, Anne, Countess of, widow of the late Earl of W—, to Algeron, 2nd son of Samuel HICKS, Esq., Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square; at St. Mary's Bryanston Square, Feb. 2.

WALKER, Sophia Ann, only dau. of the late Thomas Richard W—, Esq., of Heathfield House, Bletchington, to John Marriott DAVENPORT, Esq., of Oxford, Clerk of the Peace for that County; at Bletchington, Oxon, Feb. 11.

WARD, Anne, eldest dau. of the late Wm. W—, Esq., of Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, to Charles WHITLAW, Esq., of Finsbury Place; at St. Marylebone, Feb. 12.

WHISHAW, Sarah, only dau. of John W—, Esq., of Torrington Square, to Samuel, youngest son of Edwin SANDYS, Esq., of Kentish Town; at St. Pancras, Church, Feb. 7.

WILKINSON, Anne, eldest dau. of the late Charles Platt W—, Esq., of Upper Homerton, to William Frederick, 4th son of the Rev. C. H. HODGSON, of Salisbury; at St. John's Hackney, Feb. 1.

WILSHIRE, Matilda Pitt, 4th dau. of James W—, Esq., to W. W. Jenkins, of Illawarra. Sydney, N. S. Wales, July 11, 1838.

### BIRTHS.

ATKINSON, Mrs. William A— of a daughter; Doughty Street, Feb. 18.

ARBUTHNOT, lady of George C. A—, Esq., of a son; Walton Priory, near Liverpool, Feb. 3.

BARKER, lady of the Rev. A. Auriol B—, of a dau.; Pau, Lower Pyrenees, Feb. 4.

BAGSHAW, lady of E. L. B—, Esq., surgeon, of a daughter; Wilton Street, Grosvenor Place, Jan. 31.

BARNETT, lady of Henry B—, Esq., surgeon, of a son; Blackheath, Feb. 7.

BEADON, lady of C. B—, Esq., C.S., of a son; Dinapore, E.I., Oct. 23, 1838.

BELL, lady of Alexander B—, Esq., C.S., Bombay, of a daughter; Alfred Place, Feb. 16.

BLANEY, lady of R. F. B—, Esq., of a son; Howrah, E.I., Nov. 16.

BOSWELL, lady of the Rev. R. B. B—, of a son; Calcutta, Nov. 16.

BREFFITT, lady of George B—, Esq., of a daughter; Stamford Hill, Feb. 6.

BRISTOW, lady of Lieut. G. W. G. B—, 71st Regt., N.I., of a son; Calcutta, July 14, 1838.

BUCKLER, lady of Lieut. B—, I.N., of a daughter; Mazagon, E.I., Nov. 16, 1838.

BURKE, Mrs. St. George B—, of a dau.; Parliament Street, Feb. 12.

BURNABY, lady of Edward B—, Esq., of a daughter; at Vienna, Dec. 22.

BUSH, lady of Lieut. B—, 65th N.I., of a son; Barrackpore, E.I., Oct. 25, 1838.

BUTTANSHAW, lady of Capt. W. B—, 7th N.I., of a son; Cawnpore, E.I., Oct. 3, 1838.

CAMPBELL, lady of Lieut. J. H. C—, Artillery, of a daughter, still-born; Dum-dum, Nov. 10, 1838.

CAMPBELL, lady of Adam C—, Esq., C.S., of a daughter; Belgaum, E.I., Nov. 7, 1838.

CANDY, wife of Charles C—, Esq., of a son; Park Hill, Tooting, Feb. 12.

CAPPER, lady of Samuel James C—, Esq., of a son; Leyton, Essex, Jan. 3.

CARNEGIE, lady of J. P. C—, Esq., of a daughter; Penang, Aug. 4, 1838.

CARY, lady of Henry George C—, Esq., of a son; at Torre Abbey, Feb. 1.

CASWELL, Mrs. Charles, of a son; Woburn Place, Russell Square, Feb. 1.

CHERRY, lady of Capt. C—, 1st L.C., of a son; Kemptee, Oct. 19, 1838.

CHRISTIANA, lady of H. L. C—, Esq., of a son; Calcutta, Nov. 12, 1838.

CLAYTON, the wife of the Rev. John Henry C—, of a son and heir, at Coleford, near Frome, Feb. 4.

CLOETE, lady of the Hon. Mr. Advocate C—, of a son; Woodstock, C. G. Hope, Sep. 26, 1838.

CRANE, lady of T. O. C—, Esq., of a dau.; Singapore, Aug. 15, 1838.

CROSS, wife of the Rev. John C—, of a daughter, still-born; Port Macquerric, N.S. Wales, July 28, 1838.

CROSSWELL, lady of C. A. C—, Esq., surgeon, of a son; North Brixton, Dec. 30.

CRUISE, lady of Richard C—, Esq., of a daughter; Delsury Factory, in Purnea, E.I., Oct. 8, 1838.

CUNINGHAME, lady of Maj. C—, 2nd L.C., of a son, still-born; Poonah, E.I., Oct. 27, 1838.

DALZELL, the Hon. Mrs. H. B—, of a son; Agra, E.I., Oct. 13, 1838.

DAY, lady of S. H. D—, Esq., of a son; Braintree, Essex, Jan. 13.

DAY, lady of E. D. D—, Esq., of a dau.; Sydney, N.S. Wales, July 31, 1838.

DELMAGE, lady of Collis C. J. D—, Esq., 27th Regt., of a daughter; at Cape Town, C. G. Hope, Sep. 7, 1838.

DENT, lady of W. D—, Esq., C.S., of a daughter; Arrah, E.I., Nov. 4.

DIAS, lady of Roger D—, Esq., of a son ; Calcutta, Nov. 1, 1838.

DICKINS, lady of F. O. D—, Esq., of a son ; Stamford Street, Dec. 22.

DREYER, lady of H. P. D—, Esq., of a son, at Alphen, C.G. Hope, Sep. 17, 1838.

DRUMMOND, lady of the Rev. Arthur D—, of a daughter ; Charlton, Kent, Dec. 25.

DUFF, lady of Capt. D—, of a son ; Masulipatam, *E.I.*, Oct. 13, 1838.

DUNLOP, lady of Capt. W. W. D—, 50th *N.I.*, of twin-daughters, one of them still-born ; Vizianagram, Oct. 18, 1838.

DUNSFORD, lady of Dr. Harris D—, of a daughter ; Somerset Street, Portman Square, Feb. 18.

DURANT, wife of the late W. D—, Esq., of a daughter ; Colaba, *E.I.*, Nov. 16, 1838.

LUTHIE, lady of Thomas Henry D—, Esq., of a son ; at Belvidere, Kynsna, C.G. Hope, Oct. 7, 1838.

DUTT, lady of Radanault D—, Esq., of a son and heir, Hooghly, *E.I.*, Nov. 17.

DUVAT, lady of Philip Smith D—, Esq., of a daughter ; Regent Square, Jan. 30.

ECKFORD, lady of Lieut.-Col. E—, of a daughter ; Cuttack, *E.I.*, Nov. 2.

ELLIOTT, lady of W. F. A. E—, 29th *N.I.*, of a son ; Masulipatam, *E.I.*, Sep. 30.

FAIRMAN, lady of Samuel Creed F—, Esq., of a daughter ; at Linsted, *lately*.

FORLONG, lady of James F—, Esq., of a daughter ; Calcutta, Nov. 16.

FRASER, the lady of Henry Hugh F—, Esq., of a dau. ; Connaught Square, Jan. 31.

FRASER, lady of A. F—, Esq., of a son ; Beaulde Hall, N. S. Wales, Aug. 22, 1838.

GODURIN, Mrs. Charles G—, of a dau. ; Thames Ditton, Dec. 29.

GOLDEN, lady of John G—, Esq., of a dau. ; at Caenby Hall, Lincolnshire, Jan. 31.

GOULDSBURY, lady of F. G—, Esq., of a daughter ; Bancoorah, Nov. 2, 1838.

GRAHAM, lady of J. G—, M.D., 3rd Brigade Horse Artillery, of a son ; Cawnpore, Oct. 29, 1838.

GRIMALDI, lady of Stacey G—, Esq., of a son ; Mageshill, Greenwich Park, Jan. 8.

HALL, wife of the Rev. W. J. H—, of a son, Amen Court, St. Paul's, Jan. 14.

HAMOND, lady of Capt. H—, Madras Artillery, of a daughter ; at sea, on board the *True Briton*, Oct. 20, 1838.

HARRIS, lady of Hetman H—, Esq., of a son ; Regent Place, New Road, Dec. 15.

HARVEY, lady of Edward H—, Esq., of a daughter ; Brixton-rise, Dec. 26.

HAWKINS, wife of John H—, Esq., of a daughter ; Upper Gower Street, Feb. 11.

HEARN, lady of Rev. J. H—, of a dau. ; Hatford Rectory, Berkshire, Jan. 31.

HOPKINSON, lady of the Rev. John H—, of a daughter ; Alwalton Rectory, Huntingdon, Jan. 30.

IMPEY, lady of M. E. I—, Esq., of a son ; Devonshire Street, Portland Place, Jan. 31.

JEMMETT, lady of W. T. J—, Esq., of a daughter ; Cumberland Street, Portman Square, Feb. 17.

KEAN, lady of A. K—, Esq., M.D., of a daughter ; Moorshedabad, *E.I.*, Nov. 3.

KERR, lady of W. Scott K—, of Chatto, of a daughter ; at Edinburgh, Dec. 18.

KERR, lady of Major K—, Madras Europ. Regt., of a dau. ; Kamptee, *E.I.*, Oct. 9, 1838.

KINGSCOTE, Mrs. Henry K—, of a dau. ; in Upper Grosvenor Street, Feb. 15.

KNOX, lady of G. K—, Esq., of a daughter ; Bangalore, *E.I.*, Oct. 13, 1838.

LACY, lady of Lieut. L—, H.M. 3rd Buffs, of a son ; Meerut, *E.I.*, Sep. 10.

LOGAN, lady of Capt. L—, paymaster, Centre Div., of a son, Vellore, *E.I.*, Sep. 23.

LACKERSTEIN, lady of W. R. L—, Esq., of a son ; Singapore, *E.I.*, Aug. 21.

LANGSTON, lady of W. T. L—, Esq., of the Middle Temple, of a son ; in South Audley Street, Feb. 9.

LAWRELL, lady of Capt. L—, H.M., 64th Regt., of a daughter ; at Up Park Camp, Jamaica, Dec. 11, 1838.

LE GRICE, lady of Day Perry Le G—, Esq., of a son ; Treerife House, Cornwall, Jan. 31.

LE MARCHANT, lady of Denis Le M—, of a son ; Harley Street, Feb. 15.

LENNOX, lady of Capt. L—, 43rd *N.I.*, of a daughter ; Cawnpore, *E.I.*, Nov. 2.

LOMER, lady of Capt. L—, 21st Regt., of a daughter ; Kurnaul, *E.I.*, Oct. 6, 1838.

LOPEZ, Mrs. Ramon de Bertodano, of a son ; Nottingham Place, Feb. 1.

LORD, lady of Charles L—, Esq., surgeon, of a daughter ; Hampstead, Feb. 3.

LUMSDEN, lady of Lieut. J. R. L—, of a dau. (since dead) ; Khyouk Phyou, Sep. 21.

MANN, lady of Charles M—, Esq., Advocate-general, of a son ; at Adelaide, South Australia, April 8, 1838.

MARSHALL, lady of H. P. M—, Esq., of a son ; Calcutta, Oct. 10.

MARTIN, R.N., lady of Capt. W. Fanshawe M—, of a dau. ; Abbot's Arm, Jan. 29.

MATTHEW, lady of J. H. M—, Esq., paymaster, H.M. 31st Regt., of twins, a boy and a girl ; Dinapore, *E.I.*, Nov. 11, 1838.

MELVILL, lady of the Rev. Henry M—, B.A., of a daughter ; at Camberwell, Jan. 6.

MELVILLE, lady of the Hon. J. T. Leslie M—, of a son ; Roehampton, Feb. 5.

Mc DERMOTT, lady of H. Mc D—, Esq., of a son ; Sydney, N.S. Wales, Aug. 2, 1838.

Mc FARLAN, lady of D. Mc F—, Esq., C.S., of twins (both since dead) ; Calcutta, Nov. 1, 1838.

MAC GREGOR, lady of Capt. R. G., Mac G—, 1st Assist.-mil.-auditor-gen., of a son ; Calcutta, Oct. 27, 1838.

MONTGOMERY, lady of R. M—, Esq., C.S., of a daughter, Allahabad, Nov. 8.

MOULTRIE, lady of the Rev. J. M—, of a daughter ; at the Rectory, Rugby, Feb. 14.

MURRAY, lady of Digby M—, Esq., of a son ; Dover, Feb. 6.

O'BRIEN, lady of H. O'B—, Esq., J. P., of a dau., still-born, at Sydney, N. S. Wales, July 2, 1838.

Oldfield, lady of H. S. O—, Esq., C.S., of a son ; Mozufferpoor, Tirhoot, *E.I.*, Oct. 30, 1838.

PHILLIMORE, lady of a daughter ; at the Ray, Maidenhead, Feb. 1.

PARKER, lady of Lieut. George P—, 74th *N.I.*, of a son; Nusseerabad, *E.I.*, Oct. 21, 1836.

POOLE, lady of William P—, Esq., of a son; on route to Cuttack, Narsingapooram, *E.I.*, Oct. 15, 1838.

ROBERTS, lady of Robert R—, Esq., of a son; Colabat, *E.I.*, Oct. 26, 1838.

RENSHAW, wife of James R—, Esq., of a daughter; in Connaught Square, Feb. 13.

RAWLINSON, lady of W. E. R—, Esq., of a son, still-born, Colabah, *E.I.*, Sep. 18.

ROOKE, lady of William W—, Esq., of a dau.; Woodside, Lynnington, Hants, Dec. 30.

ROWLAND, the wife of Dr. R—, of a dau.; 39, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, Dec. 21.

RYAN, lady of E. B. R—, Esq., of a son (since dead); Chowringhee, *E.I.*, Oct. 30, 1838.

ST. JOHN, Lady, of a daughter: Melchbourne Park, Beds, Feb. 9.

SCONCE, lady of A. S—, Esq., *C.S.*, of a son; Malda, *E.I.*, Oct. 19, 1838.

SHEE, lady of William S—, Esq., of a dau., in Cambridge Street, Feb. 13.

SKIPWITH, lady of Fulwar S—, Esq., *C.S.*, of a son, Patna, Nov. 2.

SMITH, lady of Capt. Lucius S—, 6th *L.C.* of a dau.; Simla, *E.I.*

SMITH, lady of Abel S—, Esq., of a dau.; in Berkeley Square.

SMITH, Mrs. Robert, of a dau.; in Tavistock Square, Feb. 12.

SPURGIN, the lady of Dr. S—, of a dau.; Guilford Street, Feb. 3.

STRAHAN, the lady of William S—, Esq., of a son; Hill Street, Feb. 5.

TAYLOR, lady of Capt. Herbert T—, 35th Lt. Inf. of a dau.; at Toronto, Upper Canada, Jan. 10th, 1838.

TAYLOR, lady of Captain Cortlandt T—, of a dau.; Madras, Oct. 14, 1838.

TIERNY, lady of M. I. T—, Esq., *C.S.*, of a dau.; Mussoorie, *E.I.*, Oct. 27.

TOLLER, lady of S. Bush T—, Esq., barrister-at-law, of a son; Upper Gower Street, Jan. 11.

TOLLEY, lady of Charles T—, Esq., of a dau.; Bernard Street, Jan. 18.

TONNACHY, lady of T. T—, Esq., of a dau.; at Boolundstruhur, *E.I.*, Oct. 6, 1838.

TREVOR, lady of the Rev. George T—, of a son; Bangalore, *E.I.*, Oct. 28, 1838.

TRITTON, lady of the late Capt. William T—, 41st *N.I.*, of a son; Fort William, Nov. 14, 1838.

TYLER, the wife of the Rev. J. Endell T—, of a dau.; in Bedford Square, Feb. 16.

UDNEY, lady of C. G. U—, Esq., *C.S.*, of a son, Patna, *E.I.*, Oct. 28.

VOSS, lady of J. M. V—, Esq., of a dau.; Calcutta, Sept. 4.

WADDINGTON, lady of Capt. C. W—, Engineers, of a son, Poona, *E.I.*, Nov. 12, 1838.

WALPOLE, lady of S. H. W—, Esq., of a son; Serle St., Lincoln's Inn Fields, Feb. 6.

WARD, lady of H. B. W—, Esq., of a daughter; at Nyon, Jan. 28.

WASHINGTON, lady of Adam W—, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law, of a dau.; Clapham Common, Feb. 12.

WATTS, lady of the Rev. J. W—, of a dau.; at Tarent Gunvil, Dorset, Feb. 11.

WEBB, lady of Lieut. W—, 38th *N.I.*, of a son, still-born; Quilon, *E.I.*, Oct. 9, 1838.

WEBBER, lady of William Felix W—, Esq., of a son, Hamble Cliff, Dec. 22.

WESTCAR, lady of Henry W—, Esq., of a son; Burwood College, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, Feb. 6.

WHEATLEY, lady of Thomas R. W—, Esq., of a son; Cadogan Place, Feb. 4.

WILSON, lady of Joseph W—, Esq., of a son, Rolland Plains, Port Macquarie, *N.S.W.* June 16, 1838.

WINGFIELD, Mrs. Richard Baker, of a son; Pen-y-land, Denbighshire, *lately*.

YALDWIN, lady of Major J. W. Y—, 21st Regt. of a son; Secunderabad, *E.I.*, Oct. 5, 1838.

#### DEATHS.

ADAM, the Rt. Hon. William, Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court of Scotland; aged 89, at Edinburgh, Feb. 17.

ATKINSON, Capt. Thomas H. M. 13th Light Drag. Badgberry; *E.I.*, Oct. 4, 1838.

ALLAN, Grant, Esq., aged 86; in Gower Street, Feb. 10.

ALLEN, Lieut.-Col. of Inchmartin, Perth, at Leamington; Feb. 9.

APPERLEY, Lieut. Herbert, 6th *N.I.*; Cuttack, *E.I.* Nov. 7, 1838.

ARMSTRONG, Lieut. Charles Frederick, aged 27, 21st Fusileers, ygst. son of John A— Esq., of Bath; in Western Australia, Aug. 26th.

ASPINWALL, Juliana, aged 16, dau. of Col. A— Consul of the U. S. A. in London; of consumption, at St. Helier's, Jersey, Jan. 26th.

BAGSHAW, Anne Alicia, wife of Edmund Lloyd R— Esq., and eld. dau. of Joseph Margetts Pierson, Esq.; of Hitchin, in Wilton Street, Grosvenor Place, Feb. 4.

BAHADDOOR, Moomtaz ool Cowrah, uncle of his Highness the Naib-i-Mookhtan; *lately*, Bangalore, *E.I.*

BAGSHAW, Mary Alicia, aged thirteen days, only child of Edmund Lloyd B—, Esq., surgeon; Wilton Street, Grosvenor Place, Feb. 13.

BALNBRIDGE, Philip Parker, eld. son of Capt. Thos. B—, H. M. 57th Regt.; Cannamore, Oct. 20, 1838.

BALDWIN, Eliza, aged 58, wife of Lieut.-Col. B—; at Marine Parade, Dover, Feb. 5.

BARBER, Juliana, aged 17, 3rd dau. of William B—; at Camden-hill villas, Jan. 15.

BATTISCOMBE, Robert, Esq., aged 86; at Windsor, Feb. 12.

BELL, John, Esq., aged 38, Superintendent of Customs; Calcutta, Nov. 17, 1838.

BENNETT, Rev. Woolley Leigh, aged 64, rector of Water Stratford and Foxcote, Bucks, Feb. 2.

BLACK, David, Esq., aged 63, in Lower Sloane Street, Feb. 16.

BLACK, Lieut. C. 17th *N.I.* He died from an injury received in a fall from his horse. Loodianah, *E.I.*, *lately*.

BLAGRAVE, Mary Ann, wife of Col. B—; of Calcot Park, Berks, Feb. 6.

BOSANQUET, Charlotte Anne, aged 68, wife of Charles B—, Esq.; at Rock, Northumberland, Feb. 15.

BRETON, Catherine, aged 74, wife of E. B. B—, Esq., Judge of the Supreme Court of the Island of Newfoundland; at Leamington Spa, Feb. 17.

BRETON, George, aged 7, eld. son of George Augustus B—, Esq.; Worpleston, Surrey, Feb. 1.

BROOKE, William Langford, Esq., late Capt. 81st regt. at Southampton, Feb. 8th.

BRYANT, Edwin, aged 27, eld. son of John B—, Esq. surgeon; of the Edgeware Road, suddenly, from the rupture of a blood vessel on the brain, Feb. 9.

CARR, Thomas, aged 22, son of Thomas C—, Esq.; at Dover, Jan. 25; and Thomas Carr, Esq., aged 53, of Tavistock Place, and Churchyard Court, Temple, conveyancer, Jan. 29.

CATTY, Capt. J. P. aged 43, late of Stockbury, near Maidstone; at Frome Somerset, Jan. 24.

CHALLEN, Anne Farncombe, aged 75. eld. dau. of the late John C—, Esq., and sister of Stephen C—, Esq.; of Schermanbury Park, Sussex, Feb. 3.

CHARLTON, Catherine, aged 73, relict of the late William C—, Esq. of Apley Castle; at the Vineyard, near Wellington, Feb. 12.

CLONE, George, Esq., aged 64; in Gordon Place, Tavistock Square, Feb. 16.

CONGREVE, Mary, wife of William C—, Esq., of Aldermaston House, Berkshire, and dau. of the late Sir William Pepperrell, Bart.: at Tunbridge Wells, Feb. 3.

COOK, Lieut. Walter, 10th Madras N.I.; at C. G. Hope, Nov. 7, 1838.

DABBY, Capt. Frederick, 22d regt. N.I.; Masulipatam, E.I., Nov. 21, 1838.

D'ARIELTA, J. B. L. D. Esq. of Merton Park, at Sydney, N. S. Wales, lately.

DAWSON, Jane Tennant, dau. of S. R. D—, Esq., J. P. Claremont; at Hobart Town, July, 19, 1838.

DE LITTLE, Dr., supposed to have been drowned in crossing the Clyde; N. S. Wales, lately.

DUNCAN, Lucy Sarah Josephine, aged 22, wife of R. B. D—, Esq. C. S.; Agra, E.I., Oct. 23, 1838.

DYNELEY, John, Esq., of Gray's Inn; at Charlton, Blackheath, Feb. 18.

ELLIS, Capt. J. H. M. 62d regt.; Moulmein, Oct. 9, 1838.

ELLIS, Mary Ann, eld. dau. of the late Ralph E—, Esq.; in Torrington Square, Feb. 6.

ESDAILE, Mary, aged 18, wife of James E—, Esq., M. D., on board the *Duke of Bedford*, E.I., Nov. 9, 1838.

EYRE, Sir George, K. C. B., Vice Admiral of the Red; suddenly at the Rectory, Carlton, Feb. 15.

FRERE, Susanna, only surviving dau. of the late John F—, Esq. of Roydon, Norfolk; at Malta, at the house of her brother, the Rt. Hon. J. H. F—; Jan. 17, 1838.

GILBERTSON, Fanny, aged 62, wife of Matthias G—, Esq.; of Egham Hill, Surrey, Feb. 1.

GOLEBORN, Catherine, relict of the late Thomas Lynch G—, Esq., sister of the late and only surviving child of Sir Joseph Mawbey, Bart. of Botleys, Surrey, upwards of 30 years knight of the shire, Feb. 1.

GOULDSMITH, Jesse Esq., aged 80, at Hackney, Feb. 18.

GRANT, Edward Esq. C. S., who put a period to his existence by shooting himself through himself through the head; Ahmedabad, E.I., Oct. 8, 1838.

GRANT, Jane Anne, wife of Capt. Patrick G—, assist. adj. gen. of the army, of cholera; Simlah, Sept. 23, 1838.

GRAHAM, Sarah, wife of J. G—, Esq. M. D. 3d Brigade Horse Artillery; Cawnpore, Oct. 29, 1838.

HAMILTON, T. Frederick S. Esq. aged 21, ygst. son of Capt. William H—, H. E. I. C.'s late maritime service on board the *Anna Robertson*, at sea, on her passage from China, Nov. 3rd. 1838.

HAMILTON, Capt. Thomas Baillie, 1st regt. L. C. Bombay, Oct. 30, 1838.

HAMMOND, George Esq. aged 87; at Upper Homerton, Feb. 7.

HITCHINS, Anne, aged 23, wife of Capt. H. T. H—, 52nd N. I., on route to, and near Bellary, at Doujee, E.I., Nov. 1, 1838.

HITCHINS, Anne, aged 23, wife of Capt. H. J. H—, Madras army, and ygst. dau. of Peak Garland, Esq. of cholera; Doujee near Bellary. E.I. Nov. 1, 1838.

HOARE, Charlotte, widow of Henry H—, Esq., only son of the late Sir Richard Colt H—, Bart.; of Stourhead, Wilts, at her house in South Audley Street, Feb. 14.

HOWKINS, Anne, aged 41, wife of W. H—, Esq., of Grafton Lodge, Orpington, Kent, Jan. 26.

KENEDY, Adeline Elizabeth, eld. dau. of John K—, Esq., of Dunbody, county Wexford; at Frankfort on the Maine, Jan. 29.

KOLAPOOR, His Highness the Rajah of, aged 37, of fever, whilst on a pilgrimage to Tooljapoor, near Punderpoor. E.I. Nov. 29, 1838.

LANG, Major, T. S., H. M. 13th regt. Light Drag., Bangalore, E.I. Nov. 22, 1838.

LAYTON, Rev. Charles, Rector of Bequia, at St. Vincent's of fever, Nov. 30.

LEMOND, Robert, Esq., aged 65, assist. mil. auditor, gen. office; Calcutta, Nov. 4, 1838.

LEOYD, David, Esq., aged 69; Halesworth, Suffolk, Jan. 31.

LLOYD, Mary, aged 62, widow; Calcutta, Nov. 3, 1838.

MANNING, Emily, aged 13, 3rd dau. of James M—, Esq., barrister at law, Feb. 9.

MARNELL, Charles Browne, jun. Esq., aged 23; at the General Hospital, Calcutta, Oct. 19, 1838.

MARTIN, William, Esq., aged 88, historical painter, and many years conservator of the pictures in Windsor Castle. He was a pupil of the celebrated Cypriani, a native of



Norwich (where his best pictures remain), but resident nearly the whole of his life in London, Feb. 1.

MARTIN, Mr. Manuel, aged 27, assist. revenue surveyor, killed by a tiger, at the Guzluttee Ghaut on the Neilgherries, when in the execution of his duty.

MARTINDALE, Benjamin, aged 78; Woburn, Jan. 31.

MIDDLEMIST, William Campbell, Commander of the ship *Falcon*, off the Cape of Good Hope, on his homeward voyage from China, Dec. 1st. 1838.

MUNDAY, George, Esq., aged 48, many years chief clerk to one of the Masters in Chancery; in Kennington Lane, Jan. 31.

MOYSEY, Abel, Esq., aged 61; at Church House, Bromley, Kent, Feb. 5th.

MYLNE, Major Thomas, 1st regt. *L.C.*, *E.I.*, lately.

NEILL, Lieut. F. G., 1st regt. *L.C.*; near Rajcote, *E.I.*, Nov. 23, 1838.

NOTT, lady of Col. N—, 42nd regt. *N.I.*; Delhi, Oct. 25.

OVER, Capt. F. aged 38, Calcutta.

O'BRIEN, Isabella, wife of Henry O'B—, Esq., of Yap, J. P., and eld. dau. of Capt. George Macdonald, late H. M. 17th regt.; Sydney, N. S. Wales, July, 22, 1838.

O'NEILL, Helen, aged 26, wife of Major C. E. O'N—, H. M. 44th regt.; Ghazepore, Nov. 10th, 1838.

PALMER, James Esq., aged 35; of the Moyapore Semaphore, Calcutta, Nov. 27, 1838.

PRADO, Samuel, Esq., aged 86; in Grafton Street, Feb. 13.

PIDDING, Ellen Julia, aged 32, wife of Capt. John Rhodes P—, of Forest Hill, Sydenham, Kent; at South Street, Finsbury, Feb. 6.

PINCKARD, Joseph, Esq., aged 73; in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, Feb. 18.

PITCAIRN, John, Esq., son of the late W. P—, Esq., Dundee; at Batavier, Aug. 30, 1838.

PITON, John David, Esq., aged 76; Cape Town, C. G. Hope, Oct. 27, 1838.

ROSS, James, Esq., *I.L.D.*, 3rd son of the late Alex. R—, Esq., of Pitmackstone, Aberdeen; of apoplexy, at Carrington, N. S. Wales, Aug. 1, 1838.

SALTER, Christopher, Esq., late of Stoke Poges, Bucks, Feb. 9.

SAUNDERS, Emily Mary, aged 7, eld. dau. of Charles P—, Esq., of Pernambuco and Liverpool; at New Brighton, Jan. 29.

SELBY, Henry Collingwood, Esq., aged 91; at his seat Swansfield, Northumberland, Feb. 9.

SMITH, Thomas James, aged 5, only child of Lieut. Col. James S—, Madras Cavalry; East Dulwich, Surrey, Feb. 1.

SNEYD, Mary, aged 74, relict of the late Samuel S—, Esq., Twickenham, Feb. 14.

SOTHERON, Frank, Esq., aged 73, Admiral of the White, formerly M. P. for the county of Nottingham; in Grosvenor Street, Jan. 17.

ST. HELENS, the Rt. Hon. Lord St. Helen's aged 86, at his house in Grafton Street, Feb. 19.

SPARLING, Mary Ann, aged 52, lady of Capt. P. S—; Calcutta, Nov. 1, 1838.

SUTHERLAND, Elizabeth Leveson Gower, Duchess Countess of, aged 74. The deceased was Countess of Sutherland, and Baroness of Strathaven, in the county of Sutherland, and Dowager Duchess of Sutherland in the peerage of the United Kingdom; in Hamilton Place, Jan. 29.

TAYLOR, Arthur C. P., aged 30, ygst. son of James T—, Esq., of Upper Harley Street, and late member in council at Madras, Feb. 12.

THOMAS, Hugh, Esq., aged 78; in Fludyer Street, Westminster, Feb. 14.

VENDRAMINI, John, Esq., aged 70, the celebrated engraver, Feb. 8.

VERITY, Elizabeth, wife of Major V—; in Brompton Square, Feb. 14th.

VINCENT, Robert, Esq., aged 81; at Bridgefoot, South Mimms, Middlesex, Jan. 30.

VINCENT, Eliza, wife of Brev. Col. William V—, commanding 27th Regt., *N.I.*, Merut *I.E.*; Sep. 22, 1838.

WARREN, lady of Major W—, H. C. European Regt.; Agra, Oct. 29.

WARWICK, Maria, aged 27, lady of W. W—, Esq.; Natman, Oct. 5, 1838.

WARDE, Lieut. Col. Arthur, 3rd *L.C.*; near Calcutta, lately.

WEDDERBURN, Miss Elizabeth Scrymgeour W—, dau. of Henry W—, of Wedderburn, Esq., at Macao, August 23rd, 1838.

WETENHALL, Edward, Esq., late of Jesus College, Cambridge; at Hastings, Feb. 7th.

WHITMORE, Augustus Lernoult, Esq., aged 33, late of Furnival's Inn, and Stockland, Devon; at Calais, Jan. 29.

WILLIAMS, William, Esq., aged 65, formerly M. P. for Weymouth, and Provincial Grand Master of Freemasons for the county of Dorset; at Castle Hill, Dorset, Feb. 8.

WOOLLASTON, George, P., Esq., aged 27, proprietor of the *Commercial Press*, Calcutta, Nov. 3, 1838.

YARINGTON, William, aged 79, at Swaffham, Norfolk, Feb. 6.

[Notices of Marriages, &c., are received by Mr. W. F. Watson, 52, Princes Street, Edinburgh; Mr. Duncan Campbell, 6, Buchanan Street, Glasgow; Mrs. Meyler, Abbey Churchyard, Bath; No. 61, Boulevard St. Martin, Paris; Adam Smith, Esq., Calcutta; and can be forwarded by Booksellers from every part of the Kingdom.]

\*.\*.\* For Further Directions see Page 322





LE FOLLET

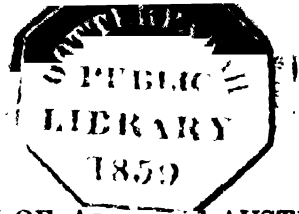
*Courrier des Salons.*

Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

*Chapeau en Paille d'Italie orné de Maïs des Mag<sup>as</sup> de M<sup>lle</sup> Rogny, rue Montmartre, 173.  
Redingote en Mousseline anglaise Montéti en Paille de soie des atelers de M<sup>lle</sup> H. Lévêque, rue Vivienne 8*







## MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND REGENCY OF ANNE OF AUSTRIA,

QUEEN OF LOUIS THE THIRTEENTH,

*With a Continuation of the Life and Regency of Marie de Medicis, Queen to Henry the Great, Illustrated by a splendid whole length Portrait of Anne of Austria from the original of Rubens.*

FRANCE has been six times governed by female regents; two of these reigns were happy, prosperous, and glorious—when Queen Blanche of Castille swayed the sceptre of her son, and when the Princess Anne, daughter of Louis the Eleventh was regent, during the minority of her young brother. The regencies of Catherine de Medicis, and the usurped domination of Isabeau of Bavaria, were both singularly disastrous for France. The two other female reigns, when Marie de Medicis, and afterwards her daughter-in-law, Anne of Austria, governed the kingdom, we are about to discuss.

A Spanish proverb, gallantly alluding to female reigns, says, “White hands do no harm;” an assertion not always borne out by history, as our memoirs of these celebrated queen-regents will show.

The widow of Henry the Great, Marie de Medicis, was appointed regent within three days of the assassination of her husband. The enthusiasm of the people for the memory of their lost king, induced the parliament to appoint her absolute regent, a measure deeply regretted by Sully. Some historians declare that this measure was effected by the terror of military force, as the Duke d’Epernon, the queen’s great partizan, drew up an armed force round the parliament when sitting in deliberation; but Sully, who mortally hated Epernon, does not relate this circumstance, nor does his narrative countenance it; for the armed force which Sully as well as all the other great lords found it necessary to keep on the alert, was for the purpose of suppressing insurrection, if it had been found that the murder of Henry was the deed of a faction.

The feelings of the widowed queen of France, at her first interview with her husband’s faithful friend and minister, were evidently right and true;

but she was of that order of persons who, camelion-like, take the hue of their thoughts from whoever happens to be most intimate with them; their choice of intimates is seldom guided by true judgment, but rather by accidental circumstances. Sully well knew that the queen’s whole soul was governed by her foster-sister, Leonora Galligai; that this daughter of a washerwoman, with the true spirit of a *parvenu*, had centred all her wishes in the selfish acquirement of wealth; that all the powers of a very strong mind were bent to the sole gratification of avarice, and the millions which the economy of Sully had stored for the benefit of his country, that great man well knew would be at the command of the rapacious favourite. Her husband Concini was equally selfish, but his selfishness had at least the magnificent and distributing spirit of a person of rank.

Concini was in reality the grandson of Tolomeo Concini, secretary to Cosmo the Great,\* Duke of Tuscany, prime minister to that illustrious prince, though the detraction of the French nobles chose to call him the son of a notary; he was handsome and brave, and certainly possessed talents, but he infinitely despised the French, calling them barbarians and *tramontani*, and was thoroughly detested by them in return.

Notwithstanding the mass of prejudice that exists against this man, occasioned by his insolence, arrogance, and unfortunate propensity for enemy-making, the historian who searches for facts finds it difficult to bring a proved crime against Concino Concini: that he was the most arrogant and ill-behaved man in France, constituted his chief faults. Such were the two persons who wholly ruled the mind of Marie de Medicis when she began her reign. Their first

\* Père Perelfe.

care was to impress the plastic mind of their mistress with a prejudice against everything done or said by Sully. This wise man had been always accustomed to speak his mind freely to his great master; his temper was positive, and being at that juncture in a state of exasperation by the agony of his grief, and strongly inclined to look upon the Concini as the accomplices in Henry's murder, he was not disposed to be very placable towards them. The sole object of this pair was to get from Sully's guardianship the immense treasure he kept in the Bastille. Concini wanted it for the purposes of power:—his wife for those of avarice. It did not suit them for the great and wise financier, who watched with the keenness of a falcon over the speculations of officials, to continue in his place.

The first offence given to the queen by Sully, is recorded by Père Matthieu. "The day after the assassination, it was debated in council whether the queen ought to go to the opening of parliament the next day of the young king holding his bed of justice.\* The Duke of Sully said rather slightly, "that as there was no law forbidding the queen's going, it was a matter of indifference whether she went or not."

"It was thought necessary," says Sully, "that the young king should go thither in person. It was scarcely light when I received a message from the queen to that purpose; I made every excuse I could to avoid it; I declared I was so ill I could not get out of bed that day: but the queen sent incessantly to importune me for this purpose, and I found it at last absolutely necessary to satisfy her. But the sound of musical instruments, and the acclamations which greeted the young king, gave a new impetus to my grief, and judging that a face bathed with tears would suit ill with the ceremony, I hastily pressed into the Hall of the Augustines, where the parliament was held. The queen had every reason to

be satisfied with what passed; every thing was granted to her without even collecting the votes.

The queen's government began on the third day after the death of Henry the Great. Sully gives a graphic picture of the interior of the palace at the commencement of the regency.

"Let us take a view, then, of this new world, as it was constituted after the first three days succeeding the assassination of my beloved master. The Louvre, if we judge from outward appearances, might have been thought still to have mourned; all the refinements of melancholy pomp were to be found there; the hangings with which the walls were covered, the furniture, and all the paraphernalia of public mourning made the place look as if it had been stricken by death and sorrow. But if we were to look a little farther, and consider the countenances of those who did the honours of the sad ceremonies, their grief might appear a little doubtful, for if some among them shed real tears, and heaved sighs from the heart, there were others who gave indications of very different emotions. But if we descended from the rooms devoted to state mourning, and visited the lower range of chambers on the ground-floor, we might there form a true notion of the disposition all hearts were in: that magnificence banished from every other part of her palace found an asylum there; gold, purple, embroidery, and the most sumptuous ornaments made this a scene of pleasure and delight; luxury was there in the greatest profusion. Myself and a small number of Frenchmen never entered these apartments without feeling our hearts torn with grief; for bursts of laughter and songs of gladness were heard to proceed from these apartments, where all ought to have been sorrow and silence."

With these feelings we cannot be surprised to find, that Henry Quatres' great minister speedily resigned his place to the favourite of the queen-regent, who commenced his sway with thirty millions of crowns at his command, the fruits of Sully's economy.

Thus commenced the reign of the widow of Henry the Great, and besides the care of a mighty kingdom in a high

\* The origin of the strange term, *Lit de Justice*, is lost in deep antiquity; it is worth noticing that in a beautiful illumination of the Chronicles of Monstrelet, the young king, Charles VI., is represented seated on a high raised throne on a large divan, covered with a counterpane like that of a bed.

state of prosperity, she had the important charge of the education of a young monarch. The queen, during the life-time of her husband, had indulged her eldest son to an excess of folly. His father we have shown passionately loved him; the great Henry used to play with his children, and give them pet familiar appellations; *Maître Mouche* was the name he gave to the dauphin when an infant, and *Maître Mouche* was the name Louis XIII. was long known by in the royal household.

One day, in sight of the whole court, the dauphin was at play with a little model of a ship, by the side of the rivulet that runs through the park at Fontainbleau, when, because it did not sail to his satisfaction, he put himself into such fits of ungovernable rage, that he rolled on the grass with passion, and would have rolled into the brook, if his attendants had not rushed forward and caught him. The great monarch, whose own youth had been reared in the severest discipline, thought *Maître Mouche* deserved some chastisement, and was preparing to inflict it with his own royal hands, when the queen, in an agony of tears, threw herself before her son and prevented it.

"It is a pity, my wife," said Henry, "that our ages are not more equal; for when I die then will your real troubles begin, and this boy, whose bad passions your indulgence fosters, will draw tears from your eyes, occasioned by his cruelty and neglect."

Perhaps the queen-regent recalled this prophecy, for soon after his accession to power she subjected her son to a rigorous course of education; the sudden and violent change was effected with her usual want of judgment: a child spoiled by great indulgence, may be convinced of his errors by a judicious awakening of his reason and his affections; but use violence, and his spirit and health sink at once, if his temperament be highly sensitive, which was the case with the boy king of France.

One of his contemporary historians says:—Louis XIII. was miserably educated; his mother has been accused of purposely neglecting his education, for the sake of retaining her power for a longer time. An anecdote of this young

prince, will prove that the error of Marie de Medicis in this important point, proceeded from want of judgment, and not from wilful wrong.

Louis had a great aversion to reading; no wonder—for his stupid tutor made him read Fauchet's *Antiquities*, by way of interesting him in the history of his own country. The poor little king threw down the dull book in a pet, and would not read another word. M. de Louvre complained to the queen-regent, who, in order to increase her son's love for reading the *Antiquities* of France, bade the tutor give the young monarch a severe castigation. A few days after the queen-regent entered the apartment of the boy monarch, with the profound obeisance with which the kings of France are saluted.

"Ah, mamma," said the little king, "you need not curtsy so low if you would only order less flogging."

The secret of the defective education of the son of Marie de Medicis is comprised in a few words: he had a pedant for a tutor, and a weak, indecisive mother.

On the political career of Marie de Medicis we have little space to dwell. The years of her regency were employed in squabbles with the Prince de Condé and other princes of the blood royal—who thought the regency was their rightful office—with petty skirmishes now and then carried on against the protestants, to appease whom, Queen Marie sent for the great Duke of Sully from his retirement—the wisest step she ever took; and we have his testimony that the queen and her ministry were not guilty of any culpable persecutions of the protestants, a very important point, considering their Italian birth. In fact, no instances of cruelty or political violence are recorded against them; the hands of the unfortunate trio, however unpopular they might be, were unstained with blood.

A war with Spain had been feebly sustained from the death of Henry Quatre till the year 1615; when, according to Madame de Motteville, it was considered that if marriages between the royal houses of France and Spain could be accomplished, a general peace would ensue throughout Europe. The young king had performed a fool-



ish pageant peculiar to the customs of France, declaring him of age at fourteen; this had taken place in the year 1615; it was a ceremony derived from the Franks, and merely meant to express that the royal tyro was now expected to bear the weight of adult armour, not the weight of empire; for, like the English regal minors, eighteen was the time when they were invested with royal authority. The queen-mother and Concini continued the administration of affairs of state, but the ancient ceremony made a remarkable impression on the mind of an ill-educated boy; and his favourite page, Charles Albert de Luynes, did not fail to infuse discontent into the melancholy mind of the young monarch. But the utter ignorance of this Charles Albert, and his passion for fowling and bird-catching, which was the road to the favour of young Louis, hid from the queen-regent and her minister, neither of whom were endowed with much perceptiveness, the powerful sway which he was gaining over the royal minor.

Such was the state of affairs in the interior of the court of France, according to the testimony of Madame de Motteville, the friend and biographer of Anne of Austria, when the relative of the queen-mother, the grand Duke of Tuscany, first opened a negotiation with Spain, by means of his ambassador the Marchese di Borri, proposing that the eldest infanta should be given to the young king of France, and Madame Royale, the eldest daughter of Henry the Great and Marie de Medicis, should be bestowed on the son of Philip III.

Anne Marie Mauricia of Austria was the daughter of Philip III. and the Archduchess Marguerite of Gratz. She was born at Valladolid, Sept. 22, 1601, just five days before her intended husband. She is called Anne of Austria, it must be remembered, as the line of Charles V. (though he had resigned the hereditary dominions held in Germany to the family of his brother) was still the elder branch of the house of Austria. This will explain to our readers the seeming discrepancy, that an infanta of Spain should usually be called Anne of Austria.

When the infanta was three years old,

she had rather an extraordinary offer of marriage. The Emperor of Abyssinia sent an embassy to demand her little hand in marriage for his heir, aged seven years. Being a Christian prince, the representative of the Queen of Sheba saw no reasonable grounds for refusal, though the King and Queen of Spain certainly did.

After the court of Spain had returned a favourable answer to the proposal of a double alliance made by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Duke de Maine was dispatched on a grand embassy to France, to demand the hand of the infanta for his monarch, while the Duke di Pastrana arrived in Paris to propose a match between Madame Royale and the heir of Spain. A magnificent dower of five hundred thousand crowns was nominally bestowed on each princess, but neither sum was paid, nor did either court mean to pay any money, though each sedulously demanded it; they might thus have gratified their pride by naming millions as the bridal portions of the infanta and Elizabeth of France, and yet neither country had been the poorer. The arrangement of these dowers, however, had nearly put an end to the whole treaty.

After the French and Spanish governments had settled this difficulty, Louis XIII., the queen regent, the betrothed bride of Spain, and the whole court came in royal pomp to Bourdeaux.

From thence, the Duke of Guise escorted Madame Royale, accompanied by the Duke de Luynes, the young king's confidant, to the banks of the Bidassoa, the boundary river of France and Spain. A platform of boats carpetted with rich tapestry, and sweetly strewn with the last flowers of autumn, was moored in the midst of the swift current of this mountain stream, so celebrated in the eventful histories of France and Spain. The royal brides embarked in boats, each from the shore of her country, ascended the carpetted stairs of the platform, met, embraced,\* looked long and lovingly on each other, and conversed for the first and last time: they were then exchanged. The Spa-

\* The grand picture of Rubens, at the Luxembourg, represents this interesting scene. Elizabeth is strikingly beautiful.

nish ambassador led away the beautiful Elizabeth to his boats, and the Duke de Guise carried off to the French shore the fair infanta. Meantime, the young Duke de Luynes presented the infanta with a love-letter from his royal play-fellow, with the earnest request that she would write an answer with her own hand, and dispatch it by him to his impatient master. This the infanta did, but we are grieved to acknowledge that no copy of these royal epistles from a king and queen of fourteen have come to the light of these after days, though it is possible they still exist among the manuscript treasures of the *Bibliothèque du Roi*.

There was some apprehension lest an army of Huguenots should intercept the journey of the young bride of France as she travelled from the Pyrennees to Bourdeaux, where the court awaited her; but on the contrary, the protestant leaders did all possible to augment the grandeur of her entry into the dominions of France.

Nothing can be more charming than the picture drawn by the biographer of this queen, of her royal mistress when a bride in her fifteenth year.

"I knew," says Madame de Motteville, "the old Marquise de Mornay, who had the honour of a familiar friendship with the queen at this time; she declares that her beauty was of the most striking order. The first time I saw *la petite reine* (as she was called by the French court) she was seated on a large square ottoman in the midst of the room, in the Spanish, or rather the Moorish manner. Her dress was in the costume of her country, *à la Espagnole*; it was made of green satin embroidered with gold and silver. The hanging sleeves were looped up with great diamonds, which served for buttons. She wore a little cap of the same material with her dress, and in this was a heron plume; the deep blackness of this ornament set off the beauty of her fair hair, which curled in the greatest profusion round her face. The young king was a fine figure, and his clear brown complexion contrasted well with the brilliant fairness of *la petite reine*. I have heard say that Anne of Austria considered him very amiable; she would have loved him, if the unhappy fatality ever at-

tendant on royal wedlock had not denied it."

The first sorrow of the young queen, was the departure of the Spanish ladies who came with her to France; they were all sent away by the orders of the queen-regent's ministers, to the infinite grief of the bride, who had no one left of her countrywomen, excepting a lady called Donna Estifania, who had been brought up with her, and of whom she was exceedingly fond. This Donna Estifania was made first lady of her bedchamber.

The year 1617 brought with it that political storm which reversed the power of the queen-regent, and the ministry of her favourites, the Concini.

The sudden assassination of Concino Concini\* on the drawbridge of the Louvre, was the contrivance of her son's companion, the Duke de Luynes. Queen Marie received the news of the fall of her favourites with inconceivable apathy; she was only anxious for an interview with her son. It was not for the interest of the party who had seized the guidance of this young prince, then in his seventeenth year, that the maternal influence should be renewed. By the directions of the Duke de Luynes, the young king replied to his mother's messengers:—

"That the pressure of his affairs would not allow him time to receive her; but that she would always find in him the sentiments of a good son," adding, "that God having given him a kingdom for his birthright, he chose to govern it himself."

The queen-mother on receiving this message, was hurried from the Louvre, where she had been kept in a species of restraint, to the castle of Blois. She departed from her palace on the 5th of May, 1617, grieving more for the loss of her sway, than the tragical fate of her favourites. The castle of Blois proved little better than a prison to her for nearly two years; and here we must leave her for awhile.

As the new favourite, the all-powerful Duke de Luynes, paid particular

\* As ample information has been given respecting the fall of Concini, and his wife, the queen-regent's foster-sister, Leonora Galligai, we refer the reader to the Memoir of Leonora, March, 1838.

attention to Anne of Austria, now no longer called the little queen, it is to be supposed that the change was by no means disagreeable to her. Indeed, a contemporary author says, that the period of this nobleman's sway was the happiest era of the life of this princess.

"Her court might fail in prudence, but it never wanted joy, since youth and beauty held there sovereign sway, and thus it continued, till the death of Luynes, in 1621, broke up this empire of gaiety."

But we must not anticipate. Previous to this time, a civil war had been kindled in France by the escape of Queen Marie. On the night of the 22nd of February, 1619, her partizan the Duke de Epernon aided the queen-mother in getting out of a window in the castle of Blois by means of a ladder; the duke, who was a haughty specimen of the old chivalresque nobility, carried off the queen into his domains at Angoulême as if he had been a monarch assisting an ally. He raised the standard of rebellion in behalf of the mother queen; and so detestable had been the boyish rule of the young king and Luynes, that the harassed people, who had discontentedly compared the reign of Queen Marie and the Concini with that of the Great Henry and Sully, were now ready to rise in revolt to restore the queen-mother, although the king had completed his eighteenth year when his mother's partizans prepared to give him battle at the Bridge of Cé, in Anjou.

The king affected to consider that Epernon, instead of liberating the queen-mother, had taken her prisoner. The queen's forces were beaten at the Pont de Cé; but in the disaffected and disorganized state of the kingdom, in the hands of a boy king, and boy minister, Marie de Medicis still maintained an opposition sufficiently formidable to make a treaty with her son. At this juncture, the talents of the great Richelieu first displayed themselves; he was then the queen's private chaplain: a creature placed about her by Leonora, he had shared the seclusion of Blois, and had succeeded the Concini as favourite. Richelieu managed a reconciliation between the mother and son; the treaty was signed at Brissac,

August 16th, 1620. For himself, Richelieu only obtained a place in the council; but so charmed was the queen-mother at having thus far preferred her new favourite, that she wept for joy; so delighted was she at having gained not only a master, but a tyrant.

How the queen-mother and her antagonist the Duke de Luynes, now constable of France, would have agreed in the councils of Louis XIII. cannot be known, for that favourite died in early life, a few months after the reconciliation of the king and Queen Marie.

That the reconciliation of mother and son proved the disunion of the husband and wife, is but little to the credit of Marie de Medicis; it is certain, however, that after the death of the Duke de Luynes, Anne of Austria lost all credit with her husband and his court, the queen-mother perpetually sowing petty strifes between the young pair; the principal accusation against the queen consort being that she mocked and ridiculed Louis XIII. among her maids of honour. Sensitive and shy as he was, this report greatly disgusted the young monarch; and the effect was, that he wholly withdrew himself from the society of his wife, and they never met excepting on occasions of state. Richelieu, who was daily advancing in power, and had been captivated by the charms of the fair young queen, was the ready instrument in promoting this division.

Anne of Austria, who had borne no heirs to France, soon became a person of little importance in her own court, nor had she any consolation excepting in the faithful friendship of the Duchess de Luynes, a young widow whose name was greatly celebrated in Europe after she had re-married with the Duke de Chevreuse.

This spirited fair one aided the young queen in all her parties of pleasure; they communicated to each other all that happened to them either of a lively or serious nature, but they contrived to turn all into ridicule according to the Italian proverb—

*A giovine cuor tutto e gioco.*

To the young heart all is sport.

This the young queen and her adherent verified, for no one at the court of France escaped their satirical talents. It has been already shown the injurious

effect this propensity had on the mind of Louis, but the young queen had no friend to warn her of her mistake. Inexperienced as she was, Anne of Austria was not aware that royal mockery, smiting as a two-edged sword, is very apt to wound the person who wields so dangerous and unpopular a weapon.

There was sufficient cause to excite the mirth of a lively young girl at the court of France. Neglected as a wife, the queen consort was surrounded by lovers; some avowed passion with malignant motives, and some from the more excusable excitement of their own fustian vanity. Among the latter class the queen and her witty friend saw appear once more, as a candidate for a royal lady's love, the ancient Adonis, Duke de Bellegarde, he who had rivalled Henry the Great in the heart of the Fair Gabrielle, when he and that monarch were in their youth companions in arms. He had rivalled Henry in the heart of the Princess of Guise, and prevented that lady from being queen of France. He had acted as the proxy for Henry, when Marie de Medicis was espoused in Florence; and finally, now considered himself in his extreme old age a fit favourite for her youthful daughter-in-law. The Princess of Conti and other of the ladies about the queen, encouraged the folly of the antique gallant, and brought him to a declaration, which was a scene of so much drollery that at last the queen's ladies even prevailed on the king, jealous and melancholy as was his nature, to be witness of it, and laugh heartily at the passion of Bellegarde.

The next object of the sport of Anne of Austria and her merry maids of honour, was the formidable Richelieu, whom they persuaded to lay aside the clerical dress, denoting the high offices of almoner to the queen-mother and a bishop withal, and attire himself in green, the queen's favourite colour. They particularly insisted on his wearing green stockings, which queer array did not especially become a pair of bandy legs. In this disguise the Princess de Conti and the Duchess de Chevreuse privately led Richelieu into the boudoir of the beautiful queen, telling him her majesty had heard that he could dance a saraband better than any

chevalier at court, and that she had a particular wish to see him perform one. Richelieu, in an unguarded moment, seduced by his own vanity and these Dalilaha, began to caper, and in the midst of the saraband the whole bevy of the maids of honour rushed into the room with a shout of laughter, in which the queen heartily joined, while the infuriated statesman retired in a worse humour than Malvolio, when he discovered the trick that had been played on his vanity. But a heavy score did Richelieu afterwards reckon, when arrived at the high station of cardinal and prime minister, with the thoughtless ones who had made sport with his weakness.

Some authors relate this ridiculous scene as happening after Richelieu was in plenitude of power, but it was assuredly the folly of his earlier life.

The arrival of Charles I., with his favourite Buckingham, at the court of France, although incognito, occasioned a great movement of festivals and magnificent gaieties, which were performed before the disguised prince, rather than shared in by him. At this time, while dancing in a ballet, the beautiful Anne of Austria made a conquest of the heart of the Duke of Buckingham. The Prince of Wales and Buckingham were on their way to Madrid, for the purpose of wooing the sister of Anne of Austria, the infanta Maria Althea.

This courtship ending in nothing but a romantic journey; two years afterwards the handsome Buckingham came in grand embassy to receive the hand of the youngest sister of the king of France, the only unmarried daughter of Marie de Medicis, as a wife for King Charles I.

The fine person of the English favourite was set off with the most splendid jewels of the crown, and in his insane vanity he deemed himself so irresistible, that nothing could hinder him from making a declaration of love to the Queen of France, a proof of how far presumption will carry a coxcomb. The foppery of his dress, perhaps, helped his delusion, says an English historian.

"When Buckingham departed for Paris, in 1625, he took with him twenty-seven suits of clothes, covered with the richest embroidery, and trimmed with

gems and lace ; one in particular was made of uncut white velvet, set all over, both cloak and vest with diamonds of the value of eighty thousand pounds, besides a feather covered with brilliants,\* as were also his sword, girdle, hat-band, and spurs."

Thus armed for conquest, Buckingham laid siege to the heart of Anne of Austria. A court writer of her times thus describes his first declaration, made when the queen-consort, the queen-mother, and all the court escorted the newly-espoused Henrietta Maria on her way to England as far as Amiens.

Queen Anne was promenading with her whole suite, on the terrace of a castle in the neighbourhood of Amiens, but walking at a little distance from them. Buckingham pretended to converse with Count de Putange, equerry to the queen ; when, watching the moment when the queen turned round some palisades which hid her for a moment from the view of her train, Buckingham darted from the astonished equerry, and rushing forward fell on one knee before her, and took the opportunity of pouring forth his passion during this momentary *tête-à-tête* : the queen, who certainly believed he was seized with a mad fit, cried out in a fright, and calling her lingering squire, sharply reproved him for leaving her alone. In this scene Anne of Austria acted as any woman of spirit and virtue would have done, when her own matrimonial engagements and those of her imprudent lover are considered.

Buckingham was not contented with this repulse ; for, says Madame de Motteville in her memoirs, "the queen herself did me the honour of relating to me the fact, that at the time when, Henrietta Maria bade a final adieu to her family, the Duke of Buckingham presented himself at the side of my coach and kissed the hem of my robe ; the Princess of Conti was with me, and she drew the curtain of the coach for a moment to hide the tears of the despairing lover ; tears are infectious, it is to be supposed, continued the queen, for the princess rallied me much, declaring

she perceived tears in my eyes and that she could answer to the king for my virtue, but not for my cruelty, and many other speeches of the kind which had no foundation excepting in her own lively spirit of railery."

The queen did not get rid of him so easily, for after conducting Henrietta Maria as far as Boulogne he received some despatches from Charles I. which he declared were of the last importance ; and leaving the bride of England, he went back to the court at head-long haste before it left Amiens. As soon as he had appointed an interview with the queen-mother regarding his chimerical negotiation, he rushed to the apartments of Anne of Austria, and found her nearly alone ; it was at the time of the *petit coucher*, when every one knows, the sovereigns of France at that day held their receptions reclining on the bed.

"I was not astonished at his return," said the queen one day to me, "for I knew by the letters of my dear Duchesse de Chevreuse, who had accompanied the Queen of England, that he was contriving some pretext to return ; but I was astonished at his behaviour when he threw himself on his knees by the side of the bed and began to kiss the draperies of it with the most frantic expressions of passion." The queen declared she was much embarrassed ; and this, combined with a feeling of displeasure at his want of self-command in thus compromising her, prevented her from answering him. Meantime the Countess de Launois, the then lady of honour, sat at the head of the bed ; she was wise, virtuous, and aged, and commenced an awful lecture to the duke on his mad intrusion, telling him with much severity, that it was not the custom of France for the queen to listen to such folly, and approaching him, tried to make him rise. He resisted her, saying he was a stranger, and not ruled by French customs ; and continued to address the queen aloud in the most tender strain. The queen at last replied with complaints of his audacity, and ordered him, in the severest tone, to rise and leave her. He obeyed ; and having had an interview with her in presence of her whole court, in which he did not demean himself a whit more discreetly, he departed from France

\* Prince Esterhazy wore just such a garb at Her Majesty's coronation ; the brilliant plume belonging to this diamond armour, was the only part of it really beautiful to the eye of taste.

with the full intention of returning thither as soon as possible.

All these adventures were immediately carried to Louis XIII. interpreted by Richelieu much to the disadvantage of the queen, and occasioned the dismissal of several of her attendants. Putange, the equerry, was exiled; Madame de Feruel *dame d'atour* and sister-in-law to the Duchesse de Chevreuse was sent to England; and La Porte, the queen's physician, dismissed.

The report has found its way even into the pages of generalizing history, that the passion of Buckingham for the consort of Louis XIII. occasioned the naval war waged between France and England from the year 1626 to 1628, because Buckingham meant to appear again at Paris as an ambassador to treat for peace. Voltaire says, that the King of France and Richelieu taking advantage of the mania of Buckingham, induced Anne of Austria to write to him requesting him to delay the English expedition destined to relieve the siege of Rochelle; but there is not a shadow of authenticity in this report. Louis XIII. proud, shy and sensitive, would not have opened his mind sufficiently to command such a proceeding, nor would the fierce and jealous Richelieu have so far committed himself.

While the fair queen of Louis was thus making conquests and amusing herself, in revenge for the neglect of her husband, with the follies of the man who hoped to succeed him in her heart, the queen-mother was passing her time embroiled in politics, without having either a head or a heart fit for political employment. She was a restless mischief-maker—not by intention, but by constitution; wherever she was, a series of broils and heart-burnings was sure to be in activity, not from a Machiavelian principle like her relative Catherine de Medicis, but from pure folly and want of judgment and a habit of being ever colleaguings and tattling with some favourite, who was loved with intensity during the continuance of friendship and disliked when the hot fit was over. Marie de Medicis was an exact transcript of nine-tenths of the women on the surface of modern society.

It was about the year 1626 that the queen-mother began to be conscious of the insidious enmity of the creature

whose fortunes she had pushed on to the highest pitch. Richelieu did not even then offer open opposition to her will, but she perceived that whatever she wished or proposed in affairs of state met with some mysterious and unaccountable impediment.

She, however, went on with alternate wrangling and reconciliations, till Richelieu had set his foot on the highest step of power: this was in 1629, when he became cardinal and received the royal letters patent which made him prime minister. At this moment the queen-mother showed her resentment by dismissing him from the office of superintendant of her household. The year was passed in a fierce struggle between the two for the mastery over the mind of Louis XIII. Apparently, Queen Marie obtained the victory, for Louis gave the haughty minister his dismissal. Marie triumphed. The crafty Richelieu requested one farewell interview with his royal master—"Out of respect to his character as cardinal, the king, he said, could not refuse his parting benediction and adieu." He was brought up the back stairs of the Louvre for this purpose; he remained one hour with the flexile king, and in that hour he resumed his empire over Louis. To the astonished party of the queen-mother, who were all prepared to insult over the fallen premier, Louis XIII. presented Richelieu as his best friend and trusted minister, invested with higher powers than those of which he had recently been deprived; so complete was the revulsion, that the first day of November, on which this curious scene occurred, was long called "the Day of the Dupes." People really believed that the sovereign and his minister had conspired together for the purpose of making all parties unmask their true opinions.

The utter ruin of Marie de Medicis swiftly followed the remarkable *Journée de dupes*. In the month of February, succeeding it (1631) her inexorable enemy obtained her arrest and detention at the Castle of Compeigne. The friend, the domestics, and even the menials of Marie were seized as prisoners and hurried to the dungeons of the Bastille. Her physician underwent the most rigorous confinement, and some say suffered the torture of the rack.

All the favour shown to the widow of Henry the Great, was the liberty of choosing what part of Europe she preferred as a place of exile, for banished from France Richelieu determined she should be; well remembering that, twelve years before that period she had met with as complete a reverse, had headed a rebel army, and yet returned to her former place in the counsels of her son.

Without any difficulty she effected her escape from the Castle of Compeigne, and retired to Brussels. From thence she addressed the most imploring letters to her son; and when she found that application of no avail, she wrote as a supplicant to the Parliament of Paris—that parliament which she had often defied when regent, and told to concern itself merely with processes as a tribunal of judicature. Her appeal thus commences:—"The supplication of Marie, Queen of France and Navarre since the 23d of February, 1631, arrested without accusation or suspicion of crime." Her requests were moderate; she did not ask to be restored to her rank at court, or her former authority in the king's council, but merely to be allotted some royal abode in the provinces of France, the payment of her debts, and a fixed revenue. This paper was nothing more than a weak and inefficient aggravation; she knew the parliament had no power to aid her, but by this time she had evidently perceived her monstrous folly in flying from France, to which her ungrateful persecutor determined, with the whole strength of his indomitable firmness, that she should never return. It was the pleasure of Richelieu that she should retire to Florence, her native country, a measure to which Marie had an insuperable objection. She had left her country as a great heiress, carrying into France the finest dowry and the richest collection of jewels that country had ever received with a queen—the very cabin of the galley that brought her to France was ornamented with precious stones and rare panellings of jasper and ebony, and her throne therein blazed with diamond *fleur-de-lis*, and the tortoisés and cross in the arms of Medicis were formed of great rubies, emeralds, and pearls. In this pomp

and glory had she departed for France, and it was not marvellous that she should shrink from returning to her native Italy, despoiled and broken-hearted,—she who had so long wielded the sceptre of France, and whose children sat on the greatest thrones in Europe.

Queen Marie is a noted instance of the folly of indulging in measures of exasperation without having the power of controlling her enemies. For several years she wandered through the Rhenish German states, making Brussels her head-quarters, from whence she continued to annoy the Court of France by every means—as mother to the king and his heir presumptive, Gaston, Duke of Orleans—she could contrive. She made a great parade of her consent to her youngest son's marriage, because it was offensive to the king and Richelieu, an act which caused them to cut off her revenues, and leave her utterly without resources. In this distress, she craved an asylum with her daughter-in-law, Henrietta Maria, Queen of England. After Richelieu had tried in vain to combat, by every sort of intrigue and remonstrance, the moral feelings of duty and humanity which induced Charles I. to give shelter to the persecuted mother of his wife, he maliciously vowed to revenge himself by involving England in the flames of civil war, and that he would never remit his enmity to the King of England while his life lasted: but we think history has laid more emphasis on these threats than they deserved.\*

In the British Museum a letter is still preserved from Marie de Medicis to her daughter Henrietta Maria, requesting her to use her influence with Charles I. that her wine-merchant's ship, taken by one of Charles I.'s cruisers, might be restored to him. There is a postscript in the queen-mother's own hand, saying that the poor man had served her long and faithfully, and that she should be grieved for his great loss.

It is to the honour of Henrietta Maria and her husband, Charles I., that when

\* In the volumes lately published by M. Von Raumer, the peculiar style of malignity in the correspondence of the French ambassador at the court of Charles, with his own court, is a proof of this hatred of Richelieu.

Marie de Medicis visited them in 1638, they received her with as much distinction, and perhaps more personal reverence, than they would have done if she had still swayed the sceptre of France in plenary power. She was at this time little better than a fugitive from the wrathful persecution of her most ungrateful servant, Richelieu.— Charles and Henrietta were themselves just tottering on that abyss of calamity which, a few years after, left them throneless and homeless. But while they yet kept possession of regal state, they munificently shared it with their fugitive mother. The words of one of Queen Marie's servants will prove how affectionately she was welcomed to England :—" You shall only know," says the Sieur de la Serre, historiographer of France, who accompanied his royal mistress in her visit to England, " that the Sieur Lebat, who officiated as superintendent of her household, had permission to mark with his chalk fifty separate chambers at St. James's, as her apartments, the whole furnished by the particular commands of the Queen of Great Britain, who seemed to convert all her ordinary diversions into attention to give satisfaction to the queen, her mother."

But there was a personal trait of affection in Henrietta Maria, recorded by de la Serre, which spoke more forcibly to the heart than any splendour of reception, and cost and trouble of furniture could have done.

Charles had met his mother-in-law on the road from Harwich, and escorted her to London, where their entry was made with peculiar magnificence, of which our own annals and pictures extant of the procession are sufficient proof.

" When," says de la Serre, who was present, " the royal carriage, in which were Queen Marie and her son-in-law, entered the great quadrangle of St. James's Palace, Queen Henrietta, on hearing the first flourish of trumpets, left her chamber, and descended the great staircase, to receive her august mother; she was accompanied by her children the Prince of Wales and Duke of York, and the two Princesses Mary and Elizabeth. The queen being then near her time, and in critical health, a

chair was placed for her majesty at the foot of the stairs, when on perceiving her royal parent, such was her anxiety to show her respect, that she arose, and advancing to the carriage, endeavoured with her trembling hands to open the door, which she was too weak to accomplish. The moment her mother alighted, she fell on her knees before her, while her royal children knelt around her; the meeting was truly affecting."

The deep personal reverence paid by children to their parents in that age, we see, in this scene, broke through all the restraints of court etiquette; and the quadrangle of St. James's Palace, which has been the scene of many an historical event, was never, perhaps, more strangely distinguished than when the beautiful daughter of Henry the Great was kneeling on its stones with her royal children, to receive the blessings of a long absent mother.

The arrival of the queen-mother of France was celebrated by the courtly rhymes of Waller :—

" Great Queen of Europe! where thy offspring wears  
All the chief crowns,\* whose princes are thy heirs,  
As welcome thou to sea-girt Britain's shore,  
As erst Latona (who fair Cynthia bore)  
To Delos was; here shines a nymph as bright  
By thee disclosed with like increase of light.  
Why was her joy in Belgium confined?  
Or why did you so much regard the wind?  
Scarce could the ocean, though enraged,  
have tost  
Thy sovereign bark or landed, where the coast  
To thy child pays not tribute. Bencynthia so  
Among her royal progeny could go.  
Thy godlike race must sway the age to come."

During the residence of Marie de Medicis at the English court, she endeavoured to gain over Bellièvre, the French ambassador, to pave the way for her return to France, but was unsuccessful, he having been enjoined by Richelieu to avoid an opportunity of meeting her. They did, however, meet at last, by means of a preconcerted plan

\* Louis XIII., her son, King of France; Elizabeth, her eldest daughter, Queen of Spain; Henrietta Maria, her youngest child, Queen of Great Britain.



between Charles and Henrietta, and the interview took place in the Queen's Gallery, at St. James's. The details of this rencontre with Bellièvre, who was both surprised and embarrassed, are very interesting; but as they would be too long for our memoir, we do not copy them.

In 1639, Charles and Henrietta sent over Lord Germain to negotiate for Marie's return to France; and the queen-mother, fearing the negotiation might not meet with the result she so anxiously hoped for, humbled herself a second time by writing with her own hand to Richelieu. It met with no happier result than that of Lalen, whom she had charged to write on the subject some few years before. The cardinal feigned to be touched with the misfortune of the queen-mother, but, however, refused to solicit the princess's return. Her despair was at its height when she learned Louis had given a refusal to Lord Germain, which effectually deprived her of all hope of ever seeing her son or country again; and her dread of returning to Tuscany was so great, that she preferred being deprived of every possession rather than that make that country an asylum.

In 1640, Richelieu, not contented with having alienated Louis's heart from Marie, commenced a series of intrigues with the English parliament, with a view to her expulsion from this kingdom; her residence in it never ceasing to give him great uneasiness, and, moreover, he had never finally renounced his project of compelling her to retire to Florence. In 1641, Marie, to obtain the friendship of the Prince of Orange, solicited the marriage of his son with the English princess. The proposition of the Prince of Orange being accepted with joy by Charles and Henrietta, the marriage was celebrated in the month of June of that year. This alliance gave the queen-mother but a few short-lived hopes, for the English people at last began to murmur against her. The English Parliament entreated Charles to no longer keep Marie in the kingdom. Charles was in too critical a situation to refuse; he made, therefore, Marie feel the necessity in which he found himself of beg-

ging her to quit England, testifying at the same time, the pain which he experienced from being forced to withdraw from her his royal hospitality.

Marie de Medicis did not leave England until the month of August, 1641, when the fortunes of her royal descendants were lowering still darker than her own. Lilly the astrologer, in his curious *Life and Death of King Charles*, furnishes us with the following descriptive passage:—

"I beheld the old queen-mother of France departing from London; a sad spectacle of mortality it was, and produced tears from my eyes to see an aged, lean, decrepit queen ready for her grave, necessitated to depart from hence, having no place of residence in the world left her. She had been the most stately and magnificent woman of Europe, wife to the greatest king that ever lived, mother unto his heir, a king, and unto two queens."

She wished to return to Brussels, but her son-in-law, Philip IV., irritated by some intrigue or other during her residence, denied her an asylum there. She then had recourse to the States of Holland, and ultimately embarked for that country from Dover towards the end of August, 1641, escorted by the Earl of Arundel. She staid a short time with her grand-daughter's husband, the Prince of Orange, whose court was involved in as much agitation as that she had recently quitted. Towards the end of October, her wanderings ceased at Cologne, and her troubled life soon after. Before she was attacked with her mortal malady, it is said that the sharp sufferings of actual want were endured by her. During the winter of 1642, she had no firing, and her attendants were obliged to cut up the tables and chairs, and afterwards more costly furniture to furnish fuel for her sick chamber. But these circumstances must have arisen from some occurrence of weather which chance at times inflicts on a peculiar district, when high and low are forced to suffer together. She was at that time in possession of jewels sufficient to have bought a wilderness of wood; nay, the moveables would have sold for the purchase of firing.

According to Arconville, whose ac-

count is minute in its details, Marie de Medicis was attacked with her mortal illness, January 25th, 1642; gangrene soon made its appearance. She underwent several operations undertaken to preserve her life; but on the 3rd of February, she sunk under her sufferings.

The pope's legate, Chigi, was at Cologne at this juncture; he attended her in her last moments, and was urgent in prevailing on her to forgive Richelieu. She declared that she pardoned him all he had done against her; this did not, however, satisfy her spiritual adviser, who urged her to send the cardinal a ring as a token of her amity.

"This is indeed too much," replied the queen, and with these words on her lips, she expired.\*

The house in Cologne is still shown where she terminated her days at the age of sixty-nine. Her death produced little sensation at the court of France, where her son and her persecutor were both in a state of health which bowed them towards the grave. Louis XIII., who had no more will of his own than a fawn in the folds of a boa-constrictor, testified passionate sorrow and remorse at hearing of the death of his mother. The sincerity of these feelings he testified by the honours he paid her unconscious clay after he was relieved from his mental thralldom by the death of his tyrannical minister.

While Richelieu lived, the body of his victim rested in the humble tomb where she had found a refuge from her troubles; but the March following the death of her persecutor (1643), the corpse of the unfortunate queen was sent for by her son, and carried in solemn state to France, being by the king's orders received in every town in his dominions with the utmost reverence; finally, it was interred at the Abbey of St. Denis, where her famous and fatal coronation had taken place.

Marie de Medicis was the greatest patron of the arts France had ever seen since the time of Francis I. She was an artist herself, and there actually exist in some cabinets, proofs of her

practical skill, she having engraved with her own hand, a portrait of herself on wood, the prints of which are by no means rare. Perhaps she drew the portrait on the block previously to its being cut. She gave this block to her first painter, Philip de Champagne.

Paris owes to her the Palace of the Luxembourg, which she commenced in 1615, for a retreat after her regency terminated. It was built under the directions of Brosse, her architect, after the model of the famous Pitti Palazzo in her native Florence. Its walls were decorated by the superb paintings of Rubens, now transferred to the Museum of the Louvre. The promenade, called *Cours de Reine*, and the aqueduct of Arcueil, with the monastery of the Carmelites, Rue d'Enfer, were the works of this queen.

While Marie de Medicis wore away the years of her pilgrimage of exile, the fortunes of her daughter-in-law, Anne of Austria, had greatly improved. That princess had little reason to love her mother-in-law, but her noble, generous disposition occasioned her to espouse the cause of Marie de Medicis when that queen fell into such deep adversity; and in the French court, after the exile of the queen-mother, the party of the two queens were considered as one; in fact, all the women in France took part against Richelieu, and the haughty tyrant found this combination the most formidable he had ever experienced, and the best of the matter was, it finally triumphed by the re-union of the king and queen.

The manner in which this desirable event was effected, by the agency of the admirable and virtuous Louise de la Fayette,\* has already been detailed in a preceding memoir, to which we refer our readers, not being willing to trespass on our space by repetition.

The year after the re-union of Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria, the queen was blessed with offspring; the 5th of September, 1638, the heir of France was born. After the expectations of France had been so long disappointed, public expectation was much excited; the people were on the *qui vive* for some marvellous event; but it is singular that

\* The *Art of Verifying Dates* (a great authority), declares she died July 3rd, 1642. But the tide of events leads us to adopt the date of Arcenville. How could life have lasted till July, if gangrene had taken place January 25th?

\* See this Memoir and Portrait, Oct. 1838.

the most extraordinary story which floats unexplained on the surface of history, should have been given to the world many years after the birth of Louis XIV., we mean that of the Iron Mask, who it has been affirmed, *if any one*, was the twin brother of this monarch, and the son of Anne of Austria.

The truth of this strange tale wholly depends on the authenticity of the following document, which we find in the historical collections of the Baron de Grimm, purporting to be a letter written by the Duchess de Modena, daughter to the regent, Philip of Orleans, addressed to her lover Maréchal de Richelieu. The original is said to be in existence.

"Just before Queen Anne of Austria gave birth to Louis XIV., two herdsmen presented themselves before the king, and told him they had had a revelation, by which they foretold that the queen would give birth to two dauphins, who would occasion a civil war." The king wrote directly to Cardinal Richelieu, who returned for answer, "that he need not alarm himself, and requested him to send the two men to him;" this was done, and the poor prophets were safely lodged in the prison of St. Lazare, and obliged perforce to hold their tongues.

The queen was the next day, just at the time when the king rose from his dinner, brought to bed of a son, afterwards Louis XIV., in the presence of all the authorities usually witnesses at such a time; all the proper documents were taken in writing, and Her Majesty's chamber was cleared.

Four hours after, Madame Perronet, midwife to the queen, came and privately informed the king that she had reason to expect that a twin would be born. The king sent for his chancellor, and both went privately to the queen's apartment, who soon after gave birth to a second son, more beautiful and goodly than the first. The birth of this babe was attested by a written document, which was signed by the chancellor, Madame Perronet, the physician, and a nobleman in the confidence of the king, who was afterwards appointed governor to the unfortunate prince.

Louis XIII. drew up himself, at three different times with the chancellor, the

formulae of the oath which he administered to all who were present at this second birth, by which they were bound never to reveal this important secret, excepting the dauphin should happen to die; to this oath was appended a vow never to discuss the matter among themselves. The infant prince was put under the care of Madame Perronet,\* who was ordered to say, that it was the infant of a court lady that had entrusted it to her.

Gaston of Orleans, the brother of Louis XIII., had no male issue; the reversionary expectations of the succession of France, therefore, devolved, while Anne of Austria was childless, on the Great Condé, who was then, as Duke d'Enghien, manifesting those grand military talents which made him the hero of Europe. The unexpected progeny of the king and queen, therefore, disappointed the hopes of several parties and caused a great ferment of discontent in the breasts of many individuals, nor were there wanting reports of surreptitious offspring among these malcontents. These calumnies

\* When the child arrived at an age to be taken out of the hands of women, and consigned to those of men, he was entrusted to the same nobleman that had been present at his birth. He settled himself with his pupil at Dijon, and from this place maintained a constant correspondence with Queen Anne of Austria, Louis XIV., and Cardinal Mazarine. He did not cease to be a courtier in his retirement, paying the concealed prince the same deference, as if he had been at the court of France. We cannot follow all the particulars of the duchess's letter, but will add that the prince, after his suspicions had been raised by the veneration with which his governor treated him, privily examined a casket in which his mother's letters were put, and by comparing himself with the portrait of the king, fully discovered the secret of his birth. This discovery led to the long imprisonment of himself and governor, and as the resemblance to his twin brother was marvellous and striking to all beholders, the poor prisoner's features were concealed in a mask of black velvet with iron springs.

Louis XV. in his minority was very curious to know who this mysterious captive might be; he had promised some of his favourite courtiers to tell them, the day he attained his majority. On that day they crowded around him with questions on the subject, but he only answered: "You cannot know it." Madame Campan says, that Louis XVIII. made every inquiry possible after the restoration, to solve this historical enigma, but all documents had been destroyed by the revolution.

were completely silenced by the birth of another son, September 21, 1640, when Anne of Austria became the mother of Philippe, afterwards Duke of Orleans, the ancestor of the present reigning family of France.

Being thus the joyful mother of heirs to France, Anne of Austria obtained the degree of power and consideration in the kingdom which was her just due; and the declining health not only of the king, but that of the tyrant of France, Richelieu, caused all persons now to look up to the queen as the probable sovereign of France during a long regency.

This change in her prospects was borne by her with her usual greatness of mind; it made no difference in her manners, and the friends who loved her in adversity found that she was indeed worthy of the device and motto she had assumed for herself.

The device was a pomegranate: the motto—"Not for my crown."\*

The pomegranate being a fruit of much beauty and use, though its crown is worthless, the delicacy of this sentiment showed that Anne of Austria was worthy of the blessings of private friendship; indeed, the devoted attachment of Clara d' Hautefort,\* of Louise de la Fayette, and of the Duchesse de Chevreuse, shows that she was capable of inspiring disinterested affection.

Cardinal Richelieu preceded his royal master to the tomb; he died in the full possession of his office, December 4th, 1642, in the fifty-second year of his age, and the eighteenth of his government, leaving the mantle of his power to Mazarine, a creature of his own, more supple, but not less inclined to despotism than Richelieu himself.

When Louis XIII. heard of the death of Richelieu, he merely said:—

"Then there is a great politician gone."

But the king's own days were numbered; he was fast sinking into the atrophy which terminated his life. He was not abandoned in the time of suffering and agony, but received to the last, the tenderest personal attentions from the queen.

Dubois, the king's valet-de-chambre,

who has left a very interesting detail of the death-scene of this monarch, mentions a dialogue that passed between him and the young dauphin, who was then only four years old. About three weeks before the demise of Louis XIII. the ceremony of the dauphin's baptism had been performed with great pomp, the principal godfather to the young prince being the Cardinal Mazarine, prime minister of France, and the god-mother Charlotte Marguerite,\* mother to the Great Condé.

After the ceremony the king asked the prattling dauphin whether he knew what his name was?

"Yes," replied the child, "I am called Louis XIV."

"Not yet, my son," said the king solemnly, "but very soon, for such is the will of God."

The innocent child, who did not attach the slightest idea of losing his sire by his reply, testified the acutest sorrow when the king's approaching death was explained to him, and continued to mourn for him in a manner extraordinary for his years. But this was not surprising when it is considered that all the affections of Louis XIII. were centred on his two beautiful infants.

The king viewed the approach of death as the greatest of blessings, and professed himself weary of a life where those whom he loved the best had been always torn from him, and in many instances cut off, by an exercise of what seemed to be his own power. Though like his mother, it is probable he was by nature exceedingly averse to anything like blood or cruelty.

Richelieu neither suffered him to enjoy the company of wife, brother, mother, or friend. The death doom of any person was sure to go forth for whom the king manifested an attachment. A heavy melancholy preyed on the heart of Louis to his last hour. He expressed some satisfaction at hearing of the brilliant victories gained by the Great Condé his kinsman; he appointed Anne of Austria regent during the minority of his son, and composed himself to die on the 14th of May, the anniversary of his father's assassination,

leaving a character much misrepresented by history.

The vigorous but despotic ministry of Richelieu had pushed France to a high pitch of prosperity, and in this state it was found by Anne of Austria when she assumed the reins of government for her infant son.

She was assisted by the able and artful Mazarine, who, with a very handsome person and fascinating manners, soon established himself in the good graces of the queen-regent. There are many proofs, notwithstanding the scandals of that day, that the queen-regent limited her regard for this great man to a complacent friendship, and that he was repulsed with the utmost majesty of reproof if he ever ventured on the slightest liberty which showed that he forgot their relative stations; but the evidence of eye-witnesses of the conduct of a royal personage is never believed till all self-interest has been placed out of the question by death; therefore, during her life, the name of Anne of Austria was implicated with that of Cardinal Mazarine in the floating scandals of a time of great political agitation. Madame Motteville has left a description of Queen Anne when she assumed the regency.

"Being recalled to court after I had quitted it for some years, I wished to compare the queen's appearance as she was when I left her, with what I at present found her. Perhaps the idea of her now being the sovereign of France gave her in my eyes a more majestic demeanour than she possessed during her unhappiness; yet she never appeared more amiable, nor more beautiful, and she always outshone the fairest in her circle. At the time when I was driven from her court, she wore her hair, according to the fashion of that day, in a round coiffure, much crêped and loaded with powder, and now she wore it in falling curls. She had lost some of the delicacy of her bloom, and her nose, always aquiline, had assumed a decided character; according to the Spanish custom she wore a good deal of rouge, but she was always dazzlingly fair; a finer skin than her's was never seen. Her eyes were perfectly beautiful; sweetness and majesty met in them, and their hazel tint made

their glances more lively. Her mouth was little, and of vermillion hue; the slight fullness about the lips, which bespoke her of the house of Austria, was not exaggerated into a defect, but was positively a beauty. The form of her face was fine, and her brow noble. Her hands and arms were surpassing in loveliness; their fame had been published throughout Europe, but nothing the poets could say regarding their form and whiteness could exaggerate their beauty. Her throat was fine, her stature majestic, and her person inclined to fullness. Her mien was lofty without being proud. Her style of beauty inspired the hearts of those who saw her with a tenderness ever united with veneration and respect. She was, in addition to her other excellencies, sincerely pious, having received early religious impressions from her mother, Marguerite of Austria, who died in the odour of sanctity."

The queen-regent was very delicate respecting the quality of every sort of linen that approached her person.—France could scarcely furnish cambric fine enough for her use. One day when she was particularly fastidious in rejecting different pieces of cambric brought for her approval, Mazarine said to her:—

"Madame, if ever you should be condemned in the next world, your purgatory will be to sleep in Holland sheets."

She was passionately fond of flowers, but could not bear the smell of roses, nor even endure the sight of them when painted. Some other instances have been found before and since of this strange antipathy.

Anne of Austria, at the commencement of her regency, was forced to continue the war against her brother, Philip IV., whom, nevertheless, she tenderly loved. The victory of Rocroi, which gave lustre to her government, was won against her brother and native country. The war continued till 1647, and on the termination of it the people of France rushed into the civil war called the Fronde, which promised to be as calamitous and as destructive to royalty as the contemporary parliamentary war going on in England.

The origin was much the same: the

Fronde was simply the struggle of the parliament of Paris for its legislative rights, while a faction of the aristocracy took part with the malcontent civilians. There was a grand struggle in the seventeenth century between royalty and the people, each wished for a lawless extinction of their power. The kings of Europe chose to be despotic after the example of those of Spain, where Philip II. had succeeded in extinguishing the Cortes: the people had a strong bias for establishing republics. As these extremes could not meet, civil war was the consequence, which was raging at the same era in England, Holland, and France. Infinite sorrow and suffering to the great body of the people in either country was the result.

Anne of Austria had acted unconscientiously in making herself absolute regent. Her husband, with a degree of moral justice for which no one has given him credit, even when relating the circumstances, had by his will left the government of the country, during the minority of his infant son, in her hands, with the wholesome and rational restraint of a council; but the queen observed not these proper restrictions. The consequence was the war of the Fronde. As for the odd name of this war, no one agrees whence it was derived, but it appears to have originated from a bitter point of wind, either north or north-east, so termed, which puts people in an ill-humour. This is implied in some lines of Barillon:—

Un vent de *Fronde*,  
S'est levé ce matin,  
Je crois qu'il gronde  
Contre le Mazarin.  
Un vent de *Fronde*  
S'est levé ce matin.

*Memoirs of Madlle. de Montpensier,*  
Vol. 1.

Cardinal de Retz explains the origin of the term somewhat differently:—

“Bauchoument happened to say in jest that the parliament acted like the schoolboys in the ditches of Paris, who *sling*\* stones, and run away when they see the beadle, but meet again as soon as he turns his back. This was thought a very pretty comparison. It came to

be a subject for ballads, and upon the peace between the king and parliament it revived, and was applied to those who were not accommodated with the court, and we studied to give it all possible currency, because we observed it augmented the heat of the people. We therefore resolved that night to wear hatbands, made in the figure of a sling, and had a great quantity of them made, ready to be distributed among a parcel of blunt fellows, and we wore them ourselves last of all; for it would have looked like much affectation, and have spoiled all, had we been the first in the mode. It is inexpressible what influence this trifle had upon the people; their bread, hats, gloves, handkerchiefs, fans, garnitures, were *à la mode de Fronde*, and we ourselves were more in the fashion by this toy than in reality. And the truth is, we had need of all our shifts to support us against the whole royal family.”\*

The Fronde rebellion was at its height in 1648, the very year stained with the murder of Charles I. in England.

The queen-regent could no longer appear abroad without being insulted; she was called by no other name than that of Dame Anne, or if any other epithet was added, it was sure to be a vile one. The populace reproached her most virulently with her supposed fondness for Mazarine, and what was still more insufferable, her ears were filled wherever she went with the grossest ballads and lampoons.

She was now obliged, January 6th, 1649, to fly from Paris with her children and her minister, and to retire to St. Germain's; she was even reduced to pawn the crown jewels in order to obtain the necessaries of life. The young king was in want of everything, and was forced to dismiss his pages because they could not be paid or fed. Indeed, the royal fugitives from England, Queen Henrietta Maria and her children, could scarcely be supplied with sufficient money for their personal wants.

The queen-regent, with tears in her eyes, besought the Great Condé to protect the young king; and this idol of

\* *Fronde* is the French for a sling.

\* *Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz.*

the popular party veered with singular inconsistency from the parliament to the queen, and back again, till it is nearly impossible to trace his motives or movements, excepting it is known that his heart was with the royal family, but he was actuated by a deep hatred of Mazarine, whose banishment he at one time procured to Cologne.

Perhaps the example of the horrid military despotism established in England by Cromwell, which had succeeded a republic as its natural consequence, tended more than anything to pacify the contending parties in Paris, who naturally thought that one despot was better than thirty thousand; they therefore subsided into tranquillity about the year 1654. Mazarine then returned in triumph from exile, and the young king coming soon after of age, that era of magnificence commenced which is still called the Augustan age of France.

The young king was in love with the most beautiful of Cardinal Mazarine's nieces, Marie Mancini, whosprung from an Italian family of low origin; the nieces of the cardinal were not even the daughters of a gentleman, yet Mazarine secretly meditated the mad ambition of placing Marie on the throne of France, but he dreaded the high spirit of the queen. Willing to sound her thoughts on the matter, he affected to lament that he feared the king's passion would lead him to marry Marie.

"If the king were capable of thus lowering himself," was the reply of Anne of Austria, "I would, with my second son and the nation, array myself against him, and against *you*."

Had the queen ever compromised her own character, by allowing any undue liberty to Mazarine, she could not thus have answered, yet this celebrated reply is one of the best authenticated facts in history.

The queen saw her son united to her own niece, the Infanta Marie Theresa,\* daughter of her brother, Philip IV. Mazarine died the year after this alliance was completed. Meantime, Anne of Austria, afflicted with an agonising and incurable malady, could no longer enjoy the high prosperity to which her house had arrived.

\* See this Portrait and Memoir, June, 1835.

She suffered at the same time from a cancer and a cancerous eruption of the most malignant description. She bore her intense miseries with exemplary resignation. On one occasion she was known to bare her once beautiful arms, and show them to the vain and giddy beauties of the Court:

"See, ladies," she said, "these are the arms once celebrated throughout Europe for their incomparable beauty, and what are they now the hand of God has touched the pride of the flesh? yet can I truly say it is good for me that I have been thus afflicted." She continued in this holy frame of mind till her death.

The best trait in the character of Louis XIV. was the attention he paid to his suffering mother; he left all his pleasures and all his magnificence to sit whole days and nights within the curtains of her bed, supporting her tortured form in his arms or on his bosom, humouring the restlessness of her anguish with exemplary patience. Although the malodour arising from her dreadful malady made the room insufferable to her attendants, the filial duty of the young king was never wearied.

She was released from existence the 20th of January, 1666, at the age of 64 years. Her only fault was the assistance she gave to Mazarine in the establishment of absolute power. Her son considered that the despotic power he possessed, which he valued highly, (and left as a fatal inheritance to his unfortunate descendants), was wholly owing to his mother's firmness in the war of the Fronde. Louis XIV. found that walking into the senate of his country just as he left the chase, in his hunting garb, with his riding whip in his hand, and dismissing it arrogantly from its legislative duties for ever, was a task as easy as Cromwell's more celebrated exploit of thrusting the speaker out of his chair, and clearing the House of Commons with his band of armed despots.

Louis XIV. committed this wickedness with impunity in his insolent boyhood, just after he came of age, but his mother's regency is guilty of the great wrong of preparing the way for destroying the freedom of this distin-

guished assembly, which retained much of the old Frankish justice and wisdom: an assembly respected by St. Louis, by Charles the Wise, by Louis XII., father of his people, honoured by Henry the Great, and all the best princes of the royal line. Had Anne of Austria brought up her son with due reverence for the ancient laws of his country,

the horrors of the French revolution might have been spared.

This was the chief, if not the only fault of magnitude committed by Anne of Austria; had she never reigned her life would have been nearly blameless. As a woman she was good and amiable, as a sovereign she committed one great and irreparable error.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF ANNE OF AUSTRIA,

*Magnificently coloured from the original, painted from life by Rubens, in the Luxembourg Gallery.*

The graceful dress of her country well became the majestic person of Anne of Austria, and as she usually wore the Spanish costume, it gave a tone to the works of the fine painters of her era, who afterwards brought it to the perfection seen in the portraits of Vandyke.

The fair hair of Anne of Austria is braided under an emerald and pearl coronet at the top of her head: the hair is parted with a few curls low on the front, and on each side are short clusters of curls. Vandyke's portraits are often seen in this style, with the exception that the curls are long falling ringlets, depending lower than the throat; a wonderful improvement on this costume, which we recommend to the noble ladies who mean to adopt the style of this portrait in court dress for the approaching season—such dress being afterwards most eligible for fancy balls; this is, at present, the routine of the high *ton* at Paris and Vienna, of which the beautiful Archduchess Sophia is an instance, whose antique royal costume is the admiration of the imperial court. But to proceed with our description: the row of throat pearls is the only necklace worn by Anne of Austria, the rest of the *parure* of jewels being distributed over the tabs of the corsage surrounding the waist and on the shoulders.

The dress is of rose-coloured satin,

trimmed with rich gold lace; the corsage is pointed, has three rows of gold lace down the front, richly studded with emeralds and pearls in clusters. The ruff is square and high at the back; there is a continuation of clasps of jewels on each side, which meet under a magnificent brooch of emeralds on the front of the bust; these are to clasp the dress at pleasure up to the throat when the ruff assumed a round form, an arrangement desirable when we remember that even so late as the seventeenth century, royal ladies sometimes appeared in processions on horseback in full dress. The sleeves are of the full hanging form lined with white satin, open from the epaulettes and clasped with a jewel just above the wrist; when unclasped, they are so long as nearly to reach the ground, and are in this state exceedingly graceful: the tight under-sleeves are of gold and pale green brocade, with ruffles at the wrists.

The skirt has a slight tendency to the hoop form, merely to support the train and gathers at the back; the train is of no length, only an elegant sweep. The gold bordering surrounds it and passes up the front, where it is ornamented by little puffs and tags. In the front of the skirt slashes are cut to show the white satin lining. The queen holds in her right hand a large gold fan.



## THE SCARF.

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The tender cast of woman's gentle form  
 Shrinks from contention with the strong and bold ;  
 But her heart's glow is full, and deep, and warm,  
 Beyond what quickens frames of sterner mould.  
 A lady loved a knight, and scarce repress'd  
 The pure emotions of her youthful breast ;  
 His love untold she knew—her eye could see  
 What words despoil of half its fervency.

How should words tell what beauty tells the heart ?  
 Faint echo of the thrilling voice of love—  
 Words are the offspring of mere mortal art,  
 And beauty has a language from above.  
 Their's was the sweeter and the stronger faith  
 That was not whisper'd even with a breath ;  
 Rut from afar the gathering cry of strife  
 Resounds ;—the savage stake of war is—life.

Bold blood shall flow in many a rippling brook—  
 The knight must to the field—with truth o'erflows  
 His too full heart—and in his earnest look  
 Simplicity gave strength to all that rose  
 From soul to lip spontaneous—she was thrill'd  
 With all the joys of fond, fond hope fulfill'd.  
 Not e'en to hush her heart the maiden strove ;  
 But candid, graceful, blushing, look'd her love.

The sun was up that call'd him from his hold ;  
 And o'er his mail she bound a silken gauze  
 All glittering with embroidery of gold,  
 So beautiful, that what in truth it was,  
 It seem'd to be—a pledge of love. The hand  
 Which o'er that work had toil'd with high command  
 Now trembled, bashful of its skilfulness,  
 Though but for love it might have trembled less.

'Twas from her bower the maiden came ; nought there  
 Was fashion'd to rough hands or purpose rude.  
 But gentleness embalm'd the chasten'd air,  
 And voice, or step uncouth, durst not intrude.  
 There kindness temper'd word, and look, and thought ;  
 And there, full many a day the lady wrought  
 In her own soft abode, secure, alone,  
 With skill and care which none but lovers own.

And while her dexterous hand, with graceful art,  
 Ran o'er the glowing tissue ; each point shone  
 With some young dreaming of a maiden's heart !  
 So o'er the cygnet broods the snow-white swan—  
 So o'er that silken mist the lady bent  
 Her fond existence, and while thus intent,  
 To her time's tide ebb'd on with sweetness rife,  
 A rosy, sparkling, blissful stream of life.

Here Fancy call'd within her magic scope  
 The hidden destinies of future hours,  
 And all was glad—a bright May-morn of hope  
 All gaudy with its sunshine and its flowers.  
 Flits now that scarf amid the stirring scene  
 Of warfare—far from ladye bow'r—'tis seen  
 'Mid arms, and plumes, and banners proudly spread,  
 And steeds that rouse the dust with fretful tread.

Swells the loud clarion o'er the slumb'ring plains,  
 And echo's mellow voice returns the sound.  
 Music should tell of gladness ; but those strains  
 Speak but of glory to the host around !  
 And glory isolates the heart from all  
 That binds it to the earth—save honour's call ;  
 There rings defiance in that martial breath—  
 The peal of those who tramp the way to death.

What order reigns throughout the vast array ;  
 How each appointment, carefully complete,  
 Portends the peril of the coming fray  
 When foe and fast-advancing foe shall meet.  
 They come—see—wildly tossing in the throng,  
 Deep in the struggle of the fierce and strong,  
 The scarf—where all their fury thousand's pour—  
 Skims, bravely dancing to the battle's roar.

Oh ! tranquil home ! sweet bow'r ! where undisturb'd,  
 Each pulse that beats more sweetly to the soul  
 Securely flow'd, and all that should be curb'd  
 Of wayward passion slept in deep control !  
 Abode of peace ! is yon thy love-gift ? yon  
 The lady's toil that spurs its wearer on  
 'Mid deeds of terror—dauntlessly to share  
 All that the reckless can inflict or bear ?

'Tis mockery, the work of softer art—  
 Of all that tends o'er life to cast a charm—  
 Bids him be worthy of a gentle heart,  
 And deal red slaughter with a hero's arm.  
 Thou knightly scarf, with what emotions swell  
 Those countless bosoms ! with them does there dwell  
 One kindly impulse ? Ere the day be won,  
 What impulse ask ye ? Battle has but *one*.

Disorder and confusion seem to reign  
 Where late the legions strictly marshall'd stood :  
 But seeks each heart and hand along the plain  
 In deadly unison of purpose—blood !  
 In cordiality of fell intent  
 For mutual havoc did they meet, to vent  
 In dire destruction ev'ry energy  
 Which wrath and fiendish violence supply.

They met, the plains with human gore to dye,  
 To fill the smiling vales with objects dread,  
 With wounds, with moanings of deep agony,  
 And the distortion of the pale-faced dead.

For this they met ; for this they train'd their bands ;  
 For this, to use of arms were skill'd their hands ;  
 For this assiduous ere they took the field,  
 They learn'd how best to smite, how best to shield.

'Tis done—'tis hush'd ; and soil'd and wet with gore  
 Full many a splendid garment hugs the dust,  
 The fearful work of rage—the conflict o'er,  
 Now daunts the eye averted in disgust.  
 Anon, in courtly halls the Scarf as bright,  
 Or still more radiant, beams with vict'ry's light,  
 Honour'd and welcomed from the field of strife,  
 Prized by the peril of a precious life.

The hand by which 'twas given now gently press'd  
 The arm encircled by its welcome girth.  
 Joy crowns the beautiful, the brave, the blest—  
 Blest as if sorrow dwelt no more on earth.  
 Fair damsel ! in the proud and happy mood  
 That now dispels thy fond solicitude,  
 Has there come o'er thee not one passing thought  
 Of those whose hearts, like thine, were terror-fraught ?

Of those who learned the tidings of the fray—  
 With brimful eyes, and bosoms big with woe—  
 Does it not touch thee on that glorious day,  
 How many hearts were riven at each blow ?  
 Nor whom in broken visions of the night  
 The clang of arms and bleeding forms affright ?  
 Thy heart is glad ; nor can it reckon now,  
 What cost the palm that decks thy hero's brow.

Triumphal badge of pride and power, how few  
 Can look on thee and feel their hearts not yearn ?  
 Thy magic wreath so fascinates the view,  
 That thy true worth the fall'n alone discern !  
 Thou victor's bride ! list ! list ! what ear but thine  
 Should learn the feats for which bright laurels twine.  
 Brave friends are gone ; they sleep in honour's grave,  
 And mark what signal fruits fair vict'ry gave.

Where long, with foot tenacious of the field,  
 Trod stubborn resolution, wild dismay  
 Is spread—the vanquish'd fly—they yield  
 The harvest of the strife—the conqueror's prey.  
 Yon city's groaning portals open wide  
 As war pours in its formidable tide ;  
 The air resounds with exultation's shout,  
 And high o'er head victorious standards flout.

The chariots with their men-at-arms roll by ;  
 Now foot, now horsemen, occupy the strand,  
 Stern confidence is knit in every eye,  
 A fearful welcome glitters in each hand.  
 With the glad trumpet mingles, as they come,  
 The silver cymbal's gingling voice ; the drum,  
 The rolling drum, whose animating beat  
 Seems, while it marks the step, to urge the feet.

The lively carol of the shrill-toned fife,  
The shining arms, rich mail, and tramping horse ;  
The innumerable host, all full of life  
And triumph, signalise the victor's course.  
The eye can gather gladness far and near ;  
Gladness in ev'ry sound salutes the ear ;  
Rank after rank through all the host is glad,  
Yet awe rides with them, and the heart is sad.

There—there—the captives—war—the pageantry  
Without that spectacle were incomplete ;  
Mark how it swells the pride of victory  
To lead the valiant humbled by defeat.  
Read, read those haggard looks of mute despair—  
All lost—home—children—wives—is written there !  
All lost—save life—and that a life of thrall,  
Crown, crown their anguish with a victor's gall.

Valour ! thou art the lightning of the storm !  
Thy brightest flash forebodes the deepest ill !  
Conquest, thou tempter ! in thy fairest form  
Thy path lies over death and ruin still.  
What though a day, an hour perchance, has put  
The riches of a province at thy foot ?  
Though luxury profuse around thee flow,  
'Tis wrung from want, and bitterness, and woe.

Revels the victor in his right—excess  
Spare not the last fond hope of the forlorn,  
Heeds not the yearning bowels of distress  
That sue for pity, and is met with scorn.  
The weak shall feed the strong ; deep, deeper stoop  
Heads which e'en now with poignant sorrow droop :  
This, this is glory ; this what might and fraud,  
And evil passion bid the world applaud.

'Tis a debasing of a noble name  
To call that valour which delights in blood,  
Which seeks its meed in trophies, spoil, rule, fame—  
Its element in battle's crimson flood.  
That is true valour—courage—that alone  
Whose honest aid right, justice, virtue, own ;  
Whose generous weapon gleams but to oppose  
The foul invader of our home's repose.

So bursts its ardour, sacred and sublime,  
The bulwark of the virtuous and the free !  
While the fell scourge that roams from clime to clime,  
Disporting in the world's calamity,  
But gluts licentiousness and pride by turns,  
And joyless still its hell of passion burns ;  
The soul's bright harvest, grateful blessings shower  
On him who shields us from oppression's power.

Lady, if Heaven bless thee with a son,  
Tell him rapacity is ever slack  
To hush war's horrid clamour. Bid him shun  
Shame and dishonour in unjust attack.

Tell him the highest courage is not shown  
 In reeking fields, in countless hosts o'erthrown !  
 Danger and death full many a heart has braved  
 To sink in pride, in pleasure's toils enslaved.

Let not the hideous scene of carnage claim  
 The toil of thy fair hand. Go, fill the part  
 Which He who made thee gentle, gave to tame  
 The headlong impulse of man's ruder heart.  
 Thy soft dominion o'er his will exert,  
 The swelling tide of passion to avert ;  
 So shall he, docile to thy kindly way,  
 From things that make not happy turn away.

Go, tell the proud the duty of high birth,  
 To teach with high example self-command ;  
 To humanize the humbler child of earth  
 Let great possessions greater souls expand ;  
 Plucking out seeds of bitterness and strife,  
 Not urging, prodigal of human life,  
 Blind thousands on, in bloodshed to debate  
 The vain and unjust quarrels of the great.

. B. W.

#### PENSEE.—No. VIII.

D A N Æ E.

I saw a flower in a pathless wood  
 Deep-hidden in a mazy labyrinth  
 Of rank wild grass, briars, and prickly leaves ;  
 'Twas a strange donjon for so fair a thing,  
 Dreary, and dark, and rude : but as I gazed  
 On its transparent hues and bending grace,  
 A golden sunbeam stealing from a cloud,  
 Alit on the green summit of the wood,  
 And, lover-like, heeding no obstacles,  
 Toiled through the clustering foliage and thick shade  
 Of interwoven boughs, through tangled brake,  
 Briar, and branching fern, and tarried not,  
 Till, having reached its bourne, it smiling lay  
 On the white bosom of that lonely flower.  
 It was a pleasant sight to see how soon  
 The pretty prisoner raised its drooping head.  
 And gave back smile for smile ; and opening wide  
 Its leaves, that erst were folded, seem to woo  
 The shining guest still nearer to its heart.  
 It was a pleasant sight ; and while I eyed  
 Their amorous dalliance, many a gentle thought  
 Arose unsummoned. Fancy, too, put forth  
 Her wanton witchery, and lured me far—  
 A willing wanderer—I scarce can tell  
 Whither, so rapid was her sunny flight,  
 The merry elfin led : but once methought,  
 Twining the flow'ret in her rainbow wreath,  
 She bore it, followed by the golden beam,  
 To by-gone ages and to distant climes ;  
 And called it Danæe.

T. W.

## OTHO, THE ARCHER.

### *A Chronicle of the Borders of the Rhine.*

BY ALEXANDER DUMAS.

#### CHAPTER I.

ON a cold but fine night towards the end of the autumn of the year 1340, a solitary cavalier was seen proceeding at a swift pace along the narrow pathway bordering the left bank of the Rhine. To have judged by the lateness of the hour, and the speed with which the traveller was progressing, one would have supposed that he intended stopping for the night at the little town of Oberwinter, which he had just entered, but such was not the case; he proceeded at the same pace through several of its narrow and circuitous streets, with which he seemed familiar, and in a brief space was seen quitting the town by an opposite gate to the one by which he had entered it a few minutes previously. At the moment the drawbridge was lowering behind him, the full moon, hitherto invisible, burst through her dusky veil, and coming forth in all her brilliant and resplendent lustre, shone calmly and peacefully amidst the moving masses of clouds whose fantastic forms were fast rolling along the azure canopy of heaven. We will avail ourselves of this fugitive ray to take a rapid glance at the nocturnal traveller. He was a man of about forty-eight or fifty years of age; in frame strongly built and athletic, and in height below what is denominated the middle size. As the country through which he was travelling was at that period in a state of perfect tranquillity, he had divested himself of his weighty helmet and affixed it to his saddle-bow, replacing it by a sort of capuchon, composed of steel net-work or mail, lined with cloth, forming a complete screen against the cold night air, and which, when his helmet occupied its wonted place, fell in a point between his shoulders. Nature had likewise bountifully furnished his head with an equally warm covering, in bestowing an abundant crop of hair, over

which time had already commenced its ravages, and which, falling in thick profusion round his face, gave a milder cast to features which in youth might have been called stern, but which, with the grizzly accompaniment we have just noticed, had now assumed the grave and peaceable expression of that of the lordly lion. As to his rank, that could have only been a secret to those who were ignorant of the science of heraldry. On his helmet was displayed his crest—the coronet of a count, together with a naked hand and arm, the former grasping an unsheathed rapier; while upon his shield, suspended from the other side of his saddle, were emblazoned upon a red ground the three stars, placed two and one, of the house of Homburgh, one of the most noble as well as the most ancient of all Germany. For the benefit of such of our readers as wish to be more intimately acquainted with the personage in question, we shall add that the Count Karl de Homburgh was on his return from Flanders, whither he had been sent by Louis V., Emperor of Bavaria, to give the assistance of his good sword to Edward III., King of England, who, eighteen months previously, had received the title of vicar-general of the empire; and who (thanks to the twelve months' truce which he had just signed with Philip de Valois, at the intercession of Madame Jeanne, sister to the French monarch, and mother of the Count de Hainaut), had restored the cavalier to momentary liberty.

Arrived at the village of Melhem, the traveller quitted the direct road which he had pursued since he left Coblenz, and turned at once into a pathway leading through some private domains. In an instant man and horse had plunged into a deep ravine; but shortly re-appearing at the opposite side, they again followed a narrow path

leading across the common, and with which they both seemed evidently well acquainted. In fact, at the expiration of about five minutes more, the noble animal reared his head, and shaking his long mane neighed loudly as though to give notice of his approach. Though evidently fatigued after a long day's journey, he no longer needed the encouraging voice of his master to impel him onwards, for doubling his speed he shortly left the little village of Godesberg in the distance; and, quitting the path that conducts from Rolendseck to Bonn, and taking the second turning to the left, they came in sight of the castle, situated on the top of the hill, and which had either received its name from, or bestowed one upon the previously named village.

The Castle of Godesberg was then evidently the destination of the cavalier, but the moment the edifice appeared in view he perceived to his regret that he would arrive amidst the bustle and animation of a *fête*. As he advanced up the steep and winding pathway, conducting from the base of the hill to the principal entrance of the castle, he observed that the whole of the apartments at the front of the building were brilliantly illuminated. He could even distinguish, through the soft flowing draperies that shaded the windows, the shadows of the various groups as they stood in converse, and the figures of the dancers as they flitted lightly from place to place.

Although Count Karl de Homburgh would have preferred arriving at any other moment than the one when his friends were surrounded by guests, he nevertheless continued his way, and after a few moments reached the entrance of the castle. The great courtyard was filled with grooms, valets, horses, and litters. The count had scarcely dismounted ere he was surrounded by a number of grooms, all eager in their proffers of service to himself and his steed, but the cavalier would not part so easily from the faithful companion of his dangers; he therefore led him by the bridle to an inner court, and placed him in the stables set apart for the use of the landgrave's own stud, and it was not until he had seen Hans receive his hearty supper and his clean

and comfortable litter laid, that he would suffer himself to be conducted to the house.

The count, as he paused at the entrance of the principal saloon, threw a rapid glance at the gay scene before him. The *fête* seemed at its height. The velvet embroidered suits of the men, the richly emblazoned robes of the ladies, the sparkling of jewels, the lustre of the numerous lights, multiplied *ad infinitum* in the large and costly mirrors, resembled one of those scenes of splendour commonly attributed to the wand of the enchanter. He gazed on, and he felt a thrill of satisfaction as he remarked that amongst the youth assembled, the flower of all was the young Otho, and that amidst the fair and noble dames, the Lady Emma shone the fairest; the one was the son, the other the wife, of his friend and brother in arms, the Landgrave Ludwig of Godesberg.

The strange and unlooked-for appearance of our cavalier as he advanced a few paces amidst the joyous assembly, created an almost chilling sensation. The dark meshes of his steel armour (for like Wilhelm when he appeared to Leonora, he was wholly cased in battle array) contrasted singularly with the bright hues and soft texture of the silks and velvets with which he was surrounded. All eyes were turned upon him, with, however, the exception of those of the master of the revels, who, standing at an opposite door, his eyes intently fixed upon some particular object, had not once altered his position since the entrance of the count.

This singular pre-occupation of his friend, at such a moment, surprised Karl; he quitted the room, and having made the tour of the apartments succeeded at length in forcing his passage to the door at which stood the immovable and still deeply pre-occupied landgrave. Karl paused, his surprise increasing as he noted the evident dejection impressed upon the features before him. "Strange!" thought he, "that he who hath bestowed happiness and joy on all around, should have reserved to himself this unwonted appearance of care!" He advanced still nearer without having succeeded in attracting his attention; at length he

laid his hand upon his friend's shoulder.

The landgrave started, and looked up with a bewildered air; his mind and thoughts still so profoundly occupied that he gazed for some moments on the face of the new comer, as upon that of an utter stranger—yet time was when he would have distinguished his friend with visor closed, in the midst of the battle-field; but now, his whole soul absorbed by some other image, he gazed on as though he knew him not—one word, however, and the spell was broken.

"Ludwig!" said Karl, extending his arms.

It was enough; the landgrave pronounced the single word "Karl!" and threw himself upon the bosom of his brother in arms, rather as a man seeking a refuge from some great misfortune, than as one to whom the sight of an old and valued friend gave that joyful feeling which such an event seldom fails to inspire.

Nevertheless, the unexpected return of his friend seemed for a brief space at least to dispel the gloomy thoughts of our host. Having conducted Karl to the farther end of the saloon, he pointed to a raised seat of carved oak, surmounted by a canopy of cloth of gold, and placing himself beside his friend, while he reclined his head backward in the shade afforded by the rich draperies, took his hand and asked for a recital of his adventures during the three long years they had been separated.

Karl commenced his relation with the warlike prolixity of an old soldier, who loves to talk over the deeds and dangers in which he has participated.

He told how the English, Imperial, and Brabançon troops, headed by the gallant Edward III. in person, had laid siege to Cambray, burning and destroying all before them. How the two armies had met at Buironfosse, without however coming to hostilities, in consequence of a message sent to Philip de Valois by the King of Sicily, who was deeply versed in astrology, predicting that whatever battle he fought against the English, in which Edward commanded in person, would prove fatal to him (a prediction after-

wards verified at Cressy), and consequently how a truce for one year had been concluded between the rival monarchs in the plains of Esplechin, at the earnest solicitation of Madame Jeanne de Valois.

The landgrave listened to this recital with a silence that seemed to betoken attention; true, he had risen more than once from his place, and had even gone to the door of the adjoining apartments, but each time having returned to his seat, the count had continued his narrative from the exact point at which it had been interrupted, well judging that, as master of the house, it was indispensable that his host should occasionally absent himself, in order to see that nothing was wanting to render the *fête* worthy of the noble guests by whom it was attended. The last interruption had, however, been of such duration, that Karl, conceiving he had been altogether forgotten, arose to go in search of the landgrave. Once more approaching the door at which his friend had been stationed on his entrance, he found him again standing on the same spot, but this time his presence was noticed by the landgrave, who without changing his position pointed to a seat close by, and as Karl sank upon the velvet cushions, his friend's hand fell heavily upon his shoulder, and pressed him convulsively. A violent struggle was evidently taking place in the heart of the landgrave. In vain Karl looked around for an explanation of this emotion. Wherever he turned, his eye was met by smiling looks, all breathed of happiness—the landgrave alone was wretched amidst the surrounding joy. Karl, however, remained silent, well knowing that the first duty of friendship is to respect the secret of a friend. Still, between hearts that have long loved, there exists a sympathy by which we read, as it were, our friend's thoughts—so felt the landgrave; he understood and appreciated Karl's silence. At length, after some moments' hesitation, passing his hand rapidly over his brow, while he heaved a bitter sigh:

"Karl!" he asked in a voice nearly inarticulate with emotion, pointing at the same time to his son; "Karl! see't



thou not a strange likeness betwixt Otho and the young noble who is dancing with his mother?"

Count Karl de Homburgh now started in his turn. These few words were to him what the electric flash is to the benighted traveller; transient as is its glare, it is sufficient to show he stands on the brink of the precipice. Still, notwithstanding that he felt all the importance of his reply, the resemblance between the youth and the man was so singularly striking that he could but have returned one answer.

"It is true, Ludwig, one would say they were two brothers."

Scarcely, however, had he uttered the words ere he was sensible that a convulsive tremor ran through the frame of his friend who leaned against him; he quickly added—

"Yet, after all, Ludwig, what does that prove?"

"Nothing!" returned the landgrave, in a husky voice. "Nothing; but that I wished to have thy opinion. Now, come and finish the account of thy campaign."

Thus saying, the landgrave led the way to their former seats, where Karl once more resumed his narrative, nor was he again interrupted before its conclusion. He had been silent for a few moments when the landgrave quitted his seat, and advanced with hasty strides towards the principal door of entrance; here he perceived him stop and eagerly converse for a few seconds with a person whom Karl thought was now entering the saloon for the first time. The voice in which they conversed was so low, that it was impossible to catch a word of their conversation, still, by their animated gestures, it was evident that the stranger's communication was one of vital import. The count was the more convinced of this, as he noticed a still deeper gloom on the countenance of his friend, who had now returned to him.

"Karl!" said the landgrave, "repose, methinks, would be sweeter to thy wearied limbs than the sight of all this festivity; thou hast ridden far; come, I will conduct thee to thy chamber—we will converse to-morrow."

Karl understood that his friend wish-

ed to be alone, and gave a ready assent. As he pressed the landgrave's hand in silence, his eyes once more interrogated those of his friend; but Ludwig only replied by a sad shake of the head and a yet sadder smile. The count saw that the moment for communication had not yet arrived; he once more pressed the hand he still held, significantly, as though he would have said, "when and wherever thou wilt, thou shalt find me ready;" and they parted.

Count Karl de Homburgh laid his weary head upon the pillow, his soul filled with vague feelings of impending evil, and his ears filled with sounds of mirth and festivity. After indulging for some time in long and uneasy reflections his musings became less and less distinct; the weariness of the body overcame that of the soul, his eyes closed, yet between this state of somnolency and that of real sleep, there was still an interval at once fantastical and indescribable, wherein the mind is so far disposed to receive visionary impressions, and phantasy and reality become so closely blended, that all distinction between them is wholly effaced. From this state our traveller shortly sank into a sound and refreshing repose. It was so long since the cavalier had stretched his limbs beneath any other canopy than the blue vault of heaven, or, at rare intervals, of the tent, that it will not be wondered at if he now gave himself up to all the luxury of a good bed. When he awoke, the morning was already far advanced. The unexpected object that first met his view, at once recalled the circumstances which had caused his uneasiness on the preceding evening—it was the figure of the landgrave seated by his bedside: his head was reclining upon his bosom, and so profound was his reverie, that he did not perceive that Karl had at length awakened. The count examined him for some moments in silence, until perceiving two big tears slowly coursing each other down his pale and haggard cheeks, the cavalier could contain himself no longer.

"Ludwig!" he cried, "in the name of heaven what is the matter?"

"Alas! Karl, alas!" cried the landgrave, in a tone of the most bitter

anguish, "the matter is—I have no longer either a wife or a son!"

So saying, and rising with an effort, he threw himself into the arms which were opened to receive him.

#### CHAPTER II.

We must now carry our readers back several years, for the more clear development of our tale.

The Landgrave of Godesberg had been married sixteen years previously to the only daughter of the Count de Ronsdorf, who was killed in 1316, in the wars between his own sovereign, Louis of Bavaria, and Frederic the Fair of Austria. The count had bequeathed his wide domains, situated on the right bank of the Rhine, at the foot of, and beyond the chain of hills known by the name of the Seven Mountains, to his widow, the dowager Countess de Ronsdorf, a lady of the most unblemished reputation, and whose princely lineage induced her to sustain during the period of her widowhood, all the primitive splendour of her house, so that the Castle of Ronsdorf, and the suite of its noble mistress, continued to flourish as in the days of its brave and lamented master.

A few months after the death of the count, when the youthful heiress had just attained her fifth year, the family of the dowager of Ronsdorf was increased by the arrival of a young page, the son, she said, of a deceased friend, who had left him wholly unprovided for. He was a lovely boy, not more than three or four years older than the little Emma, and on this occasion the countess fully sustained her high reputation for kindness of heart. The young orphan was educated with her own daughter, and in all respects received from the dowager the same maternal care and affection which she displayed towards her own child, so that it would have been impossible for a stranger to have said which of the twain was the child of her bosom, or which the child of her adoption.

Years passed on, and these two lovely children grew, side by side, and many whispered for one another, when, to the astonishment of the neighbouring nobility, the youthful Emma who was now ten years old, was affianced to the

young Count Ludwig de Godesberg, who had just entered his eighteenth year. It was, however, arranged between the dowager of Ronsdorf and the old landgrave, that the bridal would be delayed for five years.

Meanwhile, four years from this period added considerably to the beauty and graces of the two young persons. Albert (the young page) had become a well-grown, handsome youth, and Emma, now emerged from childhood, was expanding into a lovely, graceful girl. The Countess de Ronsdorf, who had watched their mutual and growing affection with an eye of the most tender solicitude, perceived with the utmost satisfaction that it partook of none of the characteristics of a warmer sentiment than that of fraternal affection. "One year more," she thought, "and all her anxiety would end." It was the period fixed for Emma's marriage.

Unfortunately, at this moment the Countess de Ronsdorf was seized with a malady whose dangerous symptoms caused the greatest anxiety to her attendants; still it was hoped that the excellent constitution, together with the youth of the patient (for she was only in her thirty-fourth year), would enable her to surmount its violence. Alas! these hopes were vain, the disease soon attained a height that baffled the skill of the most experienced physicians. The countess felt it herself, and insisted with so much pertinacity on the truth being revealed to her, that however unwillingly, her attendants were forced to admit that mortal science was insufficient, and that her only hope lay in the goodness of an all-seeing Providence. The Countess de Ronsberg received this intimation with the meek resignation of a Christian, whose duty it is to bow to the chastening stroke of her Creator. Dismissing her attendants, she called for Albert and Emma, and having made them kneel by her bedside, she revealed to them a secret to which no living mortal was witness. It was, however, remarked, that in the countess's dying moments, it was she who received the benediction of her children instead of her bestowing it upon them: the Countess de Ronsberg expired the same after-

noon. On the following morning, Emma, who had still a year to wait for the fulfilment of her nuptials with the Count de Godesberg, retired to the Convent of Nonenwerth,\* built upon an island of the same name, situate in the middle of the Rhine, and facing the little village of Honnef. Albert remained at Ronsdorf, where the grief into which he was plunged by the loss of his benefactress, was, in all respects, similar to that which he would have felt had he been mourning the death of a parent.

At length the year of probation was expired. Emma had attained her fifteenth year. During the period of her retirement in the holy island of Nonenwerth, her beauty had expanded like that of the blooming rose. Ludwig recalled to his father's mind the engagement entered into by the late dowager and ratified by her daughter; and the old landgrave acceded to his request of having the nuptials celebrated without delay.

Albert, who had not yet completed his twentieth year, but who was remarkable for a gravity far beyond his age, was, by tacit convention, universally acknowledged as the natural protector of Emma. It was to him, therefore, that the old landgrave applied on behalf of his son. Albert accordingly repaired to the convent, and announced to Emma that her lover claimed the fulfilment of her promise. He was answered by the blushing girl placing her hand in his, and declaring she was ready to follow him whithersoever he would. The journey was not tedious; half the Rhine was to be crossed, and about two leagues of land travelling to be performed. So that three days after the expiration of the time fixed upon for her nuptials, the lovely heiress of Ronsberg, conducted by Albert, and followed by a suitable train of attendants, arrived at the castle of her lord and master, the Count Ludwig de Godesberg.

Two years passed in the most uninterrupted felicity, during which time the countess gave birth to a son, who was named Otho. These two years were passed by Albert, alternately be-

tween Ronsberg and Godesberg. The young man had now attained the age when it was customary for the younger members of the nobility to make their first campaign. He therefore took service under John of Luxembourg, King of Bohemia, one of the most valiant cavaliers of the epoch, and accompanied him to the siege of Cassel, when that prince went to the assistance of Philip de Valois, who had undertaken to reinstate the Count Louis de Crecy in his dominions, from which he had been expelled by the good people of Flanders. He was present at the battle when the Flemings were defeated with such dreadful slaughter under the walls of Cassel, and in this, his first trial of skill, so completely routed the enemy, that he was proclaimed chevalier on the field of battle by his royal master, John of Luxembourg. This victory was so decisive, that it terminated the campaign at once. Albert returned to the Castle of Godesberg, impatient to receive the congratulations of his friends, and to display to the sparkling eyes of Emma the golden chain and spurs with which he had been invested.

On his arrival at Godesberg he found the count absent. The Turks were invading Hungary, and on the appeal of Louis the Fifth of Bavaria, Ludwig had departed accompanied by his brother in arms, the Count Karl de Homburgh, whom we have already introduced to our readers. The young chevalier was not, however, the less welcome at Godesberg, where he remained during the six following months. At the expiration of that time, fatigued with a life of inaction, and seeing Europe in a state of tolerable tranquillity, he joined Alphonso the Eleventh, King of Leon and Castile, who was making war against the Saracens of Spain. In this war he performed prodigies of valour, in combating against Muley-Muhamad; but having been dangerously wounded before Grenada, he returned once more to Godesberg, where he found the Count Ludwig, who had just succeeded to the title and estates of the old landgrave, whose death occurred about the commencement of the year 1332. The return of Albert was a joyful event for the whole family, especially for the little Otho, who was

\* The Monastery of Nonenwerth is still extant, and is at this present day an inn.

now five years old. Albert noted, with undisguised pleasure, the improvement of the child ; his long, fair hair fell in natural curls over his neck and shoulders, clustering about his rosy cheeks, and his clear blue eyes were shaded by long, soft, and silken lashes. Ludwig received Albert with all the affection of an old friend. They had both been contending against the infidels, one in the north the other in the south ; both had been victorious, and both had to tell of hair-breadth escapes, with which to while away the approaching winter's evenings. Thus a year passed with such rapidity, that the flight of time was wholly unobserved. At the end of that time Albert's adventurous spirit began to manifest itself anew. He visited the courts of France and England, accompanied Edward the Third in his Scottish campaign, broke a lance with James Douglas, and once more taking up arms against France, he assisted Gauthier de Mauny in his conquest of the Isle of Cadsand. Profiting by his return to the Continent, he again set out upon a visit to his friends at Godesberg, where he was not a little surprised at finding a new inmate.

This was a person of the name of Godefroy, a distant relative of the landgrave, who having no paternal inheritance to look forward to, had sought to better his condition by the help of his sword. He, too, had fought against the infidels, but in the Holy Land. The ties of kindred, together with his reputation for deeds of arms, acquired in the course of his crusades, rendered him not only a welcome but a distinguished guest at Godesberg, and he had somehow succeeded, during the prolonged absences of Albert and the Count de Homburgh, in rendering his presence indispensable to the landgrave. Godefroy was then established at the castle, not as a visitor, but on the footing of a cherished member of the family.

Friendship is said to have its jealousy as well as love. Whether it was prejudice, or whether reality, we cannot take upon ourselves to say, but Albert saw, or fancied he saw, an unusual coldness in the manner of the landgrave towards him ; he complained to Emma, who on her side lamented

the change which she said she had noticed in her husband's manner towards herself. Albert quitted the castle in a few days, alleging that his presence was required at Ronsdorf to superintend some necessary repairs ; he therefore crossed the Rhine, and passing the little neck of mountains which separated the two domains, once more took up his abode beneath the roof where he had been so kindly fostered by the late Countess-Dowager of Ronsdorf. He had not been more than a fortnight in his ancient home, before he received a letter from Emma, complaining in bitter terms of the alteration in her husband's conduct and manner ; from mild, tender, and affectionate, as she had always known him, he had become morose, suspicious, and silent. The whole establishment had noted the change, for all, not excepting Otho, had suffered from it ; but by her and her beloved boy it was still more cruelly felt, for they had hitherto been the objects of the landgrave's deepest affection. The unhappy countess added, that to her surprise as well as her annoyance, she perceived, that as she and her son fell in the affection of the landgrave, their inmate Godefroy seemed to rise in his esteem, as though the mother and child had been cast aside to make room for the admission of a person who had until lately been almost a stranger to him. Albert lamented deeply that restless inconsistency of human nature which too often causes the happiest beings (as if unable to bear this load of felicity) to seek by every means to quench or destroy their happiness, as though they would seek to extinguish a fire which they believed would finally consume their very vitals. Things were in this state, when Albert received an invitation to join a large party of the surrounding nobility, who had been invited to a grand entertainment given to celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of the birth of Otho.

This *fête*, towards the end of which our tale commences, produced the singular effect we have already noticed upon the mind of the landgrave ; the fact was, that at the beginning of the ball, Godefroy had pointed out to Ludwig (as though he now perceived it for

the first time) the striking resemblance which existed between Albert and Otho.

In fact, allowing for the difference which necessarily exists between the delicate features of childhood and the more matured lineaments of manhood, and admitting the contrast between the blooming complexion of the one, and the sun-burnt visage of the other, none could deny that the appearance of the two seemed to denote that the strongest ties of affinity existed between them. There was the same fair hair, the same blue eyes, the same expression of countenance that denoted that the same blood flowed in the veins of both. This revelation was almost a death-blow to the landgrave. He had for some time, thanks to the whispers of his friend Godefroy, began to suspect the purity of his wife's connexion with Albert, but the horrid thought that these criminal relations existed before his marriage, and which this singular likeness so fatally contributed to strengthen, drove him well nigh to madness. Otho then, Otho upon whom he had lavished all a parent's fondness—Otho, his pride, his glory, and towards whom his heart still yearned, was then the child of crime—the offspring of a guilty mother!

These circumstances will at once explain the grief so profoundly depicted upon the lineaments of the landgrave, at the entrance of his old friend, the Count Karl de Homburgh.

It will be also understood, that the person Karl observed in mysterious conversation with the landgrave in the course of the evening, was this same Godefroy, whose presence had so effectually destroyed the peace of the hitherto happy family. He came to tell the landgrave, that from some words he had accidentally overheard, he was persuaded that the countess had made an assignation with Albert, whose intention was to depart for Italy that same night, in order to take the command of some troops who were to be sent thither by the emperor. The certainty of this guilty step could be easily ascertained by the landgrave himself, as the meeting was to take place at one of the private gates of the castle, and Emma would be obliged to pass through the

gardens immediately under the windows, to reach the place of their appointment.

Suspicion once admitted to the human breast, holds its sway with fearful tenacity. The landgrave, anxious at all hazards to ascertain the fatal truth, sought to stifle within his bosom all those generous and manly sentiments that render the odious character of the spy so repugnant to the feelings of a man of honour. He hesitated whether he would stoop to this act of self-abasement; at length the wily counsels of his adviser, together with his own anxiety to receive positive conviction upon a subject so dear to his peace of mind, prevailed. He and Godefroy stationed themselves at a window which overlooked the garden—his informant was not mistaken, as the castle clock struck the hour of four, Emma descended the steps, and having cast a furtive glance around, disappeared amidst a cluster of trees that stood a few paces from the window where they watched. Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, ere the landgrave saw his wife return, leaning on the arm of Albert. Arrived at the foot of the steps, he saw the lovers embrace, and by the placid light of the moon, which shone above them, he fancied he could detect the traces of tears upon the face of his once loved, but guilty wife.

◆ The certainty of his misfortune was now fully established. Ludwig resolved to act promptly and decidedly. He placed in the hands of Godefroy a few hasty lines, in which the countess was ordered to follow that person without delay. The captain of the landgrave's guard received, at the same time, a command to seize upon Otho, who had retired to bed, and to convey him to the abbey of Kilberg, near Cologne, where he was to exchange the brilliant destiny to which he had hitherto been heir, for the narrow cell and the sombre garments of a monk.

These orders were instantly put into execution; the wife and child had both quitted the castle. The abbey of Kilberg as we have said, was the destination of the one, the monastery of Nonenworth of the other.

As soon as his fatal resolution had been taken, the landgrave seated him-

self as before stated, at the bedside of his friend, where he had been long waiting for the moment to unburthen his bosom of the weight with which it was oppressed, by pouring his load of sorrows into that friendly heart which he was certain beat in unison with his own.

The Count de Homburgh listened with a deep and mute attention to the narrative of his unhappy friend.

"Ludwig!" he asked, when the landgrave had ceased speaking; "will not all that I do be well done?"

"Yes," replied the landgrave, surprised at the question; "but what canst thou do?"

"It matters not," returned Karl.

In a few minutes he was cased in the same suit of armour in which we introduced him on the previous evening. He pressed his friend's hand silently, and descending to the stables, he saddled his faithful Hans, and once more pursued his way slowly and thoughtfully down the narrow-winding path leading from the castle.

His further movements will form the subject of another chapter.

#### CHAPTER 'II.

Arrived at the bottom of the hill, Count Karl took the direct road leading to Rolandswerth. Proceeding slowly, wrapt in profound meditation, he shortly reached a narrow pass or dell, surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains. On this romantic spot, stood a small and rudely-constructed chapel, from beneath whose mossy portal an old monk was seen issuing at the moment the cavalier rode up. Upon Karl's inquiry as to whether this was the direct road from the convent of Nonenwerth to the castle of Godesberg, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, he desired the priest to remain where he was, saying it was possible ere long he would be required to take the confession of a dying man. The priest bowed his head, and in silent acquiescence to his will re-entered the chapel, where once more falling upon his knees, he was soon heard chanting in a low, monotonous tone, the prayers for the dying.

Count Karl de Homburgh was one of those types of ancient chivalry already beginning to grow rare in the fifteenth century, and so inimitably de-

scribed by Froissard. For him, all depended upon God and his good sword, and according to his creed, the man could not err who left the issue of his affairs to the judgment of Heaven. Thus, no sooner did the landgrave make him acquainted with the events we have recorded, than doubts arose in his mind as to the truth of Godefroy's assertions, which doubts, upon more mature reflection, amounted to absolute conviction. None, Karl knew, had ever questioned the love and fidelity of the Countess Emma towards her husband; he then recollected that he was, not only the bosom-friend of the unhappy Ludwig, but that he had been one of the oldest friends of the late Count de Ronsberg. They had been friends from childhood, had fought side by side in their first campaign; it therefore behoved him, he thought, to clear the injured daughter and wife from the foul aspersions cast upon her fair fame. Aware that Godefroy must necessarily pass this road on his return from the monastery, whither he was gone to conduct the unhappy countess, he came to the resolution of awaiting him on that spot, determined to make him avow his falsehood, and in case of his persisting in a denial, by challenging him to mortal combat, to let Heaven decide between them. Closing his visor, he placed himself across the very centre of the narrow path, where, during the space of one hour, he sat immoveable, as though he and his noble war-horse were hewn out of a single block of solid granite. At the end of that time, he perceived a cavalier in armour descending the side of the opposite mountain, and who must of necessity pass on the very spot where he had taken his station. The stranger paused on seeing the passage occupied; but observing that it was guarded by a single cavalier, he seated himself more firmly in his saddle, grasped the reins tightly, which he had thrown upon his horse's neck, placed his lance in rest, and ascertaining that no impediment existed to prevent his sword from leaving its scabbard, he continued his route. When he arrived within a few paces of the count, he again reined in his charger, perceiving that the latter did not seem disposed to give him room to pass.

"Sir knight!" he cried; "may I inquire whether it be your good pleasure to bar the passage against all travellers who may be journeying this road?"

"Not against all, messire," replied Karl; "but against one whom I proclaim to be a liar and a traitor, and who, before he passes this spot, must declare his falsehood and his treachery."

"Then," continued Godefroy, "as the matter in no way concerns me, I pray you, sir knight, to withdraw either to the right or to the left, thereby making room for two men of equal rank to pass in the centre of the road."

"You are in the wrong, messire," responded Karl, in a loud voice; "it is yourself, and none else, that this matter regards; and to share the path with a false calumniator like you, is what a noble and loyal cavalier will never consent to."

Upon hearing the clanging of the horses' hoofs, the monk had ventured to the door of the chapel, rightly judging it to be the arrival of the person for whom his ministry was required. He now rushed between the opponents:

"Brothers," he cried; "would ye slaughter one another?"

"You are in error, holy father," calmly responded the Count de Homburgh; "this man is not my brother, nor do I precisely seek his life. Let him avow that he has calumniated the Countess Ludwig de Godesberg, and he is free to go and repent him of his sins when and where he will."

Godefroy laughed triumphantly while he exclaimed, evidently mistaking the cavalier for Albert:

"The countess only wanted this one other proof of her innocence, that of being so well defended by her lover!"

"Again art thou mistaken!" thundered forth the cavalier. "False knave, I am not him for whom thou takest me! Behold in me the Count Karl de Homburgh—one who hath no ground of quarrel against thee but the hatred which he bears towards all traitors—but the contempt in which he holds all calumniators. Acknowledge thou hast lied, and thou art free"

"That," replied Godefroy contemptuously, "is an affair that lies betwixt heaven and myself."

"Let heaven then defend the good

cause!" exclaimed Karl, preparing for combat.

"So be it!" muttered Godefroy, lowering his vizor with one hand, while with the other he followed the example of his antagonist, by drawing forth his sword. The priest crossed himself devoutly, and kneeling at the chapel-door, repeated an *aver* and a *paler*, in supplication that heaven would defend the cause of the righteous.

Godefroy was brave, and had given more than one signal proof of courage in Palestine; but then he fought in the Holy cause whereas now he was flying in the face of his Creator, by combating in defence of his own falsehood and calumny. Thus, notwithstanding his courage, and skill in wielding his weapons, he felt his powers unequal to the contest; hence, after a long and obstinate combat, he was forced to give way before the just cause sustained by his antagonist. Godefroy fell, pierced by the sword of his opponent, which penetrating his cuirass, had sank deep into his breast. His charger, terrified at his master's fall, no sooner found himself free, than he galloped off in the direction whence he had come, and shortly after disappeared behind the mountain.

"Father!" said Karl, calmly turning towards the trembling monk, who still knelt beneath the chapel-door, "Father! you have no time to lose, methinks, in the accomplishment of your holy mission. Here is the confession I promised you, hasten to shrive the penitent, ere it be too late."

So saying, with an air of the most unperturbed tranquillity, he sheathed his sword, and once more resumed his former statue-like immobility. The monk approached the wounded cavalier, who leaning upon his hand, was with difficulty supporting himself upon one knee. Having unloosened his helmet, he perceived that his features were already beginning to assume the ghastly appearance of death, the blood was also flowing copiously from his mouth. Karl feared for a moment that he would not be able to speak: The cool air, however, shortly revived him. The monk assisted to place him in a sitting posture, and then kneeling by his side, prepared to listen to his

confession. When it was concluded, the dying man was once more placed upon his knees. He then raised his clasped hands to heaven, saying at three several times:

"Lord, Lord, have mercy upon me!" And after uttering a deep groan he fell back, and instantly expired.

"Father!" inquired Karl, addressing the priest, "are you not authorised to reveal the confession which you have just heard?"

"I am, my son," replied the old man, "but to the Landgrave de Godesberg alone."

"Here is my horse ready to convey you to him," continued the cavalier dismounting: "mount, father!"

"Not so, my son!" responded the monk, shrinking from a nearer approach to the noble war-horse.

"Mount, father, mount without delay!" continued the cavalier, in the accents of one who would not be denied. "Mount, father," he pursued, "Heaven forbid that a poor sinner like myself should ride at his ease, whilst God's holy minister journeys by his side on foot."

The monk seeing resistance of no avail, suffered himself, unwillingly though he it said, to be assisted into the saddle. Karl then seized the bridle, and conducted the still trembling priest slowly and safely to the castle of Godesberg, where his first care was to seek out his friend, whom he found still seated in the spot he had left him, although nearly seven hours had elapsed since his departure from the castle on that eventful morning. The landgrave raised his eyes as Karl and the monk entered the chamber, he looked alternately from one to the other, with the air of one bewildered.

"Here, Ludwig," said Karl, "here is a worthy minister of heaven, who hath a confession *in extremis*, to reveal to thee."

"Who is dead?" cried the landgrave, gasping for breath, and growing still paler than he was on their entrance.

"Godefroy!" replied Karl, "killed in mortal combat."

"And by whom?" gasped Ludwig.

"By me!" answered Karl; and quit-

ting the room, he closed the door, leaving the landgrave alone with the monk, who instantly commenced his recital of the dying man's confession.

"Godefroy had," he said, "become acquainted in Palestine with a German knight, from the environs of Cologne, known by the name of the Count Ernest de Huningen, and who fifteen years previously had entered into the order of Malta, where he was justly celebrated for his piety, his loyalty and his courage. Godefroy and Ernest fought side by side at Saint Jean-d'Acre, where Ernest was mortally wounded. Godefroy saw him instantly conveyed to his tent, and returned to the field of action.

"Scarcely had he entered his own tent after the fatigues of the battle, ere a messenger sent by Ernest, came to announce that his master who had only a few minutes to live, requested to see Godefroy without a moment's delay.

"On entering the tent of the wounded knight, Godefroy saw that his minutes were numbered; he approached the couch of his dying friend, and taking his hand, inquired if he had any commands to intrust him with. Ernest explained in a few words the service he demanded at his hands.

"He said, 'that he had in his youth become acquainted with a lovely girl, and that a mutual attachment had sprung up between them. The parents of the young lady refused their consent to his marriage with their daughter in consequence of his being a younger son, without fortune, and at that period without any probability of the family title ever devolving upon him. Unhappily the young lovers found frequent opportunities of meeting, and the consequence was, that a son was born, who could neither inherit the name of his father nor of his mother.'

"Some time after the young lady was forced by her parents into an alliance with a rich and powerful noble. Ernest losing all hope of being united to the object of his affection, quitted the paternal roof, set off for Malta, where he pronounced his vows, and then joined in the expedition to Palestine. Heaven had rewarded his strength of mind and courage; he lived the life of



a saint and died the death of a martyr. Before his death he placed a paper in the hands of Godefroy. It was the donation of all he possessed to his son Albert (who he said still lived), amounting to about sixty thousand florins. As the mother of his son had died six years previously, he thought himself at liberty to reveal her name in order to give Godefroy some clue which might lead to the discovery of his son. The mother was the Countess de Ronsdorf."

Godefroy returned to Germany with the intention of fulfilling the dying wishes of his friend. But on his arrival at Godesberg, he instantly perceived the advantages he would derive by the concealment of the secret he alone possessed. The landgrave had but one son: that son and the countess out of the way, Godefroy would necessarily become sole heir to the landgrave's immense property.

The temptation was too strong to be resisted, so he formed the diabolical scheme we have narrated, and which instead of enriching him as he expected, caused the termination of his guilty existence.

"Karl! Karl!" cried the landgrave, rushing from the chamber like a madman, and entering the long gallery, where the count awaited the conclusion of the monk's communication, "Karl! he was not her lover, but her brother!"

Messengers were instantly dispatched in different directions, with orders to bring back the countess and her son.

One party returned during the night. Emma feeling herself so deeply aggrieved by the unmerited affront she received that morning, as well as by the late unkind conduct of her husband towards her, refused to return; saying, she was determined to end her days in the convent, and would, if necessary, invoke the inviolability of the sanctuary.

At the end of the second day the others returned, accompanied by the men at arms who were sent to conduct Otho to Kirberg; but Otho was not among them. As they were descending the Rhine in a small boat, Otho, who knew whither they were conducting him by his father's orders, took

the opportunity, whilst the moon was hid behind a mass of clouds, to escape from the vigilance of his conductors; death, in his eyes, was preferable to a monastery; he threw himself overboard in a spot where the river was deepest and the current most rapid, and instantly disappeared.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The misfortune of the landgrave was not however so great as might be imagined from the event which closed our last chapter. Otho threw himself into the Rhine, not with the purpose of seeking death, but with that of seeking liberty. Brought up on its borders, the waters of the noble river had no terrors for him. Often had he tried his strength in the exercises of diving and swimming with his young companions, and scarcely ever had he been equalled, especially in diving. He plunged, then, into the spot where he knew the waters were deepest, and remained beneath the surface as long as respiration permitted. When he again ventured to the top he looked around; the boat was nowhere to be seen, and it was so dark that he thought it most unlikely he should be discovered. He swam to shore. The night was cold, the moon completely overshadowed by dense masses of cloud, and large drops, which were already falling fast and thick, portended a night of heavy rain. Otho was chilled, and in want of a fire before which to dry his dripping garments. As he looked around him for a place of shelter, he perceived a light glimmering in the distance—making for it with all speed, he found it proceeded from the window of a cottage; he knocked and instantly obtained admittance, while, with true German hospitality, the inmates offered him a supper and a bed, both of which he accepted. The next morning he set off at break of day for Cologne. It was the Sabbath, and as he entered the town he heard the church bells chiming, and saw the inhabitants proceeding to the different places of worship. He too entered one of the chapels, where he took the precaution of standing behind one of the massy columns which supported the dome, having recognised in the officiating priest an old friend of his

father's, Monseigneur Walcrand de Juliers, Archbishop of Cologne.

After Otho had concluded his devotions, he looked round the chapel, and to his surprise observed that their congregation, which on his first entry he perceived to be numerous, was composed almost entirely of archers. His first thought was, that the mass which had just been celebrated was in honour of St. Sebastian, the patron of their corporation. He addressed himself to one of that body who stood near, and was told that the archers from various parts of the country were assembling, on their way to the annual archery meeting held by Prince Adolphus of Cleves, one of the richest as well as the most amiable German nobles who resided in that part of the country.

Otho quitted the chapel, and having ascertained the name and abode of the best furnished tailor of the town, he soon exchanged his velvet and silken habiliments for the green, close-fitting jerkin which composed the uniform of the archers. He next purchased the best maple bow he could procure, and having chosen a quiver furnished with its dozen arrows, he directed his steps towards the hostelry of the Golden Heron, where the archers had assembled to pass that day and night. They had still three days before them. The meeting was not to take place until the Wednesday, but though they had a long journey to perform, they were far too religiously disposed to proceed upon it on the day appointed to man to rest from his labour. On entering the hostelry Otho, was immediately shown into a large room, where about thirty archers were seated round a well-covered board. Although a perfect stranger, our hero was instantly invited to join them; place was made for him at the table, and before an hour elapsed Otho had made acquaintance with every member of the jovial party. That night they slept at the Golden Heron, and at break of day set off upon their journey. One part of his equipment had, however, been overlooked in the young man's haste. They had not proceeded far on their march before this was noticed by one of his companions, who observed that Otho had no trophy of his skill to display, else

his cap would not lack a plume; and finished by hinting that their new acquaintance had not yet perhaps been initiated into the mysteries of their art. Although Otho did not precisely relish the joke, still he wisely let it pass, at the same time good-humouredly acknowledged that neither bow nor arrows had yet served; but laughingly rejoined, that he hoped ere long to be able to procure the necessary appendage. Meanwhile he bent his bow, and plucked an arrow from his belt. The archers, one and all, awaited in undisguised impatience for an opportunity by which to judge of the dexterity of their new comrade.

Numerous were the occasions which presented themselves to Otho of satisfying the curiosity of his friends, but, under one plea or another, the youth still withheld from giving testimony of his skill in handling his bow and arrows.

One pointed out a raven that was perched upon a dried branch of a blighted oak at a little distance; but Otho replied, that the croaking creature was an unclean animal, and as such not worthy to grace the cap of a free archer. This was a fact agreed upon by the whole troop. A sparrowhawk, just visible at the point of a rock, was next pointed out; but this time he answered, that the exclusive right of destroying the sparrowhawk appertained to the nobility, and that therefore it would ill become him, the son of a poor peasant, to make sport of the noble bird. This remark was equally true—still the archers saw in it only an excuse for deferring to give the desired proof of skill. Otho perceived and understood the look that passed amongst his companions; he did not appear however to notice it, and pursued his way as gaily as hitherto. They had not proceeded above half a mile further, ere Otho perceived, at about fifty paces in advance of them, a heron emerging from the rising bank at that side of the river. "Brother!" he said, turning to one of the archers, who had the reputation of being the best marksman among them, "yonder is a bird that might furnish a plume worthy to grace the jewelled turban of an empress. I would fain have a feather

from his neck wherewith to deck my cap; will you, who are accounted the best bow amongst us, procure for me the trophy that I covet?"

"On the wing?" inquired the archer, surprised at the request.

"On the wing!" repeated Otho; "see how heavily the creature mounts into the air, he has not risen more than ten paces since we first noticed him; he is within half a shot."

"Draw, Robert, draw!" cried twenty voices together.

Robert nodded in token of assent, and commenced his preparations more in the manner of a person acting in compliance with the wishes of others, than in the anticipation of success. He took his aim, however, steadily and carefully, and the arrow, sped by a vigorous arm and a practised eye, shot through the air, and passed so close to the bird, that the affrighted creature sent forth a shrill cry, to which the whole troop responded by a shout of acclamation.

"Well done!" cried Otho, and turning to his left, "now, Hermann!" he said.

The young man to whom this second appeal was made, no doubt expected to be called upon; he was prepared, and scarcely had the words been uttered, ere a second arrow shot into the air, pursuing the fugitive, who again sent forth a wild shriek, as this second messenger of death fell but a few inches short of him. This second shot elicited another universal shout of approbation.

"It is my turn," said Otho.

The whole troop gathered round the youth; they looked first at him, and then at each other incredulously. The bird was still within shot, though at a considerable distance. Its heavy wings had found sufficient air, and the heron was now soaring with a rapidity that would in a few seconds more remove it beyond all danger. Otho had calculated the velocity of its flight, for it was not until he had cautiously measured the distance with his eye, that he slowly raised his arrow to a line with the bird, then drawing the string even beyond his shoulder, in the manner of the English archers, he stood for one moment still as a statue; suddenly a slight whizz was heard, for the shaft

had been sped with a velocity that defied even the piercing eye of the archers. All turned towards the heron, which stopped in its flight as though stricken by an invisible hand, and at the same moment fell, pierced through and through, from a height which seemed to defy the power of man to attain.

The archers stared as though they comprehended not the extraordinary feat they had just witnessed. Otho stood still one moment, inwardly exulting in the effect he had produced, without however appearing to notice the amazement of his companions. He then walked forward to the spot where the dead heron lay, and plucking from its neck those fine and delicate feathers which are so highly prized, placed them as a trophy in his cap. The archers meanwhile measured the distance—it was three hundred and twenty paces.

This time the admiration of the community was not testified by noisy acclamations; they had witnessed a proof of skill which they would one and all have pronounced as impossible, had they heard it spoken of, but they had seen it, and had measured the distance. They approached their new companion, while Robert and Hermann held out their hands to him, with a visible feeling of deference, however, which seemed to imply that they not only admitted him into their society as a welcome associate, but even acknowledged him as their chief.

The band, which had not halted since they quitted Worringen where they breakfasted, arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon at Neufs. There they partook of a hasty dinner, for within three leagues of Neufs stood the *Rock Church*, as it was called, and the archers were too religious to think of being in such a vicinity without performing a pilgrimage to that miraculous spot. It was late when they reached the holy rock; this is an immense mass of stone, having in all respects the outward aspect of a church.

According to tradition, this was the first Christian edifice built upon the borders of the Rhine by one of the chiefs of ancient Germany, who had been converted to Christianity, and who died in the odour of sanctity, leaving

behind him seven beautiful and virtuous daughters, who daily repaired to the church for the purpose of praying over their father's tomb. It was at the period of the great migrations of the barbarians, when the Asiatics, a people hitherto unknown in Germany, came down to effect such changes in the state of the European world.

Attila had, it is said, been conducted by a hind across the *Palus Mæotis*,\* and he descended into Germany, preceded by the terror which his name inspired. The Huns shortly appeared upon the right bank of the Rhine, and the same day saw the commencement of the conflagration which extended from Colonia Agrippina,† as far as Aliso.‡ The danger was imminent, mercy was not to be expected from such conquerors, and the following morning, at the same moment when the invaders were seen embarking upon rafts they had constructed during the night, out of trees felled for that purpose, the seven maidens shut themselves up in the church, and kneeling round their father's tomb, besought his spirit, by the love and duty they had borne him through life, to protect them even after his death in this their present extremity. That day and the following night they passed in prayer, and they were already beginning to hope that their petitions had been granted, when on the second morning they heard the approach of the barbarians. They had already commenced knocking with the pommel of their swords against the solid oaken porch, which however resisted all their violence. Some returned to the neighbouring hamlet to procure ladders, by means of which they purposed scaling the windows, while others were occupied in the adjacent forest, stripping the branches from a fir-tree, which they had felled, and were rudely forming into a kind of battering-ram, with which to burst in the door. Great however was their astonishment, on their return to the church with their various implements of destruction; a miracle had been wrought in favour of the seven virgins;

the church still stood before them, but where were the windows? the doors? The holy edifice had been changed into a single solid mass of rock! while, from the midst of the stony pile, a sweet, sad, low chant was heard, like the solemn requiem for the dead: it was the melodious voices of the seven sisters pouring forth their hymn of thanksgiving to heaven, for the wonderful preservation that had been accorded to them.

Having performed their devotions at the Rock church, the archers returned to pass the night at Strump.

The next morning they continued their journey. The day passed without any incident worthy of remark. The troop had considerably increased in numbers since they quitted Cologne; the meeting to which the archers were resorting from all parts, was expected to be one of the most brilliant that had taken place for several years. The prize, a green velvet toque, embroidered in gold, with a diamond aigrette in front, was to be bestowed by the fair hands of the Princess Helena, (whose work it was), the only daughter of Prince Adolphus of Cleves. The young princess, who had just entered her fourteenth year, was renowned throughout Germany for her grace and beauty. It is not therefore to be wondered at, if the meeting was more than usually numerous.

Meantime the little troop, which now might number forty or fifty men, advanced gaily on their way. They had however on this, their last day's journey, an arduous task to perform. The archery meeting was to take place the following morning at Cleves, to commence immediately after the conclusion of the last mass, namely, at eleven o'clock in the morning. They agreed, consequently, to sleep at Kervenheim, and to accomplish this, there was scarcely time to admit of their stopping to breakfast or to dine; they promised themselves however to make up for the deficiency by a hearty supper, when arrived at their destination. Notwithstanding all their speed, this was, however, a task they were unable to accomplish. When they reached Kervenheim, the gates were closed and the drawbridges raised. Thus forced *bon-*

\* Sea of Asoph.

† Colonia Agrippina, the ancient name of Cologne.

‡ Wesel.

*gré malgré*, to pass the night outside the town, they determined to make the best of their mischance, and turned their steps towards a neighbouring mountain, where they perceived the ruins of an old castle, beneath whose moss-clad walls they hoped to find at least a shelter. It was the castle of Windeck.

In vain did one of the oldest archers of the band object to their passing the night in the old castle, but his being the only dissenting voice, his opinion was soon overruled. He therefore prepared, though with evident reluctance, to accompany his companions.

The night was dark and gloomy; not a star was visible in the firmament; the heavy clouds seemed almost to touch their heads, and a drizzling rain, accompanied by sudden bursts of wind, was beginning to fall. Any shelter, however incomplete it might prove, was looked upon by the weary travellers as a boon from heaven.

The archers commenced their difficult ascent up the steep and rugged sides of the mountain in unbroken silence. Occasionally, as they stepped amongst the brambles with which the path was covered, did they perceive some savage animal dart from its lair, and after gleaming upon them with its fiery eyeballs, disappear howling amidst the underwood, not daring to attack such a formidable body as presented itself to its view. Multiplied events of this nature convinced the men that some superstitious terror was attached to the ruins, for it was evident that these solitary paths had not been trodden by the foot of man for perhaps the space of a century before. Suddenly they perceived before them, like a gigantic spectre, rearing its mighty head beyond the clouds, one of those high towers erected for the purpose of forming a defence to the main entrance to the castle.

The old archer before mentioned proposed passing the night beneath the shelter of this building; consequently the party halted, and having struck a light, and lit a torch formed of a resinous branch of the fir-tree, they commenced exploring the building.

To their vexation, however, they perceived that the roof had entirely fallen

in, and that the mouldering walls could not afford sufficient shelter against the inclemency of the night; there was but one voice for continuing their route to the principal building; the old archer had however his choice to accompany them, or remain where he was; he chose the former, preferring the society of his companions, go where they would, to the alternative of passing the night alone in such a fearful neighbourhood. During their halt, they had taken the precaution of breaking off some large branches of the fir-tree, which they had formed into torches, so that the remainder of their journey was performed with infinitely less toil and danger than had been the previous part.

At the approach of the archers, and at the sight of the torches, the screech-owls and bats, the only living occupants to all appearance in the castle, disturbed at the unusual intrusion, rushed terrified from their nests, and after performing sundry circuitous evolutions over the heads of the intruders into these their own lawful premises, they departed with harsh and dismal cries in search of some other tenement, wherein to take up their abode. At these sinister cries, and the dilapidated appearance of the place altogether, a feeling nearly akin to terror seemed to pervade even the bravest hearts amidst the troop. Nevertheless, they penetrated into the interior, and soon found themselves in a large court or square surrounded by buildings, of which some parts had completely fallen to ruins, whilst others, on the contrary, still continued in a state of singular preservation, the more remarkable from the contrast formed by the surrounding decay.

The archers immediately proceeded to one of the doors leading to that part of the building which appeared to them in the highest state of preservation. The door creaked on its rusty hinges as it gave them admittance. They passed through an outward vestibule, and entered an immense hall or chamber, which in former times had probably served as a guard-room. The windows were defended with the remains of solid oaken shutters, which in a great measure sheltered them from the wind

which whistled through sundry broken panes; benches likewise of oak lined the four walls of the chamber, offering a warmer substitute for couches than that afforded by the marble pavement; and an immense chimney gave them at once the means of warmth and light; it was all they could expect, and they who had often been reduced to the necessity of passing whole nights under the canopy of heaven, and exposed to the rigours of an inclement season, were thankful for the shelter and unexpected comforts thus afforded them. The worst however was, that they were supperless; they had journeyed far, and since twelve o'clock, when they partook of a hasty meal, they were fasting; but this was a circumstance to which men of their calling were constantly exposed, so it behoved them to make the best of their present condition. Having tightened their leathern girdles, they proceeded to kindle a large fire in the chimney, warmed themselves thoroughly, and then, feeling overcome by the fatigues of the day, began to establish themselves, as well as they were able, upon the benches with which the walls were lined, having previously taken the precaution, by advice of the old archer, to select by lot four out of the party who were successively to watch whilst the others slept. They drew lots, and chance decided for Otho, Hermann, the old archer already mentioned, and a youth of the name of Frantz. At the moment when half-past nine sounded from the distant church of Kervenheim, Otho commenced his guard, and in the course of a few minutes was the only one awake.

As the young man gazed upon his sleeping companions, his thoughts reverted to the events of the last three days. Three days before, at that same hour, he was proud and happy, doing the honours of his father's mansion to all the flower of chivalry and beauty of which his paternal neighbourhood could boast, and now, without any fault of his, without being even acquainted with the cause of the change, he found himself an outcast from his parent's love, an exile from his father's roof, and the companion of a troop of men, brave and loyal undoubtedly, yet without birth, without education! And

would he ever be reinstated into his paternal domains? Alas! he knew not! His kind, his tender mother too, was not she unhappy? What would she have said, did she know that at that moment her boy, the son of a prince, brought up in ease and luxury, accustomed to sleep while others watched his slumbers, was now in his turn performing his vigils over the repose of his new associates, a herd of peasants! These and similar thoughts contributed to make the two hours he was appointed to watch, pass more quickly than he at first expected. He had successively counted ten, half past ten, and eleven o'clock, and when the distant bell chimed half past eleven, he had scarcely perceived the flight of time. Still his heavy eyelids were beginning to close, and he thought it time to awaken Hermann, whose turn it was to watch the two succeeding hours. The young man awoke, and though annoyed at his rest being disturbed, nevertheless resigned his bench to Otho, and took his station by the fire, which he replenished by throwing on a plentiful supply of broken branches. Otho lay down upon his hard bed, his half-closed eyes wandered for some time over the surrounding objects, soon however all appeared as though enveloped in a kind of grey mist, thus losing both form and colour; at length his eyes closed, and he fell into a sound sleep.

Hermann had, we said, taken his station opposite the fire; he leaned against one of the massive columns which supported the high mantel-piece listening to the wind, which at times howled among the chimneys and turrets of the building, and to the heavy rain-drops as they pattered against the broken panes of glass. His eyes had wandered from his sleeping companions to a door opposite to where he stood, apparently leading to the interior apartments of the castle; he was startled from his reverie by the sound of the distant church clock striking the hour of midnight. Hermann, brave as he was, counted with an undefinable feeling of terror stroke after stroke, as it fell upon his ear; he had already counted eleven, when, at the moment the twelfth stroke was borne along the

gale, the door, upon which his eyes were still fixed, opened, a flood of light poured forth from the inner chamber, while at the same moment the form of a pale but lovely girl appeared upon the threshold. Hermann was about

to awaken his companions, but she, doubtless divining his intention, placed one finger upon her lip indicative of silence, and with the other hand made him a signal to follow her into the chamber.

*To be continued.*

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## THE EMIGRANT'S BRIDE.

SUGGESTED BY A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

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She is going !

Gaze thy last on that sweet face, fond mother,  
 Soon will distance make love's yearning vain :  
 Press thy quivering lips to her's, young brother,  
 Thou wilt never feel it's thrill again.  
 Other ties and other hopes have won her  
 From the love that bless'd her earlier day ;  
 Let your blessing, sad ones, rest upon her,  
 She will need it in her onward way.  
 Care will soon weigh down her spirit's lightness,  
 And her hours of happy calm be few ;  
 Soon those eyes will lose their wonted brightness  
 And that fair, soft cheek its healthful hue.  
 Sickness, strife, each varying ill attendeth  
 Wheresoe'er the alien's footsteps range ;  
 Pure, indeed, must be the love that lendeth  
 Strength to brave so perilous a change.

She is going !

Sadly, weepingly, she gazes round her ;  
 Wild her glances—wandering to and fro ;  
 With its thousand links the chain hath bound her  
 Of sweet memories, foster'd long ago.  
 Though resolved, she finds it hard to sever  
 From the endearing charities of home,  
 To exchange her childhood's scenes for ever,  
 For stern exile o'er the ocean's foam.  
 Must those sorrowing friends no more behold her ?  
 Can it be, that hope indeed is vain ?  
 Yes—their circling arms will ne'er enfold her  
 In their fond and fervent clasp again :  
 At that mournful consciousness, she starteth  
 With emotions words are vain to tell ;  
 Love still leads her on, yet love imparteth  
 Bitterest anguish to her last farewell.

T. W.

## THE ADVENTURES OF A POLISH PRINCE.

AN HISTORICAL TALE. BY COUNT ADOLPH DE WERDINSKY.

About four miles from Warsaw, situated in the midst of a dark forest of oak and pine, called Bielany, stands a Canadal convent. In obedience to the strict rules of this monastery, uninterrupted silence is observed by its inmates, who, ruined in all their worldly expectations, have taken refuge within the sacred walls. Females are not allowed to approach even the church appropriated for the whispered prayers of this isolated fraternity. Once a year, however, the gates of this temple are thrown open to a congregation of both sexes, though after that day of common devotion, every part of the building undergoes a process of cleansing and purification, and every thing re-assumes its ordinary gloom of deep solitude, heightened by dead silence. The forest of Bielany contains, however, numerous walks beautifully laid out, commanding in many points the river Vistula. On a clear day the spectator may thence enjoy a wide survey of the rich and fertile country spread around him. But the eye rests finally on the citadel of Favory and the fortifications of Praga; and these uninviting objects tend in a great measure to cast a sadness upon the natural charms of this otherwise delightful prospect.

In the latter part of the year 1831, these strongholds were unusually thronged and busy, for the barbarous Muscovites were pouring in myriads on the plains of devoted Poland. It is true that the handful of patriots were still crowned with bright laurels of victory; they were disputing every inch of ground with their barbarous invaders, and with hearts steeled by undaunted patriotism, were their country's sole bulwark. Unmoved by the appalling scenes which grisly death enacted on every side, they stood their ground, nay, were advancing, having repulsed the inimical hordes, though the adversary exceeded above six times the number of their own troops, and, after an awful slaughter on both sides,

victory declared itself on their side. "A miracle!" exclaimed all the monks at once, who, beholding from the high tower of their church this unequal strife, were anxiously awaiting its issue. Their exclamation was a breach of the law of their order; but who could help giving vent to emotions so natural, when they beheld the White Eagle waving triumphantly to the joyful sound of a trumpet peal, announcing victory? As the advancing night was fast spreading her sable veil over the ensanguined field, the heroes had the satisfaction of marching once more victorious in their return to the encampment—to the stirring sounds of a full band—with colours flying gaily in the breeze, cheered by the shouts of the wounded and the dying, all of whom hailed the sources of the righteous cause.

A messenger from the monastic authorities soon announced a gratuitous distribution of provisions among the faithful defenders of their country, and the venerable prior came in person to invite the gallant commander-in-chief and his staff to take refreshments at the convent. In honour of the day the monastery was released from some of its restrictive rules; and though speaking appeared here an unusually strange indulgence, all the monks were equally loud and enthusiastic in their encomiums on the exploits of their countrymen.

The entertainment combined rigid monastic simplicity, with a desire to demonstrate a feeling of true and hearty welcome, and mirth seemed to increase with each new hope for the final success of their country's liberation; nay, even patriotic songs were proposed. And there was not one of the party who did not join in the chorus of

*"Tęcze Polska niezginela,  
Poki my żyjemy,—"*

Or

*"Poland shall ne'er to us be lost,  
As long as we of life can boast."*

Cheerfulness appeared, therefore, to



visit this abode of sadness. The prior alone sat for some time dumb at the head of the table ; the scene seemed to awaken fresh sorrows in his breast. His fevered lips were seen to tremble, and tears were stealing down his furrowed cheek. His brow, ever the emblem of rigid severity, was now shaken by convulsions of internal grief ; and one deemed totally devoid of heart, was now meek, and as susceptible as a child. " Be of good cheer, most reverend father," said the general, " we may still behold freedom restored to our land ; and the day will come, too, when we may enjoy tranquil happiness around our hearths."

" As for domestic happiness," replied the prior, " I shall never enjoy it again." At these words all the inmates of the convent bent forward and listened attentively, for they never could learn who their superior was, or what had brought him to this solitary retreat. Manifold were their conjectures, but not one of them had reason to think his own supposition the right one. The prior continued : " My children are destroyed, and my grandchildren, yea ! even the innocent babes were, by the despot's command, torn from their mother's breast and carried to the rugged deserts of the Caucasus, where it is forbidden to breathe their real names, or to relate their true story, and where mere numerals distinguish them from other slaves similarly situated. But justice is Heaven's decree ! and, old as I am, the last few days of my life shall be devoted to retribution ! Yes, this arm shall, once more, wield the weapon of death, and the foe shall tremble again at the name of ———. No !" groaned the venerable father, as if recollecting himself, " my vow forbids ! rash mortal that I am ! weak creature of earth ! clinging still to the mire ! No ! God's name be blessed ! God's will be done ! But, what do I hear ? hark ! it is the pealing roar of musketry ! the deadly sound breaks in once more, and the still night repeats its piercing echo ! Arise, brave champions ! danger is near. Haste to succour your hapless father-land ! The barbarous host will, by treason as dark as this night, obtain what open valour has secured in the open day."

The rush was general. All strove to be foremost in the field. The saddled steed was swiftly mounted. Onward they rode in haste, when a patrol accosted the advancing staff, and, after the precautionary exchange of the watch-word, they recognised their real commander, announced to him the termination of the fray, and offered to explain the cause in a meet place. The general proposed, therefore, to return to the monastery. But, as one of the captives brought by the patrol was a female, new difficulties arose, for they dared not bring her within the walls of the convent. The male prisoner alone was led into the hall, where the general taking the chair, was ready to receive the report. The officer of the patrol gave, in a few words, the history of the nocturnal encounter, stating that as a Russian troop were chasing hard this unfortunate pair, who, under the cover of night seemed anxious to reach the Polish camp, the friendly fore-posts took up their cause, and valiantly defended their new *protégées*, but they were nigh being overpowered by the greater strength of the enemy. A detachment of the main Polish army hastened to their aid, repelled the attack, and the camp was now as safe as ever.

The stranger now led forward was a noble-looking, handsome young man, clad in mean habiliments, but which seemed to have been assumed rather as a means of disguise than an ordinary attire. His language was a medley of Russian, Polish, and Turkish ; but as most of the company understood the three languages, there was no difficulty of making out his story. On being asked his name he answered, " fifty thousand nine hundred and thirty seven." The general, suspecting some misapprehension, asked again, but the young man repeated so often and so earnestly the same number, that it was deemed advisable to proceed with the inquiry. No sooner was it understood, however, that his infancy had been spent on the Caucasus, than the rest was easily guessed. In fact, the youth soon corroborated their conjecture that he was one of the victims of the Russian policy, by stating that he was reared in the military colonies of Russia. " But now," continued he in an oriental style

of expression, "great is *Allah* ! (God). *He causes the wind to clear my head of the ashes which once had covered it ;* (that is, 'he bids my misery to cease.') I am in the country of my fathers. *My face, therefore, shall also be white now.* (I shall also be happy now.) I and my sister were brought to Vladi Caucas when quite infants, and the nurse Falibé, to whose care our childhood was entrusted, used to tell us that strange rumours was then afloat of our high birth, though it was forbidden to all either to inquire or to speak about it. 'Yes, my *shecker*, (sugar-plum),' as she used in her fondness to call me, 'you are come from the same country as myself, and one day, when you are older, I will tell you more, but now it might cause the death of us both.' At this observation I shuddered with horror, and, young as I then was, I knew how to check my curiosity and that of my sister, as I was afraid of bringing down death upon our old Falibé, our only friend. However, our happiness was even here soon interrupted. One day Falibé came in tears to tell us that my sister was going to be sold, and that the *bostandgi* (officers) were coming to take her on board a ship, together with several other females, who, as I afterwards learnt, were natives of Circassia, and destined for the *awret bazaur* (female slave-market) at Constantinople. The ferocious band came soon in reality ; my tears and lamentations were of no avail ; I entreated that I might be sold to the same people, only that I might not be separated from my sister. But the cruel *bostandgi*, (may the prophet curse their beards), mocked my grief, and insulted my sorrow with obscene jesting. Amidst heart-rending shrieks, my sister was torn from my arms, Falibé was ordered to follow her, and the key was turned upon me, that I might not run after them.

"From that moment I had fixed upon my plan. I determined to fly from my persecutors, and to follow my sister to the utmost limits of the world. But I was too young, and totally ignorant how I ought to act. I saw, therefore, the imperative necessity of bearing every thing patiently, until I had grown a little older and wiser. Days appeared

to me now longer than years were heretofore. I joyfully hailed every new moon, and rejoiced at the approach of every fresh season. At the same time I listened with attention to all conversations, especially if held by people who had any knowledge of distant countries. But though I particularly wanted to know where Constantinople was, I dared not ask it of any one, for fear of exciting suspicions relative to my secret design. One day, however, as two old Russian officers, upon whom I was compelled to attend in the capacity of foot-boy, were speaking of an order which their regiments had received to march to *Soukum Kala*, a sea-port town lying on the eastern shore of the Black Sea, I ventured to entreat them that they might not leave me behind. They seemed flattered with my wish to continue in their service, and allowed me to follow them. My heart throbbed high when I first beheld the sea covered with ships, every one of which might carry me to any part of the world ; and, to my greatest joy, a large Turkish vessel was preparing to set sail for Constantinople. The captain, thinking I was a Circassian, consented to take me with him, with a secret determination to sell me there as a slave, which he actually did. I was purchased by the captain's sister, a young widow of the name of Beyham, of Scutari. I passed several years on her estate near Bellerby, first as a common labourer in the vineyards, and, as I had learnt to write I was made a clerk, and ultimately appointed the sole manager or steward of all the estates belonging to my *kadin* (mistress), though I was then no more than seventeen years of age. In addition to this preferment, I received many marks of kindness and confidence, which, in the innocence of my heart, I considered merely as an encouragement to further integrity and diligence, and I must confess there was nothing wanting to make my situation really comfortable. I had a horse to ride, and I enjoyed every alternate day a bath at *Aya Sophia Haman*, and when inclined I smoked my *hibook* (pipe) at a neighbouring coffee-house. Still I could never forget my sister. In all my excursions I endeavoured to gather such information as might be likely to give

me a clue to her present abode. But in so large a city as Constantinople all my efforts were baffled ; though, as she was most exquisitely beautiful, there seemed to be a general opinion that she must have been sold for a harem. ' Death,' cried I, ' and is so dark a fate to befall one that is more beautiful than an *Houri*? — and, oh ! shall her brother, then, sink far beneath a dog ? Forbid it *Allah* !' Still I returned home daily in more melancholy mood, for I began to despair of ever seeing my sister again. My heart was bleeding ; nor did I know of a remedy. Thus sitting one afternoon in the corner of my *allan* (chamber) and giving myself up to this sad contemplation, I suddenly perceived in the court-yard, a well-shaped young female whom I had never seen before about the house, but who was evidently belonging to it, as she was busily employed in gathering into her apron tobacco leaves which had been spread in the sun to dry. As Turkish females never appear abroad without a thick veil to screen them from the gaze of strangers, I had no opportunity of judging of the merits of her countenance, till accident made her stoop quickly to regain some leaves which had escaped her hand. The veil flew back at her rising, and as she heard me throw open my casement, she looked up involuntarily. Description would but beggar were I to attempt to give you an idea of the effects her beauty produced upon my senses. ' Oh ! angel of the prophet,' cried I, ' turn to me once more thy beautiful face, for it will illumine the darkness of my life, as the full moon doth shine upon the dusky night.' Zoolzool, for it was thus she was called by her mistress, looked up once more hastily, smiled, cast down her veil, and disappeared in obedience to Beyham's call. I stood a long time riveted to the spot. I looked down into the yard, but Zoolzool did not re-appear. This vision had infused delightful sweetness into my soul. That stranger had inspired my heart with the purest affection. With the swiftness of lightning my head began to concert innumerable plans, all of which, however, upon mature reflection, appeared the offspring of a mad brain. I was awakened at

last from this reverie, by a summons to attend my *kadin*, Beyham.

On my entering the *anderoon* (boudoir), I saw Beyham richly dressed, sitting on her white satin divan. At her side were caskets with *khenna* (a sort of dye for the eyebrows, &c.), *soormeh* (rouge), divers bottles of delicious perfumes, and at her feet there lay several baskets filled with costly embroidery. She received me with unusual kindness, and invited me to sit at her side. I kissed the hem of her foot-carpet, jumped upon the divan, and sat down cross-legged in the oriental fashion. " You have great claims upon my house," said Beyham to me ; " your accounts bear witness to your honest industry. You deserve, therefore, to share in its produce, not as a slave but as a partner." With these words she threw aside her veil, thus acknowledging me at once as a relative. Her hand was stretched out to meet mine, and her arch smile spoke plainly her meaning. But I turned my face from her, and all I could utter by way of response was a deep groan. I foresaw at once all the consequences of the slight I had offered to her preference, but Zoolzool was now the sole possessor of my heart.

" ' Ah, ungrateful dog !' exclaimed Beyham ; ' shall all my kindness be lost upon the soul of a *shakal*, and are my enchantments and my talismans to fall as dust at thy feet ? Or is it that wretched slave with whom I saw thee conversing to-day, that rivals me in thy affections. Ha ! she shall rue it ;' saying this, she started up from her divan, clapped her hands with violence, and all her female slaves, Zoolzool among the rest, answered the summons with their personal attendance. I was bidden to leave the *anderoon*, Zoolzool attempted involuntarily to follow me, and only a loud and angry command from her mistress to remain with her, seemed to remind the poor girl of the impropriety of her conduct.

" I ran bewildered to my *allan*, and threw myself on the couch, for there I could give vent to my grief. Night had far advanced, but I could not sleep. While my mind was thus convulsed, I heard my door open very gently, and

saw an old decrepid woman approach my couch. The lamp she held in her hand cast a dim light on her haggard and emaciated face. 'Falibé,' cried I, for I knew her again, though she seemed to be altered by sickness. 'Do you know your *shecker*, Falibé? Oh, look upon this face! you will know it again, though it is distorted now by sorrow and hope deferred. In fact, my joy knew no bounds. I was like one raving mad, and the poor old nurse had a difficulty to restrain my exclamations, which were loud enough to arouse all the house. When I was a little quieted, she listened anxiously, but all around seemed hushed in repose. She then said briefly—'The young girl whom they call Zoolzool, has acquainted me on my sick-bed, with all that has passed to-day in this house. But little did I expect to find in Zoolzool's lover her own brother. Zoolzool is no other than your sister. You must save her! for Beyham in her jealousy has sworn her destruction. The captain who sold you both to his sister, has orders to offer Zoolzool to-morrow for a large sum, to the Sultan's harem. You must both fly to Poland. You will now be safe there, for it was only a week ago that the hospodars brought intelligence to the Sublime Porte, that the Poles have shaken off the yoke of their oppressors the Russians, your mortal enemies. And now as I am blessed once more to behold you, I may tell you that you are a lineal descendant of Prince Sanguszko,\* one of the noblest families of Poland. Your grandfather and your father both will live for ever in the pages of history, as both were dreaded by the armies of Russia. Your father was tried for treason by a commission sent down from Petersburg, and though his judges acquitted him of the charge, the Emperor of Russia ordered an ukase to be issued, by which he condemned him to exile and hard labour in the mines of Siberia for life. Your grandfather disappeared soon afterwards from his castle, and no one knows what became of him. Their immense estates were confiscated by the crown, and you and your sister were declared vagrant, des-

titute orphans, and under that pretext you were dragged to the wild steppes of Caucasus, where thousands of children of the first-rate nobility of Poland are thus buried for life; the boys being incorporated with the battalions of the military cantonists, whilst the girls are shut up in the imperial manufactories, or, if handsome, sold in the Turkish slave-markets for the vilest of purposes. You know the rest, my *shecker*. Go now, fly to thy native country. Would to heaven I could do the same, for I am also a descendant of the noble blood of Poland, but poor Falibé is dying.' She left me for a short time while she went to fetch my sister, whom I now immediately recognized by her bright blue eye, though she was much altered and grown tall and womanly. We both shed tears of joy at thus meeting again. We clung to each other in raptures, as if never to part; and though there was no time to be lost, Falibé had no small difficulty in bringing us to hasten our departure. We awoke at last, however, from our trance. 'Heaven be with you,' cried the good Falibé once more, as she impressed her fervent kiss on our foreheads; 'you will soon behold the sacred soil, a small portion of which I constantly carry in my bosom, and which shall be buried with me.' Here she drew forth a small bundle containing some earth, which she had actually carried away on leaving the boundaries of her native country. 'Go, my children, pray for your old nurse Falibé, for her hour is come.' Both my sister and I hesitated long whether we ought to leave this faithful friend behind us. But there was no alternative. The poor old creature could hardly totter back to her sick-bed; so we parted, though tears were hardly enough to express our anguish. We encountered many dangers and many difficulties on our long journey; but *Mashallah!* (God be praised). *Allah akbar!* (God is merciful). *Allah kērim!* (God is great); here we are both among our friends! here we are among our countrymen; and my beard is your's (you may command my services). Only let my poor dear sister remain with me."

During the recital of this story the old prior showed symptoms of the most

\* Pronounced Sangoosko. And here let us remark, that with the exception of a few poetical anachronisms, this tale is founded on historical facts.

extraordinary emotion ; and ere it was hardly finished, the venerable father ran to embrace the young stranger, exclaiming, " be welcome once more to my arms, my dearest grandson ! " The group now recognised the old Prince Sanguszko, the famous warrior and companion of Kosciuszko, who, after having undergone the most awful trials under the Russian reign of terror and persecution, succeeded at last in escaping from the grasp of his enemies, by burying himself alive in this monastery.

" Be welcome," continued the noble patriot ; " the fame of thy fathers shall revive again in thy deeds of valour, for in the blood animating thy youthful veins, I recognise the faithful love to thy injured country. Go ! help to avenge the cruel injustice committed on millions of victims, as innocent as thou thyself hast been. Here, general ! " said the old prior to the commander-in-chief, " is a meet substitute for my old and emaciated self. Let him serve God by becoming an instrument of His divine justice, while, in obedience to my old age, I must needs limit all my devotion to a verbal praise of His infinite majesty and goodness."

Zoolzool was now also admitted to embrace her grandsire ; and her appearance within the monastic pile shed a spell on all around. It was not unlike a visit of some supernatural messenger from heaven. A curious awe and delight were depicted on the countenances of all the assembly. But to

give an idea of the excess of joy demonstrated at the recognition of the two near relatives, is beyond the power of our description. A tear glistened in every eye at the sight of this touching scene, and a new ray of hope seemed illumined in every heart at the re-accession of this youthful and promising pair to the devoted numbers of their countrymen.

The young man took up arms against the oppressors of his father-land. He swore on the tomb of Stanislas Staszyc, who lies buried in the churchyard of Bielany, to imitate that true Pole in his patriotism ; and faithful to his oath, the young Sanguszko performed prodigies of valour during the campaign ; while his beautiful sister devoted her life with no less heroism to the cause of humanity, by tendering her succour to the wounded warriors, and to those stricken with malignant cholera. She was universally called "*the angel* ;" and her appearance beside the couch of sickness seemed to have had a kind of divine influence on the sufferings of the unfortunate heroes of Poland. But the last attack on Warsaw was fraught with mortal peril for our heroine—a Russian lance pierced her innocent breast when in the act of affording relief to a dying man on the field of battle, and her tender and patriotic soul winged its way on high to join her kindred band of loving spirits in the blessed mansions of eternal rest.

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## T E A R S.

BY J. B. BROWNE.

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Emblems alike of passion, joy, or pain,

The points in which extremes are seen to meet :

Ye peerless pearls that leave behind no stain—

Ye bitter drops that well from founts so sweet—

Impassion'd feelings bid you forth to start

From depths the deepest in the human heart.

I've shed some few : no matter why or where—

But they are gone—and now the life-spring's dry

From whence they flow'd ; long years of blanching care

Have caused the auburn from those locks to fly,

And early snows are there ; such as enshroud

My native mountains in their solitude.

Tears have I seen that have distress'd the sore  
 To gaze upon, and think they flow'd for me  
 O'er cheeks where roses fair had bloom'd before—  
 And eyes that told of bosoms full of gloe  
 And joyous as the merry lark that sings,  
 When spring o'er all the land her mantle flings.

All-powerful are ye ! though some hold you cheap—  
 'Twas a repentant tear which did not fail  
 To open wide the gate that angels keep,  
 When all beside had proved of no avail :  
 And yet, alas ! what fruitless tears are shed—  
 That move not flinty hearts—nor wake the slumb'ring dead !

Tears I beheld steal down thy cheek, O Jew ! \*  
 When a bold Christian told the gather'd crowd  
 That *he* belong'd not to the bigot crew—  
 But felt delighted—nay, that he was proud  
 To call thee brother !—And, though Jew thou art,  
 Methought a purer stream ne'er well'd from Christian heart.

† But oh ! what I beheld, when on that day  
 A royal virgin—virtuous, fair, and young—  
 First heard for her the herald trumpets bray,  
 And shouts of welcome burst from every tongue,  
 Proclaiming her—with heart-felt acclamation—  
 The sovereign of a great and loyal nation !

- 'Twas then I saw the workings of that heart  
 (My sovereign's heart !) were more than she could bear,  
 Till forth a flood of pearly tears did start,  
 O, how I joy'd to witness tear-drops *there* !  
 And, when I turn'd to gaze upon the crowd,  
 Few eyes were dry—and sobs were heard aloud.

First—sacred pledges to a nation given !  
 Long may endure those sympathies between  
 Her and her people ! Oh, may righteous heaven  
 In mercy guard and bless our gracious queen !  
 Long may she reap life's sweets without alloy :  
 • But *should* she weep, may her's be tears of joy !

\* An allusion is here made to what took place at a county meeting in 1836, where ex-sheriff Salomon attended in his (then) public capacity; on which occasion a gentleman of the Roman Catholic persuasion made such a well-timed allusion to the fact of his standing with a Protestant on his right-hand, and a Jew on his left (the two sheriffs), that the latter could not refrain from shedding tears.

† Allusion is here made to the occasion of her Majesty presenting herself to the assembled throng at the Palace of St James's on the morning she was proclaimed queen; when her reception was such, that her feelings totally overcame her, and she was obliged to be supported and taken from the window where she stood.

## FLORENCE HOWARD.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

## CHAPTER I.

It was a brilliant morning in the April of 1838. A warm west wind stole in through an open window overlooking the Regent's Park, and waving aside a profusion of soft brown curls, revealed the beautiful countenance of Florence Howard, alone and deeply absorbed in thought, with her fair hands folded before her, and her dark blue eyes veiled by the long and all but curling lashes, which even when raised so shadowed and subdued the laughing fire beneath. A small desk of exquisite workmanship occupied a table before her, and on it was a sheet of paper half filled with her own peculiarly delicate and graceful handwriting. The last sentence was unfinished, and ran as follows :

"But you wrong him, dear sister, you do indeed. He is noble and generous as yourself, I could not love him else, and I am convinced that were I even now suddenly dispossessed of that fortune which you so unjustly accuse him of coveting, he would only the more urgently press the suit so long, and, I might say, so unreasonably denied. But I will hesitate no longer : this evening we are to meet at the Duke of B.'s long talked of *fête*, and my destiny shall then be decided ; and yet I tremble when I think —."

It was here that poor Florence had broken abruptly off, and well might she tremble as she thought. Young, gay, and brilliantly beautiful, the possessor of immense wealth, the belle of the season, she was surrounded by a crowd of flatterers from whom her fancy, which she mistook for her heart, had singled out the most elegant and accomplished, but at the same time the most unprincipled of them all.

Lord William Fitzherbert having wasted at the gaming-table, and other haunts of dissipation, the bulk of a noble fortune, had hailed with avidity

the *debut* of a new "spec." — as he termed it. Young, inexperienced, and almost unprotected as was the orphan, Florence Howard, from the evening of her first appearance in the fashionable world he had devoted himself assiduously to her pleasure, and fascinated by his genius, and touched by his preference of herself to all others, Florence believed herself in love, and though reluctant, from a little girlish spirit of coquetry, and perhaps from a slight but unconfessed presentiment of evil to acknowledge her affection, she had long resolved in her own mind that Fitzherbert alone should win the hand so many sought in vain. But let us return to the small and richly-furnished room in which we left her. There she still sits in the same graceful attitude, half reclining on the luxurious sofa, while a crimson reflection from the sunlit drapery of the windows plays alternately now on her delicate cheek, and now on the soft folds of her white morning dress. But, hark ! a light vehicle dashes rapidly up to the door and stops—an impatient knock is heard, the small hands of Florence Howard are clasped in sudden joy, a smile of delight flashes up into her lifted eyes, blushes and dimples spring simultaneously to her cheek, and her lovely lips are parted in happy expectation. The door opens ; Lord William Fitzherbert is announced, and the proud and wayward girl recovering instantly her self-possession, receives him as calmly and demurely as if he had not been the sole object of her thoughts for the last half hour. "But, my dear Miss Howard," said his lordship, after some conversation upon indifferent subjects, "you surely will not keep me longer in suspense ; you know that I have staked my happiness, my life upon your reply ; will you not bless me now with that one little monosyllable which would be such music from those lips ?"

Florence averted her head, and her

sweet voice faltered as she replied, "We shall meet this evening, and then ——."

"And then, dearest, loveliest! you will say, 'yes.'"

The lady turned her dark eyes full upon him, while a smile of sportive scorn lightened through the still lingering tears. "Are you quite sure, my lord, that I shall not say 'no'?"

"Nay, lady, I spoke not in confidence, but in hope; but I will not press you farther. I trust to your promise for this eve. And now may I use that fairy pen of your's to scribble a note, which in my haste to see you I had forgotten? It will be too late for the post if I delay it longer."

"Certainly, my lord, but just shut your eyes, if you please, while you place that half-finished letter in the desk."

Lord W. did as he was bid, and hastily writing his billet, pressed upon it a delicate sheet of silver paper which lay before him, sealed it with Florence's pet seal, and rose to go. She raised her eyes from the book which she had taken up, and bade him "good bye" with a look so full of trust and happiness, that his own involuntarily sank beneath it, and he hastened away lest she should observe his confusion.

As he closed the door the enthusiastic girl caught up the silver paper which his hand had pressed, and exclaiming, "It is hallowed by that touch, I will keep it for ever," was about to place it in a secret drawer of the desk, when her own name traced lightly upon it arrested her eye. She had turned the paper, and nearly the whole impression of Lord William's billet was visible in faint characters through the transparent tissue.

The pulse of Florence beat high at the sight. "He has been writing of his love to some confidential friend. Perhaps he has been praising me," and her young heart thrilled, her pure cheek glowed with the thought. "Oh, how sweet, how delicious it would be to read his praises of myself! But of course that is out of the question. I have no right even to look at the paper again," and resolutely closing her eyes against a temptation to which her keen and delicate sense of honour would not

permit her to yield, she hastily folded her treasure and placed it in the drawer. At that moment a sweet eager voice was heard on the landing, and her cousin, Charles Lealie, a beautiful boy between five and six years of age, bounded into the room, and sprang with the loving confidence of childhood to her knee, exclaiming as he did so:—"here I am at last, dear Florry; I have been so good all the morning, and mamma said, I might come to you as a reward. And, oh! I have such a secret to tell, but do not ask me what it is, for I said I wouldn't tell Florry. Wouldn't you give any thing to know? Oh! what a pretty seal!" And quite forgetting his secret and his question, the restless boy only suffered his fair cousin to part the bright curls from his brow, and print one kiss upon his laughing eyes, and then escaped from her embrace and climbed the sofa to her desk.

Florence again took up her book, and was soon absorbed either in its contents or in those of her own heart. Nearly half an hour had thus elapsed, when she was suddenly roused by the voice of little Charlie, who had seated himself with mock dignity in an arm-chair opposite, and with as much pomposity of tone as his soft little voice could assume, was lisping out the contents of the identical silver paper, which she had thought so safely concealed. "Oh, stop, Charlie, stop!" she exclaimed, as the first strange words met her ear, and she hid her glowing face in her hands; but Master Charlie was too much absorbed in his self-assumed importance to heed her entreaty, and the bewildered girl, half stupified with wonder, indignation, and grief, and unable either to move or speak again, sat a spell-bound listener to the following interesting epistle.

"Yes, mia cara, carissima! the prize is mine at last. Florence Howard, the haughty and beautiful Florence, has at length deigned to smile upon my suit. I am to have her decided answer to-night, and I cannot doubt its purport. Even now, as I looked up (I am writing at her house), I caught her rich eyes fixed upon me with an expression of interest and admiration which I could not mistake, and *when* caught, the bashful and blushing confusion with which



she hurriedly resumed her book only confirmed my hopes. Yes, my adored Victorine!—I repeat, the golden prize is mine. With her immense fortune I shall more than repair the ruin of my own. I shall insist upon an early day for the wedding, and as soon as the tedious ceremony is concluded, can you doubt where love will lead me, where, but to the feet of her who alone possesses my heart. Till then, *ma belle adieu!* Your devoted,

"FITZHERBERT."

#### CHAPTER II.

The palace-like mansion of the munificent Duke of B., was gorgeously illuminated, and gay and brilliant was the assembly in the superb suite of rooms thrown open for the *fête*. But among that throng there was one whose countenance was irradiated with a smile of triumphant success that eclipsed the light in every other; that one was Lord William Fitzherbert, and all who noticed him acknowledged that his wit and conversational talent had never been so happily displayed as on that evening. It was in the midst of a laugh, excited by a more than usually brilliant repartee, that his attention was attracted to a slight bustle at the principal entrance. The crowd parted before it. All eyes were turned towards the spot, and an irrepressible murmur of admiration ran round the assembly as Florence Howard, looking more bewitchingly beautiful than ever, entered the room with a party of distinguished friends. She had discarded for that evening the simple and girlish style of dress in which she was wont to appear. Her rich glossy hair was braided and wreathed with jewels. Her graceful form arrayed in a sweeping robe of velvet, and she looked, moved, spoke with a queen-like grace and dignity which she had never before assumed. There was a fire, too, in those proud blue eyes, a curve in the Hebe-lip, a haughty carriage of the graceful head, which awed into unwonted silence the crowd of admirers who had been eagerly awaiting her appearance.

That night not one among them dared to address the youthful beauty, radiant as she looked, with the honeyed words of flattery or love.

The truth is, the discovery of the morning had wrought a revolution as powerful as it was sudden, not only in the demeanour but in the mind and heart of Florence. It had changed her from a child, a thoughtless, joyous, confiding child, to a proud and self-relying woman. It had opened her eyes to the dangers of her situation, to the mercenary views of many who courted her smiles, and she sighed as she thought, "Is there one who could love me for myself alone?" Yes, memory whispered her of one, the playmate of her early days; one, who in after years had devoted himself to her when she was left a lonely orphan, without the slightest prospect of that wealth which had since been bequeathed to her by a distant and almost forgotten relation. Her cousin, Wallace Leslie had, at that time, three years previous to the date at which my story commences, received an offer from government of a distinguished and lucrative appointment in a foreign land; but listening rather to the voice of affection than to that of ambition, he had thrown himself at the feet of his lovely and beloved Florence, and besought her to share with him his small but secure competence at home, declaring that she was more than the world or the world's wealth to him, and that all the brilliant prospects which he might be enabled to realize without her, were not worth a thought in comparison with the blessing of her love. But Florence, young as she was—and she was then barely sixteen, and unprotected too—was too considerately generous to indulge his youthful passion at the expense of his worldly prosperity. She felt too that she loved him only as a brother, and such love, fond as it was, would be but a poor return for the ardent attachment of her cousin to herself. With a firm, but grateful and affectionate refusal, she bade him farewell; and convinced by her manner that it would be useless to renew his suit, he immediately left England and proceeded to his appointment in India.

And now let us return to the *fête*. "I did not dream she could queen it so bravely," said Fitzherbert to himself, while he gazed at a distance upon his expected victim. "And all this splendour is for my sake," he continued ex-

ultingly, "ah! ma petite Victorine, you have a more dangerous rival than your vain heart imagines. Faith, I was never so struck with her beauty before. But she is expecting me; I won't seem too much in a hurry, though; it will turn that pretty head of her's, if it be not already turned." And so thinking, he sauntered towards the place where Florence stood, surrounded by the most *distingué* men of the assemblage.

With the air of one who is conscious of a superior claim, Fitzherbert made his way through the throng to her side, and bending his head whispered a word in her ear. The lady had seemed till that moment wholly unconscious of his approach and presence, but when he spoke she turned suddenly towards him, her blue eyes flashing with scorn and indignation, and said, "My lord, you spoke in so unwarrantably low a tone, that I did not fully understand the purport of your observation; oblige me by repeating it."

Lord William's face was pale with rage, but forcing a laugh, he replied, "I merely requested, fair lady, your decision with regard to the invitation I gave you this morning."

"You shall have it, my lord. The duke's page has been seeking you with a billet from me, and here in good time he comes."

A lovely, dark-eyed Spanish boy, in a rich suit of amber velvet embroidered with gold, glided lightly through the throng, and presented to Lord William, on a magnificent salver, a little rose-coloured and rose-scented note.

"Love's proper hue!" exclaimed Fitzherbert with revived hope, as he turned it to break the seal, but the device caught his eye, and he paused to examine it. It was a lifeless Cupid in the coils of a serpent, with the motto, "Falsehood is fatal to love."

You had better read it when alone, my lord," said the low, but laughing voice of his intended victim. But Lord William had already torn open the envelope and unfolded the note within. It was the unfortunate sheet of silver paper, and as he glanced his eye over it, he saw at once that his villany was betrayed.

"It cannot fail to meet your approbation, my lord, since it is only a re-

flection of your own honourable aspirations," muttered Florence again, as he crushed the fatal proof of guilt in his hand. The disappointed suitor made no reply, but biting his hand-some lip with ill-concealed vexation, he bowed stiffly to Miss Howard and hastily left the circle.

Every one near them had noticed the lady's undisguised contempt and its effect upon her admirer; but there was no time now for comment, for the crowd again parted to admit the venerable Duke of B., who now approached, leaning on the arm of a young and interesting stranger. An eager whisper went round; "it is young Leslie, just returned from India, recalled, they say, for some higher office at home. Handsome fellow, by Jove!"

Meanwhile the wondering Florence, without waiting for the duke's formal introduction of his friend, held out both her hands to him and exclaimed, while her whole face beamed with blushing recognition and dimpled with delight, "Wallace Leslie, my dear cousin, how glad I am to see you!"

"Florence! Miss Howard! Can I believe my eyes? How little did I dream, when his grace said he must introduce me to the star of the season, that I should see in that star my own sweet cousin."

#### CHAPTER III.

"Yes! you have guessed it, Florry. Wallace was my secret," said our little pet Charles, a few days subsequent to the *fête*. "And now, since it was I who prevented your marrying that wicked Lord William, mayn't I be bridesman when you do wed, cousin?"

"Yes, Charles, I may safely promise that, for I shall never marry," replied Florence, with a demure shake of the head and a most novel-like sigh.

"Won't you, though?" said the roguish boy, sportively shaking his dark curls in imitation, and mimicking her plaintive tone; "but you will remember your promise if you do?"

"Certainly, Charles."

"And you will let little Georgy be bridesmaid?"

"Little Georgy, indeed! She is just your age, you rogue."

"Oh, yes, they call us twins, but

somehow I always feel bigger than she."

"I dare say you do, little self-importance," said his cousin, patting his rosy cheek.

"But promise, Florry, promise."

"Well, there I do promise, torment; and now be done pulling my hair out of curl, and let me read in peace."

The entrance of a third person interrupted the playful struggle which ensued. Florence rose to receive him with her bright hair disordered, and her eyes yet laughing from the frolic; and she wondered what her heart could mean by fluttering as it did, when Wallace Leslie seated himself by her side. She was very much provoked too with her fair cheek for blushing, just because he happened to take her hand in his, and ask her if she remembered the happy hours of childhood, when they were always together. But when she looked again at the singularly graceful and intellectual head which was bending over that captive hand, and caught another glimpse by stealth of those superb black eyes, whose fire was just then subdued by the most intense and touching tenderness, she began to think it was not so very strange after all; and then she blushed still more, and tried to withdraw her hand, but the saucy youth retained it nevertheless, and bye and bye Florry quite forgot that it was there.

#### CHAPTER IV.

One pleasant morning in the following autumn, a fair bridal train swept up the central aisle of St. George's

church and paused before the altar. The bride was young, lovely, and graceful, richly but simply and modestly arrayed, with a veil of costly material floating to her feet, and her fair hair bound with pearls. Her drooping lashes were wet with tears, but a wilful little dimple laughed up now and then through the blushes that dyed her cheek, and her rich voice did not falter as it breathed the solemn vow which bound her to the noble-looking youth at her side.

Two children, a boy and girl, evidently twins, and both exquisitely beautiful, followed with timid self-possession the steps of the bridal pair. The venerable Duke of B. gave the lady away, and many distinguished people of both sexes were assembled to witness the ceremony.

#### CHAPTER V.

The clock had just struck two. Lord William Fitzherbert was still yawning over his coffee and the *Morning Post*, when a short paragraph in the latter fixed his eye and arrested his yawn. "On Wednesday morning, by special licence, at St. George's church, the Hon. Wallace Leslie, to Florence, only daughter of the late General Howard."

In a sudden fit of passion his lordship struck his forehead with his clenched hand, threw the paper into the fire, dashed the delicate cup of Sevres china at the head of his astonished valet, glanced at half a dozen "long-drawn" bills which lay upon the breakfast table before him, and ordered, in a voice of thunder, post horses for Dover.

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#### PENSEE.—No. IX.

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The stars are like man's nobler attributes  
Which lie conceal'd and dormant in the heart  
While life is bright with sunshine, but when care,  
And pain, and trial, and temptation throw  
Their shadows o'er its path, then, like the pure,  
Eternal watchers of night's radiant skies,  
They shine forth from the darkness, and become  
The awe and admiration of the world.

T. W.

## THE DAGGER AND THE GOBLET OF WATER.

"Have you heard of the affair that has just happened at Cambridge?" asked Colonel Cradock of Lady Laura Hargreave, during a morning call upon the latter at her hotel in the *Rue St. Honoré*.

"Not a word of it."

"What! not know the story of the dagger and the goblet of water? It is in all the newspapers."

"We rarely see an English newspaper; but tell us all about it, colonel," said Lady Laura.

"Dr. Everingham will laugh at me."

"I—colonel—for what reason? I shall probably be more likely to shudder at some fresh example of the direction so prone to be taken by the minds of our youth of the present generation; pray proceed."

"I will relate, as closely as my memory serves me, the extraordinary circumstances that have given rise to rigid magisterial investigation, the result of which, the accused have thought proper to avoid by flight. An inquest now pending seems likely, by the evidence already adduced, to terminate by finding a young student guilty of murder, effected by practising witchcraft, I suppose I must term it; having for his accomplice a certain juggling gipsy-girl."

"How revolting!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Hush! I am dying to hear the story," and Lady Laura raised her finger to forbid further interruption.

"I am distantly related to the family of the young man who figures in this unhappy business," resumed the colonel; "but as the real name has not yet transpired in the public prints, I feel sure that you will excuse me divulging it at present."

"No matter," rejoined her ladyship.

"You have all heard, doubtless, of a gipsy-girl who for some two or three years past has been accustomed to attend the different race-courses, especially those of Epsom and Ascot, and attained wide notoriety by the success of her predictions; she goes by the name of *Nathra*."

"Good heavens, that's my gipsy!" exclaimed a young lady present.

"Is she in Paris?" asked the colonel.

"In Paris!—she told my fortune but a few days since."

"This young student then, who it seems was in residence at the university, although the vacation had already commenced, was walking one evening in the environs of Cambridge; he had proceeded alone, and for some distance in a musing mood, along the Huntingdon-road, when having nearly reached Croxton Heath, he struck into a secluded lane which he had never traversed before, and ere advancing more than a few hundred paces, was suddenly overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. He hurriedly sought shelter in a small hovel built of mud and thatch, apparently constructed for temporary abode only, under a huge oak tree, the lowermost branches of which formed the rafters of the roof. This rude structure was in fact part of a gipsy's encampment, and served as a refuge to several ill-looking fellows of that vagabond race, as well as a woman, whom they treated as the mistress of the miserable domicile. Her features possessed that species of wild beauty and intelligence peculiar to many of these women, and as she ostensibly sold beer and spirits, the young man, heated with walking and drenched to the skin by the storm, called for a glass of the latter, seating himself at the same time on a stool.

"The men's conversation, which had been momentarily interrupted by the arrival of the stranger, was again continued aloud unmindful of his presence; the subject, at which he felt inclined at first to smile, by degrees excited his curiosity, and some of the details ultimately caused him vivid astonishment: it was upon the occult sciences, and the power wherewith certain individuals are endowed of disposing at will of the powers of nature. The curious, but still incredulous student, perfectly confident in his own judgment, did not hesitate to enter into the conversation with a view to refute victoriously, in his own opinion, the arguments of his adversaries. He contended that belief in the marvellous power, whose possession was boast-

ed of by certain individuals, was a remnant of the superstition peculiar to the dark ages; urging that, formerly the science of physics was a mystery, but that now increase of knowledge having exploded the mystery, the light of science had for ever dispelled the shadowy spells of sorcery. In fine, he discoursed upon the subject as logically and practically as our worthy doctor here would have done; if not quite so learnedly, at least to the same effect.

"The discussion was prolonged, and ended like such discussions generally are, by leaving each party more firmly strengthened in his own way of thinking.

"The storm had ceased, and the men after finishing their several potations, having one by one disappeared, the student was about to retrace his steps towards the university, through a night of pitchy darkness, when the woman, now his only companion, approached at his request to receive payment for the glass of spirits he had drunk.

"'You interest me much,' said she; 'you are young, eloquent, and above all firm in your own opinion upon the fallacy of occult science; but what would you say, were I this very night to convince you of your error?'"

"I should say . . . . . why, nothing; for whatever you might be enabled to shew me, that only would I give credence to which I should be enabled to comprehend, the rest might be the mere effect of illusion, of a *prestige* which I should decidedly attribute to your skill, without you are able to make me concede that there exist individuals capable of deranging the immutable order of things."

"The woman fixed a penetrating look upon him, and her countenance assumed for a moment a terrific but not menacing expression.

"'Are you a courageous man?'"

"'Why that question?'"

"'Have you a stout heart?'"

"'As every man of honour has.'"

"'Braver than the common order of men?'"

"'I hope so.'"

"'Well then! follow me—but, no, you will not dare.'"

"'I dare—if you will give me your pledged word as a gipsy, for such I perceive you are, not in any way to entrap me.'"

"'I will give you my pledged word, as a gipsy, not to bring you into contact with aught save the powers of nature.'"

"The student, whose curiosity was now raised to the highest pitch, and whose *amour propre*, like that of most young men by being dared, becoming somewhat piqued, promised to follow the gipsy and submit himself to whatever proof she might require.

"Throwing a cloak over her shoulders, she stepped forth a few paces, saying, 'Follow me then;' but, halting on the threshold of the door, added—

"'Drink another glass.'"

"'Not another drop—I do not need it.'"

"'No matter, you require, and will be the better for one more glass.'"

"Thus pressed, the student emptied the glass presented to him, and they then together quitted the hut.

"They walked at a rapid pace through the bye lanes in the direction of the university, guided by the distant flashes of lightning which at intervals vividly illuminated their path; and, on approaching Cambridge, crossed the high road which skirts the rear of the riverside colleges, then followed for some moments the line of hedge bounding the walks of Clare Hall and King's College, until the woman stopped before the large iron entrance-gate of the latter. A blaze of lightning discovered the woman in the act of applying a key, attached to a bunch at her waist, to the lock, and an instant afterwards they stood within the walls of King's College. The gipsy crossed the cycloid bridge, took the direction of the chapel, passed through the side-gate leading to Clare Hall, and again stopped before the ancient ivy-covered gateway of the now uninhabited and ruinous old court of King's College. An owl, scared by the creaking of the rusty hinges of the postern by which they gained the deserted area, strewn here and there with heaps of stones and rubbish, screeched ominously across their path as they entered.

"'Where am I?' said the young man.

"'In the old court of King's College.'"

"'I know the college very well; indeed, I know two or three members of it; but I have never seen these ruins.'"

"'It is the most ancient portion of the original buildings still standing, but

it has been long untenanted, and all access closed ; you were, therefore, not likely to have visited it.'

"The young man followed in anxious silence the footsteps of the gipsy. The half-crumbled walls were pierced by pointed stone-shafted windows of various dimensions, now dismantled of their glazed lattices, and the embattled towers of the entrance-gates astonished him by their massive proportions ; as his eye glanced upwards at the lofty turrets by which they were flanked, his gaze was arrested by a light dimly streaming through a narrow loop-hole cut in the highest story of the edifice. The next moment his companion suddenly bade him enter a low and narrow arched doorway, evidently leading to some subterranean passage."

"The young man must have been a simpleton, to say the least," exclaimed Dr. Everingham, unable to resist interrupting the colonel ; "who but an insensate would have followed a woman of suspicious character, and a total stranger to him, into such a place?"

"I would!" cried the young lady who had before borne a part in the conversation ; "I would have followed her to the centre of the earth."

"Go on," said Lady Laura, whose ever-juvnescent imagination was captivated by a narrative so attractive in its commencement.

"The gipsy lighted a dark lantern, which she drew forth from a hole in the wall, and both continued their way in silence along this damp and deep labyrinth ; arrived at the base of a spiral staircase they commenced its ascent, and continued with considerable difficulty to mount the decayed stairs, obstructed as they were by fallen fragments of stone and mortar—frequently finding some half-broken, others wholly wanting, which compelled them to leap the void space, while the looser fragments rolled from under their feet, and fell echoing below. At length, after a long and fatiguing ascent, the student, breathless and exhausted, perceived that they had reached the summit of the turret ; a narrow passage presented itself, terminated by a low door, which admitted them into a vast stone-vaulted apartment. As they entered, the door closed behind them. A sepulchral-

looking lamp hung flickering from the centre of the roof, beneath which stood a circular table covered with antique embossed letter, having a hole sufficiently large to admit a man's head in the middle, and which aperture was inclosed to the flooring by folds of the same material covering the table. Near the edge of this species of tunnel were placed a goblet filled with water, and a sharp-pointed dagger ; around these several open books were strewn, written in strange-looking characters on vellum. As the student's gaze wandered round this dreary chamber, he perceived it was destitute of any other article of furniture save that just described, but the walls were garnished with utensils of quaint forms—the uses of which it would have been difficult rightly to divine. Having contemplated in silence all this paraphernalia—

"'Well ! what next have you to show me?' asked he.

"'You are over hasty, my young gentleman.'

"'My impatience is natural enough, I should think.'"

"'True ;—you are a brave man, and your coolness deserves to be rewarded : place your head over that hole in the table, and tell me what you see therein.'

"The young man obeyed without making reply. A moment afterwards he rose from his stooping posture seemingly astounded.

"'What have you seen?' inquired the gipsy.

"'Most singular,' he replied ; 'I have, seen—but no ! 'tis impossible.'

"'Well?"

"'I saw the abode of my cousin Julia, in London, and my brother and a party in wedding attire assembled in the drawing-room, ready to celebrate a marriage.'

"'You love your cousin?"

"'Alas ! yes ; but I am a younger son, and she has rejected my suit in favour of my brother, for he is wealthy. —I now perceive the reason for my father keeping me here during vacation time. At this very hour they are about to be united, and knowing the despair it would cause me, and the disapproval of another party of the family, have chosen the night time for the ceremony, the better to insure its privacy.'

"Then looking at his watch, he exclaimed, in great agitation—

"Half-past eleven!"

The colonel here momentarily interrupted his narration to address a French lady present. "Perhaps, madame, you are not aware," said he, "that it is by no means unusual in England to marry at night. It is a usage, however, exclusively confined to the wealthy, who obtain for the purpose what we call 'a special license.' Begging pardon for the digression, I resume my story.

"The young student, utterly astonished, continued—

"But how came you acquainted with all this?"

"I know nothing of it—it is the knowledge of a spirit. Are you now convinced?"

"Of what?—of the existence of a supernatural power accorded to certain individuals! No, I can never believe in sorcery; but I am totally unable to explain what I have just seen."

"You are very incredulous," replied the gipsy with considerable acerbity, as she rivetted her dark eyes gloomily upon the student; "take care, young man; obstinacy is an evil counsellor—nothing is done in this world, either of good or evil, by stiff-necked stubbornness: heaven and hell alike love submission."

"I will never submit to that against which my reason revolts."

"Let's try again; gaze once more through the aperture. The young man obeyed unhesitatingly, stooped over the centre of the table, and started back.

"Look attentively," exclaimed the gipsy.

"A fearful trepidation had seized upon him, and he trembled in every limb; but he still continued gazing through the aperture, whilst his features became painfully distorted; a profuse perspiration trickled from his forehead, and he appeared ready to swoon.

"Well, what have you seen this time?"

"It is all over; they are married, and my misery is irremediable."

"Now that you can no longer remain doubtful of my power, follow, at least, the advice that—

"Your power!" scornfully exclaimed the young man, goaded by his despair; "your power is all a farce—the whole affair is a despicable piece of jugglery."

"How then, can you explain the chance which has made me accurately guess that which most interests you in the world; you, whom I have never seen before, and whose name has not even been pronounced in my hearing? How happens it that I show you here, that which occupies your thoughts, and takes place fifty miles distant from us? Do you not perceive that I have made use of your soul by way of a guide, and that I can act upon spirit, as the uninitiated upon the body?"

"I see nought of the kind; if you have nothing further to show me, suffer me to retire and collect myself, for I am not in the humour at this moment to become a convert to witchcraft, or hear its existence proved to me."

"So much the worse for you," replied the gipsy; "you shall, however, be enlightened thereupon, in spite of your incredulity—that I am resolved."

"I defy you to shake my conviction," retorted the young man. "True, I cannot explain to myself that which I have seen; but does chance ever explain itself?"

"I will prove to you, too surely, ere we part," continued the Pythoness, "that I can at will invert the natural order of things."

"The expression of her countenance, as she said this, became sinister and forbidding in the extreme; every feature was contracted, she foamed at the mouth, and her lips trembled in silence. She approached the table, seized the dagger, and traced a few signs with its point along the surface of the water with which the goblet was filled.

"I have only this means of persuading you remaining," she continued, with an air of increased gloom; "but I ought to warn you of the serious nature of the proof: it is a terrible one. One may not sport with impunity with supernatural power:—this proof is, indeed, a terrible one, I repeat;" and the physiognomy of the woman became horribly convulsed, her voice sepulchral in its tones, and her eyes flashed wildly. "This proof consists in firmly striking with the dagger's point the water

contained in the goblet which stands on the table: can you strike the blow without flinching? Are you bold enough to do this?

“‘What is to hinder my doing it? It will not be the first or the last time of my striking water with steel.’

“‘You will repent of this jest for the remainder of your life: strike, then, and confess the power of——’

“The young man struck;—a piercing shriek from a man’s voice rang in his ears—the student answered by a groan. ‘I felt flesh at the bottom of the goblet,’ he exclaimed with horror, as he flung the dagger from his hand. He cast a glance at the goblet—it was filled with blood! He fell to the ground in a swoon.

“The unhappy young man was wholly ignorant of the length of time he had remained in a state of unconsciousness, but on regaining his senses he found himself extended on the pavement of a narrow lane in Cambridge adjacent to his own college. In the stupor that succeeded this interval of insensibility, he could scarcely believe either what he had seen or done to induce it.—‘What a horrible dream!’ was his repeated exclamation. His first impulse was to seek the old dismantled gateway by which he had gained access to the ruined court of King’s College; but he found the wicket fast, and all around buried in silence. Not only did he believe that he had been dreaming, but that he was still so; his brain grew dizzy, his ideas wandered, and, terrified at what he felt, he regained his college and flung himself upon his bed exclaiming, ‘I am about to lose my reason, if, indeed, I am not mad already.’

“He slept soundly until mid-day, but found himself so fatigued on awakening that he could not rise. In the course of the afternoon a letter was brought him, which had arrived express from London. It was from his father, and was to the following purport:—‘My dear son,—An inexplicable event has just spread consternation and dismay in our family: last night, at a quarter to twelve o’clock, the marriage of your brother with your cousin was solemnized in the drawing-room of your aunt’s house, in —— Square. Im-

mediately after the ceremony the newly married pair took leave of us to enter their travelling carriage which stood at the door, to convey them to their seat, —— Park. Your sister-in-law, whom we conducted as far as the hall-door, after receiving my embrace, stepped into the carriage, followed closely by her husband, who had already placed one foot upon the step of the vehicle, when an agonising shriek filled us all with terror. I rushed out of the house and sprang down the door-steps; judge of my astonishment and horror at beholding your brother extended lifeless upon the pavement. ‘What has happened?’ I cried, but nobody could answer the question: all eagerly hastened to raise him, and at first it was imagined that the emotion of the moment had brought on a fainting fit from which he would quickly recover: but, having conveyed him within doors, on closer examination, I perceived that his clothes were stained with blood—he had been stabbed to the heart. No one had seen the weapon by which he had been murdered or the arm that dealt the blow. Such, my dear son, is the issue of a marriage formed under the happiest auspices; who could have foreseen so lamentable a catastrophe? All search to discover the author of the crime has hitherto proved vain. Return to us so soon as you receive this; I have no longer, alas, any motive for keeping you away from home and your sisters, whose despair is truly pitiable, and who have need of your presence. Your cousin Julia, now a nearer and dearer relation, is with us: her grief is more calm in its expression than that of the rest of us, for she alone has never lost her presence of mind. Come, then, I shall expect to see you this very night; all are anxious for your return. You are now the eldest of my children; your father would embrace you with an almost broken heart.’

“At the receipt of this astounding intelligence, the unhappy student rose, and, aided by the strength imparted by a high state of fever, ran direct to the residence of a magistrate. He related, in all its minutest detail, what you have just heard from my lips; notwithstanding the strangeness of his deposition he was listened to with attention, but



he could give no exact description of the woman whose infernal art appeared to have deranged his intellect. Ultimately, however, it occurred to him that he had met with her before elsewhere; at first he could not recollect when or where, or even be certain of the fact, but, on taxing his memory deliberately, he thought that she could be no other than Nathea, the famous gipsey, whom he had met some months back on Epsom race-course."

"At the very same time that I saw her there!" exclaimed the young lady who had previously spoken of the gipsey, and whose attention had been wound up to the highest pitch of excitement by the colonel's story.

"And I also," rejoined the latter; but neither you nor I, madam, I am happy to say, paid so dearly for the interview as did my young friend the student."

"Who knows?" sighed she in a low, melancholy tone of voice, as her head drooped upon her bosom, whilst the colonel thus concluded his narrative:—

"An instant pursuit was made after the gipsey, but on the police searching the hovel in which Nathea had last been seen, no trace of her could be discovered, and the only tidings that have been gathered respecting her, merge in a supposition that she had sought refuge in Paris."

## Z E M L I C A R.

*A popular legendary Indian Tale.*

BY J. B. BROWNE.

'Twas by yon broad lake's silent shore—

Where the dark forest stretching far,  
Scarce trembles to the cataract's roar—

I first beheld young Zemlicar.

She was the daughter of a race

Of chiefs—her father still was one—

But he to distant wars had gone

To wipe away some foul disgrace

His enemies would fain attack

To one in war they ne'er could match.

When to the distant wars he went

He clasp'd his daughter to his breast;

While o'er her drooping form he bent,

Thrice kiss'd her polish'd brow, and bless'd

As oft his dear and only child—

In token that three moons must wane

If fortune on his prowess smiled,

Ere he return'd to her again.

Nor did she murmur nor complain:

A warrior's daughter sheds no tears—

They might betoken doubts or fears;

Right well did she her part sustain,

In all that glads a sire to see

In his devoted progeny!

• • • • •

Far westward o'er the lake's deep blue

Full many a day she gazed; and drew

Conjectures various, but in vain,  
 Of what her father might detain ;  
 For now, full twice three moons had shed  
   Their lustrous light across the water,  
 Since that brave chieftain plumed his head  
   For war, and bless'd his only daughter.

\* \* \* \*

The equinoctial gales came on—  
   The waters now no longer sleep  
 In quiet ; the rude billows don  
   Their angry crests, and madly sweep  
 To ruin all that fate has cast  
 Unshelter'd from the ruthless blast.

\* \* \* \*

The boisterous storm subsides at length,  
   The mountain-waves no longer roar,  
 For, shorn of all their giant strength,  
   They gently kiss the pebbly shore,  
 As if full anxious to atone  
 For all their rudeness lately shown.

\* \* \* \*

It was a calm and beauteous morn :  
   The splendour of the eastern sky  
   Had given unto the lake a dye  
 That might all mortal semblance scorn !  
 Young Zemlicar abroad was seen  
 With hurried step and mournful mien ;  
 With mantle negligently cast  
 Around her bosom, onward pass'd  
 To where a little mound arose  
   Above the margin of the bay,  
 For 'twas from thence she daily chose  
   The waste of waters to survey :  
 That morn, when she her station took  
 She cast a supplicating look  
   To heaven, and then most anxiously  
 She gazed across the wat'ry plain,  
   In hopes the chieftain's barque to see  
 Returning to its home again.

Far distant on the lake appear'd  
   A small dark spot, and there it lay ;  
 Nor east nor west at all it steer'd,  
   Nor sail nor oar seem'd to obey :  
 It might be anchor'd—could that be ?  
   Ah, no ! the waters were too deep—  
   Yet there it lay, like bird asleep  
 When there's no ripple on the sea.  
 She watch'd it till the sun had gain'd  
 His high meridian, and still strain'd  
 Her aching eye-balls—but in vain !  
 And then she sigh'd and gazed again.

She watch'd it till the sun declined  
 Behind the western forests dark,  
 And there it lay all undefined,  
 This shallop, war-canoe, or barque ;  
 But when the giant pine-trees threw  
 Their long, dark shadows o'er the water,  
 Then homeward mournfully she drew—  
 The chieftain's lone, but lovely daughter  
 Her heart foreboded aught of ill  
 That might a daughter's bosom fill ;  
 And all night long she thought upon  
 What she'd descried the previous day—  
 And wish'd the dull, dark hours were gone ;  
 And then she gave herself a prey  
 To all that hopelessness of heart  
 Suspense and loneliness impart.  
 But though she grieved, she shed no tears—  
 Nor scarce a single sigh she heaved,  
 For though she was of tender years,  
 She like a warrior's daughter grieved.

\* \* \* \*

A gentle breeze at midnight swept  
 The slumb'ring lake—the wavelets leapt  
 In playfulness along the strand  
 And bore a war-canoe to land.  
 The breeze at day-break died away—  
 The gentle ripples sported past ;  
 But on the sloping beach there lay  
 A vessel without oar or mast.  
 Young Zemlicar again is there  
 To scan the lake with anxious eye.  
 But, oh ! how shall her fond heart bear  
 Her father's war-boat to descry ?  
 That war-boat she so oft had hail'd  
 Victorious to dark Erie's shore ;  
 But now her inmost bosom quail'd  
 To think its voyaging was o'er !  
 But where is he who ruled its helm ?  
 What ruthless hand his life hath taken ?  
 Or, doth the treacherous wave o'erwhelm ?  
 Or was he by false friends forsaken ?  
 A moment motionless she stood—  
 A moment o'er the lake's broad flood  
 She cast a wand'ring gaze, as if  
 She had not mark'd the stranded skiff :—  
 But, oh ! full soon her eye hath caught  
 The wreck ! a moment her hath brought  
 To where it lay ; but who may tell  
 Her anguish when the certainty  
 Of her sire's fate upon her fell !  
 So falls the lightning on some tree  
 Array'd in all its summer bloom—  
 A moment serves to seal its doom !  
 Its shiver'd branches strew the plain,  
 Nor shall it ever bloom again !

## A SLIGHT MISFORTUNE.

THE loss of a loquacious parrot or a thorough-bred Italian hound, the contemplation of some long-tended pet flower withering away upon one's balcony, are but slight misfortunes for many people who entertain no particular affection either for bird or hound, nor dote upon one species of flower more than another. Slight, however, as these misfortunes may appear to the many, they cause in some instances nights of grief, weeks of regret, and sometimes even undermine the health of the bereaved one. This may, perhaps, be doubted; one is disposed to give ready credence to such effects being peculiar only to great calamities, to misfortunes of an overwhelming character. In highly civilized communities the heart becomes classic even in its choice of matters for woe. If, however, it be rightly interrogated, this will prove to be a fallacious feeling, and that one consents to grieve on great occasions merely as a pretext not to grieve at all. What matters it to you in the long run whether the whole Chinese empire be swallowed up by a deluge, or Japan fried to cinders by a volcano? You would not give your silk umbrella to hinder either catastrophe; but if your umbrella were lost or stolen, you would fret about it for an entire day. There is an infinity of these slight misfortunes—nothing but a succession of them.

There is at Paris a wide area which Frenchmen account to be a fine place; it is situate between the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, the Seine and the Boulevards. They call it, I believe, *Place Louis XV.—de la Concorde—de la Revolution or de la Opélique*. Take your choice of them. This square has several approaches; upon that which is formed by the bridge of the Chamber of Deputies—through one of the bitterest days of last winter, the severity of which the poor will well remember—stood an African vending dates, and a little peasant girl who offered bunches of April violets for sale to the passers-by. It was the middle of April—that silly season, when

the rain falls whilst the sun shines, the wind blows during the snow-shower, and it feels hot and cold at the same moment. It seems that violets spring up even during a season apparently so ungenial. Where, we have not the slightest idea. In the country a carpet of snow spreads itself all around to the verge of the horizon; when the snow is frozen it forms a mirror of some two hundred miles perhaps; when it has thawed, it is a shallow sea, with the exception of any possibility of navigation. No matter, ask for violets, roses, gooseberries, strawberries, green peas, French beans, apricots, and you will instantly have the flower or vegetable desired. Whence they come is an impenetrable mystery, when one thinks that there are more pine apples in London and Paris than at Martinique!

The African was aged: he was a native of Mascara, in the kingdom of Algiers; he had there been the possessor of a tannery; fabricating those red and bronze-coloured leathers from which accoutrement-makers manufacture dagger-sheaths and sword-scabbards. This sort of craft is highly esteemed in the East; it requires skill and taste, and those are held in consideration who excel in it, and our date-merchant had exercised it with rare excellence.

His reputation was established and his fortune made, when the French dismantled Mascara and burned it to the ground. The tanner of Mascara was ruined; his workshops were consumed, the conquerors converted his finest hides into saddles, his wife was killed by a bayonet-thrust, his child perished in the flames that destroyed their dwelling—his beloved daughter, called Little Strawberry—and in the Arabic the appellation is divine; his loss was irremediable, for his every hope was centred in her.

The poor tanner grieved deeply. By way of recompense they bestowed upon him the grade of citizen of France, incorporated him in a sort of national guard, and out of the ruins of his dwelling they built a *café*, wherein they sold beer and played at *poule*.

He repaired to Algiers to claim restitution of one of those suddenly created kings that are manufactured in the offices of the minister of war. His excellency the governor pretended that he had no power to prevent the conquered from dying of hunger. And yet we talk of barbarians, and call ourselves civilized! But what was Timour, and what Genghis Khan? Men who took towns and kingdoms, dismembered nations and annihilated races. And what are you, pray? And what do you do, modern victors? Because you pillage towns under discharges of cannon, you deem yourselves more honest than those who took them under flights of arrows? An amusing justification, truly. But the Algerines were thieves. Granted:—then you have robbed the robbers. Noble morality! But then you forget the glory! And classicism again comes to aid the modern sophist. What is glory? A great thing, doubtless, in the eyes of the old world. But before we can afford to purchase glory, make bread cost only a penny the pound, and take the duty off malt and tobacco.

The tanner of Mascara obtained the favour of entering France, that generous country, open to all who are disposed to die of hunger, whether by pursuing commerce, art or literature; but especially in the latter vocation.

In that *belle France*, then, the Algerine first experienced a horrible cold beneath his slight vestments; the unhappy man had chosen the streets of Paris for his residence. He spoke of his sufferings—no one comprehended him; he wept—he was still less understood. He passed whole days at the corner of the *Place de la Bourse*, which he mistook, in his simplicity, for a catholic mosque. Hence, he concluded that those who repaired thither would not fail to be charitable; for charity, as Mahomet says, is a celestial dew; it costs little to dispense, and fertilizes widely. The only dew received by the Oriental was that from the clouds over Paris: no *agent de change* bestowed a sous upon him. "The camels endure hunger longer than we do," said the tanner to himself, as he tightened his girdle, and thought of his departed wife and daughter, Little

Strawberry. But the moment comes when one must either eat or die, or rob:—a holy trinity of modern civilization. The consciousness of this at last struck the Oriental; a sorrowful smile curled his lip, and he said—"I will die." It was one of those devoted acts of which heaven alone takes account.

We shall shortly see whether it so chanced.

Nanterre is a pretty little village, delightfully situate between Paris and St. Germain-en-Laye; and thither the children of fortune repair to re-invigorate themselves with the bland breeze of spring, after the fatigues and excesses of the long winter *soirees*.

Every thing is for the rich: the green meadow, the smooth current between the willows, and the birds warbling upon their branches. Grows there finer fruit than common? it is for the rich. Springs there a lovelier flower? it is for the rich. Not only to them belong palaces, horses, and the banquet, but the very sun, the air, the breeze, the stars. If you are not rich, whence do you see the sun?—from your garret-window. You do not care to gaze at his glaring orb, for it would scorch your eye-balls. The sun, then, is for the rich. Crazy poets formerly refused to the wealthy the possession of that health they themselves lacked. The rich enjoy a health that you would prize; you, enfeebled by the mephitic air of the close street or pent-up alley; for their's is fostered by excellent viands, savoury vegetables and the freely circulating air. A good joke that of denying the possession of health to the rich!

Nanterre, then, gave birth to the little vender of violets of whom we are about to speak in this little sketch which makes no pretence either to merit or art: her father cultivated the vineyard of another and drank not of its wine—a privilege common to some twenty millions of other Frenchmen, and her mother sold cakes at the entrance gate to the park of St. Cloud, when she did sell them. These two modes of industry united, sufficed not to pay their annual rent, and buy their daily bread.

When the little girl had grown tall enough, that is to say, somewhat higher than a gooseberry-bush, they tied a

handkerchief round her head, *sabots* upon her feet, and put half a dozen bouquets of violets in her hand (they, perhaps, forgot her stockings,) and said to her: "You must walk three leagues every morning and go to Paris to offer violets to the muddled, wearied, ill-tempered, unhappy-looking people that pass backwards and forwards. What a happy occupation that of selling violets at Paris!"

Her parents, in short, were growing old; their eyesight was failing them, and their limbs refused to do their former offices. It remained for their little girl to see and trudge for them; and she willingly resigned herself to the task. Notwithstanding all this, she was radiant as the summer, and fair as her patron saint of Nanterre, who led her flocks to the watering place whilst she at the same time, as the legend has it, industriously spun. She however, scarcely ever brought back six sous to Nanterre. Six sous after having walked six leagues—and in winter! M. Rothschild sometimes gains a hundred thousand francs in a day. Enough one would imagine wherewith to buy violets! But, M. Rothschild, perhaps, has only a fancy for tulips.

Well, upon the day in question, during the April of last year, the father of the peasant girl of Nanterre was ill in bed, and her mother scarce able to move from her chair. Their little daughter went not the less to Paris. Such roads! oceans of mud, torrents of snow, a sickly looking sun visible, at intervals, through a leadened coloured atmosphere.

There she was at her post, at the foot of the bridge near the Chamber of Deputies, along which roll so many carriages with emblazoned panels and gay liveries—so many millions drawn by four horses. She had six bouquets of violets in her hands! Charming little girl! She offered them, after shaking the snow from their fragrant petals, to all who passed; and no one would buy—not a soul!

Since six o'clock in the morning had she offered them. It was now on the stroke of twelve.

The tanner of Mascara was not dead; by one of those chances to which the present French lottery owes its exist-

ence, he had met with an excessively generous man. This individual had made him a present of a basket, a couple of straps, and three pounds of dates; and with this cargo he accosted all Paris.

"Dates! dates!" cried he; "genuine Barbary dates!" Poor African! and whence came his dates? From Paris or Vaugirard, most probably. The first day he sold eight dates, the second, three; the third day, on which he had cried "Dates! dates!" until his voice failed him at the foot of the bridge; he had not sold one. For they were withered by the rain, and soiled by the dust.

At two o'clock the cold fell to twelve degrees below zero; and the little flower-girl, who was equally unfortunate as the date merchant in failure of customers, grew purple, and shivered in every limb. The Algerine took off his turban, unrolled it, and said, or rather said nothing. The poor child covered her shoulders with the long folds of muslin worn as a head-covering by the tanner of Mascara.

"Dates! dates! genuine Barbary dates!"

"Fresh violets, *mesdames*! Fresh violets!"

No purchaser. Four o'clock, struck, and the cold increased to eighteen degrees, and neither of them had eaten a morsel that day.

A few charitable individuals laughed heartily as they passed, at seeing a Turk without a turban.

At three o'clock, the little violet vendor's heart failed her; she leaned from exhaustion, against the parapet of the bridge. The African then went up to her, and said:—

"How much for these violets, *mademoiselle*?"

"Six sous," she replied, "for the six bunches."

"Here, eat these ten dates, the half of what I have left, and give me in exchange two bunches of violets."

By this means the peasant girl of Nanterre breakfasted. But the African ate not—he had yet fasted *only* two days.

And thus had misfortune chanced to unite the misery of the West with the misery of the East—their flowers and dates.

At sunset the cold was so intense, that the thermometer indicated twenty-one degrees ; and the tanner of Mascara showed his white teeth as he gazed upwards upon the heavens with a bitter smile of agony. The little flower-girl had fallen asleep upon the pavement of the bridge.

"She sleeps," thought he ; "and she is as pretty as my Little Strawberry ; let her sleep on. Dates ! dates ! genuine Barbary dates !"

Paris was now lighted up. It was a fine sight to look upon from the bridge, all resplendent beneath that sky as sombre as the roof of a mine. Some were driving to the ball, others to the opera, to Boul's, or to the *Rocher de Cancale*, where apricots are eaten in April, at forty francs per plate.

And now the African in his turn, felt overcome by sleep ; he yielded himself to its influence so much the more willingly, as it was but little probable that any one would now come to buy his dates ; at seven o'clock then, with the cold at twenty-one degrees, he slept !

Before he sunk into slumber, a happy thought came into his mind ; it was to draw close to the little violet vendor, that he might afford her some warmth, by throwing over her the ends of his *bornous*, a garment of which the glorious conquest of the French had not stripped him.

He kept one half therefore, to cover himself, and threw the other over the body of the little flower-girl.

And they are still sleeping.

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#### THE RETURN OF THE SWISS CRUSADERS.\*

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We come, we come, O ! smiling Home,  
 Our weary exile o'er ;  
 With our vassal bands from far-off lands  
 We come, we come, once more.  
 From the clime of the vanquish'd Moslemite,  
 Where the red-cross flag waves free,  
 We have sped through danger, toil, and strife,  
 O'er the waves of a stormy sea.  
 We come, oh, ye bright and laughing streams,  
 So loved in our early morning dreams,  
 We come, ye eternal hills !  
 Hail ! to your glens and forests hoar,  
 Where our feet were wont to bound of yore,  
 To the music of our rills.

Full oft hath the Paynim foeman quail'd  
 At the flashing of our brands ;  
 They have shown in the fight like beams of light  
 'Mid our noble Alpine bands.  
 All spotless are our banners' folds  
 That on the winds are thrown ;  
 High names and haughty do they bear,  
 Meet for our old renown.  
 Stainless and free, our warfare o'er,  
 To our mountain homes we come once more—  
 To the snows of our eagle land !  
 O, ye green valleys and forest glades,  
 Will ye not welcome us to your shades—  
 The Alpine warrior band ?

T. W.

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\* A band of the Swiss distinguished themselves at the taking of Joppa, in the second crusade,—Sec Ambrecourt.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

\* \* The Number to be published on the 1st of May, will contain Four Plates  
of Fashions.

[Having found that many of our Subscribers have been desirous of having a greater Number and greater Variety of Fashion Plates than we can possibly give in this Work, we beg to inform our Readers, generally, that there are eighty-four Plates and upwards of the same description published by us annually in Paris (from which, monthly, we select two of the most novel and reasonable for the use of the Court Magazine), and that the same can be obtained from Mr. Dobbs, our publisher, at No. 11, Carey Street, or by the Order of any Bookseller in England, Scotland, or Ireland, viz., or three months, 12s.; for a year, £2, in advance, as customary in France.

No. 7.—*Planche de Détails*.—Top centre bust, marked No. 3, and lower one marked the same. Blonde cap à la paysanne, trimmed with yellow ribbons. The form of this cap will be best seen by the lower bust (see plate); the head-piece is deep, in the style of the mob cap, and is sufficiently sloped away in front to make it sit far off the brow; the cawl is round and rather small, and gathered all round. The border, which is of blonde, becomes deep at the sides of the face, and continues so round the back to form the *bavolet*; just below the left ear (see plate) it forms a kind of rosette with two bows of ribbon in the centre; at the right side it is narrow and mixed with ends of ribbon, *en oreilles de caniche*; across the brow the border is fancifully intermixed with the trimming. A ribbon goes round the head-piece and is finished in a large bow over the *bavolet* at back. The cap is not tied under the chin, nor has it strings. Hair in *bandeaux lisses*. Dress of white or pink satin; corsage à pointe, with a deep tucker, à la Louis XIII., which likewise comes to a point in front. Plain, tight, short sleeve with a deep blonde ruffle (see plate); the sleeve of the lower bust has two puffs or *sabots* at the bottom of the plain sleeve; half long white kid gloves with a *ruche* at top.

The two busts marked No. 1, at top of plate.—*Coiffure à la Chinoise*.—In this singular style of coiffure, the hair over the brow is taken back from the roots, and formed into braids and rouleaux at the lower part of the back of the head, where an immense bunch of ostrich feathers is also placed. A wreath of full-blown roses (forming the

nattes or braids à la Clotilde is at each side of the face, encircling the ears. We cannot exactly recommend this style of coiffure to our fair readers, although we consider it our duty to display it to them as it has been adopted by several of our juvenile belles at some of the late splendid *réunions* in the French capital. Dress of pink or apple-green crape or gauze, tight corsage à pointe laced up at back; plain tucker of rich blonde; short sleeves in double or triple *sabots*, finished with double ruffles à la Louis XIV.; white kid gloves with a *ruche* of ribbon at top. Clear cambric handkerchief.

The two lower busts marked No. 2, in walking costume. Dress of white muslin; corsage *demi décolletée* (half high). A pelerine which leaves the neck open in front, covers the corsage of the dress (see plate); the pelerine is round at the back, but descends quite as low as the waist; it has a worked trimming all round, deep at back, and on the shoulders, and sloped off gradually towards the waist in front, a deep falling frill of the same goes round the neck. Sleeves full all the way down, finished by a deep cuff turned up with a narrow frill at the edge next the sleeve; pink ceinture tied in front. Hat of pink or *paille pour de soie*, the front quite round and thrown up (*très évasée*), the crown small at top and not high; a full plume of feathers, the exact shade of the hat, is placed at the left side. The ribbons are of *gros grain*, and very wide. A wreath of full blown roses without foliage crosses the brow beneath the front of the hat. Hair brought in smooth bands as low as the sides of the face and then formed into wide braids, *en fer à cheval*, two at



each side (see plate), this is a becoming style of coiffure particularly well adapted to a hat, as it amply supplies the want of either curls or blonde. The straw colour hat gives the back of the pink one. The second figure (2) wears a *chale* mantlelet of shot silk, *gorge de pigeon*.

*Pelerine Découletée*.—This pelerine is to be worn with a low dress, as according to the present fashion it leaves the neck much exposed. It may be either pointed or rounded at back, and as may be perceived by the plate it only meets at the waist in front, where it is finished by a very full bow of ribbons; entirely round the pelerine is a *bullion* trimming, in which a broad pink ribbon is inserted. The pelerine is of clear cambric or India muslin elegantly embroidered.

*Revers* of muslin or cambric to wear with a low corsage; this *revers* needs but little explanation as it may be easily cut from the pattern; the material goes the straight way in the centre of the front; it may be joined (with an insertion) or not on the shoulders; round the bosom is a narrow lace edging, the lower side is trimmed with three frills small plaited, and edged with a small *feston* (mitre overcast). An *échelle* of bows of ribbon with two long ends marks the centre of the front of the *revers*.

Beneath is a pelerine, round at back, with a bullion trimming, much in the style of the one already described.

No. 8.—*Toilettes de Promenade*.—Walking or Carriage Costume.—Hats of *velours d'Afrique* (ribbed silk) trimmed with crape. The fronts are *évasée*, coming low at the sides of the face, where one side is left square, the other rounded (see plate); the crown, which is neither high nor large, is made to sit back, and as well as the front, has a second *border* (or small piping) placed about an inch apart from that at the edge (see plate); a twisted piece of

crape crosses the head of the bonnet (where the front joins with the crown) and descends at each side to form the *brides* (strings) which are left untied. A puffing of satin ribbon goes all round the back over the *bavolet*, and a lovely bouquet of roses with ample foliage is placed at the left side. It will be perceived that the roses in the pink hat are white, and those in the white hat pink; the crape trimming should be of the colour of the hat. Hair in ringlets. A wreath of roses beneath the front of the hat at the right side; two roses at the left.

Dress of Standing Figure.—*Redingotte* of *gros de Naples*, colour *écru*; corsage tight to the bust and a good deal open on the neck; a puffed or *bouillon* trimming goes round the top of the corsage, and a second row is placed lower, just over the shoulders, imparting to the *redingotte* the effect of a dress with a pelerine (see plate); the same puffed trimming is continued down the front of the skirt and round the bottom, with the only difference of its being wider as it goes down from the waist; large full sleeves confined with runnings at the shoulder, and finished by deep cuffs (see plate). Embroidered cambric ruffles, brooch, *Saint Esprit*, suspended from a chain round the neck, white gloves, black shoes of Spanish leather.

Dress of Sitting Figure.—Dress of lavender silk; corsage tight to the bust and half high. Skirt ornamented with a deep flounce. Sleeves long and full, drawn into regular plaits at some distance below the shoulder, and with four tucks, without fulness and cut the cross way of the material, put on between the plaiting and full part of the sleeve (see plate); embroidered ruffles, ceinture with long ends tied in front; deep blonde or lace frill, brooch, yellow kid gloves.

## THE NEWEST MODES OF PARIS.

BY OUR OWN PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Paris, *Merch* 21, 1839.

I shall begin, *chère amie*, by giving you an improvement for your corsages *a pointe*, to be worn *en grande toilette*; this is neither more nor less than a fall

of lace or blonde put on at the waist, and going round the point as well as round the entire ceinture of the corsage; it has the prettiest effect imaginable, especially if the dress be of coloured satin;

it must not be put on too full, neither quite plain,—about a finger in depth; when the dress is composed of one of the rich materials generally adopted for the robes à l'Antique, and which, you know, are satins and damasks, *broché en or*, the lace should be worked in gold (you are aware that we have blondes and laces worked in gold and silver thread); for plain or figured satins, levantines, silks, &c., rich lace or blonde is employed for this purpose. The corsages for *grandetoilette* are invariably made à *pointe*, they fit tight to the bust and have *rouleaux* round the bosom and back, instead of the draperies à la *Sevigné*, which are on the decline at present. These *rouleaux*, of which there are about five in number (being small) go entirely round the neck, even over the shoulders; they have a becoming effect to the bust. The sleeves for full dress gowns are short; some perfectly plain, finished by a deep fall of blonde, others with two small puffings or *bouillons* just above the blonde ruffle, and others much prettier in three *sabots*, neither large nor full, with a fall of blonde or lace between each. Some have them ornamented with bows, and others with flowers. Flounces on the skirts of robes de grand costume are put on nearly plain, so that the pattern of the lace or blonde is quite displayed. All corsages without *rouleaux* or draperies have plain, deep, falling tuckers such as those worn at the time of Louis XIII., XIV., and XV.

Crape and gauze dresses for *toilette de bal* are trimmed with flowers, arabesques, bows of ribbon, &c. The skirts of some are looped up at one or both sides, others are *en tablier*, &c.

For Walking Dress.—*Redingottes* are adapted in preference to every other make. You have this time the patterns of two of our newest *redingottes* (see fashion plates); they are also of the colours most in vogue at present. You will perceive by these dresses how much our Parisian belles expose their necks and throats to the inclement north-east winds which have been and are still so prevalent; to let you into the secret, *chère amie*, I must tell you it is in order to bleach them! for nowhere, I believe, could one behold, at a time, so many fallow necks, as in a *réunion*,

in our good city of Paris. Those that esteem themselves *blanche*, *très blanche*, (very fair), are of the shade of a satin that was in vogue a few years since, and known by the name of "*French white*," and that, you remember, possessed a good tint of yellow in its composition—the *peau blanche*, and the brilliant complexion of the *belles Anglaises*, form a delightful contrast with them. Another beauty that the French ladies possess in a high degree, is that of the moustache; some of them, I assure you, with a little care, would soon be able to display as long a moustachio as any musquetaire of the reign of Louis XIII. And now you will scold me for being satirical; so, to please you, I will admit of their almost all having pretty hands, white, fat, and with dimples instead of knuckles, and these said fair hands are displayed on every possible occasion; if I remember right, once, when I had a studious fit upon me, I read in Lavater, that such hands, white, round, plump, short fingered (for our French belles disdain taper fingers) are indicative of *peu d'intelligence d'esprit*, and I believe it: not that they are fools neither, but their wit consists in rapartee, and their talents, if they cultivate any, are merely those requisite for the concert or ball-room. In short, Frenchwomen have no minds; their whole souls being absorbed in their intrigues and coquetries. Now I know you will call me severe, so I shall say no more, but let all the married ladies of Paris sing themselves hoarse, waltz till they are giddy, and then flirt till——*assez*.

Hats.—The newest materials for Spring Hats, are *velours d'Afrique*; this is a thick-ribbed silk, it is particularly pretty in white, *paille*, and light blue, having a good deal the appearance of *velours epinglé*—terry velvet. The pink hats are of *gros de Naples moirée*; the watering of the silk is said to suit the delicacy of this colour better than any other. There are still some satin and velvet hats to be seen, but these will soon give place to crape and *paille de riz*. Feathers are still adopted, but flowers are again rapidly replacing them. We shall have Long-champs next week, and then all our spring costumes, and, I hope, sunshine to dis-

play them. The hats are not increasing in size, the fronts sit quite round to the face, though to please me they are rather too *evasée*, the crowns are not high, nor large, and they are made to sit a good deal back or slanting. Crape trimmings mixed with ribbon are coming in; the crape should be the colour of the hat. Some have a *demi-voile* of blonde round the front.

Some say that mantelets will be quite exploded this year, at present there is no such thing to be seen. The large shawls of silk, satin, velvet, &c., wadded and lined, and trimmed all round with lace, or fur, or velvet laid on, are still in high favour. Muslin shawls with a full embroidered trimming all round, and a coloured ribbon inserted in the broad hem, are to be in for spring wear, as soon as the weather permits of such light covering; some of these shawls are to have flat collars, and others *capuchons*, or hoods. Those of thin muslin are to be lined with coloured silk—they will have a pretty effect with a white dress.

Spencers are to be decidedly *de mode*; they are to be made quite tight to fit the bust, open on the neck, with a row of silk buttons down the front, and a row at each side, forming the V from the front of the shoulder to the waist. The collars (if any) are to be *à châle*, like the waistcoats, and some are to have pockets at back, while others are to have a frill of black lace round the waist. The sleeves will vary in form; some are to be full at top, and tight from the elbow down, others to be tight all the way, with puffs or *houillons* at top. The materials for the spencers are to be velvet and satin, and later in the season *gros de Naples* and *poux de soie*.

Embroidery is carried to a great height at present: you will scarcely give me credit, when I say that the simplest embroidered pocket-handkerchief a lady can carry in her hand at a ball, costs between two and three hundred francs, and that many cost as much as a thousand francs, (£40.); at present they are embroidered in gold, the *rivière* all round is worked in gold thread. The handkerchiefs for *demi-toilette* are neat and pretty at present, a zig-zag border is worked all round in

tambour-work, in fine red or blue cotton; some have merely an overcast of coloured cotton all round; and others have bouquets in the corners done in red and white, or blue and white cotton. I have seen some pretty canezous and pelerines with the frills mitred and scalloped at the edge, with blue and red cotton.

The prettiest aprons to be seen are of black satin, embroidered in coloured silk (not floss) and done in tambour stitch; the pockets are sometimes outside, sometimes inside; the ceinture is slightly *à pointe*, and a narrow black lace goes all round the apron.

The newest *mousselines de laine*, and *de soie*, are striped, two, three, and four colours. Suppose a narrow red stripe, edged on each side by a black line, then a wide, bright green stripe, with coloured palms all along, or a running pattern of flowers, or detached bouquets, then the black line and red stripe again.

Striped silks and satins are likewise coming in, so that striped dresses will be *de rigueur* this spring.

The newest ruffles are of clear cambric, *à la duchesse*, with three or four rows of Valenciennes *tuyauté*.

The *cols à la duchesse* are also fashionable, you know they are embroidered with a row of Valenciennes between each row of work, or merely the inside worked, and three or four rows of lace *tuyauté* at the outer edge.

Jewels are very much worn at present. Some splendid ornaments are to be seen in the hair and turbans; the bracelets are very rich, a serpent studded with diamonds and rubies; the earrings are *en bouton*, a large pearl in the centre, surrounded by rubies, emeralds, diamonds, &c.; the brooches are of immense size; cameos and mosaics are much worn as brooches. Coral still maintains its sway, so much so, that even the gentlemen are beginning to wear coral buttons in their white casimir waistcoats, which said waistcoats are all edged round with a cherry-coloured *liséré*, to match the buttons.

Hair.—The back hair is dressed very low, and as much as possible *à la Grecque* or *en chignon*. Feathers are worn but rarely, flowers are often seen, *barbes* (lappets) are in high fashion, and pearls very

much worn. The front hair is in smooth bands, sometimes bands and braids, the latter descending low at the sides of the face, and sometimes in ringlets. The coiffures *à la Sévigné* are coming in, with the only difference that the curls at the sides, are closer to the head than in the real *Sévigné* coiffure. Coiffures *à la Diane de Poitiers* are also coming in.

Colours—for hats, white, pink, *paille* and apple green, for spring; for dresses, *écru*, lavender, pearl grey, and bright green.

*Me voilà chérie au bout de mon papier, adieu! je t-embrasse, en attendant les modes de Longchamps. Toute à toi.*

L. de F——.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE COURT MAGAZINE.

March 22nd, 1839.

DEAR SIR,—It has ever been my rule, with regard to my literary publications, to pay observant attention to criticisms; if good, to profit by them; if bad, to smile at them; but never to reply. Your observations, however, last month, upon my Introductory Lecture on the Language and Literature of Italy, delivered at the London University College, the 6th of November last, induce me to depart from this rule, for the purpose of pointing out some errors into which you have fallen, and shewing you that the judgment you have passed is both precipitate and premature.

I have promised to develop, in the progress of my course, certain notions upon different subjects, and to accomplish this development in a manner in some respects novel, but always with the sanction of historical, critical, and monumental documents. I have promised, nor shall I shrink from replying in any manner, to any one who may honor me by entering into a discussion with me upon points which may appear new, or presented to view under a novel aspect. For opponents I have looked, and held myself in readiness, deeming these honorable contests beneficial and desirable in the republic of letters. Permit, me however, to observe, that I was not certainly prepared to receive an attack before I had entered into the lists. Deferring, therefore, the categorical development of my ideas and propositions to my course on literature, I shall confine myself now to a few remarks. For example, in my introductory lecture, I promised to exhibit certain consequences resulting from certain

abstract principles; you specialise them by application: I speak of general abstract elements; you, of concrete applications, and of individualities. I do not name any form of government as respects Italy, much less England; you, on that subject, assert that I have said things of which, if you will do me the favour to peruse my lecture, you will not find a single word. I could say to you, that the first political question for Italy is, *to be, or not to be?* I could explain to you what, philosophically and politically, I think to be the sole possible regenerative principle for my country; I could unfold to you my individual wishes on this subject; but such deep questions of political and social economy are not adapted to the pages of your otherwise interesting and valuable magazine; they were not a subject to be treated of in a preliminary discourse, or to be solved by me *stans pede in uno*. I have not attempted it, and permit me to add, you are not competent to the task. I spoke of philosophical, democratic, abstract principles, as exhibited in Italian history, and applied solely to Italy; you, I repeat, speak of individualities, and among them, I know not why, of a king of France, and a queen of Spain. Belonging, by birth, to the aristocracy of Italy, it was obligatory upon me to know every minutia of its history, and I am well acquainted with both the good and the evil it has wrought for my country.

But whoever at the present day undertakes a course of literature (in the lofty sense of the word) ought, with the light of philology, and still more with that of philosophy and history, to hold himself aloof from individualities,

except in their relations with generalities, and boldly fulfilling his mission, or rather priesthood, and proclaiming the truth, should say with Dante "*E tocchi d chi si vuol ch'io non ho cura.*"

You say that you could oppose me with various citations beside those already made (which you might be assured are already well known to me); and I affirm without hesitation, that I shall always be ready to meet you with double the number in refutation of your opinions. I wish not to mention it in the form of a boast, but I have ever felt it incumbent on me to study profoundly everything connected with the history and literature of my country; and still less do I wish to give offence by declaring that you have fallen into error. But you, a foreigner, without having examined deeply into the questions, or gone through the necessary comparison of various histories and documents, particularly manuscripts, and without any great stimulus to pursue the subject to its sources, you only report that which many others have repeated before you. But without entering into many particularities, permit me to observe, that at the proper time, I will prove, by irrefragable evidence, how greatly Dante was persecuted, and who was the principle instigator of his prosecution. Honour to Candella Scala; honour to Luido Polenta; honour to whoever assisted the great poet; shame and eternal infamy to those who obliged him to seek refuge. I really could not refrain from a smile at your mention of Galileo's sonnet, as if it were unknown to me who caused it to be made, and for what purpose. Nor does it make the case better to say that Galileo did not die in prison, but was confined in a country house. As there is not much praise due to a thief who merely disables you with heavy blows, and does not quite kill you, so it is not much to the praise of the Inquisition, that having the power to put Galileo to death, it did no more in its great compassion than torture him. But the infamous disgrace was in the act of summoning before itself and arresting a learned man like Galileo, who was an honor not only to Italy, but even (to adopt the phrase of an English author,) to human nature; and here I repeat, ho-

nour to the individual, the Duke de Medici, who offered an asylum to Galileo; eternal shame to him who reduced him to need one! I may remark, in passing, that you cite the Medici as belonging to and representing the aristocratic principle; but having been originally tradesmen of Firenzé, they are considered by many, which I shall show in its place, as a symbol of a very different character.

You say, "*Tasso was mad*;"—the expression is severe. At a time when ancient deep discussions are publicly renewed at the present day by Professor Rosini, of the University of Pisa; and by the Marquis Giuo Capponi; whilst the world is anxiously waiting the publication of new written documents, which shall throw light upon so interesting a point in the history of Italian literature; you at once cut the knot of the question with a single stroke—"Tasso was mad."

Montaigne and your great poets, down to the author of Childe Harold, speak with tender pity and veneration of the greatest modern epic poet. But, supposing that the unhappy Tasso really laboured under mental infirmity, then lasting shame descend upon the head of him who was the cause of it (but that is the grand point in question), and the brand of universal execration stamp the prince that repaid with imprisonment the man who had rendered him immortal in his sublime verses. The praises of the brotherhood of Sant' Onofrio, and of the Pope, who soothed the last moments of the great Torquato, and the crown of laurel upon his lifeless forehead, form a halo of light which does but redouble the black ferocity of Alphonso. However, mad or not mad, the great poet of Jerusalem ought never to have been shut up in the asylum of Saint Anna.

I say this in case you should not admit that Torquato was immured in that horrid prison, which has been for many ages exhibited at Ferrara, and cannot be contemplated without horror by any one professing a spark of soul. Dreadful prison, I repeat; which was visited by Byron, who wrote upon the walls these memorable words: "*Gualtiero Byron visito con pietà e venerazione.*"

And if such was the sentiment of this,

and many other of your illustrious countrymen, as well as of the literati of every nation, it is certain that I and all Italians ought to contemplate with veneration even the delirium, the very dust of the sandals of the great poet, although mad, rather than the despotic prince with whom originated the merciless tyranny which condemned Tasso to such inhuman treatment. And this same Alphonso, in a pomp resplendent with borrowed light, would have been wholly unable to compose even the first stanza of the Jerusalem—" *Canto l'armi pietose e'l capitano*;"—that thankless Alphonso to whom were inscribed those beautiful lines—" *Tu magnanimo Alfonso*."

You speak of Ariosto, one of the most colossal of human minds, in similar language, as a *frondeur*. You affirm yourself to be acquainted with the other writings of Ariosto; you will therefore remember both when he wrote to Molza Malagazzi Seghizzi, and when he bewailed that—" *Il sacro collegio delle muse non gli diedeva mai tanto da comprarsi un manto*,"—and when he received, as a full reward from the Cardinal d'Este, to whom he dedicated the Orlando Furioso, the inane question, now become proverbial, "*Dove trovaste tante pazzie, messer Ariosto?*"—you will also know that the employment he had upon the mountain, and at the castle of Grafagnana, was unworthy both of him who gave and him who received it. But if, after calling these things afresh to your memory, and after having read all the documents that exist, both printed and manuscript, in the principal libraries in Europe, which prove to evidence all that I have advanced, you continue to stigmatise the immortal Ariosto as a *frondeur*, and will not concede him the right of complaint, I must frankly avow that I consider that I have a right to complain for him, in like manner with every one who loves Italy, and feels the exalted dignity of the poet, and of literature.

Leonardo da Vinci, an admirable painter, a great philosopher, is proved by incontrovertible documents to have suffered the misfortunes to which I made allusion in my discourse; nor does the assertion that he died in the arms of Francis I. invalidate what I have affirmed.

Honour be to him who received Leonardo when dying; shame upon him who tormented him when living!

Columbus certainly found but little to praise in the Italian aristocratic and despotic principle: nor do your suppositions, or the name of Queen Isabella, affect in any respect the philosophical and historic positions which I laid down simply as points for future demonstration, and which you, without waiting for the demonstration, have thus prematurely decided to be erroneous.—Permit me, however, in order to draw this long letter to a close, to repeat here the concluding words of my lecture.

I shall be content also if, in my arduous undertaking, pursuing a path not altogether trodden by others, I find many coinciding with my opinions; and lastly, I shall not be displeased if, in my way, I should meet with some learned opponent.

In the democratic struggles of the republic of letters it is right to combat, glorious to conquer, and not dishonourable to fall. In literary conflicts it is noble to imitate those ancient cavaliers who, after the tournament, shook hands together, in sign of reconciliation and reciprocal esteem, according to the beautiful description of Ariosto:—

" Oh gran bonatà de' cavalieri antiqui !  
Eran rivali, eran di fe diversi,  
E si sentian degli aspri colpi iniqui  
Per tutta la persona anco dolersi ;  
E per selva oscura e calli obliqui  
Insiem van senza sospetto aversi !"

I intend not by these words to throw the gauntlet of defiance; I said in the beginning that I seek PEACE. He who is banished on account of his efforts for the independence of his country, ought through his whole life to wage war only upon the enemies of his country. He who dies in exile ought to be buried with his face—not towards the east, but towards his oppressed country; in a position to hear from the tomb that very cry of war. The exile should have engraved upon the stone at his head the three words which he ought to carry in his heart, God, Fatherland, Liberty!—(*Dio, Patria, Libertà!*) And if I should die in this hospitable land—my adopted, second country, I shall comfort myself with the hope that some of my scholars, passing my sepulchral stone, will exclaim—" *Peace be*

*to him, who was our master and our friend!"*

These words I used in application to my course at the University, and I may repeat them in reference to a course upon modern Italian literature, which I purpose giving in the month of May, at a place and time which I shall shortly be able to announce. I wish it, however, to be well understood that I shall never reply to articles or other anonymous writings. In all combats, physical or moral, I have always preferred to fight in open day and with unmasked face.

The frankness of this letter and protest I hope will be received by you as

a proof of my esteem and friendship, and will induce you to suspend your judgment upon points which I have merely alluded to in an introductory discourse, and which should not be subjected to critical analysis until they have received their development.

I trust you will insert this letter in your periodical, and beg you to be assured that, although we may occasionally differ in opinion on politics and literature, I shall still have great pleasure in subscribing myself your friend and obedient servant.

CARLO PEPOLI, Professor, &c.  
*Felsina Cottage,*  
6, Gloucester Road, Old Brompton.

## LINES ON A DEAF AND DUMB BOY,

*Addressed to a celebrated Aurist,*

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Thou hast set free a glorious world  
Within his wondering brain—  
The world of *thought*, that once was furl'd  
And bound as with a chain !

Along the wondrous labyrinth  
That yields to thy controul,  
Thou hast let light and music in  
Upon a sorrowing soul.

Thou hast made clear a precious path  
Into his beating heart,  
For the sweet, thrilling voice of love  
To enter and depart !

Thou hast unseal'd his silent lips ;  
Then teach them to express  
To Heaven, and thee, his spirit's wealth  
Of hope and thankfulness !

For oh ! so deep th' o'erwhelming trance  
Of rapture in the boy ;  
The lips, once dumb from ignorance,  
Are wordless *now* from joy !

## Monthly Critic.

*The Trials of the Heart.* By MRS. BRAY. Author of *Trelawny, &c.* In Three Volumes.

There is a very marked difference of plan and construction in this publication from that of any other of Mrs. Bray's works that have fallen under our observation. The "*Trials of the Heart*," consist of a series of tales, some of them connected with modern history, and all bearing on the emotions of the human mind that are most apt to be awakened in domestic life. Most of these tales carry the reader onwards with a rapidity often wanting in three volume romances. The two last volumes of the "*Trials of the Heart*," possess uncommon excellence, indeed the tales of the "*Adopted*" and "*Vicissitudes*," are our favourites, and we think will be popular favourites; they are admirable in their moral tendency, and as they are written with genius, are effective in moral influence; they certainly captivate the attention of the reader in no ordinary degree.

"*Vicissitudes*," is a tale full of *vraisemblance* of life, which Mrs. Bray can well delineate among the vicissitudes of her heroine. Sweden is visited, a vivid picture is drawn of the manners of Gustavus the Third, which will give a good specimen of this tale.

"There was, soon after our return, a great stir in Gottenburg, on its being formally announced to the principal persons of the city, that king Gustavus the Third (who was afterwards so treacherously murdered by Ankerstrom) was about to visit the place. All the public functionaries, and all the first families, prepared to receive him with due honours. He was much beloved, and, by what I heard, deservedly so, by his people, to whom he was a common father. Never did the revolutionary spirit, which a few years after, beginning in France, spread its baneful effects to other countries, contrive or execute a more shameful and cruel murder. Gottenburg was crowded with nobles from all parts of Sweden; and not a day or a night passed but there were rejoicings and festivals, in almost every house, in honour of the royal presence.

"A masquerade was to be given at the

principal theatre. The pit was boarded over: the boxes were open to such of the company as might choose to go only as spectators. I went with the consul's lady and her family. On entering the house, the scene which presented itself was very striking, and doubly so to me, who had never in my own country seen the metropolis, and whose utmost experience of public amusements had not extended beyond the theatre and the ball-room at York. The richest draperies, with a great deal of gold, formed the decorations of the house. A fine band played, not only the natural airs of the country, but some very excellent German music, which seemed to be more in fashion than Italian compositions. The Swedes vied with each other in the magnificence of their masquerade dresses. The dominos were not very numerous: they were principally of black silk, some slightly furred. After we had remained in our box for more than half an hour, looking on, one of the party proposed that we should join the masques. The rest assented; and, in order to do so, we left our seats, and went out to put on dominos and black silk masks in an ante-room of the theatre. Mrs. E——, and one or two more, being ready before the rest, went forward, telling us we should be sure to find her with ease, as she was about to join the consul and his party, who were unmasked.

"We followed her directions; and soon after, on entering the theatre, we perceived Mrs. E—— and the consul conversing with a person dressed in a domino, masked, and wearing a black hat with a white plume. On seeing me she exclaimed, 'The dancing is about commencing. I have promised this gentleman to introduce to him my English friend as his partner: you must dance — to oblige me you must.' I replied that I could not refuse any engagement she had made for me; since the friend of Mrs. E——, to whom I was so much indebted, would be a welcome partner to me in the set, I should join it with pleasure. The domino bowed, and led me forward to the dance. Mr. E—— and her party stood looking on.

"My partner, who I soon found, by his accent, was a foreigner, addressed his conversation to me in English, in the most polite and agreeable manner. Now and then, when a little at a loss, he spoke French; but, on the whole, he was sufficiently master of our language to keep up a very animated conversation. I was pleased with it, and thought that, as a dancer, I had the



most graceful partner in the room ; for his dancing was quiet, and in exact time to the music. He did not leave me when it was over, but, offering me his arm, we walked several times up and down the theatre, stopping every now and then to speak to Mrs. E——, or to the consul. He afforded me much entertainment by his accounts of several of the public amusements of Sweden ; and his remarks on the masques who were present were full of vivacity and harmless wit. He asked me many questions about England, and seemed desirous to obtain what information he could relative to my own dear land. I did my best to reply to his questions, though I was often at a loss, and was obliged to say that I did not know such or such a thing, about which he was making inquiry ; for I had lived all my life in one of the provinces or counties of England, and had never seen London.

" We danced again ; and, at the close of the ball, a bell was rung, which caused a movement amongst the company. I asked my partner what that bell was ringing for. He told me that it was to give notice that all must unmask, which they would do the moment it ceased, when he hoped to have the pleasure of seeing the face of the English lady who had done him so much honour ; and he was so well acquainted with the beauty of my countrywomen, that he doubted not he should find I maintained their character for beauty in my own person, as much as I did the modesty and ingenuousness for which they were famed in my conversation. This compliment was spoken with the ease and grace of one who is accustomed to the courtesy of the higher circles, such as I had so often mingled with at the house of the consul.

" The bell ceased ringing, and all unmasked. I followed the example, and very naturally looked towards my partner, feeling some curiosity to see his face. He drew off his mask in no haste, but with a negligent air, and gave it into the hand of some one who chanced to stand by him. That person, whoever he might be, no sooner glanced his eye on my partner, than with an eagerness, and a look of the most profound respect, he received the mask, bowing very low as he did so. All the hats were off in a moment ; all who were seated stood up : there was a movement in the room, and every body evinced some sign of respect, whilst a momentary hush among the company proclaimed a sudden consciousness of being surprised by the presence of some one who was superior to them all. I alone stood wondering what all this was about, for though instantaneously, as it were, these little circumstances were too marked not to strike me, as a stranger, at once with their singularity. The consul's lady was near us ;

and coming forward with an air of profound deference, blended with that lady-like ease so peculiar to herself, she said to me ' His Majesty has graced this assembly with his royal presence : Mrs. P——, you have the honour of dancing with the King of Sweden.'

" I felt, I must confess, a little startled by the announcement that I, so young and so humble a person in my native country, should have been chatting so freely with one of the monarchs of Europe ; and that, too, a prince whose character rendered him worthy of all the dignity attached to wearing a crown. There is something imposing in mere royalty, and so there ought to be. But when a king, like Gustavus, was fitted by nature herself for the station in which he was placed, the awe of a royal presence comes with tenfold effect upon the stranger. I know I felt it. I could feel that I blushed crimson. I curtesied, and as well as I could said (though I fancy I said it very awkwardly) something about the sense of the honour done me on that memorable evening. To relieve my embarrassment, which I am sure he saw, Gustavus, with a most benignant smile, that gave an air of sweetness to his whole countenance, kindly shook me by the hand, and told me that he felt honoured by having had an English lady of so much beauty and merit (such were the words of his compliment) for his partner ; and that he hoped she would still consider him as *the domino* in the next dance.

" A room adjoining the theatre was now thrown open, and the company went in to partake of a splendid supper. The king led the way with my humble self on his arm. The consul's lady and the principal nobles in attendance followed. I had leisure to observe Gustavus as he sat at supper. He was a very handsome man, with a countenance whose expression was strongly characterized with amiability and good nature. His manners were those of a perfect gentleman—dignified, but not assuming on his dignity ; very animated, condescending, but never familiar. His eyes were peculiarly expressive : there was something in them which made one feel at once that he who so looked had a kind and affectionate heart. This unhappy prince was *masked* when Ankarstrom, some few years after, shot him at a masquerade ; that was an unfortunate circumstance, for surely he could not have done the deed, could he but have looked on the king's face, and met the glance of that bright and benevolent eye. The king threw off his domino as he sat down to supper, and appeared in the dress he wore beneath it ; that of a rich blue uniform, with a white handkerchief tied round the left arm. Mrs. E—— told me it was the distinguishing mark of the king and the partisans who had engaged

with him in some particular enterprize, highly patriotic, which by his means had been carried into effect. I did not hear the particulars.

"The king, during supper, showed some kindly attention to every one about him; but, as I had been his partner, he was more particularly attentive to me; and I had the honour to dance with him again ere the amusements of the evening were closed. Before quitting me, with much courtesy, he drew from his finger a ring, and put it on mine, begging me to accept it memory of that evening; telling me that it would be useful to me in Sweden, as wherever I went I had but to show that ring, and it would procure me instant admission to see any thing in his dominions. I need not say that I received it with grateful acknowledgments. It was somewhat too large for my finger, and I was foolish enough to wear it before I got it made to fit my hand. Soon after I unfortunately lost it, for it dropped off my finger, I believe, in getting out of a boat. I had one other interview with the excellent and unhappy Gustavus; it was at the play, where I was in company with the English consul and his lady. There again the king noticed me with great kindness and courtesy. I never saw him afterwards, and in a few days he returned to Stockholm."

In this tale we do not much like the initials instead of names, if it be founded on fact, the invention of a set of names for the characters is much better, than an array of initials; few people can discuss with any spirit, the characters of Dr. P—, Captain P—, Mrs. P—. Novel readers have a pretty considerable objection to see any pages excepting those of a fashionable newspaper, or a fashionable novel, studded with these perplexing initials; it is a very small fault, scarcely any, and yet it prevents the full relish of this very excellent story.

The "Adopted," is a Breton tale of the French revolution, possessing the various merit of close analysis of the human heart, nature, simplicity, and an accurate transcript of the most heart-stirring warfare of modern times; it is far the best story Mrs. Bray has ever written; the finale is admirably worked up, full of pathos and power, its pages never hang heavy for a moment on the reader. Where dialogue occurs, it is short and terse, there is no room for those long speeches which are the weighing pieces of modern romance. Mrs. Bray has travelled among the

Bretons, she has examined closely their antiquities, their customs and their national character, and she writes with the ease and fire of a person who is at once animated with a subject and completely familiar with it. We give as a specimen of this beautiful story, the passage of the unfortunate Vendéans over the Loire.

"The brave Bretons who thus set forward for the banks of the Loire were scarcely more than one hundred in number. They were distinguished by a bold and determined demeanour, by their long hair, and their shaggy clothing; for they wore their goat's skin coats, and stuck their pistols (those who were possessed of such weapons) in a broad leathern belt. Their arms were principally guns, and every man had a short staff that he hung by his side. These men were strong, hardy in their habits, and accustomed to support, without murmuring, every privation in the field. They had few tents, and those were only used for the women, children, the wounded, the old, and the priests who bore them company.

"After an undisturbed march of some days, the little band arrived on the banks of the Loire. The charge appointed them was to keep guard over about twenty boats, that number being all that could be collected at such a juncture; and on their preservation depended the safety of those thousand fugitives who were now pouring down, on the opposite side, towards the banks of the river, and on the morrow were expected to make the passage of the Loire. It is here necessary to state, that the river opposite St. Florent, where they were to cross over, is broad, and that a small island lies in the midst of the stream.

"Meaning well, but unfortunate in his counsel, one of the Breton captains proposed that this island should be secured by a strong body of their number; that another detachment should be marched higher up the Loire, to prevent the approach of any detached parties of the Blues, as, even on this side the river, the country, in many places, was in their hands; and that about ten men should be left to guard the boats. Imprudent as this arrangement might be, it was rendered yet more so by its being talked of somewhat too openly at a small hamlet through which the Bretons had to pass.

"When the Chouans halted that night, Madame de Clairval, Annette, their servants, and some children, lay on blankets and straw, under a tent near the river. Hardship and fatigue had closed every eye but that of Annette. She lay, with her cloak wrapped about her, near the opening of the tent. Her thoughts were busily employed as to

the manner in which she should disclose to Madame de Clairval a report she had on that day heard, that her son Philippe was now in command of the revolutionary detachments sent to Nantes, where the famous Carrier was governor, and in the height of his career of cruelty and bloodshed. While she thus lay musing she heard something stir near her. She looked up, and by the dusky light, for a lamp that sent forth a feeble flame was burning within the tent, she saw a small slight figure bending over her. It was that of a child, a girl about twelve years old, who had followed with the Chouans from Josselin; both her brothers being soldiers in the band.

"She pulled Annette by the cloak. 'What is it you want Sophie?' said she. The girl pressed her finger on her lips, and motioned Annette to rise. Struck by her manner, her caution, she did so.

"The child immediately passed under the canvass opening, and led the way; nor did she stop till she came in sight of a hut or hovel near the spot. 'O! Mademoiselle,' she said, 'I was to sleep yonder (pointing to the hovel), where our people have put the wallets and the bags. I laid down in a corner on some straw; nobody saw me. Not long had I been there, when, who do you think came to pillage, and to take what they could carry away? They did not see me, and so I heard all, and I will tell you all; but I am afraid to tell any one else, till I know what you wish me to do, for I love you so, dearest Annette, I am never afraid to say any thing to you, and——'

"Of whom do you speak? who came to pilfer from the hovel where you had laid down to sleep; what does all this mean, Sophie?' replied Annette; 'do tell me plainly?'

"Indeed I will,' cried Sophie. 'Oh, Mademoiselle, do you recollect those two boys who joined our people to-day, and said they were Vendéans? They are no more Vendéans than I am. I heard them say they were scouts to the Blues, who knew where the boats lay that were to help the royalists across the Loire; they waited only for night; the Blues would sink the boats before morning; they were coming here to do it. Now, ought I not to tell my brothers, who, with only eight more of our people, have this night to watch the boats?'

"Not for the world,' said Annette, 'I know the temper of every man who may be with your brothers; brave when opposed to an enemy, even to fierceness, but easily accessible to panic, ere a danger comes upon them; a panic will now seize them should they hear this, they are so few in number; they will abandon the boats, and all will be lost. Mind me, Sophie, do not move from this spot, but do as I tell you. I know where to find what I want.'

"Annette went immediately into the hovel, where, unsuspecting of traitor or treason, the stores of the Breton band had been placed. She now took from them one of those long, slender staffs, to the end of which there was attached a quantity of tow dipped in turpentine — such being used as signal staffs by the Bretons; a custom that, with a people so primitive, was in all probability to be traced to their progenitors, the ancient Britons, whose chiefs were accustomed to send a burning brand among the rude inhabitants of our island to call them up to arms.

"Annette, who wanted a light, now desired Sophie to go softly back to the tent, to disturb no one, to shade the lamp with her hand, and bring it with her to the hovel. Sophie did her bidding with the foot of a fairy. They were now once more within the hut. The rays of the lamp reflected on the sun-burnt, open, and undisturbed countenance of the girl.

"Sophie,' said Annette, 'you do not look afraid. Have you courage enough, my girl, to stand fast, fear nothing, and give a signal, if needs must, before I can return to you; for I must take one of our horses, and ride as far as yonder village on the hill without a moment's delay; that village is friendly to us, and there lies the principal detachment of our Chouans. Will you do as I shall instruct you?'

"I will,' said Sophie, 'and fear nothing; for the Virgin and St. Cornelius will protect me.'

"The Virgin is the protector of innocence,' said Annette; 'and St. Cornelius, having been a soldier himself, ever loves those who do not fear. Mark me, my little damsel, it is from yonder quarter (pointing with her hand as she spoke) that any band of the Blues must come down upon us to destroy the boats, for in that direction they hold possession of the country. Mark me, on the first sounds of the trampling of horse that come from such a quarter, set fire to the end of the staff, then fly with the speed of one of our Josselin fawns to the little mound there behind our tent. There make your stand; hold high the burning brand; the signal will be seen far and near. I go to yonder village to give the alarm; for what you have this night learnt is of the greatest import — on the safety of the boats depend the lives of thousands on the morrow: all rests on this hour, but there must be no panic, no false alarm; therefore not a word till all is ready. Will you bear in mind my instructions to the letter?'

"Sophie promised that she would do so; and, with the utmost calmness and composure prepared to obey Annette, so brave and wary did even children become during this memorable war. Annette then went imme-

diately to a barn that was near, where the Bretons, who were very careful of the few horses they possessed, had bestowed them for the night. Accustomed by the necessity of the times to do even the most menial offices. Annette had no difficulty in equipping an animal with bridle and saddle; and springing on its back, not at all embarrassed by the danger of what she was about to attempt at such an hour of the night, she rode towards the village, arrived there in safety, gave the alarm, caused the tocsin to be rung, harangued the villagers, who gathered together at the sound of such a bell, and in less than an hour collected a reinforcement, who joined the Breton band. Nor were these exertions made at all too soon; for, just as the party had cleared the village, the torch of Sophie was seen to blaze far and wide, to give the signal of approaching danger — the Blues were rushing down to the banks of the river, to destroy the boats.

“The night that followed was one of fearful struggle; morning came, and found the band of Chouans, and their gallant allies, victorious: the boats were safe, and every thing was in readiness to facilitate, as much as possible, the wretched Vendéans in their passage from the opposite banks of the Loire.”

“The Orphans of Vendée,” equally well written as the foregoing tale, seems a branch and adjunct of it, and perhaps as preceding the Adopted on the same ground, a little subtracts from the powerful interest of the latter; the Orphans of Vendée ought in fact to have been interwoven with that story.

There is a good deal of quiet humour sparkling through the tale of “The Little Doctor,” in evidence of which, we take the account of the birth of a Christmas child, and the truly original sketch of its nurse, Judy.

“Homer has made Jupiter the patron and inspirer of night visions or dreams; and though my mother was much too good a Christian to trace her dreams (about which she was very anxious and particular) to any heathen power, yet I cannot help thinking that Jupiter had something to do with the vision which visited my mother in her sleep, the very night before I was born; for she dreamt that she had a child she could not hold still a moment in her arms; and that at last it flew away from her on the back of a bird, and seemed to fix its eyes on the moon with great delight. She has often told me that, in early childhood, I was so fond of the moon, that, whilst in her arms, I would laugh and crow at the sight of it

with ecstasy. Now, though my ambition leads me to consider that the bird in my mother’s dream that bore me away could be no less dignified a brother of the feathered tribe than the eagle of Jupiter, yet I hope my reader will not venture to think himself Daniel enough to interpret the planetical part of the vision into any such impertinent augury as that it indicated my being moon-struck or lunatic. I am myself rather disposed to consider it, combined with the activity of the child, an augury of love of change and of action; two things for which I am noted, being a great traveller, in imagination, though unluckily tied down to one spot, where my most extensive journeys have, of late years, been made in the charming volumes of Dr. Clarke.

“But to the circumstances of my birth, the relation of which is peculiarly agreeable to me; indeed, I believe that we all like to talk about ourselves; and rather than not do so, we would tell all our troubles and vexations again and again; though, in the course of this world, it would be happier, perhaps, to try to banish their recollection altogether, and whilst we celebrate the pleasures of memory, to thank God for how much we forget. Who, for instance, could support his existence with any thing like ordinary comfort, could he at will retain the agonised feelings he endured on the first infliction of a severe stroke of calamity? or who could employ himself in the most common and necessary bodily functions, were he for ever enduring in memory the pangs of the toothach?

“I informed my readers that the nurse was in the house before I was born, and so was the nursery maid — each awaiting the happy moment that was to give that addition to their personal consequence which very properly belongs to the active fulfilment of any trust or office: a desire for consequence being by no means confined to the great in place, whose passions and feelings are much more common and universal than they may be aware of. My nurse-maid was named Judy. She was an original character; and here, therefore, I sketch her. She was a young, raw, country girl, as simple as a savage, and, till she came to my mother (who took her out of charity to her widowed mother), not much more instructed. She came up from some distant county, I forget which, and brought with her all her valuables and possessions — namely, a checked handkerchief containing her wardrobe, her own strong body, and an amazing appetite; she would eat like a North American Indian, and loved every thing in pies, which makes me fancy she must have been Cornish. She had a face as red and as full as a cabbage-rose, and teeth as white as pearls. She had a hard hand at all she did, and

used to knock about the chairs and tables, and crack the tea-cups and glasses as if she supposed they were made of iron. She knew what a church was, and what it was built for; but as to her religion, till my mother taught her better, it was the strangest mixture of modern methodism and old barbarous superstitions that I ever heard of. She used to think herself a sad girl, because she could never go into fits at the hearing of a preacher, or cry over her prayers. She used to pray to many of the obsolete saints by name, and bless herself by them (and this still more induces me to believe she was Cornish, for no place in the world has so many saints as Cornwall); and yet she would drop pins in the teakettle, when the water was not clear, to propitiate the fairies; had a mortal terror of every ugly old woman, fancying her to be a witch; believed in fortune-tellers, and ghosts, and dog-barking omens, and hooting of owls, and death-watches, and unlucky days, and signs and wonders of all kinds and descriptions; and once nearly choked me, when I was a baby, by trying to make me *suck pig* for good luck, by getting part of a pig's tail down my little throat, when my infant mouth could not manage the crackling. Amongst Judy's accomplishments was that of a singular talent for mimicking animals. She would yelp and pur like a dog and cat; would gallop like a pony with me on her shoulders; or, to my inexpressible delight, play at what we used to call *Bears*. Judy would pull off her cap, let down her long hair, and would crawl on all fours on the ground with me seated like a monkey on her back, as she would entertain me with an imitation of the showman who leads about *Bruin*, and describes his Jacko's perfections to the multitude; whilst my part in the game consisted in frolicking and frisking, and playing tricks with most ape-like spirit. Her chief excellencies were a most perfect honesty of character, extreme good nature, great affection for children, and more tenderness in handling them than she had shown for the cups and saucers, with a sort of dog-like fidelity to her mistress that was almost an instinct. Such was Judy, who was chosen to be my maid even before I was born, and under whom I learnt many good things, amongst others that of knowing how to talk properly to the cocks and hens that we kept in our garden, and who she declared could very well understand me; and I used often to ask them, very civilly, to be so good as to lay an egg for the puddings.

One Christmas eve — I am not going to give the date of the year (considering that would be but gratifying an idle curiosity of my readers) — my mother went to bed; Judy tucked her up, and kissed her, for she

was very fond of my good mother; and the nurse, who used to play madame over Judy when her mistress was asleep or out of the way, ordered her to retreat to the kitchen, to regale over the toast and ale, which my father and mother always partook of themselves, and ordered the same for the servants on Christmas eve, it being a custom of the good old times for which they entertained a more especial reverence. 'Judy,' says the nurse (and Judy had a fine memory, and afterwards told all to my mother, who repeated it to me, and I to you, gentle reader); 'Judy,' says she, 'what o'clock?' 'Don't know,' says Judy; 'but hark to 'em.' 'To what?' says the nurse. 'To the bells,' says Judy. 'Then it's past twelve,' says the nurse; 'and sure enough the bells be ringing in Christmas, and we shall have a Christmas child, or I know nothing of the matter.' 'A Christmas child!' says Judy, 'why mistress was very tired and sleepy, and is, I dare say, now fast as a church.' 'No matter for that,' says the nurse, 'I'll drink my ale to the health of the baby, for I say something misgives me that we shall have one more in the family to-morrow than we had to-day: but do hark, what's that?'

"Judy listened, and presently heard a rumbling noise, then a clap of thunder, and so on, till there was actually a violent storm of thunder and lightning in the environs of our parish after twelve o'clock on the night before Christmas day. This, reader, is the simple fact, for I have heard my father say it was equal in violence to the great storm of July some years ago, the last-named being the most awful in my memory, for I do not recollect that at my birth. Now Judy, who, with all her roughness, was, where she loved, the tenderest of creatures, felt anxious for her mistress, for the old nurse had told her that it might be the death of her if her mistress awoke up in a fright. She took off her shoes, shaded the candle with her red ploughman's hand, and stole in to look at my mother. She found her in a sweet and sound sleep, though as she stood looking on she declared (as I have often heard her say) that such a clap of thunder rolled right over the top of the house as was enough to shake it down, if it had not been new built; for Judy's idea of strength of building had no connection with antiquity. She now stole back in a great fright, and consulted with the nurse what was best to be done; and both agreed to frighten my father about my mother, though she was as happy and as safe as an infant at rest.

He had retired, but was not gone to bed; and so effectually did the nurse and Judy succeed in alarming him about the danger of his wife, should she be suddenly

aroused by the thunder, that in order to prevent her awakening in a fright, they agreed to frighten her themselves. Judy insisted on being permitted to perform this office; and her feelings of tenderness being much better guides to her than her experience or her judgment, she fell to kissing and shaking my mother as gently as she could, till she fairly succeeded; and her mistress opened her eyes in the height of the hurly-burly of the storm. Soon was the inside of the house in a state of commotion, almost as great as that of the elements without it, for my mother was, as the old nurses say—'taken sudden ill,' and nothing was ready: not even the cradle. A clothes basket was thought of (that basket was afterwards my bed, and long preserved as a family relic); it was produced and prepared; and all things done *à la hâte*, whilst a messenger was dispatched for the little doctor.

"Now it cannot be denied, on evidence such as this, that I came into the world, like Owen Glendower (and like him I brag of it), in the midst of a thunder storm. The event happened even before the little hunch-back doctor could be called out of his bed, settle his wig, wrap on his bear-skin, handle his muff, or order out the chariot that was to carry him to attend on my mother on so joyous an occasion. Yes, reader, as the elegant extracts say, in one of the famous speeches in that book, about a great character, whose progress is traced from the very egg-shell of existence—'The child stood alone.' I do not positively mean to say, that I could stand as soon as I was born; all I would imply is, that I put my head into this busy world without the usual forms; and was chiefly helped by Dame Nature; such being, in fact, an early and true figure of my after education and progress in life. I do not know that Hotspur's remark about his mother's cat kittening, when Glendower was born, will exactly apply to me; but I very seriously believe that all the cats in the house danced the hays for the joy of my birth, so great an event was it in our family annals. The nurse admired me; Judy was charmed with me; my mother caressed me; my grandmother put on her spectacles to look at me; and the doctor pronounced me to be a very fine child; in answer to all questions, such as 'Had the baby its right shape and make, and all its limbs properly formed?' Even my toes and fingers were inquired after. On a first view there had been a slight alarm, thinking I was born like a blind puppy; for so fat were my cheeks, and so very small my eyes, that it could not at first be decided if I had any. Judy poked her fingers into them to be quite sure of the fact; and she used to say, that I resented

her doing so, by giving her a slap with my tiny hand; but this, I consider, must, on her part, have been a figure of speech, arising from the excited state of her imagination on that memorable morning."

The tale of the "Prediction" is not much to our taste, nor do we like the tendency of it. Stories founded on modern fortune-telling, the incidents of which coincide to the letter, with prediction, we dislike; not only on account of the faded sameness of the plot, but because they tend to foster a folly that is on the increase in the present times. Prediction forms the ground-work of almost every other romance or novel published; we think modern fiction is saturated, and readers satiated, with prophecy.

It is true Mrs. Bray protests against the influence that predictions have over the human mind; but preaching is of little moment, when the story countenances the practice; and though Williams made his own destiny in his own rash embarkation, his mind was excited by the tolling of the bell at the bridal, being the literal fulfilment of the fortune told. We can endure predictions when seen through the dim medium of romance and tradition, but they do not tone down well with the modern novel; this tale is besides very tedious; being placed the first, it does not give true promise of the excellent matter following. However, one short tale out of the large volumes, may bear to be blamed when the rest of the matter is so good, and our readers can rely on the excellence of the remainder of the volumes as affording no common regale to an intelligent reader.

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*Richelieu; or, the Conspiracy.* A Play in Five Acts. BY SIR E. LYTTON BULWER, BART.

The two master-spirits, at whose names "the world grew pale," during that epoch of intestine commotion for Europe, the earlier part of the seventeenth century, have both furnished dramatic portraiture to the most talented writers of the present day, in the romantic school of fiction of France and England:—M. Victor Hugo, in his drama of *Cromwell*, and Sir E. L. Bul-

wer, in the play now under review. Whilst the French poet has drawn the character of the protector somewhat lower than the commonly received historic standard, the English dramatist, on the contrary, has aimed at investing that of Richelieu with the most favourable hue possible. By keeping his darker qualities in the back ground, basing even his insatiable ambition upon patriotic motives, and exciting our sympathies by traits of human feeling and infirmity, he has given an entirely new reading to the character of the priest-minister, who, under the guise of piety and virtue, practised the most subtle Machiavelism, using mankind as the tools of his ambition, maintaining his power as he had acquired it, by boldness, cunning, and tyranny, and fulfilling his high destinies with a dazzling ease, arrogant confidence, and remorseless inflexibility of purpose.

The plot is simple but the details complicated, though the development is naturally brought about. To follow the intricacies of the conspiracy, which forms the main plot of the drama, is unnecessary. The author, in placing upon the stage the picture of an era, has availed himself, as he confesses, of that license with dates and details which poetry permits, and which the highest authorities in the drama of France herself have sanctioned. The conspiracy of the Duc de Bouillon is for instance amalgamated with the *dénouement* of the *Day of Dupes*; and circumstances connected with the treason of Cinq Mars (whose brilliant youth and gloomy catastrophe tend to subvert poetic and historic justice, by seducing us to forget his base ingratitude and his perfi-

dious apostacy) are identified with the fate of the earlier favourite Baradas, whose sudden rise and as sudden fall passed into a proverb. A pleasing episode, the loves of Julie the heroine, Richelieu's ward and the Chevalier de Mauprat, is interwoven like a thread of gold with the darker meshes of the plot, forming a delightful relief to the hollow flatteries and despicable meanness displayed by the court favourites of the moody and irresolute Louis XIII., of whom but a very faint sketch is given. Marion de Lorme\* figures as the traitorous mistress of Orleans, in the pay of Richelieu, and though the character is but slightly embodied, it is more faithful to historic truth than that of the heroine of Victor Hugo's drama.

The author of Richelieu has thought proper to caution the English reader against some of the impressions which the eloquence of certain writers (the author of *Cinq Mars*, a romance, and an early novel by the author of *Picciola*) to whom he acknowledges himself indebted for the conception of some portion of the intrigue connected with De Mauprat and Julie, are calculated to leave. He asserts that they have exaggerated the more evil and kept out of sight the nobler qualities of the cardinal. But may he not, we ask, have fallen into the opposite extreme? In the following soliloquy, perhaps the best written passage in the play, it has been his aim apparently to tone down, somewhat, the brighter tints that shine out so prominently in the action of the part upon the stage, the greater portion of the speech being omitted in the representation.

*Richelieu's Castle at Ruelle—A Gothic chamber—Moonlight at the window, occasionally obscured. RICHELIEU (reading.)*

"In silence, and at night, the Conscience feels  
That life should soar to nobler ends than Power."  
So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist!  
But wert thou tried?—Sublime Philosophy,  
Thou art the Patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,  
And bright with beck'ning angels—but, alas!  
We see thee, like the Patriarch, but in dreams,  
By the first step—dull-slumbering on the earth.  
I am not happy! with the Titan's lust  
I woo'd a goddess, and I clasp a cloud.  
When I am dust, my name shall, like a star,

Shine through wan space, a glory—and a prophet  
 Whereby pale seers shall from their æry towers  
 Con all the ominous signs, benign or evil,  
 That make the potent astrologue of kings.  
 But shall the Future judge me by the ends  
 That I have wrought—or by the dubious means  
 Through which the stream of my renown hath run  
 Into the many-voiced unfathom'd Time?  
 Foul in its bed lie weeds—and heaps of slime,  
 And with its waves—when sparkling in the sun,  
 Oft times the secret rivulets that swell  
 Its might of waters—blend the hues of blood.  
 Yet are my sins not those of CIRCUMSTANCE,  
 That all-pervading atmosphere, wherein  
 Our spirits, like the unsteady lizard, take  
 The tints that colour, and the food that nurtures?  
 O! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands  
 In the unvex'd silence of a student's cell;  
 Ye, whose untempted hearts have never toss'd  
 Upon the dark and stormy tides where life  
 Gives battle to the elements,—and man  
 Wrestles with man for some slight plank, whose weight  
 Will bear but one—while round the desperate wretch  
 The hungry billows roar—and the fierce Fate,  
 Like some huge monster, dim-seen through the surf,  
 Waits him who drops;—ye safe and formal men,  
 Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand  
 Weigh in nice scales the motives of the Great,  
 Ye cannot know what ye have never tried!  
 History preserves only the fleshless bones  
 Of what we are—and by the mocking skull  
 The would-be wise pretend to guess the features!  
 Without the roundness and the glow of life  
 How hideous is the skeleton! Without  
 The colourings and humanities that clothe  
 Our errors, the anatomists of schools  
 Can make our memory hideous?

I have wrought

Great uses out of evil tools—and they  
 In the time to come may bask beneath the light  
 Which I have stolen from the angry gods,  
 And warn their sons against the glorious theft,  
 Forgetful of the darkness which it broke.  
 I have shed blood—but I have had no foes  
 Save those the State had—if my wrath was deadly,  
 'Tis that I felt my country in my veins,  
 And smote her sons as Brutus smote his own.  
 And yet I am not happy—blanch'd and sear'd  
 Before my time—breathing an air of hate,  
 And seeing daggers in the eyes of men,  
 And wasting powers that shake the thrones of earth  
 In contest with the insects—bearding kings  
 And braved by lackies—murder at my bed;  
 And lone amidst the multitudinous web,  
 With the dread Three—that are the Fates who hold  
 The woof and shears—the Monk, the Spy, the Headsman.  
 And this is Power! Alas! I am not happy.

(After a Pause.)

And yet the Nile is fretted by the weeds  
 Its rising roots not up; but never yet  
 Did one least barrier by a ripple vex  
 My onward tide, unswept by sport away.  
 Am I so ruthless then that I do hate  
 Them who hate me? Tush, tush! I do not hate;  
 Nay, I forgive. The Statesman writes the doom,



But the Priest sends the blessing. I forgive them,  
 But I destroy; forgiveness is mine own,  
 Destruction is the State's! For private life,  
 Scripture the guide—for public, Machiavel.  
 Would Fortune serve me if the Heaven were wroth?  
 For chance makes half my greatness. I was born  
 Beneath the aspect of a bright-eyed star,  
 And my triumphant adamant of soul  
 Is but the fix'd persuasion of success.  
 Ah!—here!—that spasm!—again!—How Life and Death  
 Do wrestle for me momentarily!—And yet  
 The King looks pale, I shall outlive the King!  
 And then thou insolent Austrian, who didst gibe  
 At the ungainly, gaunt, and daring lover,  
 Sleeking thy looks to silken Buckingham,—  
 Thou shalt—no matter! I have outlived love.  
 O! Beautiful—all golden—gentle Youth!  
 Making thy palace in the careless front  
 And hopeful eye of man—ere yet the soul  
 Hath lost the memories which (so Plato dream'd)  
 Breath'd glory from the earlier star it dwelt in—  
 O! for one gale from thine exulting morning,  
 Stirring amidst the roses, where of old  
 Love shook the dew-drops from his glancing hair!  
 Could I recall the past—or had not set  
 The prodigal treasures of the bankrupt soul  
 In one slight bark upon the shoreless sea;  
 The yoked steer, after his day of toil,  
 Forgets the goad and rests—to me alike  
 Or day or night—Ambition has no rest!  
 Shall I resign—who can resign himself?  
 For custom is ourself; as drink and food  
 Become our bone and flesh—the aliments  
 Nurturing our nobler part, the mind—thoughts, dreams,  
 Passions, and aims, in the revolving cycle  
 Of the great alchemy—at length are made  
 Our mind itself; and yet the sweets of leisure—  
 An honour'd home—far from these base intrigues—  
 An eyrie on the heaven-kiss'd heights of wisdom.

We select a few extracts from portions of the text for the most part omitted in the representation, to show the frequent occurrence of isolated passages exhibiting very pleasing—nay, brilliant poetry.

#### THE POETRY OF LOVE.

BARADAŠ.

You speak

As one who fed on poetry.

DE MAUPRAT.

Why, man,

The thought of lovers stir with poetry  
 As leaves with summer-wind.—The heart that loves  
 Dwells in an Eden, hearing angel-lutes,  
 As Eve in the First Garden. Hast thou seen  
 My Julie, and not felt it henceforth dull  
 To live in the common world—and talk in words  
 That clothe the feelings of the frigid herd?—  
 Upon the perfumed pillow of her lips—  
 As on his native bed of roses flush'd  
 With Paphian skies—Love smiling sleeps.—Her voice  
 The blest interpreter of thoughts as pure  
 As virgin wells where Dian takes delight,  
 Or Fairies dip their changelings!—In the maze  
 Of her harmonious beauties—Modesty  
 (Like some severer Grace that leads the choir

Of her sweet sisters) every airy motion  
 Attunes to such chaste charms, that Passion holds  
 His burning breath, and will not with a sigh  
 Dissolve the spell that binds him!—Oh those eyes  
 That woo the earth—shadowing more soul than lurks  
 Under the lids of Psyche?—Go!—thy lip  
 Curls at the purfed phrases of a lover—  
 Love thou, and if thy love be deep as mine,  
 Thou wilt not laugh at poets.

## BROTHERHOOD OF DESPAIR AND MIRTH.

DE MAUPRAT.

Alas, my Lord,  
 There is a brotherhood which calm-eyed Reason  
 Can wot not of betwixt Despair and Mirth.  
 My birth-place mid the vines of sunny Provence,  
 Perchance the stream that sparkles in my veins  
 Came from that wine of passionate life which, erst,  
 Glow'd in the wild heart of the Troubadour :  
 And danger, which makes steadier courage wary,  
 But fevers me with an insane delight ;  
 As one of old who on the mountain-crag  
 Caught madness from a Mænad's haunting eyes.  
 Were you, my Lord,—whose path imperial power,  
 And the grave cares of reverent wisdom guard  
 From all that tempts to folly meaner men,—  
 Were you accursed with that which you inflicted—  
 By bed and board, dogg'd by one ghastly spectre—  
 The while within you youth beat high, and life  
 Grew lovelier from the neighbouring frown of death—  
 The heart no bud, nor fruit—save in those seeds  
 Most worthless, which spring up, bloom, bear, and wither  
 In the same hour—Were this your fate, perchance,  
 You would have err'd like me !

## RICHELIEU'S JUSTIFICATION OF HIS POLICY.

Adrien de Mauprat, men have called me cruel ;—  
 I am not ;—I am *just* !—I found France rent asunder,—  
 The rich men despots, and the poor banditti ;—  
 Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple ;  
 Brawls festering to Rebellion ; and weak Laws  
 Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.—  
 I have re-created France ; and, from the ashes  
 Of the old feudal and decrepit carcase,  
 Civilization on her luminous wings  
 Soars, phoenix-like, to Jove !—What was my art ?  
 Genius, some say,—some, Fortune,—Witchcraft some.  
 Not so ;—my art was JUSTICE !—Force and Fraud  
 Misname it cruelty.

## PATRIOTISM RICHELIEU'S MASTER PASSION.

RICHELIEU (*solemnly*).

O my country,  
 For thee—thee only—though men deem it not—  
 Are toil and terror my familiars !—I  
 Have made thee great and fair—upon thy brows  
 Wreath'd the old Roman laurel :—at thy feet  
 Bow'd nations down.—No pulse in my ambition  
 Whose beatings were not measured from thy heart !  
 In the old times before us, patriots lived  
 And died for liberty—

JOSEPH.

As you would live  
 And die for despotry—

## RICHELIEU.

False monk, not so,  
 But for the purple and the power wherein  
 State clothes herself.—I love my native land  
 Not as Venetian, Englisher, or Swiss,  
 But as a Noble and a Priest of France ;  
 “ All things for France ”—lo, my eternal maxim !  
 The vital axle of the restless wheels  
 That bear me on ! With her, I have entwined  
 My passions and my fate—my crimes, my virtues—  
 Hated and loved, and schemed, and shed men’s blood,  
 As the calm craft of Tuscan Sages teach  
 Those who would make their country great. Beyond  
 The Map of France—my heart can travel not,  
 But fills that limit to its farthest verge ;  
 And while I live—Richelieu and France are one.  
 We Priests, to whom the Church forbids in youth  
 The plighted one—to manhood’s toil denies  
 The soother helpmate—from our wither’d age  
 Shuts the sweet blossoms of the second spring  
 That smiles in the name of Father—We are yet  
 Not holier than Humanity, and must  
 Fulfil Humanity’s condition—Love !  
 Debarr’d the Actual, we but breath a life  
 To the chill Marble of the Ideal—Thus,  
 In thy unseen and abstract Majesty,  
 My France—my Country, I have bodied forth  
 A thing to love. What are these robes of state,  
 This pomp, this palace ? perishable baubles !  
 In this world two things only are immortal—  
 Fame and a People !

On the whole, although unequal as a poem, and glaringly false in the historic conception of the principal character, the play of Richelieu is, perhaps, the best written of all the author’s

dramatic pieces, evincing, as the foregoing extracts will prove, no inconsiderable power of imagination, harmonious construction, and much eloquence of diction.

*The Convalescent.* By MRS. GILBERT.

Like many excellent tonic medicines, this good little book is calculated to be of great service to a young convalescent if prescribed by a skilful hand. Its intention is to confirm the religious resolves often made by patients when suffering—resolves which often leave no trace behind when the sick person recovers. The whole consists of a series of letters, written with power and earnestness, and evidently with the best intentions. Abilities are displayed in the course of the work worthy the sister of Jane Taylor, yet it is imbued with a sterner tone than pervades the writings of that gentle ministering spirit, and therefore more circumscribed in its utility, and less likely to go forth among the universal church of Christians. Yet should a parent or friend see any indications of levity, or neglect of religious

duties, in a young person who has lately been restored to life and health, we know not where they could meet with a more impressive monitor not comprised in the pages of the sacred volume.

*A History of British Birds.* By W. YARRELL, F.L.S., &c. Part 11th completing the 1st vol.

The 1st of March presented us with the eleventh and concluding number of a work, certainly unique in natural history for the exquisite beauty and truth of its embellishments ; we have watched its progress with the pleasure which real merit always gives those who are able to appreciate it. We love dearly to praise where praise is justly due.

The art of wood-engraving has been,

throughout the whole eleven numbers, carried to a pitch of excellence (which only ten years ago would have been deemed impossible by most connoisseurs), whether displayed in the boldness of the eagles, falcons, and owls illustrating the former numbers, or in the delicate drawing and feathering of the smaller birds and warblers in the concluding ones.

The present number comprises some of the most interesting of the Fringillidæ, among which are the linnets and goldfinch; the nest of the latter is very characteristic. The drawing of the goldfinch itself is rather the largest in the head and bill; we think the specimen has been drawn from a caged and educated bird, and not from a free flying bird in a state of wild nature. The redpoles are fascinating fellows. The linnets are likewise full of character. The eleventh number is rich in vignettes; among them, the London birdcatcher is remarkable for its spirit and clever sketching. The addition of numerous delineations of nests and eggs belonging to various species is a feature never before presented to the naturalist in any work in general circulation. This circumstance is likely to occasion a great demand for the present volume by parents educating their families in the country; for a comparison of the real nests with those admirable woodcuts will prove a source of infinite delight to young people. We can recommend the whole as an admirable addition to a family library.

**HOLMES ON CONSUMPTION, &c.**—Our opinion of this excellent treatise, which has now reached a second edition, was recorded on its first publication last year. Consumption is, indeed, a word of fear. And, the author truly remarks, "So extensive have been the abstractions from the sum of human life made by maladies classified under the term, that 'hope withering' flees when its presence is announced. Unlike other diseases, which attend probable causes of decay, such as age, former illness, exertion, privation, &c., this destructive scourge attacks the young and blooming of either sex, and, amongst females, usually the finest and

fairest forms. Its insidious attacks slowly undermine the vital organs, while all the external appearances of health remain—like a well-looking fruit, which, when bitten, is found to contain an internal destructive worm. Those by whom leisure and amusement can be commanded, suffer more, perhaps, than, under similar circumstances, the over-laborious slave; and the most choice diet—whether that diet be regulated by quantity, quality, or regularity—is not found to protect us, with any certainty, against disease of the lungs." We again earnestly recommend to readers interested in the nature and cure of this baneful malady, an attentive perusal of the mass of evidence adduced by Mr. Holmes, by which the efficacy of the treatment recommended is attested.

**'TIS AN OLD TALE AND OFTEN TOLD.**—Conformable to its title, this is indeed an old tale, and one so often told before that we cannot perceive either amusement or utility to be derived from its iteration, interwoven as it is with a string of *platitudes* and commonplaces, through some three hundred and odd pages. Its repetition in our hands will be somewhat less brief than that of the narrator—one Cousin Dorothy, an orphan maiden, dependent on a relative—a rich and ambitious merchant—in whose family she resides as humble companion, chaperone, and governess. Viola, the eldest daughter, the heroine of the tale, by her parents' wish has allowed herself to be betrothed to a young nobleman, to whom she appears at first to entertain no decided aversion. Whilst, however, on a visit to the mother of her intended *caro sposo*, and during his absence, she falls in love with one of his particular friends staying in the house—returns home, refuses to wed the lord, who, on hearing her objection, very rudely knocks her down, and then rushes off to the Continent. The commoner, in his turn, proposes, and he too is rejected; but, probably being a better bred man, consoles himself by marrying the sister of the heroine. The latter, after seeing them drive off from the church-door, faints, revives, exclaims "Take me home"—and (says

the editor's note) "here the MS. breaks off abruptly." Perhaps we cannot do better than follow its example,

#### SCRIPTURE BIOGRAPHY FOR YOUTH.

—This little volume comprises select lives of the patriarchs and prophets, arranged chronologically, from Noah to Job, with the exception of the latter. The biographies, compiled from the sacred scriptures, are tersely and pleasingly written, illustrated by oriental traditions, and embellished with well-executed wood engravings from designs of Martin and Westall. It is admirably calculated to initiate youth into the study and appreciation of the truth and beauty of sacred history.

**THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP QUARLL.**—This is a charmingly embellished reprint of the Robinson Crusoe-ish tale of the shipwrecked mariner, who lived fifty years on an uninhabited and almost inaccessible island, and a most appropriate addition to that delightful juvenile serial cabinet—the Child's Library.

#### BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY FOR MARCH.

—The last number of this popular Magazine commences with a humorous epistle from its late editor, Mr. Dickens; who, by an amusing prosopopoeia, takes an affectionate parting of his facetious bantling. We are happy to find that he has confided it to most worthy hands, those of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, than whom we know of no fitter foster parent to keep up the training of this promising two year old. His recent introduction to it of that sad fellow Jack Shepherd, (whose example, we presume, is to be held up *in terrorem*;) promises most amusing companionship; the latter chapters of his youth are as full of stirring incident, as those which ushered in his infancy. In his next number, the new editor promises the commencement of a new tale, under the title of "Guy Fawkes;" so that he has nurslings enough on his hands for the nonce, but we have no doubt that his stamina will prove equal to the demand. We anticipate much amusement from our introduction to his *fresh*

friend—the Oxonian, Vincent Eden; who begins in a good vein, and need not fear the appropriation of *caps* among the *gowns* of his university, as his note would imply. Mr. Ingolsby contributes one of his inimitable legends "A Lay of St. Gengulphus," and the number winds up with a poetic epistle from T. M. to S. & R. "Thoughts on Patrons, Puffs and other matters," exhibiting all the happy *neatness*, fun and *persiflage*, peculiar to the author, of "The Fudge Family."

**SCENERY OF EDINBURGH AND MID-LOTHIAN.**—Series of the following Views, engraved from Original Drawings, are executed in a very creditable style of art by W. B. & R. Scott.

*Subjects* — 1: Holyroodhouse and Burns' Monument. 2: Interior of the Parliament House. 3: Leith Harbour. 4: Habbies Howe. 5: Duddingston Loch and Arthur Seat. 6: Dalkeith. 7: Castle Hill. 8: Crichton Castle. 9: Great Hall of Do. And 10: Edinburgh from the Pentlands

The light and shadow thrown upon the ruin (No. 1) produces an admirable effect, and render it our favourite. Most of the objects are familiar to the traveller; not so perhaps Habbies' Howe, and Crichton Castle. The accompanying letter press is highly interesting and beautifully got up. The smallness of the cost 4s. 6d. and the internal and external attractions of the work, must render it a pleasing as well as an acceptable souvenir for absent friends.

**STRAUSS' AND LANNER'S NEW WALTZES AND QUADRILLES.**—Admirably adapted for dance-music as the graceful *motivi buffe* of the modern composers of Italy and France are, from the exuberant animal vivacity of the one, and the petulant expressiveness of the other, yet for freshness, vigour, and rapid transition, the spirit stirring strains of Lanner and Strauss have attained, as dance-tunes, a popularity rivalling, if not exceeding, that of any modern style of arrangement. The new set of Waltzes, entitled *Freuden-Crösse*, or *Strauss' Welcome Home*, embody his ordinary happy peculiarities

—novelty of phrase combined with grace and spirit, as do the set of quadrilles, No. 42, by Lanner, *La mode à la Cour de la Grande Bretagne*.

**FINE ARTS.—BRITISH INSTITUTION.**—When at the exhibition we might imagine ourselves in the midst of an extensive park, where the most exquisitely beautiful and tenderest plants, flowers of bright and various hues, shrubs exhaling the sweetest perfumes luxuriate among the hardiest and loftiest trees of the forest. Bewildered, as it were, by this vast variety, the visitor can only gaze and admire; or, perhaps, selecting some of the sweetest of the sweet, weave them into a garland to be presented to some lover, or favoured maiden.

As, then, the little flowers of painting appear to us the beautiful pictures, executed with such superiority of colouring and touch by T. CRESWICK; such for instance as *Scene on the Yorkshire Moors* (13); *The Style* (106); *Crossing the Brook* (107).

*L'aspettatrice* (14); *Il Ritorno della Fontana* (42), by H. J. FRADELLE, are excellent, and correct in local costume; but they seem to us rather deficient in boldness of colouring and freedom of touch. Opposite to them is *La Filatrice di Sorrento* (16) by INSKIP; the light is thrown in boldly, but with defective arrangement, and there is great truth in the dress; in this picture however, we think freedom of touch approaches too nearly to carelessness. The two paintings (24 and 25,) *Forum of Nerva*, by G. JONES, display much talent and truth of lines, but not sufficient correctness and harmony of local colouring.

We cannot pass by the beautiful *Scene on the Yorkshire Moors*, without again expressing our admiration of the delightful, charming style of T. CRESWICK. All would profit from an attentive study of him; many would do well to remove their landscapes, which derive no advantage from exhibition in the same room with those of CRESWICK.

We cannot deny ourselves to be admirers of those fair ladies, who, abandoning embroidery, have devoted themselves to painting; though, after having applauded the noble efforts and excel-

lent intentions of some among them, we should like to recommend a return to their pristine favourite labours of the needle. But let us revert to others.

In the *Study of a Female Head* (23), Mrs Carpenter has given a remarkable beauty in the eyes, and in some of the tints, but we cannot approve her negligent style of touch. We would make the same remark of Miss Corbeaux in *Let it Go*. Carelessness is not boldness. There is much difficulty in the apparent ease of Landseer.

The landscapes of F. R. LEE have certainly afforded us much delight; still we are at a loss to comprehend how so highly talented an artist can have fallen into the error of those who, heedless of the true poetry of the art, whether in invention, or composition, seem not to aspire beyond the simple merit of execution. Claude Lorraine said, that one grand difficulty, and at the same time decided evidence of the talent of a landscape painter, consisted "in knowing how to select the best situation from which to take his view." And truly it is not possible to admit that Mr. LEE has well chosen his situation in the sterile subject of the *Warren Bank* (35); the execution, however, is beautiful, as is that of all his landscapes, and above all of his *Scene on the River Yoe in Devonshire* (74).

We cannot pass by in silence *The Passions* (51), from Collins's ode, a painting which claims our admiration, as exhibiting real talent in Mr. G. PATTEN.

Whilst, however, contemplating the excellencies of this picture, we could not refrain from putting to ourselves the question, why the artist, who seems a worshipper of the classic style, had failed in his faith to his idol? Wherefore the lyre under the form of a violin, in the hands of that Apollo or genius of poetry? Perhaps he cited to himself, as an example, Raphael? Some critics would not admit that a sufficient justification. Why is the light so scattered, forming no one beautiful mass, or group of figures in full relief. Why do some of those graceful figures, admirable for design and colouring, throw no shadow in their movements! Why are there certain undulating draperies, exactly in

those parts where an open field is requisite for the heads of the figures? Is it probable that the wind would blow so propitiously as to raise the drapery only at the opportune spot and moment? How, we ask, could a classic artist adopt those wavings and false folds, used so much by those painters denominated *mannerists* such as Cortona, Palma, junior, and many other corrupters of style?

These questions and inquiries we

(To be continued.)

## THEATRES.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—*Opening of the Italian Opera—Belisario; a Tragedy, by Camerano. Music by Donizetti.*—This tragedy of Camerano is based upon the adventures of one of the last celebrated warriors of the ancient empire. The tragic action is divided into three *parts*, which are supposed to represent three different epochs in the life of the valiant and unfortunate warrior. The first *part* is entitled the TRIUMPH; the second the EXILE; the third the DEATH. This division into three *parts* was made, and denominated thus judiciously, by the poet Camerano, to indicate that it consisted of three little dramas, rather than one whole; and we are ignorant of the reason why, on comparing the two editions—that of Milan for the Imperial Theatre, La Scala, and that for the Italian Opera, of her Majesty's Theatre, in London—in the latter we find the word *act* substituted for *part*, which had not been undesignedly adopted. Nor can we imagine why the name of Camerano should be omitted—a name which, assuredly no one acquainted with Italian poetry, would include among those whom it is right to bury in silence. It is, perhaps, a custom, a caprice, a folly, not to say a kind of malice, peculiar to the Italian Opera! We cannot decide which, and for *this time*, calling to mind the sentence, "*le fou suit la mode, et le sage la suit*," we shall not enter into a dispute with fashion, if, indeed, fashion ever imposed such commands. We say *this time*,

make in our innocence; nevertheless, with all due respect for a painter who for a reply can refer to his beautiful and excellent productions.

We dare not venture to require any explanation from the author of the picture (58), *Fountain of Fallacy*. All the colours, all the lines are to us *profani*, so utterly incomprehensible, that we are inclined to rebaptise the picture, and call it FALLACY OF PAINTING.

since occasions will not fail of advertising to similar subjects, in which it will be seen how poetry and dramatic proprieties are massacred, and then how mercilessly judgment is passed upon the author, as if his work were represented exactly as it issued from his mind. Of the libretto of *Belisario*, we should certainly express it as our opinion, that the title of each *part* clearly indicates the prominent points in the career of that hero: in the first, having vanquished the hostile army, he enters triumphant into Byzantium, where he is crowned by the hands of the emperor, honoured by the people, and beloved by his prisoners—so much so that ALAMIRA, one of them, rejects the offers of liberty, preferring to live always near his noble victor. BELISARIO believes himself to have attained the summit of felicity, when suddenly, and without any previous accusation, he finds himself declared a prisoner, and is dragged from the triumphal car to be immured in the gloom of a dungeon. In the second *part*, through the operation of his treacherous and violent consort, and her accomplice, the infamous EUTROPIO, BELISARIO is deprived of sight, and condemned to exile, in which his sole support and solace is his daughter IRENA. In the third *part*, which supposes the lapse of a considerable interval, the blind general, in the course of his exile near Mount Hæmus, hears the sound of martial instruments; it is the Albanians and Bulgarians, filling the air with threats of destruc-

tion to Byzantium, and their leader is **ALAMIRO**, who purposes thus to avenge his own wrongs, and the base ingratitude of the emperor towards **BELISARIO**. But this grey-headed old man opposes his voice, and his breast, scarred with honourable wounds, to defend his country, and divert the enemy from their project. To a noble mind, its country, although ungrateful, is ever a dear and sacred object! Such true greatness moves **ALAMIRO** with superhuman power; in the voice of the sightless old man speaks the voice of nature; **ALAMIRO** discovers himself to be the son of **BELISARIO**, by whom he was believed to have been sacrificed to his country in his infancy, after the example of many ancient heroes, who, believing in fatality, endeavoured to arrest its course, though thus contradicting their own faith; for, were it possible to change the course of its power, it would cease to be that iron, implacable, *dura necessitas*, which the ancients designated it. The emotions excited by this late recognition of his son, are not yet subsided, when **Belisario** receives his death from an arrow, shot by chance or intention from the ranks of the Bulgarians, who are irritated against him, because, in taking from them their leader **ALAMIRO**, he deprives them of their triumph over Byzantium. The general conflict, and the too late repentance of **Antonina**, who laments her deceased consort, **BELISARIO**, terminate the tragedy.—This rapid sketch shows that the drama is by no means deficient in interest. There are some remarkable dramatic features, and some portions of beautiful poetry, among which is the duet concluding—

Dunque andiam : de' giorni miei  
Tu sei l'angelo, tu il anco,  
In fra l'ombre sei la luce  
Del tradito genitor.  
E degli occhi, che perdei  
Tu mi sei piu cara ancor!

**Donnizetti**, a composer whom we much admire, has, perhaps, not obtained all the musical effect that was possible from the subject; a species of monotony—the too frequent use of the minor tones—an insufficient elaboration of the different pieces—a want of elegance and sublimity of inspiration, or rather an occasional falling into recol-

lections and imitations of **Rossini**, form, perhaps, the cause that this opera fails to produce a grand effect. Nevertheless, the duet—“*Sul campo della Gloria*,” some choruses; the other duet—“*Ah! se potessi piangere*,” and the grand terzetto—“*Se il figlio stringere m'e dato al seno*,” &c., accompanied in most beautiful melody by the violoncello, are musical portions of high excellence, and worthy the great master who composed them. Passing on now to observations upon the performance, **Mlle. Monani** (**Irena**) has a head as beautiful as those painted by **Luini**; dark eyes, raven tresses, features more correct than those of **Malibran**—of whose physiognomy, however, she reminds us. **Mlle. Monani**, only nineteen years of age, has a voice, the compass of which extends from **G** below to **C** sharp; she has a fine dramatic figure, and presents a beautiful appearance on the stage, and from her method it is evident that she is the pupil of good masters, among whom is the celebrated **L. Lablache**. We feel confident that this youthful vocalist, with more courage, and still further development of her talents by study, will attain to a high eminence in the career she has begun, and in which she already merits the applause and attention of every one who really understands Italian singing.

**Mrs. Croft** (**Antonina**) displays a good knowledge of music; but we shall be better able to form a correct judgment of her powers in Italian music when she has conquered her timidity, and acquired the habit of distinctly pronouncing the Italian; a qualification which seems to us the first essential to a dramatic singer on these boards. Dramatic vocal music is poetry melodiously declaimed; but to declaim without pronouncing is utterly impossible. We have heard **Mrs. Croft** at several concerts, and feel confident that, when she shall have laid aside all fear, she will appear upon the stage with that ease of manner and command of those powers that must obtain universal admiration.

**Sig. Tati** (**Alamiro**), already known upon the stage of her Majesty's Theatre, has been suffering from a cough, which prevents us from forming an opinion of his powers in this opera; we



do not, however, think that the opera of *Belisario* affords him any good opportunity for the display of his talents.

F. Lablache (*Belisario*) adopts the same happy style in which his father succeeds with such colossal grandeur. Nor is it only by the pitch and management of his voice, or in his dramatic accentuation, that he shows himself the son and favourite pupil of L. Lablache, since this young actor imitates both his attitudes and style of dress; and we were much pleased to observe that F. Lablache assimilated his head and face to the magnificent picture of *BELISARIO* by the celebrated Gerard. Nor does he rest here; for following the long course of time, in which the three *parts* of the action are supposed to have occurred, he exhibits the ravages of time in the altering appearance of his head, and gradual wearing out of his dress. We would recommend to the artists of the Italian Opera a more accurate attention to such particulars, and that, adopting as their model the most youthful of the males among them, Lablache, they should ever bear in mind, that not for a single instant ought they to forget the action, the views of the poet, or that the illusion, under which the spectators are, depends not only upon the organ of hearing, but also upon that of sight, and upon all those concomitants that are calculated to create a strong impression upon the mind. It seems totally incomprehensible that, in the interval between the triumph and death of *BELISARIO*, amid the various events of so long a period, in the dress of Antonina not even a single fold of the mantle, not one lock of hair, should have undergone any change. This remark is equally applicable to Giustignano and the other performers; years, with their necessary vicissitudes, elapse, during the course of which their only care appears to have been neither to sleep nor eat, lest they should disarrange their toilet. The choruses in *BELISARIO* are this year better than hitherto—the orchestra truly superior; though a severe critic might perhaps observe, that it ought not, as if relying upon its own excellence, to hurry on, forgetting, apparently, that to accompany the singers does not mean to drag them, willing or not, along with it. An opera will never

be perfect, whilst the voices of the singers are not so completely identified with the sounds of the instruments as to seem a real musical unity, in which all the different component elements concur to produce one effect of splendour, as the different coloured rays concur so wonderfully in the formation of the emporium of light—the sun.

The scenes present nothing remarkably excellent, or extraordinarily defective, excepting some confusion of epochs, a slight medley of style in the architecture, and some arches so falsely raised above the columns, that they remind us, not of the strong city of Byzantium, but of the ruins of San Pietra del Martinica, which was destroyed by an earthquake. We mention not the subject of the stage effect, or the correctness of the dresses, for they are things of the reformation of which in her Majesty's Theatre we at present despair.

The ballet, *Robert le Diable* is founded on the well-known opera of Mayerbeer, and composed by Signior Guerra, the lighter and more pleasing portions of the music being retained, with some slight ingrafting of other melodies. It has some excellent scenes and beautiful dances, such as the *Tarantella*, the dance of the *Torneo*, and that of the *ninfe incantate*; the dresses also are of uncommon splendour. The dancers are already well known to the English public; we shall reserve our observations upon them to a future opportunity. The scenery is well executed, with the exception of a moonlit garden presenting the same aspect and hues as would result from the light of the sun. The fountain, whether flowing or still, is no illusion, and to persuade ourselves to believe it water, as Voltaire said—“*Il faut y mettre un peu de bonne volonté.*” We are thus severe, perhaps, because we have present to our minds the magnificent decorations of *Robert le Diable* in Paris, where the scene of the garden, with the fountain in moonlight, transformed into the light of the sun, is wonderfully beautiful, and a perfect deception.—Since its first representation, the ballet has been much improved by judicious curtailment; a more rapid development of the main story upon which it is founded being the result. Relative to

the generally urged complaint of a want of both variety and excellence prior to the present Easter, it should be remembered that in so extensive a management as that entailed upon the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, numerous difficulties must continually present themselves owing to his dependance on the Continent for nearly the whole of his *corps dramatique*; his patrons and subscribers, therefore, should be considerate at this period of the season, and we have but little doubt that his spirited and experienced exertion will overcome them, and realise as brilliant a season as that of last year.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—The great feature presenting itself for notice at this house during the past month, was the production of Sir E. L. Bulwer's new play of *Richelieu*. Having given a lengthened review of it as a literary production in another part of the present number (see Monthly Critic) we have here only to speak of its stage effect and brilliant success. Great as are its merits as a stirring drama upon the stage, the author is largely indebted to the talents of Macready—both as actor and manager—for his admirable conception and personation of the character of *Richelieu*, and the splendour and accuracy of the *mise en scene* which pervades the whole piece—which even throws into shade the ordinarily meritorious care of the French stage to the latter important auxiliary. All of the actors, from first to last, have assiduously done their best towards bringing out their allotted parts with powerful effect, and a happy *ensemble* of enactment is the result. Whatever defects it may possess as a poem, either as regard unequal versification or false historical conception of the main character, it is an exceedingly clever acting play, undoubtedly the actor's best dramatic production, and will bear an extended repetition upon that stage which has lavished all its resources to set it forth in action, costume and scenery alike worthy of the advancing artistic spirit of the present day in relation to such matters.

HAYMARKET.—This favourite theatre opened on the 18th of March with Sheridan Knowles' delightful comedy of *The Love Chase*, with a stronger

cast than even that of last season. The principal change consists in the personation of the part of *Constance* by Miss Taylor, in lieu of Miss Elphinstone, and that of *Master Walter*, by Mr. Walter Lacy. The other prominent parts of the *Widow Green*, *Sir William Fondlove*, and *Wildrake*, are happily retained as heretofore—for to what better hands could they be committed, than those of Mrs. Glover, Messrs. Strickland and Webster? Miss Taylor has been rewarded for her careful study of the arduous character of *Constance*, by the most triumphant success, and by its enactment we consider that she has made a rapid advancement in her professional rank. The arch coquetry—coy petulance—buoyant gaiety, and spirited raillery which the author has so admirably embodied in the part, was given in all their rapid alternations in an inimitable style, by this always charming and still improving actress. At the end of the play Miss Taylor was vociferously called for, and after "God save the Queen" had been sung by the whole company, was lead on by Mr. Webster to receive the hearty cheers of a most crowded and delighted audience. A most amusing farce, called *A Wife for a Day*, followed, written by Mr. Bernard, for the display of the very original talent of the Yankee comedian, Hill. It abounds in ludicrous *contretemps* and dilemmas, quaint *Sam Slickism*—is full of bustle, (a most important component), and is excellently acted by Hill, Strickland, Lacy, and Mrs. F. Matthews.

The theatre re-opens on Easter Monday, with a piece of *diablerie*, entitled *The Devil and Dr. Faustus*. The part of *Mephistopheles* by O. Smith, who is so unrivalled in his impersonations of parts so—

"Horrible and awful,  
That e'en to name would be unlawful"

to ears polite. We congratulate the talented and indefatigable manager upon the strength of the company he has mustered for the commencement of his present campaign; and which, if kept up with the vigour displayed on its opening, cannot fail of commanding a most prosperous result.

**OLYMPIC.**—The Olympic Theatre appears to hold an assurance against failure in its production of new pieces. This uniform success is obviously attributable to the excellent tact, taste and judgment possessed by those who, from the commencement of Madame Vestris' lesseeship, have been so actively concerned in its welfare and management, Messrs. Peake and Planché. One of the last novelties produced is a *petite* comedy from the pen of the latter gentleman entitled *Faint Heart never won Fair Lady*. It is a sparkling and elegant trifle, possessing all the neatness of construction and dialogue peculiar to many other of the stock pieces which his talent has contributed to the amusements of the patrons of this elegant little theatre. The plot is very slight, being founded on an historical anecdote of the boy-king of Spain, Charles II. who having attained his majority at sixteen years, effects his escape from the restrictive guardianship of the *Marquis de Santa Cruz* (J. Bland), his governor, and takes refuge in the *Buen Retiro*. In this ancient royal palace resides the *Duchess de Torrenueva* (Madame Vestris), a young widow persecuted amazingly by the addresses of a young lieutenant of musketeers, *Ruy Gomez* (C. Matthews) who, besides the objection to his suit on the score of unequal rank, has to contend against an engagement made to the *Marquis de Santa Cruz*. The little king has hardly effected his entrance, ere he is terrified by the announcement that the *Marquis* has already arrived. He is about to make his exit from a window when he encounters *Gomez*, who in the teeth of every fresh discouragement determines on winning his desperate suit. The king and lieutenant become sworn friends; the former, at the prompting of *Gomez*, declares himself no longer a minor, and issues a declaration to that effect. He makes the lieutenant the bearer of the document, and gives the *Marquis* the option of a mission into the interior of high importance. The *Duchess*, piqued at the ready postponement of the nuptials, looks with a more favourable eye upon her ardent admirer, and ultimately bestows her hand upon him to avoid the alternative given her by the king—an union with the *Marquis*. The costumes, those of the latter

half of the seventeenth century, are, as usual at this house, accurate and magnificent. It is in fact a delightful practical lesson to the artist or antiquarian in such matters to thus avail themselves so tangibly of the results of Mr. Planché's long study in that department of archæology.

**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—One of the best novelties produced here during the past month, was the revival of a burletta entitled *His First Champagne*—played originally about five years ago, for one or two nights only, at the Strand Theatre, in consequence of that house being closed by the Lord Chamberlain's command. The incidents are numerous, highly amusing, and succeed one another in rapid succession; the dialogue is crammed with pun, repartee, and equivocal, so that the risible faculties of the audience are taxed without cessation throughout the piece. Wrench could not have a part better adapted to his bustling, off-hand style of acting; and Mr. Hughes was irresistibly droll as *James Grump*, the footman. The other performers all acquitted themselves most creditably. It is from the pen of Mr. Lemon Rede, and met with unanimous and deserved applause from the audience. The lions and tigers (two of the former, we are sorry to find, have died during the last month) are to be superseded on Easter Monday by a troop of dogs, goats, and monkeys, of whose astonishing performances the continental journals speak in high praise. The enterprising manager seems resolved on sparing no expense to keep up the variety of his entertainments at this season of amusement and sight-seeing, and we trust his exertions will be rewarded nightly by crowded houses.

**THE ADELPHI.**—The spirited proprietor of this little theatre took leave of his friends for a short period, on the 16th of March, in a neat speech, returning thanks for their patronage throughout a most prosperous season, announcing that though it was at his option to keep his theatre open for some two months longer, that it was let to the committee for conducting the concerts *à la Musard*, who intend migrating thither in consequence of the opening of the English Opera House on Easter Monday.

## CONTINENTAL THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

## NAPLES.

*Royal Theatre, San Carlo.*—The Death of Monsieur Adolphe Nourrit.—In our last number, speaking of the performances at the Theatre San Carlo of Naples, we mentioned the singing of M. Nourrit, in the part of *Pollione* in *Norma*. That celebrated tenor of the Royal Academy of Paris, after the appearance of Monsieur Duprez on the boards of the latter theatre, departed for Naples, and engaged with the director, Signor Barbaja, to sing in a new opera under the title of *Polyeucte*, composed expressly for this occasion, by Donizetti. The Neapolitan censorship, or rather inquisition of the press, forbade its representation, thinking the poetry too patriotic for their country. This affair contributed greatly to increase the previous melancholy state of M. Nourrit, which the affectionate assiduities of his amiable wife and family failed to eradicate. The 9th of last month he sung in *Norma* for the benefit of M. Alvetti, and at the conclusion of the opera he retired to his home, and remained alone till three in the morning in an apartment, occupied with writing his will, and several letters. Madame Nourrit, who had retired to rest, finding her husband had not arrived, entered the room usually occupied by him, about six o'clock, and not seeing him therein, and observing the window open, she proceeded to look out of it, when a most horrible sight presented itself; her husband lay mutilated beneath, having precipitated himself from the fourth story of the hotel Barbaja. The health of Madame Nourrit caused her friends great uneasiness for some time; the unfortunate lady being *enceinte* with her seventh child. The medical gentlemen called in, gave it as their opinion that he committed the act while in a state of fever brought on by mental excitement. Some days previously to the above melancholy catastrophe, he wrote the following lines, which plainly indicate the unhappy state of mind he was in—

“ Si tu m'as fait à ton image,  
O Dieu ! l'arbitre de mon sort !  
Donne moi le courage  
Ou donne-moi la mort.

Mon ame en proie a la souffrance  
Est pres de succomber.  
Dans l'abime ou meurt l'esperance  
Oh ! ne me laisse pas tomber.

The death of M. Nourrit will be regretted by all contemporary musicians and amateurs acquainted with his exquisite talent.

## VENICE.

*Great Theatre, La Fenice.*—A new opera entitled *La Sposa di Messina*, the composition of Maestro Vaccai, the poetry by Signior Jacopo Cabianna, was introduced to the public on the 2d of last month. From the reputation Signior Vaccai has hitherto gained by his musical compositions, aided on the present occasion by the poetry of Jacopo Cabianna, considerable interest was excited, and something superior expected from their combined talents. At the commencement of the opera the audience were disposed to applaud, but, unlike his previous opera, the music is tame and inexpressive, requiring more spirit and animation to amuse the volatile Venetians, who at the present moment require excellence combined with novelty. Connossieurs and professors might discover correctness and original melody, but there were on the whole only a few pieces that received applause. A duet between the *Basso*, Signior Ronconi, and *tenor*, Signior Moriani, with which the introduction finishes, was much admired. An *aria* by Madame Ungher, who sung with perfection throughout, was *encored*, and who with the composer made her appearance before the curtain to receive the cheers of the audience. Such is the result of this new opera.

The composer, Signior Vaccai, did not greatly avail himself of the talent of the singers, and especially that of Signior Moriani, who had a very trivial part, with scarcely a passage in which he could display his powers. Notwithstanding the praiseworthy efforts of the singers, who severally exerted themselves to the utmost, the opera proved a decided failure. The poetry is taken from Schiller's *Bride of Messina*; but Sig. Cabianna has deviated widely from the original subject. The following is an outline of the plot :—

Two brothers being desperately enamoured of the same lady, one, in a fit of jealousy, slays the other like an assassin before the eyes of the populace in the town of Messina. This affair becoming known to the princess, their mother, an *eclaircissement* takes place, by which the object of their fatal affection is discovered to be their sister by a former marriage; in a fit of remorse, the surviving brother kills himself.—Such is the subject of the *libretto*, and we must, perforce, agree with the Italian critics that neither beauty of structure nor imagination is evinced in its poetry. We cannot conclude our notice of this opera without instancing a fresh proof of the marvellous stolidity of the inquisitorial censorship, who would not allow the word *liberty* to be used in the *libretto*, but afterwards permitted a chorus, the words of which we introduce to show its liberal sentiments and patriotic expression:—

Bisuoniper tutte le nostre contrade  
Un Inno di guerra, un batter di spade.  
Tre volte vigliacco chi guarda al suo letto;  
Tre volte vigliacco chi inerme si sta!  
Di padre, di sposo, si scordi l'affetto  
Che molli pensieri la patria non ha.

Through all our country let resound  
A hymn of war, a clash of swords;  
Thrice coward he who his hearth guards,  
Thrice coward he who thence unarmed is found.

Father and husband now affection's ties  
must rend,  
Each soft thought banishing—their country  
to defend.

The music of this *chorus* has become very popular, and the Venetians, who are so passionately fond of the art, on leaving the theatre, the young men especially, repeat the air and words of the chorus aloud until the streets ring again; it is likewise sung in all public places of meeting, for in our present political position with the Austrians they feel inspired by the above, thinking it may be their own war song.

#### ROME.

*Theatre Grande*.—A new opera entitled *Medea* by Maestro Selli, composed expressly for this theatre, made its final exit after four representations, and *Marino Faliero*, by Donizetti, succeeded it. We have received letters which speak of the exquisite talent of Signor Cosselli,

who possesses combined powers as an actor and singer seldom met with. Madame Forioni, Signors Basadonna and Cambiaggio, are the four principal singers at present amusing the play-going portion of the Eternal City.

#### MILAN.

*Royal Theatre La Scala*.—*Il Bravo*, a new opera by Mercadante, the poetry by Signor Rossi, was given on the 10th of last month; the singers were Madame Schoberlechner, Madame Tadolini, and Messrs. Donzelli, Castellan, and Balzar. The anticipations of the Milan *virtuosi* have been realised, and the musical art has found in the work of Mercadante a new *chef-d'œuvre*, a new monument of glory; science and art strove in laudable emulation to recompense the talented labours of M. Mercadante; the whole of the representation throughout met with the greatest applause, but the cavatina of *Foscari* (M. Balzar), a romance of *Violetta* (Madame Tadolini) and a duet by *Bravo* and *Pisani* (Messieurs Donzelli and Castellan) gave the most rapturous delight. All the Italian journals speak in praise of this opera, but as they must always have something whereon to exercise their critical pens, they reproach M. Mercadante, who is a native of Italy and bred to the musical art in the Conservatorio at Naples, with having forsaken the true genius of the Italian school to follow that of the French and German.

We, who are well acquainted with the compositions of Maestro Mercadante, in *Elisa* and *Claudio*, *Donna Caritea* and *Giuramento*, cannot believe he has so changed his style in this latter opera; and again, if it should be indeed the fact, did not the towering genius of ROSSINI also deviate from the method of his country to write his last opera, *Guglielmo Tell*, perhaps his finest composition? Mdme. Schoberlechner was indisposed, but nevertheless gave proof of being an actress gifted with great talent.

It is unnecessary to speak of the singing of M. Donzelli and Balzar, their capabilities being so well known throughout the musical world. Signor Castellan, who sang in London last year at the *Opera Buffa*, although he found himself placed in competition with these great artists, added to the timidity at-

tendant upon a *débüt* at a great theatre, was well received and applauded by the audience.

M. Rossi possesses an unlucky celebrity for writing bad verses, and if by any chance he should succeed in writing a few good lyrics, he assuredly will never receive due credit for them. The *libretto* of the *Bravo* is taken from a French drama, and with all the faults and inconsistency of that school it is one of the best he has written. The scenes and dresses were quite out of keeping with the epoch of the action, but all these faults were forgotten by the melodies of Macstro Mercadante. What cannot music do?

#### TRIESTE.

*Great Theatre*.—On the 6th of March was represented for the benefit of our fair countrywoman, Miss Kemble, the opera *La Gemma de Vergy*, who introduced in the opera the cavatina from *Lucia de Lammermuir*. This young lady, although just commencing Italian dramatic music, merits a first rank amongst singers of the present day. The result of this representation was so brilliant that it would be impossible to meet with one more gratifying; she was encored in almost every *morceau* allotted to her in the opera, and at the conclusion bouquets, wreaths of flowers, accompanied with her print encircled with poetry, were showered upon the stage. Miss Kemble is certainly endowed with every quality requisite for the stage. The tenor (Pedarzi) and the Basso (Rossi) performed with their wonted ability.

#### FLORENCE.

*Theatre della Pergola*.—On the third of last month was produced, with great success, *Il Guiramento*. Madame Boccabadati, personated the principal character. The basso (Varese), and tenor (Deval), seconded this clever performer, who has thereby gained an accession of public patronage.

#### VIENNA.

*Imperial Court Theatre*.—A very interesting performance took place at this theatre on the 2nd of March. An incomparable artist, Madlle. Muller, whom the Germans and Austrians compare to the celebrated French actress, Madlle. Rachel, has written, and taken

part in a drama called *The Two Sisters*, translated from the French theatre, and adapted for the Austrian stage; the house was crowded, and the reception of the fair lady's two-fold abilities very satisfactory. At the conclusion, His Majesty sent his chamberlain to congratulate this talented person on her success, both as an actress and authoress.

*Royal Theatre, Porta Carinthia*.—The opera, *Millon*, by Spontini, who has not appeared before the public for some years, was given on Feb. 27, but did not meet with approbation.

For the benefit of Monsieur Wild, on the 26th February, the jewel of Mozart's operas, *Don Giovanni*, was selected, and met with the greatest applause. The *beneficiaire*, with Monsieur Standigl, (the *Leporello*), at the termination of the opera, were called forward by the audience three times successively, being the utmost extension of applause allowed by the Austrian state.

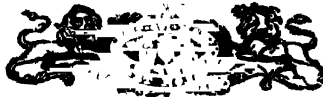
Madame Taglioni, the celebrated *danseuse*, who is at present sojourning in Vienna, intends performing until the month of April, when, after a short visit to London, she departs for St. Petersburg, there to remain for a year, commencing from the 1st of August, and for this engagement will receive 45,000 roubles (45,000 francs,) and 1,000 roubles premium for every new piece she appears in, and two benefits, in all, making up the sum of some 140,000 francs.

#### LISBON.

The opera, *Soncia di Castiglia*, was introduced the 27th February last. Madame Paganini, and Monsieur Colletti, and Regoli, played their parts with great care and finish. The music did not afford much pleasure, being composed of extracts from other masters; they have consequently in preparation another opera, *Gli Esuliati in Siberia*, of which we shall give an account in our next.

#### OPORTO.

In this city, the amateurs of music, following the example of the capital (Lisbon) have established an Italian opera company, and have given preference to those who previously sang at Lisbon.



# QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

## VIVAT REGINA.

Feb. 27.—Her Majesty honoured Mr. W. C. Ross, R.A., with a sitting for her portrait. The Queen afterwards rode out on horseback in the Parks attended as usual.

28.—Her Majesty gave audience to the Marquis of Hastings and Viscount Melbourne. The Queen afterwards rode out on horseback attended as usual.

March 1.—Her Majesty held a privy council at Buckingham Palace: after the council the Queen rode out on horseback attended as usual.

2.—The Queen rode out on horseback attended as usual.

Sunday, 3.—Her Majesty and her august Mother attended divine service in the Chapel-Royal, St. James's. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Winchester, from Isaiah, chap. v., ver. 3 and 4. The lessons were read by the Rev. Mr. Haden; the prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Packman; and the communion service by the Bishop of London and the Sub-dean. The musical service was Boyce in C. The anthem was "O Lord, thou hast searched me."—(Croft.) Mr. Knyvett presided at the organ.

4.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty.

5.—The Queen honoured Sir F. Chantrey with a sitting for her bust.

6.—Her Majesty held a levee at St. James's Palace. The following presentations to the Queen took place in the diplomatic circle:—

The Count Alexis Strogonoff, Attaché to the Russian Embassy, by Count Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian Ambassador.

Colonel Heth, of Virginia, by Mr. Stevenson, the American Minister.

The Commandeur the Marquis Lisboa, Brazilian Charge d'Affaires, by Viscount Palmerston, Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

The Duke du Regina, the Sicilian Charge d'Affaires, by Viscount Palmerston.

At the Entree Levee the following noblemen and gentlemen were presented to the Queen:—

Viscount Ebrington, on his appointment as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland by Viscount Duncannon.

Mr. John M'Niel, on his return from Persia, by Lord Viscount Palmerston.

The Judge of the Admiralty, by Viscount Melbourne.

Right Hon. Sir George Grey, on his appointment as Judge Advocate-General, by Viscount Melbourne.

Right Hon. H. Labouchere, on being appointed Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, by the Marquis of Normanby.

Captain Sir John Brooke Pechell, on being appointed a Lord of the Admiralty, by Lord Minto.

The Hon. William Stafford Jerningham, attached to Her Majesty's Embassy at Vienna, by Viscount Palmerston.

The Hon. G. S. Stafford Jerningham, Secretary of Her Majesty's Legation in Portugal, on his return from Lisbon, by Viscount Palmerston.

Dr. Yelloly, by Sir Benjamin Brodie, Bart.

Sir John Seale, Bart., by Viscount Melbourne.

The Rev. Principal Macfarlan, Glasgow College, on being re-appointed one of Her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland, by the Duke of Montrose.

Mr. Charles Shakeshaft, on his appointment to the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, by Lord Foley.

Mr. Hibbert, by the Earl of Orkney.

The Duke of Leeds, by the Marquis Conyngham.

Mr. Middleton, by Earl Amherst.

The Rev. Dr. Niblock, to present a book to the Queen, by Mr. Nicholas Carlisle, K. H.

Viscount Drumlanrig, on his appointment to the 2nd Life Guards, by Colonel Greenwood.

The Earl of Mulgrave, Scotch Fusilier Guards, by the Marquis of Normanby.

The Marquis of Ely, by Marquis Conyngham.

Sir Denham Jephson Norreys, Bt., M.P., on taking the name of Norreys, by the Marquis of Normanby.

Lord De L'Isle, by the Marquis Conyngham.

Mr. Cracroft, Deputy-Lieutenant of the county of Lincoln, by Lord Worsley.

Mr. Pentland, Her Majesty's Consul-General to Bolivia, on his return from South America, by Viscount Palmerston.

Mr. Thomas Tod, by the Earl of Minto.

Mr. V. Morris (Surrey Yeomanry), by the Earl of Lovelace.

Mr. Vaughan, on his marriage, by Lord Byron.

The Rev. G. A. Browne, on his appointment to the living of Rettenden, by Viscount Melbourne.

Dr. Richardson, Physician of the Royal Naval Hospital at Haslar, on his promotion, by the Earl of Minto.

Hon. Colonel Finch, C. B., by General Lord Hill, on promotion.

Commander Roche, R. N., on his promotion, by the Earl of Minto.

Major-General Taylor, C. B., Madras Army, on promotion and appointment to Companion of the Bath, by General Sir Frederick Wetherall, G.C.H.

Mr. Mosley, by Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart.

Mr. T. C. Gratten, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, on his appointment to the Consulship of Boston, by Viscount Palmerston.

Mr. John Pelling Pigott, by Lieutenant-General Sir Samuel Dickens, on his appointment to the 32nd Regiment.

Mr. Edward Martin, 28th Regiment of Madras Infantry, by Sir J. C. Hobhouse, Bart.

Lieutenant Harmitage, R.N., on promotion, by Lord Minto.

Mr. Henry Roper, on being raised to the Bench at Bombay, by Sir John Hobhouse.

Lieutenant Henry Hawker, Royal Navy, on promotion and return from abroad, by Lieutenant-General Sir T. Hawker.

Commander Giffard, R.N., on promotion and return from India, by Lord Minto.

Commander Edgell, by Earl Minto.

Mr. J. M. E. Roche, by Mr. W. Roche, M.P.

Captain H. Austin, R.N., upon his promotion, by the Earl of Minto.

Mr. Walker, Deputy-Lieutenant of Gloucestershire, by Sir H. Vivian.

Commander W. J. Williams, R.N., on promotion, by Captain the Hon. F. F. Berkeley, R.N.

Vice-Admiral Sir T. Baker, by Lord Minto.

Rear-Admiral Thomas Brown, on promotion, by the Earl of Minto.

Vice-Admiral Giffard, by Lord Minto.

Captain Hindmarsh, R.N., K.H., on returning from his Government of South Australia, by the Marquis of Normanby.

Second Lieutenant C. W. Hamilton Sotheby, 60th Rifles, on his appointment, by his father, Captain Sotheby, R.N.

Lieutenant-Colonel Leslie, K.H., on his appointment to the 4th Foot, by Lord Hill.

Colonel Wood, C.B., K.H., 41st Regiment, on his appointment to the third Class of the Order of the Bath, by Lord Hill.

Lieutenant-Colonel G. Browne, upon his appointment to the command of the Royal Artillery in Gibraltar, by the Master-General of the Ordnance.

Colonel Taylor, Lieutenant-Governor of the Royal Military College, on being appointed Companion of the Bath, by General Lord Hill.

Major General De La Motte, C.B., Bombay Army, on receiving the Honour of Companion of the Bath, by Sir J. C. Hobhouse, Bart.

Captain Stanhope Badcock, R.N., K.H., by Sir John Pechell, Bart. C.B. K.C.H.

Lieutenant Montresor, R.N., on returning from service abroad, by Lieutenant-General Sir F. Mulcaster.

Ensign Henry Lecter, 90th Regiment of Light Infantry, by Lieutenant-General Sir H. Keating, K.C.B., Colonel 90th Light Infantry.

Major Weymouth, on promotion, by Lord Worsley.

Cornet Weston Cracroft, 1st or Royal Dragoons, by Lord Worsley.

Ensign J. H. Jackson, 38th Regiment, on appointment, by General Sir H. Pigott, G.C.M.G.

Lieutenant-Colonel Cameron, on returning from St. Petersburg, the Caucasus, and Persia, by Lord Viscount Palmerston.

Lieutenant-Colonel Oldfield, Royal Engineers, to take leave on his departure for the Canadas, by the Master-General of the Ordnance.

Colonel Harding, Royal Engineers, on being appointed Companion of the Bath, by the Master-General of the Ordnance.

Major Bevan, Madras Army, by Mr. W. Roche, M.P.

Captain Franks, 10th Regiment, on promotion, by Lieutenant-General Sir T. Bradford, G.C.B. and G.C.H.

Major Meade, on his promotion, by Lord Hill.

Major Croft, Bengal army, on promotion, by Sir J. C. Hobhouse.

Major Robe, Royal Engineers, by the Inspector-General of Fortifications, Sir F. Mulcaster.

Lieutenant-Colonel Courtenay Crutenden, Royal Artillery, on promotion, by the Master-General of the Ordnance.

Lieutenant-Colonel Beckwith, by Lord Hill.

Second Lieutenant Gwilt, Ceylon Rifles, by Sir John Webb.

Lieutenant Kirkland, Coldstream Guards, by Colonel Freemantle.

Lieutenant William Charles Forrest, 11th Light Dragoons, on his promotion and return from India, by Lieutenant-Colonel the Earl of Cardigan.

Captain Culpeper, 14th Light Dragoons, on promotion, by the Adjutant-General.

Captain John Sutton, 47th Regiment, by Lieutenant-General Sir J. Maclean.

Captain Buller, Rifle Brigade, by Lord Poltimore.

Captain Halliday, 86th Regiment, by Lieutenant-General Sir A. Brooke.

Captain Sutton, half-pay, by Lieutenant-General Sir J. Maclean.

Captain Pringle, Coldstream Guards, by Lieutenant-General Sir W. Pringle.

Captain Mackinnon; Grenadier Guards, by Colonel Lambert.

Captain John Hine, Hon. Company's Service, on his return from China, by the Earl of Clare.

Lieutenant Charteris, by the Duke of Montrose.

Lieutenant-General Sir T. Hawker, K.C.H., on promotion, by Lord Hill.

Lieutenant-General Evatt, on promotion, by Sir H. Vivian.

Lieutenant-Colonel Astell, Grenadier Guards, on his return from Canada, and on promotion, by Colonel Lambert.

Colonel Stawell, 12th Royal Lancers, on promotion, by Lieutenant-General Sir H. Cumming, K.C.H.



Captain Hay, 86th Regiment, by Lieutenant-General Sir A. Brooke.

Lieutenant Whittingham, 67th Regiment, Aid-de-Camp, by General the Hon. Sir E. Paget.

Lieutenant Steele, Coldstream Guards, by Colonel Freemantle.

Lieutenant Arthur S. Murray, Rifle Brigade, by Major-General the Hon. H. Murray.

Lieutenant Yolland, Royal Engineers, by the Inspector-General of Fortifications.

Lieutenant-Colonel Knox, Coldstream Guards, on promotion, by Colonel Walton.

Lieutenant-Colonel L. Starr, Aid-de-camp to his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, by the Marquis of Normanby.

Ensign James Grant, 42nd Royal Highlanders, by Lieutenant-General Sir G. Murray.

Ensign Thomas, 10th Regiment, by Sir D. J. Norres, Bart., M.P.

Cornet Scott, 12th Royal Lancers, by Col. Stawell.

7.—Her Majesty honoured Mr. W. C. Ross, A.R.A., with a sitting for a large miniature picture.

8.—Lord Hill, the Judge-Advocate-General, and the Rt. Hon. Sir W. Freemantle had audiences of the Queen.

9.—The Marquis of Normanby had an audience of Her Majesty. The Queen honoured Covent Garden Theatre with her presence.

Sunday, 10.—Her Majesty and her august Mother attended divine service at the Chapel-royal, St. James's. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Chester, from the general Epistle of St. James, chap. i., ver. 22. The prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Barham; the lessons and litany were read by the Rev. Mr. Haden; and the altar service was read by the Sub-dean and the Rev. Messrs. Barham and Haden. The musical service was Nares in F, Hawes's Sanctus, and Marcello's Commandments. The anthem "The Lord is my light" (Boyce), was sung by Messrs. Bradbury and Wilde.

11.—The Duke of Sussex visited Her Majesty.

12.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen.

13.—Her Majesty honoured Mr. Leslie, R.A., with a sitting for his picture of the Coronation.

14.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen. Her Majesty honoured Covent Garden Theatre with her presence.

15.—The Queen gave audiences to Viscount Melbourne, Lord Hill, and Lord J. Russell.

16.—Her Majesty honoured Sir F. Chantrey with a sitting for her bust.

Sunday, 17.—Her Majesty and her august Mother attended divine service in the Chapel-Royal, St. James's. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Oxford, who took his text from St. John, chap. iv., ver. 10. The prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Haden; the lessons and litany by the Rev. Mr. Povah; and the altar service by the Sub-

dean and the Rev. Messrs. Haden and Povah. The musical service was Aldrich in A; the sanctus and commandments Horncastle; and the anthem, "Give the King thy judgment, O God" (Boyce), was sung by Messrs. Bradbury, Salmon, and Wylie. Mr. J. B. Sale presided at the organ.

18.—The Queen honoured Sir F. Chantrey with a sitting for her bust.

19.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience. The Queen honoured Her Majesty's Theatre with her presence.

20.—The Duchess of Northumberland had an audience.

21.—Her Majesty held a court at Buckingham Palace, for the reception of the Address of the City of London, respecting the Metropolitan Police Bill.

22.—The Queen held a court. Viscount Melbourne and the Chancellor of the Exchequer had audiences of Her Majesty.

23.—Her Majesty and T.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and the Duchess of Gloucester were present at the confirmation of the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, in the Chapel-Royal, St. James's. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted at the altar by the Bishop of London.

Sunday, 24.—The Duchess of Kent attended divine service in the Chapel-Royal, St. James's. The sermon was preached by the Archbishop of York, from the Acts of the Apostles, chap. xxiv., ver. 25. The prayers were read by the Rev. R. Barham; the lessons and litany by the Rev. J. Povah; and the altar service by the Bishop of London and the Sub-dean. The musical service was Barrow's in F. The sanctus and responses were Salis. The anthem—"Who is this that cometh from Edom?" (Arnold.) Mr. J. B. Sale presided at the organ.

25.—Her Majesty rode in the Riding-school at Pimlico. The Marquis of Normandy and Viscount Melbourne had audiences of the Queen.

26.—Her Majesty rode out on horseback attended as usual. Her Majesty honoured Sir F. Chantrey with a sitting for her bust.

#### GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, Mar. 8, 16, 23.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, Mar. 16.

H.R.H. the Duke of Lucca, Mar. 8.

The Archbishop of York, Mar. 16.

Viscount Melbourne, Feb. 27, 28, Mar. 1, 4, 5, 6, 11, 13, 15, 18, 20, 22, 25.

Earl and Countess of Albemarle, Feb. 28, Mar. 22.

Earl of Fingal, Feb. 28, Mar. 13.

Earl of Surrey, Feb. 28, Mar. 1, 5, 11, 12, 18, 23, 25.

Rt. Hon. H. Labouchere, Feb. 28.

Sir F. Stovin, Feb. 28, Mar. 4, 12, 23.

Lord Lilford, Mar. 12, 18.

Mr. G. E. Anson, Feb. 28.

Sir J. Hobhouse, Mar. 18.

Earl and Countess of Stanhope, Mar. 1.

Marquis of Douro, Mar. 23.

Viscount Barrington, Mar. 1.

Viscount Duncannon, Mar. 1.  
 Lord Saye and Sele, Mar. 22.  
 Lord Alfred Paget, Mar. 1, 8.  
 Hon. W. Temple, Mar. 1.  
 Hon. J. Ponsonby, Mar. 1.  
 The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Howley, Mar. 2.  
 The Duke of Argyll, Mar. 2, 8, 16, 23.  
 Marchioness of Breadalbane, Mar. 2.  
 Marquis Conyngham, Feb. 27, Mar. 2, 8, 16, 23, 26.  
 Marquis of Ailesbury, Mar. 16.  
 Earl and Countess of Tankerville, Mar. 2.  
 Lord and Lady Radstock, Mar. 23.  
 Earl of Lovelace, Mar. 2.  
 Viscount Kastnor, Mar. 20.  
 Count Woronzow, Mar. 2.  
 Viscount Lismore, Mar. 2.  
 Lord Rossmore, Mar. 2.  
 Lord and Lady Stuart de Rothesay, Mar. 2.  
 Hon. Miss Stuart, Mar. 2.  
 Lord Fitzalan, Mar. 2.  
 Rt. Hon. G. S. Byng, Feb. 27, Mar. 4, 7, 13, 15, 20, 22, 26.  
 Hon. W. Cowper, Feb. 27, Mar. 4, 8, 16, 22, 23.  
 Hon. S. Cowper, Feb. 27.  
 Viscount Ebrington, Mar. 5.  
 Duke of Leeds, Mar. 16.  
 Lord and Lady Vernon, Mar. 5.  
 Lord F. and Lady A. Gordon, Mar. 23.  
 Lord Carrington, Mar. 5.  
 Lord Dinorben, Mar. 5.  
 Lord Sudeley, Mar. 5.  
 Lord Seaford, Mar. 5.  
 Lord Byron, Mar. 6, 25.  
 Lord Gardner, Mar. 23.  
 Lord and Lady Barham, Mar. 6, 8, 16, 23.  
 Rt. Hon. Sir G. Gray, Mar. 6.  
 Viscount Palmerston, Mar. 16, 23.  
 Earl of Mulgrave, Mar. 6.  
 Count Pollon, Mar. 8.  
 Marquis and Marchioness of Normanby, Mar. 8, 12, 20, 23, 26.  
 Marquis of Anglesey, Mar. 8.  
 Viscount and Viscountess Sydney, Mar. 8.  
 Col. Wemyss, Mar. 14.  
 Hon. Col. and Hon. Mrs. H. Cavendish, Mar. 8, 16, 23.  
 Lady Flora Hastings, Mar. 8, 16, 23.  
 Hon. Miss Cocks, Mar. 8, 16.  
 Hon. Miss Cavendish, Mar. 8, 16.  
 Hon. Miss Lister, Mar. 23.  
 Viscountess Forbes, Mar. 8, 16.  
 Miss Davys, Mar. 8, 16, 23.  
 Baroness Lehzen, Mar. 8, 16, 23.  
 Viscount and Viscountess Falkland, Feb. 27, Mar. 8, 13, 16, 20.  
 Hon. C. A. Murray, Mar. 8, 16.  
 Hon. Miss Murray, Mar. 23.

Baron Lowenberg, Mar. 8.  
 Lady Charlotte Copley, Mar. 23.  
 Baron Ostini, Mar. 8.  
 Marquis of Headfort, Mar. 11.  
 Earl of Uxbridge, Mar. 11, 25.  
 Earl and Countess Cowper, Mar. 13.  
 Lord and Lady Poltimore, Mar. 13.  
 Sir E. L. Bulwer, Mar. 13.  
 Dowager Countess Cowper and Lady F. Cowper, Feb. 27, Mar. 25.  
 Lord and Lady Ashley, Feb. 27.  
 Hon. F. Maule, Mar. 15.  
 Col. Armstrong, Mar. 15.  
 Mr. Rich, Mar. 15, 26.  
 Sir J. Copley, Bart., Mar. 25.  
 Earl of Gosford, Mar. 16.  
 Viscount Duncan, Mar. 16.  
 Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, Mar. 16.  
 Mr. E. J. and Hon. Mrs. Stanley, Mar. 16.  
 Miss Vernon Harcourt, Mar. 16.  
 Lady Georgiana Bathurst, Mar. 16.  
 The Belgian Minister and Madame Van de Weyer, Mar. 20.  
 The Bishop of London, Mar. 20.  
 Hon. J. D. Bligh, Mar. 20.  
 The French Ambassador and Countess Sebastiani, Mar. 23.  
 Reschid Pasha, the Ottoman Ambassador, Mar. 23.  
 Hon. C. Gore, Mar. 25.

*The following accompanied Her Majesty in her Rides and Drives and visits to the Theatre.*

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, Mar. 19.  
 Baroness Lehzen, Feb. 27, 28, Mar. 1, 2.  
 Lady Flora Hastings, Mar. 19.  
 Hon. Miss Cavendish, Feb. 27, 28, Mar. 1, 14, 19.  
 Hon. Miss Murray, Mar. 2.  
 Miss Quentin, Feb. 27, 28, Mar. 1, 2.  
 Sir G. Quentin, Feb. 27.  
 Viscount Falkland, Feb. 28, Mar. 1, 9.  
 Earl of Surrey, Feb. 28, Mar. 1.  
 Lord Byron, Feb. 27, 28, Mar. 1, 2.  
 Hon. C. A. Murray, Feb. 28, Mar. 1.  
 Sir F. Stovin, Feb. 27, 28, Mar. 19.  
 Mr. Rich, Feb. 27, 28, Mar. 1, 2.  
 Hon. Col. Cavendish, Mar. 1, 2, 9, 14, 19.  
 Earl of Uxbridge, Feb. 27, Mar. 1.  
 Col. Wemyss, Feb. 27, Mar. 1.  
 Rt. Hon. G. S. Byng, Mar. 2, 9.  
 Lord A. Paget, Mar. 2.  
 Marchioness of Normanby, Mar. 9, 14, 19.  
 Hon. Miss Cocks, Mar. 9, 14, 19.  
 Viscountess Forbes, Mar. 9.  
 Hon. W. Cowper, Mar. 9, 14.  
 Earl of Fingall, Mar. 14.  
 Lord Gardner, Mar. 19.

# General Monthly Register of Marriages, Births, and Deaths at Home and Abroad.

*Court Magazine Office of Registration, 11, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn.*

## SCALE OF CHARGE FOR EACH INSERTION.

For a Marriage, not exceeding Five Lines.....Three Shillings  
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## MARRIAGES.

ADAMS, Jane, eld. dau. of W. A—, Esq., of Dunse, Scotland, to D. DOUGLAS, Esq., of Terrnaffile, Scotland; at Sutton Forest, Australia, July 24, 1838.

ACSTEN, Eleanor Margaret, ygst. dau. of the late Samuel A—, Esq., of Dublin, to C. W. REES, Esq., Adj. 1st regt. Oude Aux. Force, at Allahabad, *E. I.*, Nov. 8, 1838.

BAILY, Emma Jane, only child of Arthur B—, Esq., of Cumberland Place, Regent's Park, to the Hon. Edward BUTLER, Lieut. in Her Majesty's Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-arms, by special licence, in Cumberland Place, March 16.

BAKER, Catherine Jane, only surviving child of the late Capt. W. Pynder B—, Hon. *E. I. C.* Serv., to William Henry WARTON, Esq.; at St. Luke's Old Street, Feb. 27.

BARTON, Sarah, dau. of the late R. I. B—, Esq., to J. HARRIDGE, Esq., of London; St. Mary Bredin, Canterbury, Feb. 26.

BAYLY, Bertha Eliza, only dau. of Lieut. Col. Richard B—, to Alfred Dowling Esq.; at St. George's, Hanover Square, Feb. 21.

BEATTY, Miss, dau. of the late Capt. B—, H. M. 62nd regt., to Capt. W. MATTHIAS, of the same regt., at Moulmein, *E. I.*, Sept. 1, 1838.

BLACKBURN, Ellen, eld. dau. of the Rev. John B—, incumbent of Attercliffe-cum-Darnell, to the Rev. Thomas Cowper BROWNE, B.A., of Darnall-hall of Yorkshire; at Sheffield, Feb. 19.

BLANDFORD, Louisa Caroline, ygst. dau. of M. D. B—, Esq., of Swallow Cliff, Wiltshire, to George CROZIER, Esq., of Hendon; at Swallow Cliff, Feb. 26.

BOALTH, Emily Maria, only dau. of Capt. James B—, H.M. 13th Lt. Drags., to L. W. R. STUDDY, Esq., 15th *N. I.*, son of the late T. B. S—, Esq., of Coombe House, Devon; at Bangalore, *E. I.*, Dec. 3, 1838.

BRIGHT, Anne, only dau. of the late John, Cole B—, of Plaistow, Essex, to Capt. H. M. MARSHALL, R. N.; at St. Ann's, Limehouse, Feb. 24.

COCKER, Sarianne, ygst. dau. of the late Barnard Cranstoun C—, Esq., to Francis Swanton HERLOCK, ygst. son of the Rev. William Milton H—, Rector of Hellingdon, Norfolk; at St. Ann's, Soho.

COKE, Mary Agnes, dau. of D. Fwes C—, Esq., of Brookhill Hall, Nottinghamshire, to Arthur, eld. son of Thomas BURNELL, Esq., of York Terrace, Regent's Park; at Mansfield Woodhouse, March 9.

COWCHER, Emma Jane, eld. dau. of Edward C—, Esq., of Abingdon, to George RUNDALL, 3rd son of the late James R—, Esq., of Queenhiths; at Abingdon, March 12.

CLARKE, Anna, eld. dau. of Robert C—, Esq., of Stoke Newington-green, to John WILSON, son of the late John Blackett, of Stamford Hill, Esq.; at St. Mary's, Stoke Newington, Feb. 26.

CORNEY, Eliza, 2nd dau. of the late Robt. C—, Esq., Lake River, to Christopher GATENBY, Esq.; at Barton, Macquarie River, Australia, *late/y.*

CROUGHTON, Anne Curteis, eld. dau. of the late Richard C. C—, Esq., of Heronders house, Tenterden, to George WILDE, Esq., of Lincoln's-inn Fields, 2nd son of the late Rev. John H—, of Harnage, Shropshire; at Tenterden, Kent, March 12.

CURLING, Kate, dau. of John C—, Esq., of Gosmore, Hants, to John HARRISON, Esq., Dulwich, at St. Matthew's, Lambeth, Feb. 21.

DALLAWAY, Harriett Jane, only child of the late Rev. James D—, Vicar of Leatherhead, Surrey, to William James GRANGE, eld. son of William G—, Esq., of Bedford Row; at Kennington Church, March 13.

DARROCH, Margaret Janetta Louisa, ygst. dau. of Lieut.-Gen D—, of Yourock and Dairns, to George RAINY, Esq., Liverpool; at Yourock-house, Renfrewshire, Feb. 16.

DOBSON, Elizabeth, eld. dau. of Thomas D—, Esq., of Forty-hill, Enfield, to William TASSELL, Esq., of Canterbury; at St. Pancras New Church, Feb. 26.

DRY, Eliza, 2nd dau. of Richard D—, Esq., of Elphin, near Launceston, to James RICHARDSON, Esq., 3rd son of Capt. R—, late 4th Drag. Gds.; Launceston, Australia, Sept. 1, 1836.

EDGEELL, Frances Barbara, ygst. dau. of Harry E—, Esq., of Cadogan Place, Chelsea, to John, only son of Richard FRANKLIN, of Montagu Place, Russell Square, Esq., Feb. 28.

ELLIS, Laura Maria Ann, ygst. dau. of the Rev. Valentine E—, Rector of Walton, Bucks, and Barnardiston, Suffolk, to the Rev. A. F. WYNTER, B.A., of St. John's College, Oxford; at St George's, Hanover Square, Feb. 26.

ELTON, Mary Elizabeth, dau. of E. A. E—, Esq., and grand-dau. of Sir Abraham E—, of Clevedon Court, Somersetshire, to Frederick Bayard ELTON, Esq., Madras, *C.S.*, ygst. son of the late T. E—, Esq., of Stapleton-house, Gloucestershire; at All Saints', Southampton, March 5.

GODFREY, Ann, 2nd dau. of Hugh G—, Esq., of Woodlands, Jersey, to William Wyllys MACKESON, of the Inner Temple, Esq., barrister-at-law; at Jersey, March 12.

HAMES, Mary Jacintha, ygst. dau. of Major Weston H—, late 2nd Drag. Guards, to Henry HASE, Esq., only son of the late

William H—, Esq., of Lunenburg; at Kingston Church, Hants, March 5.

HAKE, Catherine, 2nd dau. of Capt. H—, H.M. 13th Light Drags., to H. C. CARDEW, Esq., 57th regt., at Cannanore, *E.I.*, Nov. 26, 1838.

HARRINGTON, Georgiana Jane, second dau. of Joseph H—, Esq., of North Street, Westminster, to John WRIGHT, Esq., of Storey's Gate, St. James's Park; at St. John the Evangelist's, Feb. 28.

HEARSEY, Anne Gibson, only dau. of the late Theophilus H—, Esq., of Denmark Hill, Surrey, and grand-dau. of the late R. Gibson, Esq., of Calcutta, to Alfred, 2nd son of Joseph JACKSON, Esq., of Kidbrooke Lodge, Blackheath, Kent; at Orpington, Kent, Feb. 28.

HOLCOMBE, Elizabeth Letitia, ygst. dau. of Lieut.-Col. H—, C.B., to Richard Brome DEBARY, Esq., Feb. 28.

HOLLAND, Mary Anne, eld. dau. of the late Matthew H—, Esq., to Henry, younger son of the late Matthew GILPIN, Esq., at St. James's Church Feb. 26.

KELLY, Eleanor S., eld. dau. of George B. K—, Esq., of Acton, Middlesex, to Harold T. OXHOLM, Esq., Gentilhomme de la Chambre, &c., de Sa Majesté le Roi de Danemarck; at Tours, March 14.

KIRKBY, Miss, late of Stanstead Lodge, Herts, to Capt. A. WALES, of Launceston; at Kirkdale Lodge, Australia, Sep. 12, 1838.

LUGRIN, Louisa Maria Anne, only surviving dau. of the late F. L—, Esq., to Lieut. W. G. WHEATLEY, 4th *N.I.*; at Bombay, Dec. 8, 1838.

MANIFOLD, Hannah, 2nd dau. of W. M—, Esq., of Kelso, to E. WHITING, Esq., at Kelso, July 24, 1838.

MANSSELL, Frances, ygst. dau. of the late George M—, Esq., of Claremont Place, Pentonville, and widow of H. Dixon, Esq., of Sydenham, to Daniel DAVIES, Esq., of Hereford; at St. Andrew's, Holborn, Feb. 21.

MARSH, Jane, eldest daughter of William M—, Esq., of Sutton, to William SLADDEN, Esq., of Canterbury, at Sutton, near Dover, Feb. 36.

MAC DONNEL, Georgiana, 4th dau. of James M—, Esq., M.D., Surg. H.M. 57th regt., to P. NICHOLSON, Esq., H.M. Assist.-Surg., 57th regt., at Cannanore, *E.I.*, Dec. 1, 1838.

MELHADO, Sarah, dau. of the late Daniel M—, Esq., to Alfred MELHADO, Esq., of the Island of Jamaica, at 71, Guilford Street, Russell Square, March 12.

NUTTALL, Susan Eliza, only child of R. N—, Esq., of Kimpsey House, Worcester, to Albert HUDSON, eld. son of Clement ROYDS, Esq., of Falinge, Lancashire; at Kimpsey Church, March 5.

PATTLE, Louisa Colebrooke, dau. of James P—, Esq., to H. V. BAYLEY, Esq.; Calcutta, Dec. 6, 1838.

PIEQU, Henrietta, 4th dau. of the late Capt. H. P—, H.M. 3rd Drag. Guards, to J. GORDON, Esq., 59th regt., at Landour, *E.I.*, Sep. 19, 1838.

PIX, Louisa, 2nd dau. of William P—, Esq., of Field House, Drayton, to Philip

GOULD, Esq., of Manchester; at Market Drayton, March 7.

PRESTWICH, Catherine, 2nd dau. of Joseph P—, Esq., of the Lawn, South Lambeth, to Robert THORNBURN, Esq., of Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park; at Lambeth Church, March 14.

READ, Anna, eld. dau. of the late Rev. T. C. R—, to the Rev. John Harding; at Frickley, Yorkshire, Feb. 20.

ROBERTSON, Lavalette, 2nd dau. of James R—, Esq., of Plaskett, Hunter's River, *N.S. Wales*, to Henry GRAHAM, Esq., surgeon, Windsor; at Sydney, July 10, 1838.

SCHIMMEL, Annette, dau. of the late H. J. S—, Esq., of Amsterdam, to Henry Joseph LORD, Esq.; at La Guayra, by Sir Robert Ker Porter, H.M.'s Chargé d'Affaires in Venezuela, Dec. 22, 1838.

SIMONS, Jane Terry, eld. dau. of the late John S—, Esq., of Hobart Town, to Charles NICHOLL, Esq., of Maitland; at Sydney, *N.S. Wales*, Aug. 22, 1838.

SMITH, Ellen, only dau. of the late W. S—, Esq., of Nottingham, to Frederick JULIERS, Esq., of Richmond, Surrey, Feb. 26.

SMITH, Susannah Mary, 2nd dau. of C. M. S—, Esq., to B. H. B—, Esq.; Calcutta, Nov. 24, 1838.

SMOOTHY, Miss, to the Rev. Edward NOTTIDGE, rector of Black Notley; at Milton, Kent, Feb. 19.

SMITH, Melina, only surviving dau. of the late E. W. S—, Esq., to A. HENNING, Esq., Lieut. R. N.; commander of the ship *Earl of Hardwicke*; Calcutta, Dec. 11, 1838.

STENNETT, Miss Eliza, of Brixton Rise, to Mr. John Towry BURTON of Bucklersbury; married at the Registrar's Office, Lambeth. After the ceremony the parties retired to a religious service with their pastor and friends. March 12.

ST. JOHN, the Hon. Maria Louisa, eld. dau. of the Viscount Bolingbroke, to John Lauriston, 2nd son of Godfrey John KNELLER, late of Donhead Hall, Wilts, Esq.; at Sidmouth, March 11.

SYNNOT, Jane, eld. dau. of Capt. Walter S—, late 66th regt., to Thomas MANIFOLD, Esq., of Kelso; at Invermay, Australia, July 4, 1838.

TAYLOR, Mary Ann, dau. of John Henry T—, Esq., to the Rev. Edward Arthur ILLINGWORTH; at Crayford, March 7.

TAGG, Hannah, ygst. dau. of Thomas T—, Esq., Norwood Hill Lodge, Norwood, to Richard C. HARNEY, Esq., Rush Hill, Wandsworth, March 4.

THOMPSON, Charlotte Firene, dau. of E. T—, Esq., to John Innes S—, Esq., Merchant, Seebpore, Calcutta, Dec. 6, 1838.

TONKIN, Miss Jane, of Stoke Newington, to William COULSON, Esq., of Penzance; St. Mary's, Stoke Newington, March 7.

TROTTER, Charlotte Knox, 2nd dau. of the late William T—, Esq., of Ballindean, to Robert Trotter Knox, Esq., 6th regt., Bengal, *L.C.*, at Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, March 7.

UNWIN, Mary, 3rd dau. of Jordan U—, Esq., of Ewell Hall, Kelvedon, Essex, to

W. Forbes LAURIE, Esq., M.D., of Norwood, Surrey, Feb. 28.

VARRALL, Harriet, 3rd dau. of the late William V., of Southover, Sussex, to James SCOTT, Esq., of Westbourne Place; at Lewes, March 8.

VINE, Sarah Rose, only surviving dau. of the late Capt. H. L. V., Royal Marines, to J. W. P. BLICK, Esq., surgeon; at Sydney, N.S. Wales, Sep. 8, 1838.

WALLER, Mary, widow of Smithson W., Esq., R.N., of the Grove, Kentish Town, to Joseph Nichols, Esq., of Gloucester, at St. Pancras, March 12.

WATKINS, Marianne, only dau. of the late Lieut. H. W., 1st N.I., to J. S. G. RYLEY, Esq., 2nd L.C.; Delhi, Sep. 20, 1838.

WHITE, Elizabeth, dau. of Capt. John W., late of Chittagong, to T. C. PENNINGTON, Esq., of Midnapore; at Calcutta, Dec. 1, 1838.

WILLIAMS, Harriet, eld. dau. of James W., Esq., of Lee Terrace, Blackheath, Kent, to the Rev. John Evans ROBSON, incumbent of Hartwith, near Ripley, Yorkshire; at Lee Church, Blackheath, Feb. 23.

WILLIAMS, Mary, eld. dau. of Martin W., Esq., of Brynnygn, Montgomeryshire, to the Rev. Henry Cornwall LEIGH, M.A., 2nd son of the late John Leigh, Esq., of High Leigh, Chester; at Llanvrechuan Church, March 7.

WREFOED, Maria, only dau. of J. W., Esq., of West Park, Bristol, to G. H. BENDALL, surgeon, of Maitland, at Sydney, N.S. Wales, Aug. 16, 1838.

### BIRTHS.

ALEXANDER, lady of Capt. James A., of a dau.; Fort St. George, Dec. 6, 1838.

ALEXANDER, the lady of Sir James Edward A., K. L. S. of a dau.; Jan. 7.

ANDERSON, lady of Lieut. J. C. A., of a son, Rajcote, E.I., Nov. 29, 1838.

BARLOW, lady of James Pratt, B., Esq., of a son, who survived only half an hour; at Hyde Park-gate, Kensington, Mar. 9.

BARTER, lady of the Rev. Charles B., of a son; at Sarsden, Mar. 2.

BISHOP, the lady of the Lord B., of a son; at Bishop's Lodge, Jamaica, Jan. 16.

BISCOE, lady of Capt. John B., Esq., of a Sydney, N.S.W.; Sep. 29, 1838.

BOCKETT, the lady of D. B., Esq., of a son; at Hampstead, Feb. 27.

BRADY, the lady of Antonio B., Esq., of a son; Stratford Green, Feb. 23.

BRIDGE, lady of Lieut. G. B., 3rd Foot, of a dau.; Meerut, E.I., Nov. 24, 1838.

BROCK, lady of Dr. H. G. B., R. N., of a son; Woolmers, Australia, Aug. 30, 1838.

BROOKES, lady of Lieut. W. B., of a son; Madras, Dec. 15, 1838.

BROWN, the lady of William B., Esq.; at Wimbledon, Mar. 13.

BURTON, the lady of the Rev. R. C. B., of a dau.; Peckham, Mar. 5.

CAMERON, lady of Charles Hay C., Esq. of a dau.; Calcutta, Dec. 5, 1838.

CARPENTER, lady of Capt. C., 48th M.N.I., of a dau.; Benares, Nov. 20, 1838.

CESARIANI, Her Excellency the Duchess Storza, Princess of Savelli, &c. of a dau., which was baptized by his Grace the Archbishop of Malta, by the names of Bianca Maria; at Malta, Jan. 28.

CHATFIELD, lady of the Rev. W. C., of dau.; Statfold Vicarage, Feb. 27.

COCK, lady of Maj.-Gen. C., commanding Benares div., of a son; Benares, Nov. 16, 1838.

COGLAN, lady of Capt. C., Artillery, of a son; at Tannah, E.I., Dec. 15, 1838.

COOPER, lady of Col. George C., of a son; Puttyghur, E.I., Nov. 19, 1838.

DANIELL, the wife of the Rev. Mortlock, D., of a son; Ramsgate, Feb. 23.

DAVIS, Mrs. John, of a son; in Brunswick Square, Mar. 7.

DE VITRE, lady of Matthew De V., Esq., of a son, stillborn; at Homewood Lodge, Chislehurst, Feb. 28.

DANIEL, lady of James Nugent D., Esq., of a son; Upper Seymour Street, Feb. 24.

DOLBEN, the lady of W. Mackworth D., Esq., of a son; at Finedon Hall, Northamptonshire, Mar. 2.

DOWDALL, lady of Capt. Aylmer, D., H.M. 54th Regt., of a dau.; Trichinopoly, Dec. 9, 1838.

DUGMORE, lady of William D., Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-law; at Bayswater, Mar. 3.

DU PRE, the lady of the Rev. W. Du P., of a dau.; at Woodburn, Mar. 17.

DYKE, lady of Percyvall Hart D., Esq., of a dau.; at Bickley, Kent, Mar. 9.

EDWARDS, Mrs. Henry, of Craven Lodge, Halifax, of a dau.; Mar. 1.

ERSKINE, lady of James E., Esq., of a son; Rajcote, E.I., Dec. 2, 1838.

FARRINGTON, lady of Capt. H. W. F., 2nd N.I., of a son; Lucknow, Nov. 20, 1838.

FORBES, lady of Major F., 20th N.I., of a son; Bombay, Dec. 16, 1838.

GARDINER, lady of Henry G., Esq., late Madras C.S., of a son; at Brighton, Feb. 27.

GARSTIN, wife of the Rev. A. G., of a son; Calcutta, Dec. 7, 1838.

GIBSON, the lady of Thomas Milner G., Esq., M.P., of a dau.; at 48, Eaton Square, Mar. 13.

GORDON, lady of Brig. William G., of a son; Asseighur, Dec. 3, 1838.

GRANT, lady of Capt. G., Artillery, of a son, Bombay, Dec. 9, 1838.

GRIFFIN, lady of C. G., Esq., 1st N.I., of a dau.; Madras, Nov. 24, 1838.

GRIFFITHS, lady of Capt. G., H.M. 6th Regt. of a son; Poona, Dec. 9, 1838.

HALE, the lady of R. B. H., Esq., of a dau.; at Weston Birt, Gloucestershire, Mar. 9th.

HARMAN, the lady of Francis S. H., Esq., of a son, at Stone-bridge House, Tottenham, Mar. 17.

HARRIS, lady of G. A. H., Esq. C.S., of a son; Ootacamund; Dec. 2, 1838.

HARRISON, lady of the Rev. W., of Christ's Hospital, of a dau; Mar. 8.

HAUSLER, lady of Robert J. H., Esq., of

a dau.; in Woburn Place, Russell Square, Feb. 28.

HILL, Lady George, of a son; at Godmersham Park, Mar. 9.

HILLARD, the lady of John H—, Esq., of a dau.; in Great Marlborough Street, Mar. 10.

HINCKS, lady of T. Cowper H—, Esq., of a dau.; Breckenborough, Yorkshire, Mar. 2.

HOBSON, lady of Capt. John H—, Bombay Army, of a son; Cape of Good Hope, *lately*.

HODD, lady of Francis H—, Esq., of a son and heir; at Tubursque House, Cornwall, Mar. 10.

HORSEY, lady of J. L. H—, of a son; Athol House, North Shore, *N.S.W.*, Aug. 11, 1838.

HOWARD, lady of the Rev. Wm. H—, of a son; Great Withingham, Norfolk, Feb. 26.

HUDDLESTON, the lady of Peter H—, Esq., of a dau.; at Norton, Suffolk, Feb. 19.

INGLIS, wife of H. I—, Esq. of a dau.; Chatter by Chet, Dec. 3, 1838.

ISAACS, Mrs. J., of a son; Montagu Square, Feb. 22.

JEFFERSON, lady of Dr. J—, of a son; Brunswick Terrace, Brighton, Mar. 3.

KINGLAKE, the lady of J. A. K—, Esq., of a son; in Hobart Place, Eaton Square, Feb. 21.

LAMONT, lady of John L—, Esq., of a son; Lower Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, Mar. 3.

LONG, the lady of J. Wakeman L—, Esq.; in Hans Place, Sloane Street, Feb. 23.

LAURENCE, lady of Benjamin L—, Esq., of a son; at Campsbourne Lodge, Hornsey, Feb. 23.

LAYTON, lady of T. H. L—, Esq., of a dau.; Macao, Sep. 4, 1838.

LEWIS, wife of the Rev. F. L—, of a dau.; Queen Charlotte's Vale, Bathurst, *N.S.W.*, Aug. 8, 1838.

MACDOUGALL, lady of Lieut. J. M—, 17th *N.I.*, of a son; Russell Kondah, Nov. 26, 1838.

MACKINNON, lady of Dr. M—, of a dau.; Mozufferpore, Tirhoot, *E.I.*, Dec. 1, 1838.

MACKINNON, lady of C. M—, Esq., of a dau.; Calcutta, Dec. 3, 1838.

MALING, lady of Capt. C. S. M—, 68th Regt. *N.I.*, of a son; Allahabad, Nov. 13, 1838.

MARSH, lady of Lieut. Hippisley M—, 3rd *L.C.*, of a son; at Kurnaul, *E.I.*, Nov. 9, 1838.

MARSTON, lady of Thomas M—, Esq., of a dau.; in Torrington Square, March 12.

MATTHEWS, lady of Lieut. Henry W. M—, 43rd *N.I.*, of a dau.; Gowhattee, *E.I.*, Nov. 14, 1838.

MAURICE, the Hon. Mrs., of a son; at the Rectory, Rimpton, Somersetshire, Feb. 21.

MENZIES, the lady of the Hon. Mr. Justice M—, of a dau.; Sea Point House, *C. of G.H.*, Oct. 24.

MENZIES, the lady of Sutherland M—, Esq., of a dau.; in the King's Road, Mar. 20.

MOORE, lady of T. M—, Esq., 8th *L.C.*, of a son, Sultanpore, Benares, Nov. 22, 1838.

MORIARTY, lady of Capt. R. N. M—, of a dau., Westbury, Australia, July 23, 1838.

MORLET, lady of J. M. M—, Esq., of a son, Cunningham Place, Malda Hill, Mar. 6.

MUNRO, lady of Lieut. M—, Royal Horse Guards (Blue) of a dau.; Clarence Crescent, Windsor, Mar. 3.

NEWPORT, lady of Major C. N—, 23rd *N.I.*, of a son; at Bombay, Dec. 4, 1838.

NEWTON, the lady of William N—, Esq., of a son, who only survived a few hours; in Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, Feb. 26.

NICHOLAY, lady of Capt. F. L. N—, of a dau.; Madras, Dec. 8, 1838.

NUGENT, lady of Lieut.-Col. N—, Grenadier Guards, of a son; in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, Mar. 12.

OSBORNE, lady of Capt. G. W. O—, Dep. Judge Adv. Gen. of a dau.; Trichinopoly, *E.I.*, Nov. 23, 1838.

PARR, the lady of Thomas Clements P—, Esq., of a dau.; at Lausanne, Feb. 10.

PATTON, the lady of Major P—, 12th Regt., of a son, at Tralee, Mar. 7.

PEART, lady of J. P—, Esq., C. Surgeon, of a son; Broach, *E.I.*, Dec. 22, 1838.

PIGMENT, the lady of J. G. P—, Esq., of a son; in Upper Gloucester Place, Dorset Square, Feb. 26.

PITT, lady of G. H. P—, Esq., *C.S.*, of a son; Ootacamund, *E.I.*, Dec. 15, 1838.

PROSSER, the lady of the Rev. S. P—, of a dau.; at Blackheath Park, Feb. 21.

RAMSAY, lady of Brev.-Capt. J. S. R—, 4th *N.I.*, of a dau.; Bombay, Dec. 24, 1838.

RAVENHILL, lady of the Rev. E. H. R—, of a son; Leominster, Sussex, Mar. 1.

REEVES, lady of Henry, Wilson R—, Esq., Bombay, *C.S.* of a dau.; at East Sheen, Surrey, Mar. 2.

RICHMOND, lady of J. R—, Esq., of a dau.; Madras Dec. 2, 1838.

RIDGE, lady of Charles R—, Esq., Banker, of a son, Chichester, Feb. 27.

ROBINSON, lady of Sir George R—, of a dau.; Mar. 2.

ROSE, lady of the Rev. Henry J. R—, Rector of Houghton-Conquest, Bedfordshire, of a dau.; in Brunswick Square, Mar. 6.

ROSS, lady of A. R—, Esq., 4th *L.C.*, of a dau.; Coel, *E.I.*, Nov. 12, 1838.

ROUTH, Mrs. Richard, of a son; at Trieste, Feb. 17.

SALOMONS, the lady of Reuben S—, Esq., of a dau.; Finsbury Square, March 12.

SHAW, the lady of Lieut. D. S—, 54th *N.I.*, of a son; Delhi, Oct. 26, 1838.

STERLING, the lady of the Rev. John S—, of a son; at Hastings, Mar. 8.

STEWART, lady of C. S—, Esq., Horse Artillery, of a son; Kurnaul, Nov. 17, 1838.

STRACHAN, lady of James, S—, Esq., of a dau. still-born; Manila, Oct. 14th, 1838.

STROUACH, lady of the Rev. Alexander, of a son; Singapore, *E.I.*, Oct. 5, 1838.

SUTHERLAND, Mrs. of a dau.; at Kidbrooke, Blackheath, Mar. 1.

SWINHOE, lady of Lieut.-Col. of a son; Sythet, *E.I.*, Nov. 12, 1838.

TALLAN, lady of Capt. T—, H.M. 41st Foot, of a son; Belgaum, *E.I.*, Dec. 2, 1838.

TAYLOR, lady of Capt. J. T—, of a son, Calcutta, Dec. 5, 1838.

TEMPLE, lady of Geo. T—, Esq., of a dau.; Baugundee, *E.I.*, Dec. 14, 1838.

THOMSON, lady of the Hon. E. D. T—, Esq., of a dau.; Sydney, *N.S.W.*, July 15, 1838.

THORNHILL, lady of T. T—, Esq., jun., of a dau., still-born; at Pakenham Lodge, Suffolk, March 11.

THORNTON, lady of Capt. George T—, 19th *N.I.*, of a dau.; Belgaum, *E.I.*, Dec. 15, 1838.

TREZEVANT, lady of P. D. T—, Esq., of a son; Calcutta, Nov. 26, 1838.

WATSON, lady of Capt. E. I. W—, 59th *N.I.*, of a son; at Moradabad, *E.I.*, Dec. 4, 1838.

WALKER, lady of Thomas Darkins, W—, Esq., of a dau.; in Keppell Street, Russell Square, Feb. 27.

WESTON, the lady of Brevet-Maj. W—, Dep. Judge Adv. Gen., of a dau.; at Meerut, *E.I.*, Nov. 10, 1838.

WHEELER, lady of James W—, Esq., of a son; at Balham, Feb. 28.

WIDDER, lady of Frederick W—, Esq., of a son, March 9.

WILSON, lady of Brevet-Capt. G. W—, 26th Regiment, of a dau.; Hursole, *E.I.*, Dec. 1838.

WIX, the lady of the Rev. Joseph W—, of a dau.; at the Vicarage, Easton, Mawduitt, Northamptonshire, Feb. 22.

WOTTON, the lady of A. R. W—, Esq., of a son, in Great Portland Street, Feb. 20.

#### DEATHS.

AUGRIA, his Highness Ragojee, of Colaba, *E.I.*; Dec. 26, 1838.

BACKHOUSE, Lieut. F. G., 68th regt. *N.I.*, aged 27; in Assan, Oct. 19, 1838.

BAIJER, Baijer Otto, Esq., aged 79, of the island of Antigua; in Bentinck Street, Manchester Square, Feb. 25.

BAKER, Maria Catherine, aged 12 years, eldest dau. of Capt. Thomas B—, of scarlet fever; at Roley Hill, Rochester, Feb. 23.

BASSETT, Hannah, wife of the Rev. Alex., B—, at Great Cheverell House, near Devizes, March 8.

BENMOHEL, A. L., Esq., aged 50; at Black Rock, Dublin, March 6.

BERKELEY, John, Esq., aged 55; at the island of Grenada, West Indies, Jan. 7.

BLAKISTON, Arthur Browne, Esq.; at his house, the Holme, Regent's Park, March 4.

BLACKWELL, Samuel, Esq., of Sarat Hull, Herts; March 10.

BLATHWAYT, William, Esq.; at Dyrham Park, Gloucestershire, Feb. 25.

BOYD, George Hay, Esq., of Colombo; on board the *Caroline*, in Galle Harbour, Nov. 21, 1838.

BROWN, Anne, aged 33, wife of the Rev. J. B. B—, eldest dau. of Samuel Lawford, Esq., late of Clapham Common; at Knighton Parsonage, Feb. 25.

CHAUNCEY, Charlotte Snell, third dau. of

the late Charles S. C—, Esq.; at Cheshunt, March 3.

CHEERE, Harriet Emily, wife of the Rev. George C—, at Hastings, March 17.

CHRISTIE, Robert, Esq., the able and much-esteemed secretary of the Universal Life Assurance Society, King William Street; at Palmer Terrace, Holloway, Feb. 17.

COOPER, Susanna, aged 28, 2nd dau. of John C—, Esq., of Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square; Feb. 25.

COWEN, Isaac, Esq., aged 53; at Claremont Square, Pentonville, March 11.

CROCKER, Ann, aged 78, widow of the late Edward C—, Esq.; at Bedford, March 4.

CROWTHER, Samuel, aged 27, youngest son of the late Rev. S. C—, vicar of Christ Church, Newgate Street, March 7.

CADLIFF, Mary, widow of Charles C—, M.D.; at Sugnall, Staffordshire, Feb. 21.

CUMMING, J. O., Esq., A.M., aged 33, of a consumption; March 13.

DACOSTA, J. S., Esq., aged 53; Calcutta, Dec. 2, 1838.

DEAN, Capt. Charles Augustus, 67th regt., eldest son of R. B. D—, Esq., Chairman of the Board of Customs; at Demerara, Jan. 21.

DE LAANOV, Jane, aged 81, wife of Rich. De—, Esq., of Wanstead, Feb. 28.

DENTON, Samuel, Esq., aged 57; at Notting Hill, March 13.

DICK, Thomas Mantell, aged 17, fifth son of Samuel D—, Esq., of Eltham, Kent; at Bonchurch, March 16.

DOMECO, P. D., Esq.; at Kerege de la Fronteira, Feb. 11.

DURUIS, Rev. George, M.A., aged 82, for forty years rector of Wendlebury, Oxon; March 6.

EDISON, the Rev. George Thomas, rector of Stock and Rainsden, Essex; March 5.

FICQUELMONT, Count C. E., late captain of artillery; at Palimanang, Oct. 15, 1838.

FISHER, Capt., of H.M.S. Customs, at Sydney, Sept. 23, 1838.

FARQUHARSON, Paulina Jane, aged 35, widow of the late James Hilero F—, Bombay C.S.; at the house of her father, Grey Lennox Prendergast, Esq., Grafton Street, Bond Street, Feb. 28.

FARRER, Maria, aged 22, youngest dau. of the Rev. J. L. F—, vicar of Cratfield-with-Laxfield, Suffolk; at Hackney, March 13.

FERGUSON, F. T., Esq., aged 46; at Singapore, Nov. 11, 1838.

FINCH, Maria, eldest of the Rev. Robert F—, M.A., formerly of Baliol College, Oxford; at Tonbridge Wells, March 11.

FITZGERALD, Robert Barry, Esq., aged 43; at Calcutta, Nov. 26, 1838.

FRANKLYN, George, aged 11, second son of the Rev. Thomas Ward F—, of Calcot Lodge, Reading, Berks; March 1.

FRENCH, Lieut. W., H.M. 9th regt. of foot, of cholera; at Chinsurah, *E.I.*, Nov. 20, 1838.

FRY, Charles Simeon, aged 18, youngest son of the Rev. Thomas F—, rector of Emberton, Bucks, of a brain fever, March 17.

GRANT, Anne Robina, aged 15, daughter

of Frederick G—, Esq. of Mount Cyrus, Kincardineshire; at Long's Hotel, Bond St., March 13.

GREEN, George Joseph, aged 24, eldest son of G. J. G—, Esq., Birchfield House, near Birmingham; March 7.

GREGORY, Lucy Susan, wife of John S. G—, Esq., of Bedford Square; at Hastings, 13.

GREGG, John, Esq., aged 77; at Hillhouse, Messing, Essex, Feb. 20.

HAFLEY, Mary, aged 78, relict of the late Henry H—, Esq.; at Bath, March 5.

HEBBERT, Charles, Esq., aged 54; in Eaton Square, March 17.

HEMMING, Ellen, relict of Capt. H—, late of H.M. 44th regt.; at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Feb. 7.

HAMMOND, Henry, fourth son of the Rev. J. H—, rector of Penshurst, Kent; at Ashford, March 1.

HARRIS, Robt, Esq., aged 80; in Regent Square, March 12.

HARTER, Sophia, aged 53, wife of J. C. H—, Esq., of Broughton Hall, Manchester; at Leamington, Feb. 18.

HESELTINE, James, Esq., a member of the Society of Friends; at Grove House, Bishop Dale, Yorkshire, March 9.

HESS, Mrs. Margaret Legrew, relict of I. H—, Esq.; at the residence of her son, Chiddingfold Rectory, Surrey, March 6.

HODSON, Caroline Nightingale, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Frodsham H—, D.D., Principal of Brazenose College, and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford; at Bath, March 6.

HOOLE, Rev. Samuel, aged 82, rector of Poplar; at Tenterden, Feb. 26.

HOPPER, Sarah, aged 20, eldest dau. of the late John H—, Esq., R.N.; at St. Alban's Terrace, Lambeth, Feb. 18.

HUME, Henry, Esq., late of Mutty Dally Factory, of fever, on his way from Bogorah to Calcutta; at Kishnaghur, Nov. 23, 1838.

JELICOE, Ann, aged 68, relict of the late Richard J—, Esq., Lambeth Terrace, Mar. 4.

JAMES, Elizabeth, aged 69, the wife of J. T. J—, Esq., late of Gloucester Place, London; at Dover, March 7.

JEKYLL, Capt. John, aged 54; at Paris, Feb. 14.

JONES, Ann Margaret, wife of John J—, Commander, R.N., and dau. of the late Col. Charles Handfield; at Rose Villa, near Liverpool, Feb. 24.

JONES, Leslie Grove, Esq., aged 60, late colonel in the 1st or Grenadier Guards; in Buckingham Street, Adelphi, Mar. 12.

KERR, Georgiana, aged 22, dau. of R. K—, Esq., Reg. Mil. Auditor Gen. Office; Calcutta, Dec. 18, 1838.

KING, John, aged 6 years, youngest son of John K—, Esq.; in Grosvenor Place, March 15.

KNOPWOOD, Rev. R., A.M., a chaplain of the colony, Clarence Plains, Australia.

LEE, Robert, aged 7 months, only son of Dr. L—; in Golden Square, March 12.

LINDSAY, Major-General Sir Patrick, K.C.B.; at Portobello, Edinburgh, Mar. 14.

LEWNOX, Edmund Shullett, Esq., aged 84; at Netley, Surrey, Feb. 17.

LOAN, Margaret, aged 28, wife of Alfred L—, Esquire, of Trinidad Place, Islington; Feb. 26.

LOUGHMAN, Antonia, aged 35, wife of A. H. L—, Esq.; at Sydney-on-Severn, Feb. 24.

LENOX, Anne, dau. of the late Samuel L—, Esq., of Plaistow, Essex; March 4.

LEACH, B. R., Esq.; at Macao, August 26, 1838.

MACDOWELL, Anna, wife of Capt. M—, Nizam's army, in childbirth, at Kunbrur, E.I., Dec. 23, 1838.

MACKENZIE, James, 3rd son of the late Andrew John M—, Esq., of London; in Upper Canada, Jan. 25.

MAXWELL, Adam, Esq., Cawnpore, E.I.; Nov. 30, 1838.

MARSH, Mary, dau. of Wm. M—, Esq.; at Blackheath Park, March 6.

MAYNARD, Henrietta, the wife of J. B. M—, Esq.; at Lucerne, Switzerland, Feb. 27.

MILDMAY, Mrs. Humphrey St. John; at Nice, March 8.

MILLAR, Dr. Samuel, aged 39; Guildford Street, Feb. 5.

MINET, Isaac, Esq., aged 72, of Baldwyns, Kent; at Maidstone, March 14.

MITCHELL, Rev. J. A., late of Charles-town, U.S., at Singapore, E.I., Oct. 2, 1838.

M'MAHON, Anne, 3rd dau. of the late Terence M'M—, of the island of St. Christopher; in Berners Street, Feb. 21.

MONCUR, Francis Burn, Esq., only son of the late Capt. J. M—, R.N., Greenwich; at Sydney, Aug. 28, 1838.

MOORE, Richard, Esq., of Hampton Court Palace, aged 72; at Regency Square, Brighton, March 13.

MUNRO, Nathaniel, Esq., aged 77; at Joy-naghur House, Backergunge, Calcutta, Oct. 30, 1838.

MURRAY, Mrs., of Affleck, Forfarshire; at Elm Tree Cottage, St. John's Wood, Feb. 24.

NEWCOME, Elizabeth, widow of the late George William N—, Esq.; in Upper Wimpole Street, March 6.

OAKLEY, the dowager Lady, relict of Sir Charles O—, Bart., formerly Governor of Madras; at the Palace, Lichfield, Feb. 19.

PACEY, John, Esq., aged 63, of King's Bench Walk, Inner Temple; Feb. 17.

PARKER, Mary, relict of Thomas P—, Esq., of Akincoats and Prowsholme, Yorkshire; at Leamington, Feb. 22.

PASSLEY, OCTAVIA, aged 9 years; ysgt. dau. of Capt. J. P. P—, of Teignmouth, Devon; March 10.

PERRY, Maria Jane, aged 41, relict of Thomas P—, Esq., of Moor Hall, Harlow, Essex, and of Montagu Square; at Brighton, Feb. 26.

PETRIE, Johnson, Esq., aged 52, at Taghmon, Wexford; March 6.

PHEASANT, Anne, wife of John P—, Esq.; Feb. 24.

PHILLOTT, Maj.-Gen. C. B., late of the Royal Artillery, Bathford, March 12.



- PRICKETT, the Rev. Marmaduke, M.A., aged 34, of Burlington, Yorkshire, late Chaplain of Trinity College, Cambridge; at Torquay, Devon, March 3.
- PRICE, Ellen Anne, aged 19, wife of Lieut. P—, 67th Regiment *N.I.*; Kyook Phyo, Arracan, Nov. 24, 1838.
- PROBYN, John Wright, aged 16, the beloved son of Dr. P—, M.D., of Lancaster; March 6.
- RAWLINS, Frances, eld. dau. of John R—, Esq., late Bengal C. S.; in Connaught Terrace, Feb. 20.
- RENNINGTON, Mrs., relict of W. R—, Esq.; at Muswell Hill, Feb. 19.
- RENWICK, Amelia, 4th dau. of Capt. R—, R.N.; Honiton, Feb. 22.
- RICHARDSON, Harriet, aged 65, wife of Sir John R—, Knt., late one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas; in Bedford Square, March 2.
- RIGAUD, Stephen P., Esq., aged 64, Savilian Professor of Astronomy in the University of Cambridge, after 18 hours of intense suffering from a rupture of the stomach; in Pall Mall, March 16.
- ROBERTSON, T. W., Esq., principal collector and Magistrate of Bellary; at Anuntapoor, Dec. 16, 1838.
- ROSSI, Charles, Esq., R.A., aged 77, sculptor, in Cochrane Terrace, St. John's Wood; Feb. 21.
- RYDER, Thomas, Esq., aged 99, at his house, Hendon, Middlesex; March 2.
- SETON, Milessa, eld. surviving child of M. C. S—, Esq., of Park Place, Paddington; March 2.
- SHAW, James, Esq., aged 70, of Birmingham; at Brighton, March 1.
- SHORT, Charles Taylor, ygst. son of Capt. W. T. S—, H.M. 62nd Regiment; Moulmein, *E.I.*, Sept. 10, 1838.
- SIMSON, James Bruce, Esq., C.S., aged 40; Bombay, Nov. 12, 1838.
- SLATER, Ellen Louisa, ygst. dau. of the late John S—, Esq., of Hall Place, St. John's Wood; of fever, at Tiume, near Trieste, Feb. 13.
- SLOCOMBE, Betsey, aged 58, relict of Joseph S—, Esq., of Stockwell, Surry; at Thornton Heath, Feb. 26.
- SMITH, George, Esq., aged 38, Bengal Med. Ser.; Guntoor, *E.I.*, Nov. 19, 1838.
- SMITH, Anna, the wife of John Lucie S—, Esq., late of Demerara; at Blackheath, Feb. 20.
- SPOONER, Thomas, Esq., aged 79; at Hornsey, March 2.
- SPURGIN, William, Esq., aged 71, of Bradwell-near-the-Sea, Essex, Feb. 24.
- STANHOPE, Robert Henry, Commander R.N., only surviving son of the late Col. the Hon. Henry Fitzroy S—, who was 40 years Groom of the Bedchamber to their late Majesties George III. and IV.; at the residence of Mrs. Marx, Eaton Square, March 2.
- STEPHEN, Mrs. aged 81, widow of the late Rev. John S—, LL.D.; in George Street, Hanover Square, Feb. 28.
- STEWART, Mary, aged 30, 4th dau. of the late John S—, Esq.; at Clifton, Feb. 21.
- STIRLING, Patrick, Esq., aged 25, of Blackgrange, North Britain; at Laurieston Castle, near Edinburgh, March 10.
- STRONG, Anne, aged 85, relict of Clement Samuel S—, Esq.; at the house of her sister, in Upper Seymour Street, Feb. 25.
- TAYLOR, Mrs., aged 97; Highbury Place, Feb. 25.
- TEWART, Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Edward T—, Esq.; of Coupland Castle, Northumberland, and of York Place, Portman Square, of apoplexy, at Tillmouth Park, March 10.
- THACKERAY, Jane, aged 8 months, dau. of William T—, Esq.; in Great Coram Street, March 15.
- THURSTON, Henry Creed, Esq.; at Ashford, Kent, Feb. 23.
- TOMKINSON, Henry James, only son of the Rev. James T—, of Dorfold, Cheshire, and late of the Royal Horse Guards; at Torquay, March 8.
- TILDEN, Eliza, wife of Sir John Maxwell T—, of Milsted Manor-house, Kent; at Malta, March 2.
- WATTS, Reader, Esq.; Bushland Terrace, Plymouth, March 9.
- WARDELL, James, Esq., aged 67, 2nd son of the late James W—, Esq., Finchley, Middlesex, at the residence of his son-in-law, Charles Claridge, Esq., H.M.C., Upper Islington, Feb. 25.
- WHITE, Charles N., Esq., aged 85, of Datchett; at Bognor Lodge, Feb. 29.
- WHITMORE, Georgiana, aged 64, dau. of the late Thomas W—, Esq., of Apley Park, Shropshire; at Bath, March 14.
- WORLEY, Thomas, Esq., aged 74; on the Old Steyne, Brighton, March 12.
- WORSLEY, Lieut.-Col. T., commanding 28th Regiment, *N.I.*, at Meerut, *E.I.*; Dec. 2, 1838.
- WRIGHT, Rev. Peter, aged 80, rector of Mark's Tey, Essex, of the Holy Trinity, Colchester, and of Baddiley, Cheshire, Mar. 8.
- WRIGHT, Francis, Esq., aged 76; in Beaumont Street, Marylebone, March 10.
- YATES, William, aged 36, only surviving son of the late Thomas Y—, Esq., of Irwell House, Lancashire; at Rome, Feb. 17.

[Notices of Marriages, &c., are received by Mr. W. F. Watson, 52, Princes Street, Edinburgh; Mr. Duncan Campbell, 6, Buchanan Street, Glasgow; Mrs. Meyler, Abbey Churchyard, Bath, No. 61, Boulevard St. Martin, Paris, Adam Smith, Esq., Calcutta, and can be forwarded by Booksellers from every part of the Kingdom.]

\* \* \* For Further Directions see Page 430.



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DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT IN THE PAINTING, OF

A COURT BLANCHISSEUSE OF THE REIGN OF ANNE OF AUSTRIA.

PRIOR to the general breaking up of the ancient regime at the period of the French revolution, the successive households of the sovereigns of France presented many very curious features of feudality. The customs and manners of the middle ages were more or less retained in the palace with religious observance, even at a time when almost every family in the empire seemed bewitched with that mania for novelty for which the city of Paris was then, and has ever since continued to be, the birthplace.

The plan of the royal household was first established by Philippe le Bel, and, though vast additions were made as times grew more luxurious, yet the ancient ground-work still continued; the kings and queens of France were attended by a certain set of officers, male and female, who wore peculiar costumes and were subjected to the minutest rules of court etiquette. Some of these functionaries were not only noble but of the blood royal, performing the closest personal offices of valet or tire-woman; others, as in the instance of our *blanchisseuse*, belonged to the class of the respectable bourgeois or citizens. No one was suffered to make dresses for her Majesty excepting the queen's mantua-maker, a point involving no slight difficulty when the fair Majesty of France happened to be as beautiful as poor Marie Antoinette, whose first offence at the court of France was her declining the aid of the court dress-maker, who in a frumpish style had attired her grandmother-in-law during a quarter of a century, and availing herself of the talent and genius of the then priestess of fashion, Mademoiselle Bertin. Fortunately for the peace of antique establishments, belles and beauties do not ascend thrones every day: the last beautiful woman who had occupied the throne of France before the time of Marie Antoinette was Anne of Austria,\* and her devotion to the

graceful but unvaried garb of Spain prevented her coming to issue with any of the ancient institutions of Philippe le Bel and his successors. It is one of the distinguished attendants of her court whose singular but beautiful costume we now give as an illustration.

The most picturesque-looking person in the royal household of France was undoubtedly the *blanchisseuse* or *lingère*, who in the time of Anne of Austria prepared and presented at the toilettes of the king and queen those elaborate ruffs, cuffs, and collars—the graceful accessories of dress in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The term *lingère*, as is well known to ladies who have visited Paris, applies especially to females who supply or renew in their pristine beauty divers delicate articles of dress, which in our days of utilitarianism are as much objects of solicitude to the fair as when the glorious pencils of Rubens and Vandyke immortalized the beauties of the courts of France and England. The *lingère* was, however, a slight innovation made by the changes of fashion at the court of Anne of Austria, and *blanchisseuse* is the term specified in the patent under which the fair official held her post. The likeness of the damsel who gives identity to our portrait was probably preserved in this court costume on account of her great beauty, although her name has not been considered of any moment, nor is that of the painter appended. The picture is in the collection of the King of France and considered a wonderfully fine portrait in an age when historical portraiture was carried to a degree of perfection which modern art strives in vain to rival. Our *blanchisseuse* holds a square packet, containing the daily *lingerie* of the king and queen; she is attired in a round Breton cap with a deep transparent curtain or bavolet which nearly reaches her waist and it is a head-dress far prettier than the *Canochoise* and *pays de Caux* caps seen at every modern fancy ball. Her gown is made of scarlet camlet or cloth, and

\* See these Portraits and Memoirs, July 1838 and April, 1839.

over it there is a very pretty lawn apron bordered with ~~washed~~ <sup>white</sup> points. She wears clumsy *chopines* or *sabots*, but we must not wonder at this, since the courtly feet of Madlle. de la Fayette\* and Clara de Hautfort\* her contemporaries are enclosed in a *chaussure* equally frightful though of richer materials. The whole costume of the court blanchisseuse or *lingère* is in the peasant style which etiquette apparently required that functionary to adopt.

As some of the courtly domestic regulations of a distant day are infinitely diverting, we have translated the following from the notes appended to the Prince de Joinville's "History of St. Louis," preserving the character of the ancient style in which it is written:—

"Item.—All the women attached to the king's household to have separate apartments, that is to say his quilter,† or she who may occupy her place; the king's laundress (*blanchisseuse*), and the queen's mantua make, Maitresse Baudran, his laundress for table-cloths and all others who have certain offices at court."

"Item.—Maitre Gentvan will purchase all the cloth and fur needful for the king and queen."

"Item.—The king's wax-heater is to have threepence per day for wages."

"Item.—There is to be a fruiterer, a wolf-catcher, and a bird-catcher."

Hear ye this item lord treasurers and chancellors of the exchequer, and marvel at the simplicity with which the revenues of the greatest kingdom in Europe were arranged six centuries ago!

"Item.—It is ordered that no one sleep in the treasury chamber but Monsieur Peter de Condé and his varlet, likewise Maitre Martin Marcell, who counts out the monies."

"Item.—The salt keepers to have only two varlets; for everything they are to be

paid but six deniers wages; they are to take care that the maitre d'hôtel be not extravagant of salt."

"Item.—There are to be seven fruiterers and three varlets to make the king's candles—one of them is to assist in serving the fruit."

"Item.—The king at his table to have at Easter only figs, nuts, and raisins."

"Item.—Two butlers to lay the king's table cloths, and Galeran de Nappes is the person who prepares the king's seat. There are to be two hood bearers."

So likewise in the royal kitchen the drollest regulations were established; there were among other functionaries, two blowers, "one of whom shall be under the other, they will eat at court and take care that the king's soup when on the fire be not smoked or burned." These human substitutes for bellows had therefore to blow the fire with their mouths and doubtless felt injured when that ingenious machinery deprived them of occupation, and we are not aware whether it be upon record that these ex-blowers received just and ample compensation at the hands of their royal masters. Still mechanism, however skilful its construction might be, would not watch the royal soup and prevent smoking or burning—all-conquering steam even, applied as it has been to culinary economy, fails without the aid of poor "cook" in doing the roast of liege or lord to a turn. So late as the days of Louis XI., the king's prime queueux or head-cook had, after the trumpet sound which announced that the royal repast was served, to take his appointed place in the sovereign's presence, holding a white wand in one hand and a large bunch of keys in the other, with the latter to unlock the silver plates and bowls from their various beaufets and depositories. This detail will give some idea of a certain portion of the internal domestic arrangements of the palace from the time of Philippe le Bel in the thirteenth century, to that of Louis XIII. and the regency of Anne of Austria. It was Louis XIV., son of that queen, who laid over these antique establishments such monstrous superstrata of etiquette that all the simplicity of former times observable at court during his father's reign and mother's regency was entirely hidden under a cumbrous, expensive, and awkward code of ceremonial.

\* See these Portraits.

† The Quilter was employed in preparing linings for armour as well as doublets and counterpanes, and in this ancient arrangement women were most reasonably employed in every office that could properly be performed by them. The employment of men as dressmakers, makers of corsets, haberdashers, &c., was a later corruption, yet very prevalent in England from the time of Shakespeare till the days of George II. We refer in proof to his Catherine and Petruchio, where all the shrew's dress and cap makers are men. A woman's tailor was a common trade as may be seen by a portrait of Garrick as Sir John Brute dressed in his wife's walking dress which he has just seized upon and is tormenting her tailor.

## SONGS FOR MUSIC.—No. I.

## AWAY TO THE GREENWOOD.

Away to the greenwood ! why tarry we here ?  
 To the dim shady coverts where coucheth the deer ;  
 Where tall boughs are waving should now be our home ;  
 Where bright flowers are springing our footsteps should roam.  
 Soon skies will be clouded and young leaves grow sere,  
 Then away to the greenwood ! why tarry we here ?

There's a charm in each glimpse of the sweet summer's sky,  
 There's a spell in each wind that whirls wantonly by,  
 To chase away sadness and wile away care,  
 Till the spirits, unburden'd, rise buoyant as air.  
 Hark ! the birds' merry music is borne to the ear—  
 Oh ! away to the greenwood ! why tarry we here ?

Leave the cit to his toil and his traffic all day,  
 To the turmoil and trouble that darken his way ;  
 Our senses are finer, *our* pleasures more pure,  
 More lasting than aught that dull gold can procure  
 Oh, freedom's a goddess that hath no compeer,  
 Then away to the greenwood ! why tarry we here ?

T. W.

## THE RAPE OF THE VENETIANS;

OR,

## ULRICO AND BIANCA.

*A Tale of the Tenth Century.*

BY PROFESSOR CARLO PEPOLI, M.A., D.P.H., OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BOLOGNA.

THE last day of January, anno 936, was drawing to its close, and the moon, having reached the full, was shedding bright beams upon the placid lake where rests, in the midst of its waters, that wondrous evidence of Italian power and skill—Venice the beautiful. The winds were hushed, and the softened air seemed to announce the near approach of spring ; all was tranquil, except when the pervading silence was interrupted by an occasional plash of slow moving oars or the merry song of the gondoliers by whom they were set in motion. At length they even had ceased to disturb with the carol of their voices or the beating of their oars the heavenly quiet of the surrounding waters. Each child of earth seemed,

indeed, to have found in sleep a sweet forgetfulness of daily toil, save that smaller portion of created beings whom corroding care, or the torments of unrequited or doubtful love, rendered restless and miserable—to them, indeed, this night of calm brought no repose. Among the latter was one who, seated at her window, with her head supported upon her hand, was gazing intently on the heavens, as if revolving within her mind dear but melancholy recollections. Her light tresses fell negligently over her fair brow, and over her delicate neck, whilst her beautiful blue eyes, bathed in tears, bespoke the secret grief of her heart. By her side stood one other female child of earth, whose countenance expressed affectionate sym-

pathy with her afflicted friend. For a while they were both silent; then the latter turning to her companion, said—

“Dearest Bianca, will you be always thus sorrowful? shall I never again behold a smile upon your lips, or see your eyes free from tears?”

Aroused from her meditations by this address, the other replied—

“Tell me, Lucy, what cause have I for joy? Do not bid me cease to weep, for I find no relief but in tears. Would that to-morrow’s sun might never rise! Oh! that I could die before this dreaded marriage.”

She was silent, and covering her face with her hands, wept bitterly.

“Be calm, dearest,” resumed her friend, “and dismiss these gloomy apprehensions; for, indeed, I see no just cause for so much grief. Prospects like your’s would be to many girls a source of boundless joy, and in most your lot would excite envy. The house of Badoero, to which you are about to be united, rivals in nobility and riches that of the Candiani from which you derive your birth. Your future husband is young, handsome in person, of tried valour in arms, and sure to attain a high post in our country’s service. This union affords consolation to your father—comfort and hope to your country; never has the annual solemnization of marriage been celebrated with such evidences of universal joy. Amidst so much rejoicing, then, do not you alone be sorrowing; let the thought of a happy future dispel this gloom.”

“Oh! why talk to me of rank and riches? You know, Lucy, that I despise these empty, fugitive vanities; the dearest blessing of my life springs from the affections of the heart. Ah! you can never have loved! Love, that from the earliest years of my youth has held dominion over me; the love that was first awakened by pity has for ever banished from my bosom every joy. Poor Ulrico! though numbered among the dead, you still live in my heart. Of humble rank, left a destitute orphan dependant upon the bounty of others, your mind was enriched with the noblest sentiments, that endeared you to me more than all these proud patricians glorying in wealth, which is their’s by

the capricious will alone of blind Fortune.”

“Blessed Virgin!” exclaimed her companion, “and will you always indulge these foolish, strange ideas? Let the memory of Ulrico still be dear to you, but do not torment yourself for one who has already been dead two years, and who, were he still living, could never be your’s.”

“I know too well that my father would never have consented to my union with a young man whom compassion had induced him to shelter and protect. But whilst free I might blamelessly think of him, lament him, consecrate to him my best affections.—To-morrow deprives me of this my only consolation, and the name of Ulrico can never again escape my lips unfollowed by remorse.”

At these words Bianca’s head drooped upon her bosom, and she remained long absorbed in thought, until the touching caresses of Lucy gently roused her from her gloom. After many entreaties she was induced to seek repose; but the sorrowing Bianca found no peace in sleep: her mind was too cruelly agitated to admit of tranquil repose, and if her eyelids, weary with weeping, closed for a few minutes, frightful dreams disturbed the brief quiet, and her tears flowed afresh.

Thus passed the heavy night,—

“At last, the golden orientall gate  
Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre,  
And Phœbus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,  
Came dauncing forth, shaking his dewie  
hayre,  
And hurld his glistening beams through  
gloomy ayre.”

The morning dawned, and the ways of Venice, thronged with people whose dress and looks bespoke a season of festivity, resounded with merriment and music. The citizens were assembling in crowds to celebrate the *Solemnità dei Maritaggi*. Some were on their way to the houses of the brides, to accompany them to the church; others were attracted to the scene by the pomp and splendour of the ceremonial, which was one of ancient institution, and still celebrated with the greatest magnificence. On the first day of February in every year newly-married couples received

the nuptial benediction in the church of San Pietro in Castello, and it was a day hailed with universal rejoicing. For in a free city, such as Venice then was, frequent and well chosen marriages were not unimportant to the public good; they were, on the contrary, an occasion of gladness to the citizens, who hoped from the offspring of these unions increase of power and greatness to the state. Thus a common joy seemed to have united the whole population of Venice into one family; there was a delighted interchange of congratulations and happy presages; all felt and expressed cheerful hopes. The windows and walls of the houses in those streets through which the procession was to pass were hung with cloth of rich and various hues; the canals that flowed through the city were covered with boats bedecked with streamers, festoons, and garlands of flowers.

"Alas!" cried Bianca, as the clamour of the throng in the street, and the sound of bustle within the house arrested her attention, "the hour is come; there only remains to resign myself to my fate."

She arose, and with her friend entered the room in which her attendants were waiting with her bridal dress. Having arranged the beautiful tresses of her fair hair, they placed upon her head a crown of gold and sapphire, and adjusted a long veil which, without concealing her face, descended in graceful folds from her forehead to her feet. Her dress was of purple richly ornamented with gold and embroidery; from her neck hung a long gold chain of exquisite workmanship. But though thus superbly arrayed, the paleness and profound melancholy of her countenance accorded rather with the gloom of funeral rites than the glad pomp of the hymeneal altar. With a resolute effort, however, to confine her grief within her own breast, she descended to her father, Pietro Candiani III., then supreme governor of the state. With him were many noble ladies assembled to honour her by their presence at the ceremony. She received the affectionate embrace and warm blessing of her father, and followed by the splendid *cortège* joined the other brides who were awaiting her arrival to proceed

together to the church. They were in number thirty, all beautiful, all in the first bloom of their years, all magnificent with costliest ornaments. A long band of noble matrons accompanied them, each attended by pages bearing in their hands small caskets containing pearls, chains of gold, necklaces of gems, and numerous valuable jewels intended as dowries of the brides. The bridegrooms followed with a train of relatives, friends, and domestics. Musicians preceded the *cortège*, and spectators without number attended the procession. All were anxious to obtain a view, and every expedient was adopted to accomplish their purpose.

The church of San Pietro was then the largest in Venice; thither the multitude bent their steps. The bridal party was met by the priests, and all having assembled in the church, the ceremony commenced. The gaze of the surrounding motionless throng was fixed upon the scene at the altar; the profoundest reverence was painted in every countenance; not a breath was audible; when the almost awful silence was suddenly broken by loud cries of, "To arms! to arms!"—"To plunder!" was the reply thundered from a hundred terrific voices, as a band of armed men, with savage look and dress, burst in upon the congregated people. In an instant all was tumult. "Mercy, mercy!"—the Narentani! the Narentani!" exclaimed the citizens. Words cannot describe the terror and confusion of that moment. The most timid endeavoured to escape; some, entangled by their dress, were thrown to the ground and only served to hinder the flight of others; some fled for refuge to the altars; others clung for protection around the crucifixes; whilst the most daring pressed forward to repulse the invaders. But what power have an unprepared few to repel the assault of an armed troop of brigands? Vain then was the daring of the bold. Some were killed; some wounded; the rest were compelled to yield to the overwhelming numbers of the Narentani, who, meeting with no further resistance seized the terrified brides in their arms, and carried them off together with the caskets of jewels. In the first moment of the tumult Bianca had

clasped her arms around a pillar, determined to preserve her hold so long as she retained the breath of life. Two brigands had attacked her, and irritated at such resistance in a feeble girl, pointing their swords at her breast, threatened her with instant death, when another arrived whose dress and bearing seemed to distinguish him as the chief of the band. Bianca alone appeared to be the object of his anxious search. He discovered her, and darting forward commanded the two to withdraw. Without uttering a single word to her, he placed himself by her side, and raising a little the ample hat which almost wholly concealed his features exhibited his face to her view. She saw it, and fell pale and senseless to the ground.

Near the church were waiting vessels in which the brigands placed their captives and plunder. Most of the maidens had swooned, but those in whom consciousness remained, supplicated the mercy of their captors, with tears imploring them to compassionate their youth, to pity the anguish of their disconsolate parents; eagerly offering all their jewels as the price of their liberty. But the robbers were deaf to entreaty, and only replied by threatening blows if they were not silent; the unhappy sufferers, confined under the deck, implored of heaven relief in immediate death.

Bianca, however, was not with the rest. She had been conveyed into another vessel, and placed upon cushions in a little cabin. Her pallid countenance, livid and stiffened limbs would, but for her quick and heavy breathing, have rendered it doubtful whether she still lived. By her side stood a handsome young man of noble appearance, who seemed greatly agitated; desire and fear were alternately mingled with an expression of tender love for her who lay insensible before him. After some time a few deep sighs gave signs of returning life; she feebly extended her arms, opened her eyes, but closed them again immediately, as if unable to bear the light. In a hollow voice she repeated frequently the name of Lucy, but receiving no reply, the recollection of her past terror seemed suddenly to flash upon her mind; all

trembling she looked around, and exclaimed, "Alas! where are my companions; where is my father; and I—miserable me—where am I?"

"You are here, with a friend," replied the young man; "do not fear, you are with Ulrico."

"Ulrico!" exclaimed the maiden; "Ulrico is long since dead!"

"No; he lives, and lives for you alone. Look at me, Bianca; give me one cheering smile; speak to me one kind word. Oh! how many long, disconsolate days have I passed far from you! How has my heart yearned for the moment of reunion. At length the wished-for day is arrived; I have avenged my former wrongs; I have rescued you from an unworthy rival; and now that you are with me, I envy not the fortune of kings; the angels of heaven are scarcely happier than I."

Bianca listened to these words in amazement; then indignation quickly restoring her strength, she rose upon her feet, haughtily exclaiming—"Wretch! do you dare to talk to me of love? Am I then so degraded as to become the mistress of a base robber? You are not Ulrico, though in features you resemble him; he was noble, brave, courteous; he would never have risen in arms against his native country, nor offered to me this insult. But think not to rejoice in my misery; if none come to my succour—if I am abandoned by all—yet will I not suffer this ignominy. I—I alone, will be my own defender; I will seek the refuge of the innocent—I shall know how to die."

"Bianca," replied Ulrico, "you alone in all the world could address to me such words with impunity. I a robber? I a traitor? You are deceived, Bianca, you are deceived. My deeds are blameless, I myself am not the abject dependent you thought me. But I pity the error which leads you to judge of me according to the false fame of my birth. Know, Bianca, that I am not a Venetian; I am of Narenta; there my ancestors held dominion. I do not, therefore, outrage my country, but defend it. Mine are not the incursions of a robber, but the just reprisals of war. And who can impute to me blame, if once alone I visit you with what a thousand and a thousand times

your people have inflicted on mine? Have they never put our towns to the sword and flames—have they never devastated our lands and made a prey of our wives and children? And I, was not I myself torn by the Venetians from my mother, and constrained to endure, under your roof, the pity of a master? Oh! you do not know how burdensome, how outraging to every feeling of the vanquished is the cold pity of the powerful and prosperous! In bitter misery have I suffered it, for in my heart I was no slave. Think then with what rapture I learned the truth of my birth. I fled from your house, causing a report that I was drowned in swimming across the lake; but my heart remained with you, and I swore to make you mine, even at the peril of my life. And now that I have accomplished my fondest hopes, will you alone dash from my lips the cup of happiness? will you hate him living, whom dead you so passionately lamented?"

Whilst he thus spoke, the face of Bianca was alternately pale and flushed: at last she burst into tears, and wept so violently that her heart seemed breaking. After some silence she exclaimed, sobbing—

"Oh! God! to whom have I given my heart; upon whom have I placed my affections? Ah! wretched me, I have loved the enemy of my country."

She ceased, completely overcome by excess of grief.

"Say rather you have fixed your affections upon one whose contemplation of your worth and beauty—whose love for you has filled his soul with noble and generous feelings—whose soul, through force of constant contemplation, has grown into the resemblance of the thing it looked upon. And during the two years that we have been parted, in like manner as your heart has continually—I know it has—fed upon the recollection of him you thought no more, so the thought—the hope of returning to you—of possessing you—of placing you where I could freely devote myself to your happiness has been my sole life-spring, the source of every other thought and wish. Time has worked no change in me but an increase of love. Why then dwell

upon whence I am, rather than what I am? Come, oh! come, Bianca, with me to my own country! There you will be honoured, adored as an angel sent from heaven to rejoice the earth. There together we will lead a life of purity and peace; my mind will be strengthened for every trial when I shall have you for my companion and wife."

"I your wife!" cried the maiden; "I the wife of an alien, of the foe of my country? Sooner would I die—not one—but a hundred deaths. Know you not that I was born free, in a free land? Have you forgotten that I am an Italian; that the women of Italy are citizens rather than lovers and wives? Oh! if ever intoxicated with love I should dare to plight my faith to one whose sword would ever be lifted against my brothers, I should expect the earth to open beneath my feet, or to be struck by the withering fire from heaven."

Ulrico's countenance, as she uttered these words, gradually changed from an expression of intense affection to a look of wild astonishment, and when she had finished he turned from her exclaiming, "Woe! woe! What is life to me now? You would not speak thus if you loved me! Alas! my fond heart! how cruelly art thou deceived. No! no! you do not love me—you never did, love me! Oh! if there burned in your heart one single spark of the affection I bear you, your thoughts would be fixed on the happiness of our union, and the joyous prospect of our being surrounded by dear and innocent children."

"Cease, cease, the thought alone makes me shudder. Miserable indeed would be my life were I to become a mother only to behold my children hastening in the ranks of the stranger to spread devastation over the land of my birth, using their strength only to destroy their mother's own kindred! Their song of triumph would be responded to by the funeral dirge of my brothers and their offspring; to their triumph would succeed the slavery and ruin of my country. No! Ulrico, I have loved you—truly—deeply—while I thought you a friend; but my heart recoils with horror from the traitorous



love of my country's enemy! No! our union now must never be; I will not brand myself with eternal shame—I will not brave the malediction of heaven! If you love me you will seek my happiness not my misery. Leave me then, restore me to my father; and that no ill may befall you, place me with my companions alone in a boat, we shall know how to use the oars and work our way to the shore."

"I leave you, Bianca? I cannot. Do you see these tears? They are the first I have ever shed; they flow from the conviction that you hate me."

"Happy would it be for me could I hate you! I should not then suffer this cruel anguish; nor have for ever to bewail that you were not born an Italian."

"Down with the sails! man the oars or we are lost! Ulrico! Ulrico! Where is Ulrico? where is the captain?" were the sounds in accents of despair which suddenly broke upon their ears. Ulrico rushed upon the deck and discovered that which, from the rapid obscuring of the sky and violent tossing of the vessel, he must have perceived long previously had he been able to divert his mind from the all-absorbing subject by which it was engrossed. A fearful tempest had arisen, the waves rolled high, the winds raged, black and threatening clouds gathered above their heads. The little barks of the Narentani, ill-adapted to so rough a sea, could no longer sail in company but were scattered here and there in manifest danger of foundering upon some of the rocks. The rain fell in torrents; the men benumbed and terrified seemed to resign all hope of reaching the shore. A huge wave breaking over one vessel had overturned it, and the sailors, precipitated into the lake, were struggling to save themselves from impending destruction. Of the ten or twelve thus contending with the billows a few escaped; but others, with mis-timed avarice unwilling to relinquish their booty, fastened around their bodies the stolen caskets and by their weight were sunk. The fate of these increased the despair of their companions, who reduced to the last extremity and losing all confidence in their own efforts, betook themselves to prayers and suppli-

cations, vowing to their several saints offerings and pilgrimages, as if to that moment they had been good and holy christians. At length the vessels approached the shores of Caorle and all hailed the sight of land. Ulrico alone would not consent to enter that port, and tried both threats and persuasion to induce them to continue their way to Narenta. But vain was his opposition; for the sailors, by their fear of death rendered careless of his authority, steered their vessels to the nearest shore.

Not far from the port rose a rugged and precipitous mountain, shaded however in summer by the rich foliage of many trees and delighting the eye with luxuriant verdure, here and there alone bearing moss and stunted shrubs. The Narentani, leading their captives, ascended this steep, for it was their custom never to pass without visiting a grotto on the mountain side, and in their blind superstition they would have feared to incur the wrath of heaven had they neglected to see the solitary inhabitant of the cavern. Ulrico, though no believer in such folly, was compelled to yield to their will to avoid the suspicion and anger of his companions. Cursing therefore the tempest and Caorle, that had presented itself in so evil a moment, he approached Bianca, encouraged her not to be alarmed at what she might see, and in silence walked by her side.

Arrived nearly at the summit of the mountain, they entered a grotto, the narrow entrance of which scarcely admitted a ray of light. Enormous pendant, half-detached stones almost closed the mouth of the cave; a gloom and horror pervaded the place that chilled the blood of even the most courageous. As they reached the interior a shrill voice issued from the bottom, uttering these words:—

"Oh, God! that punisheth the wicked, I thank thee that I am avenged." The speaker was an aged woman lying upon a miserable pallet: the paleness of her cheek, her dim and sunken eye, betokened extreme infirmity. A little lamp burning at her side threw its feeble light upon a face in which grief and pride were marked in strong characters; and by the same light were seen, at a little distance

from the bed, the heads and limbs of dead bodies which had not yet received sepulture. The sight was one of horror to the timid girls, and Bianca had turned to Ulrico to inquire its meaning, when the old woman with a strong effort raised herself upon her bed and looking around, said :—

“ Which among you is the niece of Pietro Candiano ? ”

Ulrico wished to speak, and with merciful deception to conceal the truth; but Bianca prevented him and with confidence replied, “ You see her before you ; I am she. ”

“ Maiden, you come long expected ; for more than thirty years have I implored heaven to grant that one of your family might enter my dwelling. Come, you shall receive a welcome truly worthy of the name you bear. ”

Ulrico approached her, saying in tones of tenderness, “ Mother, good Ulfrida, do not disturb yourself ; do not aggravate the infirmity which oppresses you. Let me conduct these maidens into the neighbouring grotto, for their presence only embitters the grief you suffer. Forget your past misfortunes, nor seek to avenge them upon her who participates not in the crimes of her fathers. ”

“ Is it your voice, Ulrico, that I hear, or do I listen to an enemy ? Ah ! how true it is that slavery corrupts and debases the heart ! Do you feel compassion for her ? Would you shield her from my wrath ? Be silent, unworthy descendant of a noble race ; remember that your father pardoned not, nor spared the wives and infants of his foes. Lead elsewhere, my Narentani, these maidens. Leave her only with me that before I die I may taste the long-sighed-for pleasure of vengeance. Oh ! that all her kindred were with her, that I might bathe with their blood the ground I have so many years watered with my tears. ”

Ulrico endeavoured to move Ulfrida to gentler thoughts, but finding his efforts inefficient, grasped Bianca by the hand and turned to quit the cavern. But the Narentani regarding Ulfrida with the deepest veneration because she had been the wife of one of their most valiant kings, and was held in awe by the people as a necromancer, opposed

Ulrico and stood in readiness to draw their swords. Bianca perceiving this and that the youth, notwithstanding his courage, might die without the power to rescue her, left the right hand of Ulrico, and turning to the old woman, said “ Kind mother, pity my misfortunes. Why do I deserve to suffer punishment ? What have I done ? ”

“ What evil had my wretched children committed against your uncle ? ” cried Ulfrida. See yonder those naked heads and cold bones lying scattered without interment : behold all that remains to me of them ; see to what the fierce cruelty of your uncle has reduced me ! I was a wife—a mother ; I was surrounded by every blessing :—in one day I became a widow, childless, poor, abandoned. I wept—there were none to dry my tears ; no voice remained to speak to me the words of affection ; in the wide world there was not one to love the miserable Ulfrida. Thirty desolate years have I passed far from human society, with no other consolation than the thought, the hope of vengeance. The open light of the sun doubled the anguish of my affliction ; so that, shut within the gloom of this cavern, night and day I have wept over the remains of my children ; nor have I sought the fresh air, except when glaring lightnings flashed along the sky, and the fury of conflicting winds troubled the ocean. When seated on the solitary rock, if I have seen any of your ships in peril, raising my voice amid the thunder's roar, I have prayed that the waves might engulf the vessels and all on board ; that the angry billows sweeping over your land might wash away both habitations and inhabitants. I swore to the God of death and of the tempest, that the bones of my children should lie unburied till washed by the blood of one of the Candiani. Now, will you, maiden, that I fail to my oath, and die as I have lived, despairing ? No, no ! . . . ”

“ Think,” interrupted Bianca, “ that in you life is departing ; that in a brief interval you must appear before Him, who pardons those alone who have pardoned. ”

“ Pardon ! pardon ! is a base word. To him who has lost all, nothing remains but vengeance. Ah ! woe ; if

tyrants did not know that the wrath of the oppressed never sleeps! Woe! if the injured forgot that there still remains to them a sword! Well did the Narentani remember this, and your uncle gathered not the fruit of his victory. He died, but I did not see him expire, I did not see him in the agonies he inflicted upon my children. Now you shall afford me the joy I then lost: you shall die, long and slowly tortured, as my heart has been tortured."

"My poor father!" said Bianca, "for you alone I grieve in dying. We shall never meet again!"

"And was it given to me to see again my children? But no more of this delay: and since this arm is too feeble to plunge the steel in your heart, do you, my faithful people, supply my weakness: kill her before me—there—as she stands—kill her!"

The swords of the Narentani were drawn, and their hands uplifted to deal the blow; Ulrico had thrown himself between them and the object of their vengeance, when two men burst breathless into the cavern, exclaiming—

"Quick, quick! to arms! to arms! the Venetians are already at the foot of the mountain; they have mastered our men on the shore, and put them to the sword."

At this announcement the Narentani stood petrified—and then, with Ulrico at their head, rushed from the cave. Bianca's heart revived at this prospect of rescue; yet dreading the chances of the contest, she cried to Ulrico, "If in the battle's ranks you meet my father, at least spare his life." . . . She would have added an entreaty that he would not rashly expose his own, but timidity, and the thought that he was in arms against her own family sealed her lips.

The anger of the old woman kindled at finding herself thus deserted and her commands disregarded, and she cursed heaven and fortune for the success that always attended the Venetian arms. And losing in her rage all power over her reason, she started upon her feet, attempting with her own arm to slay her victim. But nature yielding under the weight of years, and exhausted by the long conflict of violent passions, she was unequal to the effort, and fell convulsed upon the bed. The

dimmed eye, and frightful contortions of her limbs and features announced that the hand of death was upon her. The ruling passion still strong in death—she called upon her children, as if present, to come to her aid; then again bewailing their death, she imprecated the curse of heaven upon their murderers. But when her wandering eyes rested upon a little image of the Madonna, standing in a niche of the wall, the wrinkles upon her brow relaxed, the tears trickled down her cheeks, and thoughts of peace and penitence seemed to take possession of her mind. Bianca, in compassion to her sufferings, had kept at a distance; but when she saw the fierce tempest subsided, she drew near to offer comfort and consolation in her mortal agonies. She wiped the cold damp from her temples, held to her parched and livid lips the cooling cup, and with words of hope and affection attempted to soothe her. As if, however, the voice of the maiden rekindled her former wrath, Ulfrida spurned her from her side, and clenching her grizzly hair with her hands, with the howl of a maniac breathed her last.

The sight of the corpse, surrounded by the unburied bones, the deep silence that succeeded those terrific cries, the horror and gloom of the cavern, struck terror into the heart of Bianca. A low, hollow moaning sounded at that instant upon her ear, and not perceiving that it proceeded from the cave in which her weeping companions were imprisoned, her excited imagination conjured up strange, hideous forms; the naked, scattered bones united, clothed themselves with nerves and flesh, and stood before her in frightful, threatening attitudes. They approached and stretched out their blood-stained hands to grasp her, but terrified she darted from her phantom persecutors to the mouth of the grotto, and fell senseless upon the rock. On recovering she became conscious of her delusion, but only to exchange imaginary for real dread.

"Alas!" she said, "my loved father may at this moment be covered with wounds . . . my countrymen may be unable to resist the fierce impetuosity of the Narentani, and we shall all be made miserable captives. And Ulrico,

does he still live? Oh! if he is slain in the fight! . . . But what should Ulrico be to me? Is he not a foe to my country? Oh! that he were not so! . . . And here, as if to dispel distracting thoughts, she rose, and leaning against the stone before the entrance of the cavern, stood listening.

All was silent; but soon she heard a hollow indistinct sound, like the distant roaring of waves. By degrees the noise approached, growing louder and louder as it drew near. Bianca's heart beat quick with fear. Was it the sign of defeat or triumph? Whatever the result, would the victory be to her a joyful one?

She listened more attentively; clear and distinct came the cry that from her childhood was wont to rouse all the feelings of her soul.

"Marco! long live San Marco! San Marco, and liberty!"

She heard the clashing of weapons, the groans of the dying, the oaths of the vanquished, the joyful shouts of the victors.

"God favours the arms of my countrymen," said Bianca; "they approach; soon I may see my father."

Nor was she deceived. On the retreat of the invaders with their captives, the incensed Venetians had flown to arms. They embarked, and regardless of the storm, pursued the Narentani to Caorle. Having slain the guards in the port, they climbed the rugged mountain, and confronted their enemies.

The contest was fierce and bloody, with dreadful slaughter on either side; until the Narentani, overpowered by the force of the Venetians, turned in flight, or fell beneath their swords. When Ulrico perceived the decrease of his numbers, and that the few remaining were mostly wounded, he attempted to retreat into safety; not indeed flying from death, but his love for Bianca, and his desire to restore peace and prosperity to his country, rendered life still dear to him. He rushed precipitately with his little band into the cavern. "Alas!" exclaimed Bianca, seeing him with fierce looks, starting eyes, and all besprinkled with blood, "Alas! you are wounded."

"Yes! but this blood which you see," (and here he pointed to his sword,) "is

the blood of my enemies. Come, I have not lost all whilst you remain to me."

Thus saying he seized the maiden, without replying to her reiterated inquiries after the safety of her father; and unmoved by her tears and prayers, turned to the opposite side of the cave. In passing the pallet upon which lay the corpse of Ulfrida, he heaved a deep sigh, exclaiming, "Happy Ulfrida, you live not to behold the shame and ruin of your people." Striking into a path cut in the living stone, he hoped to pass unobserved to the shore, and thence regain a place of safety. But the Venetians still occupied that post, and he found himself completely surrounded by his enemies. Undaunted, holding Bianca with one hand, and grasping his sword with the other, he called to his followers to force a passage. But dismayed by the number of their adversaries, they were desirous to surrender upon terms of mercy, rather than continue a useless and desperate combat, and almost all laid down their arms. The position of Bianca, however, deterred the Venetians from attacking Ulrico through the fear of wounding her; they therefore contented themselves with simply commanding him to surrender.

"What!" cried he, "shall a Venetian boast of having made me a prisoner? Shall I live for my dishonour and their triumph? No! better death than ignominy!"

His sword was already pointed to his own bosom, when the well-known voice of Badoero shouted his name in a tone of bitterest scorn.

"Ulrico, thou vile robber! by this sword thou shalt yield up my Bianca, my bride."

These words roused all the fury of Ulrico, who forgetting reason, love, and compassion, and impelled only by a ferocious jealousy at the triumph of his rival, who stood guarded by the thick ranks of his followers, he exclaimed, "If it is my fate to be the most unfortunate of men, thou, at least, Badoero, shalt not be happy." Then darting up the rock, which rising above the cavern, hangs over the sea, with the terrified Bianca still in his arms, he cried to Badoero—"See if she is not mine, and mine for ever!"

For one short moment the person of Bianca was uplifted to the view of all, and then the bodies of both shot rapidly down to the gulph beneath, Ulrico grinning at the Venetians as he passed a maniac look of horrible defiance. Half suffocated with horror, and with looks of ghastly fright, all stood as if suddenly arrested and fixed by a stroke from heaven in the attitude of renewed pursuit. Not a muscle moved, but all

eyes were gazing on the vacant space beyond the ridge which intercepted their further view of the falling bodies. An age of indescribable agony seemed to pass before their ears caught the sound of a heavy plunge. As if moved by an electric shock, all simultaneously darted to the edge of the rock, just in time to behold the closing of the parted wave.

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### SONGS FOR MUSIC.—No. II.

SONG OF THE ROSE, ADAPTED FROM ANACREON.

Bring roses, fresh roses, and sparkling wine,  
 Love's favourite flower round our temples twine ;  
 Let its leaves and rich odours our senses beguile  
 While we drink to brave Bacchus with shout and with smile.  
 The rose is the sweetest of all sweet flowers,  
 Love's darling, the pride of the gods' own bowers :  
 The son of the Paphian goddess fair,  
 Wreathes with fresh roses his beautiful hair  
 When he moves in the sportive dance,—then twine  
 Round our brows a crown of these flowers divine ;  
 And bring ye the lyre, with rose-wreaths bound,  
 To measures of gladness its chords shall sound,  
 While we quaff the bright wine from the goblet's brim,  
 While we worship brave Bacchus with festal hymn,  
 Or lead to the dance 'neath the cypress shade,  
 In her blushing beauty, some dark-cyed maid.

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### THE CONFESSIONS OF A CONFESSOR.—No. II.

BY THE ABBE MONTELLE.

THE MAN OF MANY SINS.

(*Concluded from page 484.*)

THE house of Leonard Frankford was now for some few years the scene of affluence and constant festivity. The sentimentalist, however, would have found therein no reciprocal sympathy of feeling ; and, indeed, the ordinary observer might have perceived a total want of that friendly intercourse generally supposed to be characteristic of the married life ; not that this was matter of any concern to Frankford, for he did not understand such romantic affections. There were, nevertheless, two

circumstances which, as they denoted the inward workings of some new principle, it is proper to mention.

Mr. Thompson, late plaintiff in the case of Thompson and Grainger, having expended in speculation this misgained property, had, as we have said, lately failed and come to ruin. He had aided the fortunes of Frankford by lending him money, and by other acts of financial friendship ; and since the rejection of his suit by Matha Frankford he had married a young and pretty woman,

and, considering all things, it was incumbent on Leonard Frankford, nay, absolutely necessary, that he should now take occasion to evince his gratitude, and make a return for past services and kindness. Therefore, in common decency, his house must be thrown open to receive them, and a home afforded them till affairs should change. In the interim, also, he employed Mr. Thompson in certain branches of his trade, and paid him liberally; but all this was one of the many acts of benevolence and justice for which he was remarkable. But there is a time when enmity should cease, and misunderstanding be forgotten, and it would be mightily inconvenient if Walter were now to revolt; neither did he wish him to call to memory past occurrences; his apparent friendship and esteem were valuable to him in some respects, and he must be propitiated. Frankford performed his part, for he had a purpose in it, and Walter did not object to terms of civility. Thus the two brothers were, as it would seem, fast friends and true ones.

Meanwhile, let it be remembered that years had passed away, and two children were born; Mary Sewell as she had been, was a far different person to Mary Frankford as she was; but as a wife her conduct was altogether unexceptionable. It might be, however, that that music of her former lover's voice had not yet lost its charm, or that she was amused by odious contrasts and unpleasant dissimilitude between the brothers—all the difference that exists, in truth, between animal instinct and the soul and sense of cultivated nature. The manly gentleness of Walter might suit her woman's whim, or possibly her calm religious endurance and duteous submission conceal some feeling that her husband did not or would not comprehend: and even for this he might have given an all-sufficing reason; but her declining health was now past the care of medical advice, and the amiable Mrs. Thompson undertook to be her attendant, though the offer was justly regarded as a civil request to delay departure or solicit their further hospitality.

Frankford, however, was not the man to do himself the least injustice; for

though, of all methods of destroying the life of others, the slow and approved system of breaking the heart is one which is not easily discovered, and though the scheme may be conducted without the slightest suspicion, even on the part of the victim, yet, since Frankford had not recognised himself in the very act, he shall not be blamed for the transgression. Neither is it asserting too much in proof of his humanity that he was kind and conciliating in his demeanour to her, assuming a manner deprecatory of her coldness—that precise air of consolatory tenderness that taught the world to esteem him excellent in this dearest, as in every other, connexion of life.

Notwithstanding this, Mary declined rapidly, and was frequently found in tears, which Frankford thought fit not to notice, until one day, entering the room, he beheld her reclining upon her sofa, apparently lost in the profundity and stupor of her grief. He raised her up, and inquired into the meaning of her distress.

"Oh, take that woman away, Leonard, take her away," she gasped; "let me die in peace and I will forgive you all the rest. There, leave me alone, I shall be better soon."

At these words Frankford remained silent, while his wife attempted to recover herself, and at last, leaning back with pallid looks of assumed composure, she seemed to await his answer to the strange expressions that she had uttered.

"I must confess myself astonished, Mary," said he, in his blindest tone, "and almost displeased, that after all my obligations to Thompson you should expect me to act thus ungratefully and inconsiderately."

"Take me hence—take them hence—and do what you please," she said wildly, "but leave me alone in my sorrow. I will not have her here."

"But, Mary," said Frankford, "I always thought you reasonable till now. I cannot force them from the house—the thing is impracticable, and most absurd of you to expect it. Have you not known her from early youth—she was your schoolfellow and friend."

"And he was your friend and benefactor," said she, more quietly; "but

the words mean nothing, Leonard. The man is wronged; his wife—this woman—she shall not be with me to triumph in my dying hour; her manners I detest. I—I hate her.”

“Your spirits are agitated and worn out by suffering, my dear,” said he, “or you would not argue thus; a few hours over and you will think better of it. They must be treated with respect and kindness.”

“Never, never, never,” she uttered, after a pause. “Leonard, you are my husband—her freedom is displeasing to me. Yes, I am full of suspicion; in fact, I am jealous—jealous—do you hear—jealous?”

The emotion and the pale blush that suffused her, made her appear almost beautiful even to the indifferent mind of Frankford.

“Jealous! a strange propensity in you, however, and after being married so many years too,” said he, willing to laugh the matter off; “where is the cause and object, pray?”

“I speak from a heart that will be heard,” said she impressively, and sinking backward. “Leonard Frankford, my husband, ask me no more, lest, by one word, I confound you, and—and kill myself. Dying, I command you to take her from me.”

She ceased from exhaustion, but the husband was silent from contending thoughts that he neither wished for others to guess or know. He wondered how these facts had got abroad; how his wife, so artless herself, could have suspected them; but still he was in an awkward situation. His line of action was, however, presently drawn, and he acted upon it with all the readiness with which we generally commence defensive warfare.

“Why, now the thing is explained,” said he carelessly; “it is as it should be, and, Mrs. Frankford, I am averse from certain lectures, or you might have heard something yourself—a lesson that might advantage you.”

“You can have nothing to complain of in me,” she answered. “I have kept the vow of that fatal day up to the point where religion is satisfied, at the expense of life itself.”

“Ah! very fine talking, Mary, but had you loved Walter less you had

better performed the part—the duty of a wife.”

“Surely you would not hint, surmise, suppose,” cried she, in violent emotion, “that he—your brother—had dared, or I—your wife—your wife—oh, Frankford!”

“You have hit my meaning,” he replied deliberately. “Your allusions with respect to the Thompsons is innocent enough. I—I believe you—him—capable of anything.”

“You have said it,” she answered, “you most cruel and heartless of men!” and ere she could say further, her senses forsook her; but at this instant Walter entered the room and came to her assistance.

The wildness of his expression, his disordered actions while her insensibility lasted, if it renewed the quiet hate, no less did it revive the exulting triumph with which Frankford regarded him; and he almost wished his wife might live, if only to serve or promote, by frequent accident, the malicious designs of his nature. Here was new conviction that Walter had loved her. While the fire burns fiercely, where is the water that will quench it?—to supply it with fresh consuming fuel would have been willing labour to Leonard Frankford.

At last she lifted up her head and looked about her; Walter, as usual in such cases, now supported her. She pushed him wildly from her.

“Dear Mary, nay, you know not what you do,” said he.

“Oh, Walter—that man!” she cried, breaking into hysterical weeping.—“Leave me, leave me, and never let us meet again. He talks of horrible things—of guilt and sin—ha! ha! ha!—he says we love one another;” and here the same burst of laughter ended in partial oblivion. Walter trembled from head to foot, and said nothing till she appeared to be reviving.

“I would do anything that you might be at peace,” said he, in suppressed tones. “Mary, I will quit the house; for my sake you shall endure nothing.”

“Aye, go, go at once,” she answered faintly, and as if the thorn were plucked from death itself! “Go where you will, I shall pray for your content.” But

after this she said no more, and never again offered opposition and remonstrance against the conduct of her husband; the continued residence and impudent assumptions of Mrs. Thompson were disregarded, and Frankford saw that everything went on as he could hope or wish.

For Walter, he immediately quitted the house, and only appeared there when absolute occasion called him; yet in private he did not fail to remonstrate with Frankford on his unnecessary expenditure, and on his evident neglect of his virtuous wife. Mary, however, still required assistance, and Mrs. Thompson was the excellent being who afforded it, and this was ample excuse enough. Then their acquaintance guessed nothing of it, or if they did Frankford could despise insinuation, or hint that he considered it a feather plucked from the wing of fortune that he should have attained the reputation due to gallantry though so sober a man himself. But the world knew nothing of his proceedings; his uncomplaining wife, and other wise precautions, secured to him that good name which he had long acquired.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the entire absence of Walter Frankford did not add to the happiness of Mary. She was left to brood over her unhappy state, aware that the imposition was so well sustained, and the mockery so admirably conducted, that sometimes to have complained would have had all the appearance of ingratitude to the woman and injustice towards her husband. Poison is not the less so because it is disguised, and she drank deeply of the cup of misery.

Frankford, in the meanwhile, made a greater show of prosperity than ever, lived more extravagantly, frequented all places of public resort, and indulged in every caprice of luxury and fashion. To beguile his leisure, he resorted to card-playing and gambling; but he bore his follies with so excellent a show of easy concession that not his worst friend was known to reproach him with this foible. Still, by his imprudence, he undermined the first foundation of his fortune, which reeled and rallied with every change of fate: but at last it resolved itself to this, that he must

get certain sums of money somewhere, or curtail his expenses; an expedient for which, however, he quickly found a remedy.

His sister Matha had money at command; to her he resolved to go. He had never yet been betrayed by the future, and he confidently relied upon it now. He did not want the money to pay these card debts, certainly not; it could be easily drawn out of the business. No, it was to lead the way to further great and successful speculations.

Yet, had not his conduct to her surpassed all belief of brotherly injustice? It might be so; but they are mistaken indeed, who suppose that any other than the most apparently considerate kindness, or a show of just regard to their common benefit had marked his conduct to her. Matha, like most women, was guided by her affections: a zealous, fervent regard and tenderness was always displayed in her society. He was resolved to make the attempt and that it should succeed.

Let us here refer for an instant to past events. It must be recalled to mind that her brother was altogether innocent in the eyes of Matha Frankford, since she was neither aware of his injuries or duplicity to Grainger, nor of the suspicions entertained of him by Walter. Of this, Frankford, by means of sounding the sea of uncertainty, was in every way aware; and she knew nothing to reproach him with, but the one fault of wishing to see her well settled and some other little absurdities which she scarcely knew whether to laugh at or censure. She believed that he had acted according to his judgment and for the best, and he persuaded her that he did so.

He found her sitting in Walter's humble apartment, employed upon some little occupation suitable to her ill-health and gentle habits.

"It would be strange, Matha," said he, in the strain of subdued morality, and after much previous kind greeting, "it would be more than blamable, if, after long years of childhood spent together, we had not confidence in each other; and though circumstances have compelled me not to do all that my nature dictated, yet I must believe that



you, at least, feel some affection for me. Your kindness to Mary shows it."

"My poor father's death threw us all into difficulties which we little expected," said she. "You have done all you could; yes, let me hope we shall never be found wanting to each other, Leonard."

"I am more than half inclined to tell you all," he replied, rising and pacing the room in earnest anxiety. "I always had the greatest friendship for you, full reliance and belief in your sincerity. It is impossible that this excitement of mind can endure much longer. I must tell my state to some one."

"What is the matter, has anything happened at home? is dear Mary worse?" she asked, in all her simplicity. "How kind of that Mrs. Thompson to attend her so long and so incessantly!"

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "she is a most excellent woman—thinks no attention thrown away that can repay our civility; after all, the least that could be done. There is, however, no knowing where or how it will all end."

"Something extraordinary must certainly have occurred," said Matha, desisting from her occupation, "for you were never given to nervous despondency: but, remember, whatever happens, it is our duty to call our faculties together to remedy it, and not waste the time in useless regret. For poor Mary, I fear she is almost past our care."

"That dear creature! yes, her last hour will be embittered;" he sighed, "perhaps deprived of all comfort and driven from her home—there is no knowing—indeed, for my part, the struggle has cost me too much, and here it must come to a conclusion."

"Good gracious! Leonard, you amaze, astonish me!" cried his sister. "She must not be interrupted in her dying hour. What does all this mean?"

"Mean! That I am well nigh ruined," he replied, increasing the pace of his walk to and fro in the room. "Matha, you may blame me, but can never guess all my past exertions and distress. Compelled to keep up appearances, to engage in plausible speculations—mere pretences to lead to some advantage. Then, there is Walter, who

has barely lived out of the concern; whose self-sacrifice, generosity, and endurance can never be sufficiently appreciated or extolled. By heaven! that man's sufferings alone"—and he now ceased speaking, wrapt in the reverie of smothered emotions.

"He has been, and is, a most generous man," said Matha, after a pause, "but what can be done?"

"I am about to tell you what can be done," said he, halting abruptly, yet emphatically. "We must be ruined; she deprived of all comfort, the children perhaps come to want; unless you—yes, you—Matha, save us from impending destruction; unless you do all you can do."

"I do all—what can I do?" she eagerly demanded. "You know how little power I have; yet, sooner than dear Mary—"

"I know all your goodness," he cried hastily, "which makes this task so perplexing—revolting; but you are in possession of means—means which—"

"You know that the loss of those means would leave me entirely dependant on Walter," said she; "he is all that human nature can expect—still—"

"Tell me at once that you have lost all affection for—confidence in me," he exclaimed passionately, "and perhaps I have deserved it. At least, nothing but the recollections of my youth induced me to confide thus in you."

"Heaven alone knows that for the sake of Mary and her dear children," said Matha, "I would do much—more than most people."

"They claim from you all that I have lost," he cried. "I am too well acquainted with your affectionate disposition, which, though all right be forfeited— but excuse me, I know not what I say, Matha."

"In what way can I help you—by what means?" asked she.

He threw himself into a chair, and pondered long and deeply.

"That sum of money belonging to you," said he, passing his hand over and over his brow, while his eyes were closed, "small as it is, it would be the saving of me;" and after a lengthened interval, he added—"And, Matha, you shall lend it to me, on promise of repay-

ment at six months' date, certain reimbursement from sources not now under my control. Indeed, one does not like to expose one's necessity, but it is security which any—the most ordinary man of business—would take. You know I would not wrong you."

"I think you would not," she answered, "but Walter must not hear of this, since he would never try even his own fortune with it."

"He—a man of such sensitive feelings: no, no, he must not know of it," he faltered. "For six months it may be concealed—by that time it will be paid. I would not injure you for—the world," and a brotherly kiss ended this asseveration, on which she promised her consent.

It were, perhaps, too degrading to human nature, or to the meanest conception of this man's character, to depict the exact point of view in which this benefit was placed; all the inestimable advantages to accrue from it—all the countless ills which were to be remedied by it; and thus, not only to obtain her entire approbation but secrecy as to its performance. Leonard Frankford was, perhaps, exempt from all charge of deceit as regarded his full intention and desire to keep his promise of payment, for in this respect he may have deceived himself. However that might be, he was soon possessed of the money, and after temporary and prudent delay was afloat again on the great tide of life, his tackle trimmed, and ready for every wind that might assail him.

As for the overdrawn statement and exaggerated delineation of imaginary necessities, or consequences incident on her refusal, he regarded it as one of those skilful efforts of political manœuvring well worthy of one, and not the least, of the great disciples of Machiavel. These were the only and efficient methods of carrying on the warfare of life, which consisted, in his opinion, of a system of aggression or consequent retaliation upon it.

Happily for him, perhaps, Walter now undertook that portion of the business which frequently, and for long periods together, called him away from home—that home which, without the society of Mary; had seemingly lost every charm. On each return, her life

still lingered to welcome him, and though the flushed brow and reckless air of one accustomed to potent liquors and nightly libations was there beheld, yet his manly and open deportment revealed nothing of the meaning of his misery to her—she was evidently ignorant of it. There were others, also, who perhaps knew him well enough to forgive him this one error; but the hardihood of guilt, after all, sometimes appears less deserving of censure than the provoked weakness which springs from, and is the companion of true misery.

Let it be remembered that Frankford was an adept in all the accomplished civilities of life, and therefore, at this period, a certain show of romantic sentiment was the marked accompaniment of his every-day concerns. His wife, constantly declining, was incapable of moving from the sofa, where he attended her with those gentle assiduities and kind attentions peculiar to him. Mrs Thompson, however, was always one of the party. Then people talked of his unhappy state, and when the hint is given, when we are told that we must be wretched, the least that can be expected of human nature is that it should seem so. As one of the community, he certainly now increased in daily estimation among men; still, the curtain that screens private conduct is made to conceal and not to be withdrawn; and no future reproach or complaint did his wife utter.

There are methods, nevertheless, of destroying the common comfort of the meanest creature dependant on us, and these means were resorted to either as an expedient, or that it was part of the inherent nature and propensity of Frankford to let nothing flourish near him. Upon this principle, his power over Walter was exercised so as to change his hard-earned daily bread into the ashes of discomfort, or the unblest food of wretchedness and bondage. Now, also, that his purpose was answered in the sum of money borrowed from his sister, he found that he had no time to waste in idle friendship or ceremonies of affection; she was accordingly left to neglected solitude, and at the period of payment paltry subterfuges were invented to account for the non-

payment of the borrowed money; in fact, she was allowed to dream over her folly, under the impression of suffering from that species of quiet ingratitude which, because it does not break forth in open injustice, is not the less selfish or insensible to the claims of human kindness.

There now arose a subject of new inquiry and earnest debate between his dying wife and this high-flown favourite of men, Leonard Frankford. The small sum of money that she had brought him, as she beheld the gradual decrease of his property, she naturally wished to be settled on her two children, as some certain resource against the ills of adversity which might await them.

Now, though the smallness of the sum rendered it of trivial consequence in his affairs, yet the habit of deception, or the love of tyranny, or the stubborn spirit of reluctant idleness in the disposition of his circumstances, or perhaps the love of distressing an innocent woman, still deterred him from yielding to her wishes. He began, at last, to think that the sum could not be spared—that it was one of the caprices of coming death nigh verging upon dotage—that it could not be decided upon or conceded to, and with endless excuses he tortured and beguiled her.

About this time it was whispered that the set of rubies worn by his wife's friend, Mrs. Thompson, only cost some few hundreds, which he discharged at the moment of purchase; but the wife of his friend must be paid handsomely for her trouble, and the gems were supposed to be the gift of his own Mary; and how happy must be the woman blessed with so fond and generous a husband.

As the undying nature of true intellect, the gift and power of the mind, the essential fortitude of the soul, may keep alive the fast-fading energies of the decaying body, nay, even sustain it in spite of human woe and suffering; so, on the total extinction of the strong love of human life—the love of others—the utter destruction of the corporeal nature will oftentimes take place—and thus it was with Mary Frankford. She had well nigh weaned herself from her husband, and from Walter, and all the ties of

life; it wanted but one other little effort to kill her quite. As some relief, however, from the unceasing expression of dying hopes with which she assailed him, Frankford now pretended an inclination to satisfy all her wishes.

"Leonard," said she, "I hope and trust the money is settled on the children. You will bless me some day that it is so."

"It is—it is," he replied impatiently. "Say no more, Mary; of course, everything is—shall be done precisely as you wish it."

"I knew you would not refuse me," she answered. "Perhaps you will have it placed in the care of Walter, your brother; for, Leonard, I know your disposition."

"The attorney has the deed. I have no power over it," said he; "and Walter, what good can he do?"

"None—none," she replied; "only that Walter, he—he would consult their advantage; he—the children would be dear to him as—as his life."

"You have asked me this, and I have done it," answered Frankford. "This, Mary, is unkind."

"You have done it," said she, "and may God, in his infinite goodness, bless you for this last concession to—to my dying wishes."

Frankford heard, but replied nothing. Her children would be provided for; and as long as they did not want, what did it signify? This deception practised upon her was a praiseworthy pretence by which his wife would die happy, and he be troubled no more; her feelings were sensitive, to be sure, but if people were spoilt with kindness and the indulgence of fortune, they must be, like children, deceived into belief that all their hopes were granted. Yes, let her depart in peace, and this was the only way she could do so.

Meanwhile, there is every reason to suppose that his wife doubted his words, and through a favourite domestic discovered the fact that no such deed had been drawn up or intention expressed. She doubtless now drew her own conclusions respecting Mrs. Thompson, whose attentions were received with undisguised disgust, whose assumed friendship was horrible to her, and whose presence seemed to increase

the sense of despair and grief with which she turned from life.

"You are sure that you have done what you say, Leonard," said she, and during the interval in which he answered in the affirmative she looked firmly on him, afterwards adding—"Right, Leonard, when you deceive do it even to the point of death. Well, well!"

Almost smilingly she said this, and then appeared more gay than usual, discoursing of the days of her youth passed along with Walter; it was perceptible, notwithstanding, that some great design occupied her thoughts during that evening. As it so happened, it was the last that she spent with them. The dreadful event that killed her was not—could not be anticipated.

Mrs. Thompson was, as we have said, the most amiable woman in the world. As some recreation during the sedentary employment of attending on his wife, she had undertaken to make certain articles of bodily comfort for the husband—neat specimens of the needle that appear at the bosom of the outward man. Now some measurement and previous management was requisite; at all events this was the excuse with which she entered his bed-room in the early morning; and as ladies' attentions will lead to innocent civilities, but—she was the young wife of his best and firmest friend.

It was one of the brightest mornings in June, the sun was shining gloriously, and the bed-curtains were thrown wide apart as they discoursed together; and if discretion would have blamed herself, blind innocence, of course, had not yet found the reason of such unnecessary discipline. Moreover, how could two people better amuse themselves than by remarking on the waywardness of fate in the making of marriages, and the consequent unhappiness, and after predilections requisite to beguile their sorrow? As they conversed, however, they were once or twice startled by the noise as of some one entering, but whatever it was that trifled with the handle of the door, it was, or was supposed to be locked, and therefore hasty doubt ended repeatedly in total confidence.

Suddenly the door opened, and, clad

in her night-dress, Mary Frankford appeared and glided into the room.

It might be the presentiment of ill that led her, or one of those infatuations—the last effort of life made just before it expires—an effort as if it wished to believe itself not yet dying. It might be this, or even—yes, some awful unsatisfied doubt, some sudden suspicion that brought her there. She slowly and placidly approached the bed, looking as lovely as when first he married her; and there she halted and stood still, and looked in mild severity upon him. But still—and still she said nothing.

"Mary, my dear, what brought you hither?" he gasped.

"Who would have thought she had the strength to come thus far?" whispered the woman.

No words answered them. The dying apparition stood firm and stiff as death, and quite as quiet too, till the full comprehension of the scene burst in all its horror on her. She then stooped forward to gaze more intently on her husband; the loveliness of life changed to the livid paleness of coming dissolution, and turning aside, with heart-rending shrieks, she ran up and down, and round and round the bed, like maniac misery flying round the prison of its torture.

At the terrific sound of her wild cries the step of Walter, who was below, was heard upon the stair; her chamber door clapped as it fell after him, and he rushed back to the room where Frankford slept. He reached it just time enough to see that the corporeal energies existed and kept on, even when reason itself was fled. Like the bird fluttering on the verge of the mesh, she once more flew round the bed, but the eye of Walter Frankford charmed her at once into the monument and statue of cold and inflexible death.

"Ah, my poor creature, is it thus?" said he, and with one faint utterance of anguish she fell at his feet, clasping his knees with the iron clasp of inanition—that rigid embrace of tenderness which shall never again relax. He bent to her and spoke to her, but the frown of agony wreathed itself into the last closing smile; her position and her looks were fixed, and there she knelt dissolving into eternity.

On attempting to raise her and extricate her hold it was discovered to be strongly set in the last convulsion of nature. Walter, with gentle force and endearing epithets, disengaging her, lifted her to his bosom with that caress that only love can give, and as he carried her to the bed, the last lingering breath of life too quickly passed away.

When all was over, without sign of lamentation, but in stern misery, Walter quitted the house, nor was he ever heard to speak of the manner of her death, or the conclusions that he had drawn from that fatal scene. Yet the leaden weight of sorrow breaks down iron fortitude at last; and Walter was an altered man. When the world talked of the afflictions of the family of Frankford, he sighed heavily but said nothing, though his looks expressed unto his brother that meaning from the knowledge of which even he might well shrink.

Still Frankford's credit and reputation were neither impeached nor suspected. The events of this day there was no witness to corroborate. The story went abroad that his wife in her dying agony had dragged Mrs. Thompson into his room, where she unhappily fell into those convulsions which terminated her existence; and as Frankford, under the horror of the moment, was not remiss in the expression of terror, dismay, or regret, no one dared to intrude the least doubt of his conduct as a husband. The demise of his wife, and all the singularity attending it, rendered him a fresh object of interest and friendly sympathy.

Nevertheless, with all his consummate skill in soothing the inward pangs of conscience, he was not easily reconciled upon this point. Indeed, such a being as Mary Frankford might well leave regret even in the heart of her destroyer; but how had he destroyed her? Her illness had been superinduced by some private distress—she was predisposed to nervous irritability and melancholy. A man's follies are not his crimes; and that one gay incident in his career should end thus tragically—it was his peculiar and unhappy destiny. As for all the little acts of secret unkindness, neglect, cruelty, his recent infamous inflictions on her

feelings, they belonged to an account which, as it was never settled, death had now wiped out.

Frankford became more deeply engaged in business and pleasure than ever. Mrs. Thompson was easily forgotten, her husband as soon deserted, for Frankford was now become one of those, who, playing with the ball of fortune, is not standing out and on the look-out as to if catch it; but having already caught it, must bandy and bowl it about to keep it above ground, lest it should fall to the lot of some one more fortunate. He got money and he spent it; and Walter was one while at home, at another abroad, in his vocation; but his further partnership, or connection with his brother, is only to be accounted for by the fact, that he must have long since become bankrupt but for his exertions; and Frankford's antipathy to him, the hatred of the mean for the generous mind, was neither subdued nor changed. He shrunk from his resentment, reproach, scorn; he feared him, indeed, more than ever: yet fear is to be concealed by well-feigned bravado, and hatred by its adequate proportion of friendly interest and smooth-tongued hypocrisy. Not that Walter was the man to be deceived. Frankford now spoke of him with anxious concern for his welfare, a lively and brotherly *trepidation*, lest he should not be esteemed by the world as he ought to be. His propensity to the bottle was descanted upon, the injury that it had done and must do him; the hint that there was no sufficient justification of the absurd practice, that he had thrown his prospects away, et cetera;—and sometimes, when in company together, the kind and familiar joke was bandied, some quaint allusion to his error, but always with bland and civil raillery;—it was nothing more, in truth, than fencing with a blade so well sharpened, that his opponent might be wounded, quite by accident, and only just be aware that it was so.

Then, the friend and acquaintance, the fawning parasite, cringing favourite, all clearly saw the essential distinction between the brothers; as if nature, averse from producing two equal paragons, had deviated to the other extreme of opposite comparison, while some

thought fit to assert that Walter Frankford was not so bad a fellow, though a man of desperate and careless habits : yet how was it that he was nothing but the servant or assistant of his more wealthy and worthy brother ?

Fortune herself may be tired out at last though, and some years after the death of his wife, adversity came fast upon him. The brewery was ultimately eaten up by repeated mortgages ; Frankford failed—was ruined ; and as his finances dwindled into almost nothing, Walter became worn out by these daily difficulties, and indeed, there was no longer any duty for him to perform.

They were again seated in the parlour together. The brew-house walls rose, solemn and blank, upon their sight, and Frankford himself was depressed by selfish consideration of the unpleasant situation in which he was placed.

"It is high time to end it," said Walter, with all his native energy. "I have long since acknowledged my resignation of all interest in the concern, which has cost me hitherto a life of labour and discomfort, a fortune that has been thrown away. I shall seek my destiny and go abroad."

"Too late to commence it," said Frankford, whose habit of tyranny rendered even his departure a matter of annoyance ; "but you have been always seeking something totally unfit for you."

"Without seeking, I have found it," said he, bitterly. "Duty—in the pursuit of duty to others, life passes away ; few, very few have the happiness of performing it to themselves ; yet I am content."

"Matha must then of necessity be unprotected," said Frankford. "My duty compels me to forsake all but my own children."

"Humph," said Walter, sarcastically, as he added slowly, "but one blessing is still left us. In a pecuniary point of view, *she* is provided for ; and religion will teach her to submit to my absence."

How was it that Leonard Frankford answered not, did not assert that she no longer possessed those means, that the money was borrowed and intended to be returned, that, indeed, Walter was mistaken in her resources ? He certainly

did reply nothing, nor reproach himself upon his silence : and this was the effect of pride, which commonly descends to the lowest species of meanness in support of its fictitious dignity. That he loathed him, it is true, and would have been content to stagger him with the announcement of the fact ; but then he feared him—feared him as the wolf might crouch before the lion.

It need not be inquired how he reconciled these things with himself, for the great difficulty would have been to account for them to others. Then, one is on such pleasant terms with one's self, it can refuse one nothing ; or, in all likelihood, he resorted to some of those customary delusions with which he was wont to amuse the selfish and guilty deceptions of his proceedings. Since his sister would be provided for, it did not much matter where or how ; for these were subjects for mature debate, and he would not be troubled hastily about them.

The conversation of that night ended in Walter's retirement from all connexion with him ; and without any explanation of the real state of Matha Frankford.

After this separation, all the calm virulence of Frankford's disposition broke forth in reviling and calumny of his brother. His affairs were hinted to have been influenced by certain private conduct of his, and his departure from the concern was attributed to something of the like nature ; his errors, follies, vices, were alluded to in tones beneath the breath, and with that air of deprecation that says all things. At length, Walter was received coldly and driven by degrees from his little circle of society ; and all, because Frankford feared that he might speak the truth, and knew that he had no longer any motive to withhold it. He was, indeed, performing one of the many arts of life, laying the foundation before-hand, that if the reality were uttered, it should not be believed.

No sooner had Walter mentioned his determination of going abroad than Frankford felt the necessity of concealing from him his conduct to Matha ; with this view, a more than ordinary kindness marked his manner towards her, and such fraternal sympathy as led

her to believe herself not forgotten by him, but that she was one of the parties considered in all his future and present schemes; and to protect her was one of the constant thoughts of his life. He was always more full of hope and promise to her than any other person.

"Surely I need not repeat it, Matha," said he, "of course, you will not reveal to Walter that—that very trivial affair of—of your money. He can do no good, and—"

"But then I have no means of existence," said she, "since to lose him is to lose all my protection."

"Nay, Matha, you can never want, shall never do so, while I am living," he said, reproachfully. "The—*the* money will be paid you in instalments, regularly; an interest upon it equal to what, as a funded annuity, it would supply:—if a man can't defend and serve his own sister, he must be a wretch—a poor, paltry wretch indeed."

Why repeat all that passed between them, or dwell upon the affection and simplicity which taught her to confide in such promises, and all the perversity of mind that directed him in the expression of intentions which he had neither will nor power to fulfil? Suffice it, that with all the persuasion of apparent generosity of purpose, of the earnest desire of defending her, of proving his gratitude and recollection of the service that she had rendered him, he prevailed on her to keep the secret and rely upon his word.

Walter Frankford departed, therefore, in ignorance of the real fact, and as one who entered into the great world resolved to earn his hard and comfortable subsistence; like one, indeed, who left the home of his life, left it, compelled into the bitter feeling that it was no longer desirable or endurable to him.

Two or three years now passed away, wherein Frankford, in his relation with the world at large, appeared under the various aspects of rising and sinking fortunes; now mounting into transient prosperity, and now verging into approaching poverty; still Frankford, if not altogether successful, was always a popular and plausible man. His public misfortunes served for the pretext of many a nameless injury coolly and sys-

tematically planned to the detriment and unhappiness of those related to him. Minor aggressions, however, have now resolved themselves into nothingness, nor will we diverge from the main thread and concluding scenes of this narrative.

During the period to which we allude, he had forsaken all interest in his immediate connexions; for it was time as he said, to live for himself alone. That human nature is inexplicable is pretty generally allowed; but common and universal as was the character of Frankford, there are some few among his actions, that might well perplex a better or a worse man than he. His whole mind became concentrated in the daily operation of mere existence, and after the departure of Walter, he never once thought of or regarded the inviolable promises that he had made to his sister Matha, neither she nor her means of life ever once occurred to him, or caused him matter of surmise or inquiry. He was engaged in other things.

Thus, in the half decrepitude of nature, she was left, not to her own resources, real or imaginary, but left to perish. At first, she solicited, entreated, and procured, through the representation of her absolute necessity, some slight relief or periodical discharge of the debt; but if Frankford were fortunate, then the funds could not be spared; if unfortunate, he had not wherewith to supply her. Therefore, during a prolonged period of misery, with some trivial help from him, she supported herself by the sale of her few valuables and articles of the household furniture belonging to Walter; or by the industry of almost helpless hands—hands deadened into inactivity by the previous blighting misfortunes of her life.

Shameful were it to reflect on the many useless journeys of solicitation on which she came to him, and horrible to imagine that they could be so unavailing in their effect. The figure became emaciated and woe begone, her body and mind enfeebled in the labour necessary to life; but these were, to his apprehension, nothing more than natural defects of constitution, she was a single woman and growing old, we must expect the natural changes of time:—sisters cannot expect to be pro-

vided for—other claims must be attended to—and what? Sisters were but an accidental relationship, a casual link of association with the past; they happened, indeed, to be born of the same parents, but two green leaves grow upon one green tree,—the bird of the same brood, and the lamb of the same wether,—it was one and the same thing, and only this.

When the last article was sold she retired to a one-room lodging in the city, wherein she hid herself from observation, obtaining a scanty living as she could, and all for the sake, as the poor innocent woman supposed, for the dear good of Mary Sewell's children; and from their father she asked nothing, because she feared to take away from them: for, when Frankford's circumstances apparently forbade her to ask his consideration, she sacrificed herself without hesitation to the good of others.

It would have been difficult to define whether it were indifference, premeditated design, want of means, hardness of heart, obstinacy, or inherent baseness that induced this conduct on the part of Frankford. It would be more than impossible to mention the principle or rule of action that instructed or directed him.

Other plans now occupied him. Walter was certainly absent, but in continued correspondence with Matha, he was still present with them. Frankford wished that this reciprocal intercourse should cease. Urged by poverty or want, Matha might explain the shameful and disgraceful means by which he had deprived her of her property, she might complain of ill-treatment, exaggerate her wrongs, and place him yet more in the power of the man he detested. She might explain too much; in the interim, it was but amusement for her to earn her subsistence, he would take care that she did not lose by it; for, in reality, where was the brother who could leave his sister to want? Thus he thought, deferring common justice to the latest hour, and that hour with him was never come.

There had been a plan laid down by which the arrival of these letters through some third party would cause both less expense and less loss of time. Matha, being a retired individual, always

trusted their receipt to Frankford; and nothing could be more natural, though mightily unfortunate, that after Walter had been absent about two years, the return of these letters should gradually cease, and at length, end altogether. Walter Frankford must be dead or have forgotten his duty. That nothing had happened to him there was entire evidence and conviction; and he was living abroad neglectful of those he left behind.

Even this, Leonard Frankford could reconcile with himself. As each letter arrived he suppressed it, satisfied that since he did not overlook or peruse the contents, he was performing an action neither derogatory to honour, nor the brotherly kindness befitting him, and her letters also he always retained. Matha, after incessant inquiries and denial, repeated hope and disappointment, concluded that Walter had at last forsaken her, and when her patience and affection were both wearied out, she finally gave up all expectation. It was nothing, however, save the withdrawing of a frivolous and an idle piece of paper which might do injury, but, under present circumstances, could never promote the advantage of any one.

Months passed away and Matha now never sought her brother, nor made any claim upon him; and he had, therefore, no right to consider that she had any. As she did not seek, she certainly could not be in want; but if offended at his neglect, he had equal right and cause of just displeasure at her absence. Yet, if the truth were spoken, it might be averred that he thought nothing of her, whether living, dying, or dead. His own affairs were also now and always in great perplexity.

Another letter arrived from abroad, Frankford looked on it, handled—felt it, till he conceived that there must be an enclosure. ~~This~~ something must be money. What was to be done? If the fact were whispered, the lowest degree of theft could only equal the degrading act:—But *if*—*if* was a word; who could discover it; who be the discoverer? It was, besides, no more than a natural and excusable curiosity that induced him to break the seal; and he did break it.

The letter spoke of her long silence and the fear of her illness; it enclosed



money ;—money, the requisite so much in demand with himself—money ! It was a bank-bill—he gazed, and thought no more. It was intended to supply her wants ; and he would see that she was supplied. He decided on the instant. The money was thrust into his pocket from whence it never emerged ; the letter he tore up ; it was, of course, seen no more.

About this time an acquaintance informed him of the illness of Matha, whom he had met, and who appeared in a very precarious state.

Frankford answered with intimations of her customary despondence of mind, her dislike of all interference, her vexatious severity of disposition, and her selfish seclusion from her family. Walter was reverted to ; the anxiety and trouble that he had caused them ; and then to desert her—his sister—in the vale of years, too, while he—enjoying himself in foreign parts—it was, certainly, it was not altogether right or—  
or friendly.

On the evening of that day, however, he deemed it fit to call at her miserable lodging to see how far this statement of her illness agreed with the positive facts. She was represented as being exceedingly indisposed, but did not wish to hear from, and would not see him. He remarked upon her absurd obstinacy of temper and quitted the house.

Well, she was offended ;—but was nothing to be allowed for natural indignation of her wrongs, and bitterness of feeling caused by his ingratitude ? Was nothing to be yielded in atonement for injuries such as those ? No, this was what he did not understand. Whilst he paced up and down the streets in some disquiet of thought, a new idea startled him :—he returned to the place, and with the most seemingly deep interest in the welfare of his sister, made some further tender inquiries, manifested an amiable concern, and, giving a ten pound note into the hands of the woman, bespoke all her care and attention of the invalid, and quitted her with a languid air of melancholy that exactly hit her taste for the romantic.

It was as well, if anything happened, that nothings should be said—at all events, nothing but what was pleasing ; neither was it desirable that it should be re-

ported that his sister was in absolute distress, and they must keep up appearances of propriety—of friendship, at least.

After some few more days he was about to renew his inquiries ; led there rather by an indefinite apprehension that something was about to occur, than from any stirring emotion of affection or sense of duty with regard to her.

The evening had drawn to a close, and the dusk of twilight had fallen, when he rapped at the door. He thought it better to express an anxious and absolute determination to see her. He was met in the passage by the woman of the house, whose voice was broken by the trembling emotion of true kindness. “ Ah, sir ! you come an hour too late,” said she. “ The poor thing has just passed away, God bless her ! ”

“ Dead ! Good heaven ! Why did you not send for me ? ”

“ She would not have seen you, sir,” she answered, as calling for a light she prepared to show him up stairs. “ She declared that she would see none of you again : and you know, sir, let the dying die in peace, its hard to contradict them ; ” and she led the way into the narrow room where the body lay.

Frankford paused on the threshold and halted beside the bed, and was relieved that the curtains hid the form from his view. He almost wished that he had seen her, that he had been punctual in his payment of her, that he had treated her more kindly ; but such circumstances had nothing to do with the existing scene, and why lament the past, since the past told not of the present, and neither could affect the coming of the future. This was his thought, false and plausible, however, as the falsehood with which he had deceived both her and himself.

“ Come in, sir, wont you walk in ? ” said the woman. “ There’s life stirring in her yet, and its consoling to see how peacefully she went from us.”

“ I thank you, my good woman,” he faltered ; “ a horror—an aversion, I never could look upon the dead. Some defect—weakness—something not to be overcome ; ” and, as his conscience smote him, he hastily turned from the place. He feared her looks

and her reproaches, though they were both gone by; and the woman, under the impression of his acute sensibility, begged his pardon, closed the curtains, and drew him back into the passage.

"How came it that her health declined—what was the cause of her death?" said he, thinking it only becoming to show some curiosity.

"I'll tell you what it was, sir," answered the woman. "She died, aye, sir, there's no doubt of it, she died, sir, of pure want—atrophy—I think they call it. Sir, be sure of it, she was starved."

"But she could never have been in want of money," said he.

"Why, I don't know, sir, I'm sure. She often went to a gentleman who owed her money, and came back broken-spirited. Poor thing! she had a tender heart, sir."

Frankford breathed a profound sigh. She had then died of want—of want; the thing must be concealed—the world must not become acquainted with the fact, for common pride forbade it. The burthen must be placed upon any shoulders but his own; he thought in deep abstraction before he spoke again.

"Did she never receive any letters from abroad, enclosing money?" inquired Frankford.

"No, certainly, never, sir, though she used to be expecting it. She earned a hard living, and would never take anything, even from me, sir."

"She never then received those letters?" repeated Frankford.

"No, no, decidedly not, sir."

"Oh! villain—villain—as ever breathed the breath of life," he muttered, and just audibly. The epithet might apply to Walter or himself; it was understood, however, as he meant it. "She left a letter for her brother, Mr. Walter," said the woman, "and I was to take care and give it only to him;" so saying, she drew it, half inquiringly, from her pocket.

"He will most likely never return to England," said Frankford; "suppose you trust it to me to be forwarded. Your rent shall be paid, and other demands, and—"

"The ten pounds more than covers my charges," said she; "but then the funeral, sir."

"She shall be buried, as her virtues deserved," said he, mournfully. "I will give orders," and here he hesitated as if in profound reverie. "Yes, it shall be so. In the mean time, good woman, take—take this trifle for your services to one who—who must be always dear to me." And sliding into her hand that golden coin that would have saved a sister's life, he murmured good night, and slowly retired from the house, followed, doubtless, by the admiration and gratitude of its owner. Public generosity and out-door benefits frequently conceal family wrongs and private injuries.

The death of Matha was certainly an unfortunate thing; and as her near relations, sisters, and friends, were all far distant, beyond the possibility of knowing of her unhappy fate, the responsibility lay entirely with himself; and it would be as well that the manner of her decease should be concealed. Yet, so it was. Leonard Frankford could not only make up his mind to forfeit the fraternal duty that devolved upon him, but, in the impenetrable selfishness of his nature, forget all the dear recollections of youth, and sacrifice, the life of another to his own personal convenience.

The funeral was conducted with a degree of state far beyond his circumstances, but these were matters of worldly ostentation, which repaid him in apparent respectability for all he expended. His liberality to the lodging woman was, perhaps, whispered abroad; for people did talk of his sensibility and acute sensitiveness, until at last he was openly reproached with it. The blame and neglect, however, fell upon Walter, while, as it would seem, the world looked abroad and could only admire the brotherly love and friendship of Leonard Frankford.

From that hour his fortunes gradually decreased and were no longer upheld by that skill and industry for which his fellow-citizens so much applauded him; for whether in the frivolous chances attendant on fashionable follies, or in the profound and able speculations of his trade, he was equally, constantly, and irretrievably unsuccessful in all. He saw, in fact, that fortune, with all her blind chances attending her, herself

goes halves in all the fortunes that are made. He began to doubt her and his own hopes, and by this one error led the way to his own utter ruin and defeat. At last the house and business departed from him, all the elegancies and decencies of life one by one forsook him, and he was in all respects a ruined man. Yet Frankford was, nevertheless, the same man as ever.

The last letter of Matha Frankford was never forwarded. He opened, read it, and found therein that which, if he had possessed any feeling, must have awakened it. She lamented the unkindness of Walter, his change of sentiment, his desertion of her, recalling the days of their childhood and all their by-gone friendship. It was a singular fact, but a kind of superstition induced him to place the letter with some others, where it was shortly forgotten; but it, that letter, speaking of past fatality, was still to be most fatal.

In the course of years Walter Frankford arrived from abroad, and as one of the relations still remaining to him, he first of all sought his native town and the habitation of the brother who had so injured him. It might be that time brings oblivion of wrongs, or that he did not guess the real extent to which he had suffered, or it was perhaps only just to forgive the past, particularly when the changed condition of his brother would cast the blame of unnatural malice on the propagation of further dispute between them. His pity and kindly sympathies must have induced the generous greeting with which they met again. He seemed to recal the days of his youth, and all the intermediate space of manhood was forgotten—its injustice, its dishonourable enmity, he was content to deny it.

Even the dull apprehension of Frankford was aroused and struck by this benevolent reception. It might be thought that even his adverse circumstances endeared him, and his depressed condition was sufficient reason for the exercise of all his consideration. Compassion, indeed, for such a wretch as this, worked in him to the promotion of his future benefit. This was the true and admirable nature of one called Walter Frankford.

Frankford himself now occupied one

of the same row of houses wherein Grainger died, and from thence he looked back on the paternal inheritance that he had lost, and Walter's eyes followed him in the regretful contemplation. The fervid heat of India had done nothing to the abatement of that sanguine habit of thought and zealous warmth of heart peculiar to him. The sun-burnt hues, that lived in his dark looks, but openly revealed the enthusiasm and energy that made part of his natural being.

"There," said he, pointing from the window, "there resided all that the soul of man could hope in life: an excellent father and mother, a gay Tom Grainger—a Mary Sewell there resided; a Matha Frankford there wandered; yet gone—my friends—gone, gone!"

"And the children of Mary Sewell," said Frankford, with some bitterness, "they will come to want. Yes, let the tradesman remember that it is scarcely possible for him to uphold the prosperity of his family beyond one generation."

"I'll tell you what, Leonard," cried his brother suddenly, "all that belonged to Mary is precious to me. I have gained some hundreds, suppose we venture it in trade together. Something might be done, it is not too late."

"Not at all," cried Frankford. "We might get back the home of our childhood."

"We might and we will," cried Walter, catching to the fire of hope; and Frankford knew how far his words would influence him. "Let us forget the past, unite once more, and see what may be done."

This was or might be a speculation founded on the fumes of the spirits which they had imbibed—an ebullition of inebriated generosity; and Walter drank and looked towards his home, and drank again as if to drown the past; but it might not be so. They were amused, however, by the project, and Frankford had taken the hint and acted upon it. He was now intently occupied in inducing Walter to the completion of this design, and after reiterated promises and repeated persuasion, he hunted and dodged him into the snare at last; and by leading him into frequent excess, and torment-

ing him when no longer in firm possession of his faculties, he tricked and cajoled him out of his little property : in fact, they became partners together once more. The smiling deceptions of Leonard Frankford were too well conducted not to succeed ; and in the spirit of forgiveness and oblivion of the past, or bewildered by this fatal habit, or misgoverned by the mental weakness arising from it, Walter became an easy prey, credulous in the belief that, in this respect, his brother was at least honest and honourable.

During some after discourse between the brothers, it was discovered that Walter Frankford was much distressed by the intelligence that his sister had died at the house and in the hands of strangers, and it was afterwards ascertained that he had called upon the people, from whom he doubtless learnt the facts of the case. But as chance so destined it, Walter was appointed by his brother to look over some papers relative to his affairs, when he found the identical letter intended to be transmitted to him, and which revealed all and more than fancy—that is, his fancy—could have ever conceived. From its perusal he gleaned the whole nature of that conduct through which she had suffered, and the miserable deception practised upon her.

It was a warm summer's evening when Walter again appeared in the presence of his brother. We know not how it was, but so it was, that the surrounding atmosphere, together with the heated sense of oppression that lingered in the twilight, indeed, the whole scene impressed Frankford with the memory and the thought of that evening which they had spent together on the day of their father's death ! There was the same silence round and about them, the same warm mist hung round the foliage of the gardens, the same wind was whispering gently, and yonder the same tree nodded and waved with the exact motion, as if it were the direction of some mysterious fatality that all things should assume the like aspect as of years ago, look the same and be so, all but the two individuals themselves, who were so changed and different.

Leonard Frankford was, however, at

the age of two-and-forty, yet in the full vigour of manhood ; daring, arrogant, cold, majestic, like one who is altogether fortunate, or whose want of success affects him not.

What was Walter Frankford ? Changed, unutterably and for ever. The fire of youth had smouldered into the white ashes of ruin. If man be supposed to merge his passions and feelings into the sullen calm of philosophy or endurance, forgetting the past in resolution to abide the future ; that man, at all events, was not Walter Frankford. The intensity of his affections was still his own, and nothing but the draught and drink of oblivion was left to quench it ; the nature of this noble creature was utterly perverted and defeated. He came to his native haunts so altered that could the shades of his friends have returned there they might well have mourned over the prostration of that mental and bodily beauty which they once loved and honoured. His flushed brow, bewildered speech, suppressed energetic utterance, concentrated powers, too plainly told that he had lost himself ; he was, indeed, ever half—and more than half—intoxicated.

But why ! what has one man to do with the nature, actions, passions, habits of another ? Is he answerable for his deficiency ? or does he partake the overplus ? No. If a certain susceptibility of heart, or a proportionate acuteness of nerves be the blessing or the curse of one being in particular, he must abide the issue of his nature and his fate ; no one, assuredly not his own brother, shall be responsible. It is not because the sensitive plant shrinks to the touch that the hand shall be sparing to approach it ; or, since the coward flies, that the avenging sword shall the less pursue him. Walter Frankford was weak and he had fallen ; in the prime of his life he had sunk into premature decay : it was the state of ruin that follows the contention of the strongest emotions of nature.

As he entered the room his searching looks were fixed on Leonard Frankford who was enough aware of this, that he arose and drew down one blind and pulled up another as some occupation to amuse his confusion.

"I suppose, Walter," said he at last, "that you have been carousing these few days, since we have seen nothing of you. 'Tis well you embarked your money in the concern, or by this time you would have spent it—spent it in pure revelry."

"Carouse and revelry are happy words," he answered. "To carouse over the broken hearts of others and revel in the death of famished friends, there's something pleasing in it."

"What! you wish to quarrel," said Frankford, seating himself; "at least I guess so by your tone. Only, to be sure, your unhappy state—you do not know precisely what you say—so there, I forgive you."

"I know so much as this," said he, "it is too late to quarrel. If they were living—why, however, repine—lament—object—the fate that has gone before us?"

"You speak most admirable unintelligible jargon," said Frankford.—"Pray be more explicit, and tell the tale like truth. What have you now? what new discovery?"

"A new discovery confirmed by time," he answered bitterly. "Oh, if you be willing to hear me with civility, with your customary discretion, without interruption, surely you might be told something so much like truth, that it might well startle you."

"I shall be happy to listen, by my honour as a man," said Frankford with that assumed indifference that cuts as close as words.

"You *shall* listen, by my soul," cried Walter. "As they are the last words that we shall speak together, we had better understand one another; for after this we will never sit in each other's presence again."

"For my part I don't care how soon," said the other; "or how little we meet."

At this moment the lights were brought in, and the servant was about to retire, but Walter Frankford pointed to the windows.

"It is warm," said he, "but the less we see of the prospect the better. The night of time has closed all beauty from it."

Upon the departure of the domestic he drew the lights in a parallel line before them, and seating himself opposite

his brother, leaned back with the firm air of steady composure. The fiery rolling of his eyes was centred into one motionless gaze of calmness.

"Well now," said he, drawing a deep breath, "I will tell my opinion of you; yes, my knowledge of your nature, and you may do the same by me."

"A very civil arrangement," said Frankford, smiling his cold smile. "However, go on, let's hear you to the end, only mind and not lose yourself, eh—Walter!"

"I know you to the deepest depth of all your being," was the answer. "On the death of my father, from this room you stole the will—you stole it—do you hear? I truly believe that it was the first theft—the first—you had committed."

"Upon my word, a very fair conclusion," said Frankford. "Do you know it? did you see it?"

"I did not see, but know it," replied Walter. "You became the plunderer of your family, robbed and deceived them."

"And what became of the booty?" asked Frankford. "The story now becomes interesting."

"That question you can answer," said Walter, quietly. "Your next step was to sell the life and prospects of your friend; for, after selfishness, comes ingratitude. You sold him for a handful of base lucre, Leonard. You were, yes, were nothing more than a barterer in human blood!"

"The fellow killed himself," cried Frankford, "and what then! Tush—tush—tush."

"You made a bargain of his birth-right," said Walter, quickly, "and what then? Tush—tush—tush.—Then"—and he waved his hand to and fro, alluding to the stroke that struck his sister, but that his sight was overcharged with tears, and he uttered nothing.

"You might as well say," said his brother, pausing, "that because the lightning smites the tree, the hand that planted it must take the blame."

"I do say," was the reply, "I say that we are answerable to ourselves and others for all we do, say, think; particularly if it be to their injury or destruction. The murderer may smile, but is not less a murderer. The man whose vices, follies, fall upon himself, is

still less infamous than he who ruins others."

"That is," said Frankford, "you, Walter, surpass me, Leonard Frankford. But go on."

"I mean to do so," said he; "for I will wound my own heart that I may prick at your's. You remember the fate of Grainger, and now, ay, let us come to Mary Sewell."

"She was my wife—what more?—my wife," repeated Frankford, "and she was all that man can covet in woman."

"You have forgotten to calumniate the dead," said Walter, "that nameless virtue is your own. Now tell me then you did not win her by duplicity?"

"I won her in the fair way of love and warfare," said Frankford, repressing his inward triumph."

"I believe you to the letter," replied Walter. "You ended it by breaking her heart. Let me not whisper it, she died. The sin of adultery is at your door; she—she was murdered."

"All this is pleasing intelligence," remarked Frankford, "but then it is something that I do not understand. People die as they are born, they rot even as they live."

"You are a most merciful judge of human actions," said the other, "but you shall not sit in judgment on your own. You will, perhaps, undertake to prove that dying of want is but the death of nature after all."

"I shall not trouble myself with it," said Frankford. "These things have happened without my intervention, and might happen again."

"And this among the rest," said Walter, and he drew forth the letter that Matha had written while dying; a lengthened pause here intervened.

"How did you find this—and where?" at last, asked Leonard Frankford.

"Among the papers in your office some days since."

"We were not friends, it was not my fault," said Frankford.

"Had you been friends it had been so," was the answer. "No, you are one of those men that the world calls *respectable*, since it knows no better."

"It knows better of you," said Frankford. "I wish you joy of its knowledge."

To this Walter said nothing, but

crossing the room, he poured out a tumbler of wine, which having drank, he presently reseated himself.

"I have not lost so much the nature of my boyhood," said he, "that I can speak without the stimulant to words," and here he paused again. "By the truth of heaven itself, Leonard Frankford, you may write yourself down a villain. Such beings as you are the upas trees beneath whose shelter no living thing can flourish. You may be content. You have broken more hearts, murdered more minds, ruined more happiness than, if you had a thousand lives, you could restore. Call over the common laws of God and man, and know that you have violated them all—all"—this voice was now lost in the trembling of his emotion.

"You preach with becoming ardour," said Frankford; "if ever we should need a father confessor, you are the man. For me, I have learnt the lesson of the world and acted by it."

"Murder and theft are the acknowledged crimes," said his brother, "but they are almost less heinous than those you have committed, and in cold blood too. I wish you all the happiness the thought may bring you," and rising he would have departed, but Frankford called him back again.

"Walter," cried he, "Walter, you are not going to talk—to mention this—to spread abroad reports to my detriment. By heaven! if you do—"

"Rest content, my brother," he replied. "You are one of the respectable community—a man of the world; I—one of—of its drunkards—a man out of the world."

"Come, come, Walter," cried the other, "take you with all your singularity you are a good fellow after all," and he held out his hand to him.

"Good enough to die on a dunghill," said Walter, "and you to die peaceably."

"Nay, but we are partners you know; and, Walter, yes, let's be friends."

"I would give something that we could be so," he answered in smothered tones; "that the delusion of our boyhood, when we climbed the same tree and swung on the same bough together, had lasted until now. I would have wished, at least, to respect you; but no, *she*—

Matha Frankford—even she alone would forbid it." He glanced about him as if for the last time, and slowly departed.

The sound of the street-door was heard closing, and Frankford ran after him. For the only time in his life he felt his real baseness; the conviction of his brother's generosity and the injuries that he had done him. It might be the sense of wounded pride which made him follow him thus fleetly. He beheld his retiring shadow pass through the iron gate of the fore-court, and as it slipt across the moonlight, his good intentions vanished with it. He stood in indecision of thought and called after him at last, but nothing answered him. They never met again as brothers.

We come to the concluding scene of Frankford's conduct to this last surviving member of his family. He was not changed throughout.

We will not trace the common and natural course of events. How he himself lived in daily luxury, while Walter extracted with difficulty, the means of subsistence; how he engrossed the money and wrung and rived the feelings he pretended not to understand; how, indeed, this extortioner of others' comfort managed to glean his own content out of it; how he could irritate, annoy, torture, cajole, and tyrannize with all the smiling and unconscious quiet imaginable. The disgusting recital shall be spared; but new projects began to grow and ripen in him. There were no legal instruments of partnership between him and his brother, and as time went on by his calculation Walter had drawn on the concern to an amount very nearly corresponding with the original sum invested. At all events it seemed so; if not so, it was a mistake. The same arguments came into play as heretofore. The sum was small, an immaterial nothing, and could be subject of no consideration whatever. The service done to him or his affairs was a trivial nameless favour that could not call on the gratitude of any person; for supposing he felt himself in the imminent peril of death, there was great distinction between the fact of one man putting out his hand and strength to assist him, and he who rushed head foremost to the rescue.

He ended by a clear exposition of the event that sufficiently demonstrated that he was not obliged to his brother; but Walter had been under obligations, in all reality, living upon him.

The decision was easily made. He hinted, remarked upon, alluded to the nature and illegality of the agreement between them; and then, for fear that his meaning and intention should not be fully understood, he entered into an open declaration of the scheme he had invented. Walter was either desperate or reckless, blind or indifferent to the issue, for he replied not, excepting by that look of internal inquiry that said too much.

We will say no more. He was afterwards known to work as an assistant, then almost as a labourer in his brother's service, and was apparently unconscionable of any degradation or inferiority in the duty he performed. He became reputed for debased habits, and particularly of frequent intoxication, and the world very justly esteemed his brother's employment of him as a new instance of his benevolence. But to the closing event, and yet, one word.

Walter Frankford had become, not a confirmed drunkard, but habituated to the necessity of learning to forget himself. It was not the debased propensity of debasing vice, it was only the error and weakness of yielding virtue; not the existing evidence of heartless guilt, but the unfrequent witness of a mind too tender in human feelings and generous impulse and all the greater gifts of our mortality. Oh! let him be understood and never blamed! To have entered the world intent upon its duties—its affections, to find them denied might well awaken grief; but to live in the firm conviction of mortal honour, probity, friendship, truth, and prove that they were nothing, might well arouse the ardent spirit and exalted nature, and lead it on to madness. Such was the being, in his beauty and his weakness—such was the noble heart of a Walter Frankford; and so, unto the end.

It so happened that Frankford was one night, or rather one morning, returning from a public dinner, where he had performed the character that his state assigned him, with all the plausi-

bility and tact so natural to him. He had always some purpose to answer, and that purpose was answered; and pleased with the thought, he was humming his tune as he walked back towards his home.

It was night just opening into the twilight of morning; or it was, perhaps, early enough to be the dawn of day faintly clouded with the vapour of darkness. His way led through an open road, beset on either side with high-growing trees, for it was apart from the confines of the city. He walked at a prompt and active pace, still singing the fragment of some broken tune to beguile him as he went, or conning over the prospects and advantages of the trade now he possessed it to himself. It was only at last that he became aware of the sound of footsteps approaching him, and their echo was neither so steady nor regular as his own. He halted and possibly for the only time in his recollection, he turned him to the contemplation of the skies; and yonder the pale moon, and there the just awakening sun, half asleep in its own brightness, held possession of the heavens together. Neither cloud nor shadow, nothing but the cold dew of mist divided them! The same step advanced upon him and he recognised it only too well. He would have hastened away, but only the straight road lay before him.

"Good night. Good morning," said the voice, as the person passed him.

"Good night, friend, and let's pass on," said Frankford, perceiving that the other paused and scrutinized him, impeding his way.

"It is you, and I thought so," said Walter Frankford. "I wanted to speak to you away from the haunts of my youth. I knew you would come this road and am here to meet you. I have been to the church-yard to look on their graves—poor creatures!" and a glimpse of the twilight showed that he was flushed with drink, his speech imperfect, his step unsteady.

"And what have you to say?" asked Frankford. "Really, to see you stopping a person at this hour, we might suspect that you were turned footpad."

"Far more improbable than to find any change in you," said Walter, and before another word could be spoken,

he seized him by the collar and held him fast. Frankford saw plainly that it was no time to struggle, and took the hint.

"That I might breathe into you all the deep misery of my heart!" he whispered with painful energy; "it might repay your infamy. I will be trifled with no longer, to live the beggar on your bounty. Leonard, you are a base—base villain."

"I'm obliged to you," said he, "I am—I am a lucky fellow."

"You are the thief who best knows how to steal away the happiness of others," he whispered, in the self-same concentrated whisper as before.

"I am the man of the many," said Frankford. "But let—let me go, by h\*\*\*, I'll not be stopped, Walter."

"You," groaned Walter, "you common thief and murderer! To break the heart will supply the place of poison; to starve the body, it has done the work of the assassin's knife ere now. Oh! Leonard—wretch—slave—friend of my boyhood—why compel me to detest you!"

He released his hold as if scarcely aware of his previous acts of compulsion, his voice became lost in its utterance, he tottered and staggered as if making an effort to go onward, but as he passed him Leonard Frankford turned back.

"Walter, you—you beggar," said he, coolly, "if ever you again interrupt me on the public highway, you shall repent it—answer for it as I am your brother."

"I—I despise you," said Walter, staggering onward. "Heart, soul, and mind; man, I despise you!"

"But you shall remember me," said Frankford. "Now, do you know me?" And turning towards him, he doubled his fist, compactly, firmly, with closely-knit knuckles and straining strength, and just for a joke to pay him back the insult offered, he struck at him—seemingly at random, but with strict intention. Walter Frankford reeled—tottered—and fell. "Now do you know me?" he repeated.

"I do, even in death," said Walter, half raising himself faintly from the ground.

"You may sleep by the way side for



once in your life," muttered Frankford; and without looking on his brother he departed. The heavens were at that moment beaming with the glorious dawn of morning; and a bird which had flown astray to the city was heard to tune and trill his matin note. Their silence of some minutes, however, was soon passed away.

"Return, my brother, return," cried the voice of Walter Frankford, hoarse with either rage or suffering, "*you destroyed the will—you sold his birthright—you broke her heart—you left our sister to die—oh, tell me you did not!*" But an interval of silence ensued, followed by a cry—oh, heaven—such a cry! All torture, anguish, shame, desolation, was in its accents.

Frankford turned not back, it was nothing but the cry of defeated malice and self-will. It sounded like the howling and wailing of some tortured spirit; well, if soul-struck, let him bewail it as he would. Frankford hastened forward, arrived at his comfortable home, and slept soundly and well over that night's revelry.

On the following day, on the same road, on the self-same spot, his body, the body of Walter Frankford was found—he was dead. It was reported that he died of intoxication, the victim of debauched habits, of a fatal vice, from which neither the counsel nor protection of an excellent brother could save him—yes, and undoubtedly it was true, he had died thus.

That blow, the unimpassioned gesture of virtuous indignation, the passing and powerless expression of scorn, nothing could have originated in it, it could have caused nothing. The jury hinted some casual violence or injury done to him; there was some talk of blood overflowing the brain, but the verdict named it accidental death, and all was henceforth safe and as it should be.

Yet, that blow, what did it augur of the past or intimate of the future? Such violence was only friendly—rough raillery; and Walter was flushed with drink, heated with inebriation; the stroke might have had some effect, but then only—only because of the vicious propensity in which he indulged, and it was, therefore, his own fault,

nor did the reproach rest with any one; yet, the world might well afford to spare many of its community, but few could ever match with Walter Frankford—then let him sleep in peace.

For Frankford himself, we will cease to explain further. He was never after extraordinarily fortunate; nor was he ever more than ordinarily unfortunate. Since also it appears that he was always accustomed to receive the outward respect and consideration of others, it would, perhaps, have been too much to expect that he should himself undeceive them, or expose unnecessarily the remarkable, or common, and every-day traits of character that furnish forth the details of his history.

"On the perusal of this man's actions," remarks my good brother, of the Convent of Benedictines, to whom these events had been submitted, "on surveying his disposition and temperament, one cannot help perceiving the entire self satisfaction, the more than ordinary selfishness, that influenced him in every passing event and thought of his life; and we might be almost led to doubt the reality of his existence, but that his hand-writing testifies the truth, and indeed, by minutely searching into the differences and varieties of human conduct, more especially among those who inhabit great towns, and thread the throng of an extensive city, it becomes sufficiently evident that the qualities of his character may be found to exist, in darker or lighter shades, in greater or less degree, according to the several conditions and habits of the individual. But if it be, to any extent, a common character, it is fit that common observation should look to it, remark upon it, and fear it."

There are those who do not kill, who do not steal, do not die on the scaffold or at the gibbet, and they are esteemed innocent. There are arguments and inward debates of conscience that might be called together in vindication of Leonard Frankford, nay, he might even find some able defenders among certain sects learned in the code of morals and philosophy; but it would be, as if we were to dispute the difference of comparison between the des-

tructive ravages of the wild beast, and the sure and sharpened sting of the coiled snake ; in the one it is open warfare, in the other the poison works surely and unseen ; the consequences and the end are inevitable and the same : death is the two-fold conclusion. Believe it ; the avowed assassin and the close and covert murderer of the mind are of one genus, the breed of one species only. I say no more, but pausing upon the deeds of Leonard Frank-

ford, I do avow him to be "THE MAN OF MANY SINS."

*And I—I—the Abbe Montelle, on perusing this, have doubted the efficacy of any absolution of the priesthood in such like case. Who shall understand, who cleanse from impurity—who pardon ? The selfish are the meanest of God's creation, the pathway of the Romish church may be strewn with gold, but these are the thorns that rumber the footsteps of wise men who stray therein.*

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### WOMAN'S LOVE.

Dear woman's love is a power above  
 A moon-struck mortal guessing ;  
 'Tis a burning curse, or something worse,  
 Or 'tis a boundless blessing :  
 It creeps o'er the heart, and bids care depart,  
 And leaves it to joy and gladness,  
 And laughs to scorn the sorrows worn  
 On the wrinkling brow of sadness.  
 It is as rain o'er the desert plain  
 In manhood's fiery breast,  
 It is the flame consumes the tame  
 E'en to their own unrest ;  
 It whirls in the soul like the fires that roll,  
 When fanatics run loose ;  
 It is as mild as a sleeping child,  
 Dull as a dreaming goose.  
 It is as mild as power o'erguiled,  
 Fierce as an untamed steed,  
 It scorns the rein, till all is vain,  
 And then it mourns the deed :  
 It is the charm for every harm  
 That falls upon mankind ;  
 It is the goal of the thirsting soul  
 The vision of the blind.  
 It was the nurse of nature's curse,  
 The mother of pain and sin,  
 Its subtle guile and witching smile  
 Might e'en a seraph win :  
 'Tis throned in bliss with a sceptre kiss,  
 And curtain'd with delight,  
 Whence decrees are hurl'd o'er the untaught world  
 Of the beautiful and bright.

B. B.

## THE PRESENT MOMENT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GLEIM.

Pluck the rose while yet it glows,  
The morrow's not to-day ;  
Let not an hour escape our power,  
Time flies fast away.

Industry and pleasure are  
The moment cares of life ;  
Wheresoe'er thy morrow dawns,  
With it peace or strife :

A virtuous action by delay  
Repentance oft has given ;  
Active live, I counsel give,  
All who'd rest in heaven.

Pluck the rose whilst it blows,  
The morrow's not to-day ,  
Let not an hour escape our power,  
Time flies fast away.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE COURT MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have perused the letter directed to me in the last number of your periodical. Permit me to observe, that the positions I have taken are not affected by its contents ; but I fear that the discussion of the validity of my assertions, and the correctness of your *interpretations*, would extend to a length exceeding all convenient limits. I therefore beg to refer you to a "Course of Literature," which I am about to publish, and in which you will find a detailed answer to all your objections. It is with regret, however, that I admit my inability to bring forward much of novelty, since these objections have frequently been replied to, and even lately by the celebrated

Libri, Professor of the Royal College of France, and Member of the Institute.

I trust you will have perceived that my observations relate exclusively to Italy (without any reference, direct or indirect, to England) ; that with Italy and her history I profess to be acquainted ; and that I always speak with particular reference to **FACTS**, the consequences from which are geometrically evident.

You will oblige me by inserting this letter ; and I beg you to believe it is with much pleasure I subscribe myself

Your servant and friend,

CARLO PEPOLI.

Brompton, May 20, 1839.

AN  
HISTORICAL, ANECDOTICAL, AND LITERARY OUTLINE  
OF THE  
PRINCIPAL WRITERS OF FRANCE,  
FROM THE ORIGIN OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE TO THE PRESENT PERIOD.

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*Member of the Historical Institute of France, &c. , Author of "Les Siècles," an Introduction to General History, &c. Professor of the French Language and Literature*

"La Littérature est l'expression de la société."—M<sup>me</sup>. DE SIAFL.

The French language is now more extensively studied than ever. One of the chief causes of its spreading universality in the past and present ages may be ascribed to the long series of remarkable works which the Literature of France displays. The author of the following pages has, therefore, thought that some utility could be derived from sketching a bird's eye view, which will be to the works of French Literature what a general Map of the World is to those of each particular country—a synoptical view of the *ensemble*, serving as an introduction to a more complete knowledge of the parts of which it is composed.

The History of French Literature!—the subject is vast; however, how will it be possible to have it contained in a very limited space?

By following the method of the painter, who, when wishing to have an extensive landscape represented on a small canvass, ascends the summit of a mountain,—thence he gazes on an immense scene which he is, however, able to enclose in the narrow compass of a camera-obscura. It is true, many objects, which in the plain he could have perceived, will be overlooked: the shrubs, the humble huts, the minor streams will not appear, but the lofty oaks, the majestic rivers, the stately towers will still remain in his view.

It must not, therefore, be expected that in these few pages mention will be made of *all* the writers. Au-

thors of the first order will be the only objects of our care, and none but these can find a place in a sort of HISTORICAL PANORAMA of French Literature.

89, Wimpole-street.

May, 25, 1839.

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#### PERIOD I.

*From the origin of the French Language to the Thirteenth century.*

How has the French Language arisen in the world? Whence the origin of its Literature?

In order to answer these questions, it is necessary to mention the events of an early period.

The districts watered by the Seine, the Loire, the Garonne, and the Rhône, had in primitive times been peopled as most of the other countries of Europe, by the Celtæ or Gauls, who came from the east, and by the Kymrys, another Celtic tribe, which introduced among them the Druidic religion. Subsequently, in spite of her valour, Gaul could, no more than the rest of Europe, escape the all absorbing power of Rome. Fifty years before the Christian era, the victorious sword of Cæsar definitively subdued Gaul. From that moment

she became *Roman*, in her institutions, manners, and language; so much so, that she supplied the Empire with many of those authors who gave some lustre to the decline of Latin literature. Among others we may quote the names of Petronius, Trogus Pompeius, Ausonius, and Eutropius.

But in the fifth century, Rome was no longer the queen of the world! The empire was invaded on all sides; Gaul fell a prey to the Franks, a Germanic tribe, and sunk; as almost every other country, into the deepest ignorance. The Latin language, though still partially preserved in monasteries, rapidly declined every where else and was transformed into a sort of jargon, which, on account of its principal source was called *LANGUE ROMANE*, or Romance, the constituent elements of which were, 1stly, the old Gaulish; 2ndly, the Latin language clipped and disfigured; and 3rdly, a sprinkling of the Teutonic introduced by the Frankish conquerors.

In the eighth century their greatest prince, Charlemagne, endeavoured by the aid of the learned Alcuin, deacon of York, to revive in Gaul a taste for literature; it was in vain: this restoration was as perishable as that of the Western empire. After the death of the great emperor, all was again involved in darkness.

In the meanwhile, the vernacular language, the "*Roman*" continued to receive modifications, and towards the end of the tenth century it was already divided into two dialects; that of the south of France or "*Langue d'Oc*," and that of the north, or "*Langue d'Oïl*;" thus named from their respective modes of affirmation. The language of Italy was in the same manner distinguished by the name of "*Lingua del Si*."

"Il bel paese là dov'è sì suona,"

says Dante.

The "*Langue d'oc*" or "*Provençale*," which had preserved greater analogy with the Latin, was harmonious, sonorous, and cultivated by the poets of love, the bards of the "*gaie-science*," the troubadours. The "*Langue d'oïl*, *d'oui*," or wallon romance, spoken to the north of the Loire (the separation of the two dialects), had departed more

widely from its italic origin, and felt more powerfully the contact of the Germans, Normans, and other barbarians. If the troubadours were the poets who sang forth the feelings of the heart, the Trouvères, the rhymers of the "*Langue d'oïl*," had for their portion wit, satire, "*gausserie*," and with all a great deal of naïveté. These were the qualities of the old Gaulish character; but the warlike element of the north was likewise manifested in the "*Langue d'oïl*." This warlike spirit was embodied in enormous chivalric poems, called "*Chanson de Gestes*," or "*Romans des Douze Pairs*," because the Peers of Charlemagne are their principal heroes; so also in the "*Romans de la Table Ronde*," the actors of which are King Arthur of Wales and his knights.

With which of the two dialects is victory to remain? With the northern or the southern?

With the "*Langue d'oïl*"—for in the north dwell the conquering race, cased in the best cuirasses and most expert in wielding the sword—and the reason of the strong (in the world of facts) is always the best; as Lafontaine says: at least "*La raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure!*"

The ruin of the Provençal language was then consummated by the cruel war waged by the northern lords against the unhappy Albigenses. The southern province, Languedoc (called so on account of the language there spoken), was filled with ruin and slaughter. These disasters covered the lyre of the troubadours with a mourning veil and silenced it for ever!

The "*langue d'oc*" is vanquished and becomes a mere jargon, a gibberish; the "*langue d'oïl*, *d'oui*," is triumphant and finally becomes the "*Langue Française*!"

"Habent sua fata!"

Another event greatly contributed to the success of the French language. William the Conqueror had carried it with his sword to England. The cry of battle of his army at Hastings was "*Notre Dame! Dieu aide! Dieu aide!*" William ordered that the French language should be the official language of business; he even commanded that in schools children should learn first

the French, the Latin afterwards, provided they had time for it.

No wonder then that some of the first literary monuments of the French language had England for their cradle.

In the twelfth century, ROBERT WACE, the author of the *Roman du Rou*, a poem celebrating the exploits of Norman chiefs, thus begins a narrative of the battle of Hastings. He says that Taillefer, a minstrel, went before the warriors, singing warlike songs:—

"Taillefer qui molt bien cantoit  
Sur un cheval qui tost aloit  
Divant ax s'en allait cantant  
De Carlemaine et de Rolant."\*

In these antique lines the French language may be easily recognised.

#### PERIOD II.

*From the Thirteenth to the Sixteenth Century.*

##### THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

In this age GUILLAUME DE LORRIS composed *Le Roman de la Rose*, a tedious and enormous allegorical poem which enjoyed in France a great celebrity.

It seems that the victorious "laugue d'oui" had already acquired in Europe some reputation, for, BRUNETTO LATINI, the master of Dante—the father of Italian poetry, wrote in French his *Petit Trésor* which is a sort of little encyclopædia of the learning of that age. He thus gives his reasons for having written in the French tongue: "Et se aucun demandoit pour quoy c'est livre est escript en Romans selon le parler de France, pour ce que nous sommes Ytaliens, je diroie que ce est pour deux raisons:—l'une que nous sommes en France;—l'autre pour ce la parleure est plus délectable et plus commune à touz langages."†

##### FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

JOINVILLE, who died very old in the fourteenth century, was, both in language and style, very superior to his predecessor VILLEHARDOUIN, the historian of *La Conquête de Constantinople*

by the crusaders. He wrote with a charming simplicity *La Vie de St. Louis*, his king and friend, whom he had accompanied to the Holy Land. "Grans persécutions et miseres," says he, "le bon roy Saint Loys et tous nous avons souffertes et endurées oultremer."\*

##### FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

FROISSAERT, who, by the date of his death, belongs to this period, had wandered, "*en chevauchant*," (horseback) the highways and by-ways, less to meet with chivalric adventures, as the "*ingenioso hidalgo de la Mancha*," than to hunt after talkative "*anciens chevaliers, écuyers et héraults d'armes*," for he wanted to fill his romantic and animated *Chroniques de France, d'Angleterre, d'Ecosse et de Bretagne*. Froissart, who has received from Sir Walter Scott the honour of being called his master, was not only an interesting chronicler, he was also a poet, and perhaps a better one than ALAIN CHARTIER, who was however deemed the most talented but also, as a drawback, the most ugly man of his time. Nevertheless, on a certain occasion, he received a pretty pledge of esteem. One day, when Alain Chartier had fallen asleep upon a chair in the hall of the royal palace, the beautiful Marguerite of Scotland,† wife of the dauphin who afterwards reigned as Louis XI., passed by chance through the hall. Seeing Alain asleep, the princess approached gently and kissed him. As the surrounding courtiers were astonished at this "*faveur*," Marguerite immediately said: "*Je n'ai pas donné un baiser à l'homme, mais à la bouche, dont sont issus tant d'excellens propos, matières graves et paroles élégantes.*"‡ Notwithstanding this flattering opinion, the true poet of the fifteenth century was CHARLES, DUKE OF ORLEANS, who, taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, remained in England twenty-five years. The charms of poetry re-

\* Taillefer, who sang very well, mounted upon a horse which trudged on merrily, went singing in advance, of Charlemagne and Roland.

† If any one asked why this book was written in Roman, according to the mode of speaking in France, I myself being Italian, I would give two reasons: one that I am now in France; the other, because that tongue is more delectable, and more common than every other language.

\* Great persecutions and sufferings good King St. Louis and all of us have endured beyond the seas.

† See this Portrait and Memoir.

‡ I have not bestowed a kiss upon the man, but on that moult from which have proceeded so many excellent propositions, grave subjects, and elegant sayings.

lieved the weariness of his exile. Thus he sang the renewal of nature, spring :

"Le temps a laissé son manteau  
De vent, de froidure et de pluie,  
Et s'est vestu de broderie  
De soleil luisant, cler et beau.  
Il n'y a beste, ne oiseau  
Qu'en son jargon ne chante ou crie :  
Le temps a laissé son manteau  
De vent, de froidure et de pluie."

#### PERIOD III.

##### SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

This opens with the politician and historian, PHILIPPE DE COMINES, whose *Mémoires* on the events of the reign of Louis XI. were so available to the magician of Abbotsford when his wand produced the charming Quentin Durward.

In poetry, MAROT, patronised by Francis I., "Le père des lettres," himself a poet, continued to rhyme in the tone of his predecessors, but there may be perceived in his verses a somewhat more refined degree of elegance, and well he deserved the praise of Boileau :

"Imitez de Marot l'élégant badinage."

There is something more than playfulness, more than badinage in FRANÇOIS RABELAIS. In his life, in his works, the highest mirth and even buffoonery is found. He began life as a novice in a convent, but he played so many tricks on the poor monks that his back smarted, and he was at length obliged to leave the monastery.

One day he was at Lyons anxiously wishing to return to Paris, but he had not even a penny. How then was he to travel? He went to his room, took some ashes from the grate and enclosed them in three papers on which he wrote: "Poison pour le roi, poison pour la reine, poison pour le dauphin." He left these parcels on the table and went out.

The innkeeper sees them—is alarmed; immediately the guards seize Rabelais—force him into a carriage and take him with all speed under an escort to Paris. There it was found that the horrible conspiracy was only a stratagem of Messire François to travel cheap.

\* The season has put aside his vesture of wind, of cold and rain, and clad himself with the embroidery of a clear, fine, and brilliant sun. There is neither beast nor bird but in the utterance of his feelings seems to say: the season has laid aside his vesture of wind, of cold, and rain.

His *Vie inestimable du grand Gargantua* who sucked so much milk, "qui, à peine né," says Rabelais, "humoyt à chacun de ses repas le lait de quatre mille six cents vaches,"\* is a book full of oddities, wit, licence, exalted reason, incredible follies, darkness and light. Hear the judgment of Labruyère: "Où Rabelais est mauvais, il passe bien au delà du pire; où il est bon, il va jusqu'à l'exquis et l'excellent."†

MONTAIGNE possessed a mind of a more equal temperament. It has been said of his admirable *Essays* that they deserve to be "Le bréviaire des honnêtes gens." In this "livre de bonne foy," Montaigne portrays his own heart. What a calm cheerfulness! How much wit, "sans prétention!" A lady, in reading the essays exclaimed: "Oh, how charming it would be to have him for a neighbour!" Are there many persons who could say as Montaigne has said? "Si j'avais à revivre, je vivrais ainsi que j'ai vescu."‡

In respect to language, Montaigne and also AMYOT, the graceful translator of *Plutarch* and *Longus*, may be considered as the last representatives of the old naïveté of Gaul. RONSARD who lived in the most enthusiastic period of the revival of classic literature, RONSARD, the contemporary of the Scaligeri, of Turnebus, Muretus, Casaubon, Erasmus, wished to change the character of the French language, to render it more learned, more similar by combinations of words and inversions, to the classical tongues of antiquity.

"Majs sa muse, en Francois, parlant Grec et Latin"

his hard-labouring muse did not long find imitators. Although the attempt of Ronsard at thus violently changing the forms of the French language was without result, it must however be acknowledged that the prince of poets and the poet of princes, as they called him, had talents not deficient in grandeur.

Besides the poems of Ronsard con-

\* Who no sooner than he was born, drank at each repast the milk of 4600 cows.

† When Rabelais is bad, he is very bad indeed, but where good he mounts into excellence.

‡ If I had to live over again, I would live exactly as I have lived.

soled the unfortunate Mary Stuart,\* recalling to her heart France and her happy days!

Who has not heard the touching lines she traced on board the vessel which was conveying her to Scotland, at the moment that the shores of France disappeared from her eyes!

“Adieu! plaisant pays de France,  
O ma patrie  
La plus chérie,  
Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance!  
Adieu! France, adieu mes beaux jours.”

There are tears in this adieu, and as it were—a vague presentiment of Fotheringay!

#### PERIOD IV.

##### *Seventeenth Century.*

The French language in passing through the hands of Joinville, Marat, and Montaigne, became by degrees more pure, more perfect. Its infancy is followed by youth, adolescence; and now being arrived at the seventeenth century it has reached maturity, and Malherbe, that severe tyrant of words and syllables, is the poet from whose hands it receives the robe of manhood.

Listen how Boileau describes this memorable literary epoch:—

“Enfin Malherbe vint, et le premier en France,  
Fit sentir dans les vers une juste cadence.  
Les stances, avec grace apprirent à tomber  
Et le vers sur le vers n’osa plus enjambrer.  
Tout reconnut ses lois, et ce guide fidèle  
Aux auteurs de ce temps sert encore de modèle.”†

In order to appreciate the correctness of Boileau’s judgment here are some stanzas which Malherbe addressed to Du Perrier, mourning the loss of his daughter:—

“Mais elle était du monde, ou les plus belles choses  
Ont le pire destin;  
Et, rose, eîle a vécu ce que vivent les roses:  
L’espace d’un matin.”

La mort a des rigueurs a nulle autre pareilles,  
On a beau la prier,  
La cruelle qu’elle est se bouche les oreilles,  
Et nous laisse crier.

\* This Portrait and Memoir will be found, May, 1834.

† At length Malherbe came, the first in France who poured forth harmonious verse; all recognised his laws.

Le pauvre en sa cabane, où le chaume le couvre  
Est sujet à ses lois;  
Et la garde, qui veille aux barrières du Louvre  
N’en défend pas nos rois.”

Malherbe, the reformer of French literature, died two years after the English reformer of science, the author of the *Novum Organum*, the great Bacon. About the same time DESCARTES, whose starting point was his *Discours sur la Méthode pour bien conduire sa raison et chercher la vérité dans la science*, Descartes was the author in France of a scientific revolution analogous to that of the illustrious chancellor of Elizabeth. It can be said that both of them dethroned the “ipse dixit” of the scholastica, and introduced as well in metaphysics as in natural philosophy the principle that Luther had already enforced in theology—the great principle of free examination.

In the chronological, as in the analogical order, there now appears another amazing genius, BLAISE PASCAL who, yet a child, dived deeply into mathematics by the strength of his own unaided thought; who discovered the weight of the air, and gave in the *Lettres Provinciales*, written against the Jesuits, the model of the most spirited French prose and the most triumphant logic. He was scarcely thirty-one when one day his carriage having been nearly overturned into the Seine near the bridge of Neuilly, the great thinker considered this event as a warning from GOD, and from that time he always fancied himself on the brink of a precipice. He soon after died. On being opened the stomach and the liver were found dried, and the brains were almost of a solid consistence.

“Qu’ est ce que l’homme dans la nature?” asks Pascal in his *Pensées*. “Un néant à l’égard de l’infini.” What a train of meditation is opened

\* But she was of the world, where the prettiest things meet with the hardest destiny; and being a rose, she has lived the time that roses live—a day.

Death has rigours exceeding every other: it is in vain to pray. Cruel as she is, she shuts her ears and lets us cry.

The poor in his hut is subject to her laws, and the guard at the palace-gate cannot keep her from her.



by the following reflection: Man is only a reed, the weakest of nature, but it is a reed that thinks! L'homme n'est qu'un roseau, le plus faible de la nature; mais c'est un roseau pensant. Il ne faut pas que l'univers entier s'arme pour l'écraser. Une vapeur, une goutte d'eau suffit pour le tuer. Mais quand l'univers l'écraserait, l'homme serait encore plus noble que ce qui le tue, parcequ'il sait qu'il meurt; et l'avantage que l'univers a sur lui, l'univers n'en sait rien. Ainsi toute notre dignité consiste dans la pensée. C'est de là qu'il faut nous relever, non de l'espace et de la durée."

Six years had elapsed since Shakespeare and Cervantes, kings of the drama and romance, had departed, when in Paris, in a house of the Rue St. Honoré, near la Halle, was born their brother genius, the immortal MOLIERE. It was in 1622. Since the mysteries, the moralities, the sotties, strange dramas of the middle ages had ceased to be performed, France had had nothing remarkable on the stage. In the seventeenth century Molière came and presented his country with true comedy; Corneille had already bestowed on it tragedy. Like Shakspeare, Molière was both an actor and an author. His first important step in the career was the comedy of the *Précieuses ridicules*, in which, according to the precept of Horace, "Castigat ridendo mores." This aim he attained, for the mania of affected wit which at that time infected the society of Paris disappeared under Molière's lash. *L'Ecole des Maris* showed in the education of women the superiority of reason and mildness over severity and ignorance. In the *Marriage Forcé* Molière exposes old Sganarelli who marries a woman greatly younger than himself. Who could believe that, two years before, the author himself had fallen into a similar error! At the age of fifty he had married the young Madlle. Amande, who was scarcely seventeen! Yet if she had but appreciated her elevated position!—the wife of such a great man! But no, far from it, she rendered him very unhappy. Yet he never could cease to love her.

His two masterpieces of high comedy are *Le Misanthrope*

Qui veut qu'on soit sincère et qu'en homme d'honneur

On ne lâche aucun mot qui ne parte du cœur.\*

The other comedy is *Tartufe*, in which Molière launched terrible blows against hypocrisy. The representation of this admirable play met with many obstacles, but they were all removed by the high patronage with which Louis XIV. honoured Molière and himself.

*Le Médecin Malgré lui* is indeed a most amusing farce. He imitated from Plautus *Amphytrion* and *L'Avaro*, but with what a skilful hand! Although Molière knew so well how to represent the character of *L'Avaro*; he himself was very far from being a miser. Indifferent health obliged him to observe a very strict diet, yet did not prevent him from treating his friends with a munificence unlike that of Harpagon. One day Chapelle, a school-fellow, arrives at Auteuil with some *bons vivans*. "We are coming to dine with you," cried Chapelle, as soon as he perceived him. "You are welcome," said Molière. He had a good dinner prepared, and prayed Chapelle to do the honours of his house, for, as to himself, feeling unwell, he retired after having merely taken a cup of milk. The beginning of the dinner only was merry; but during the dessert the libations (not of milk) succeeded each other in great number, and soon the reason of the guests began "à battre la campagne." At first it was a tumultuous medley of follies; but one grave word having by chance there found its way, the jolly fellows seize upon it, and behold! the conversation takes a serious strain. Life! what is life! what a sad thing is life! "Away with life! Gentlemen, a luminous idea strikes me," cried one of the guests, "we all agree that life is a stupid thing; why do we not rid ourselves of it? What if we were to go to the river and drown ourselves! Would it not be wonderfully glorious?"

"Bravo! bravo! approved!" exclaimed all, "let us go and drown ourselves!" They tumultuously vacate the dining-room and hasten to the river. The noise attracted a few inhabitants of the village; they made an attempt to prevent them from executing their

\* Who would have every one sincere.

project; the champagne drinkers become furious; they draw their swords and begin to pursue, but not with the firmest steps, their good-hearted would-be deliverers, who fly and take refuge in Molière's house. The tremendous noise awakes him; he gets up. Chappelle and his companions arrive incensed with fury, and crying—"Scélérats, coquins, pendants, impertinents!—to prevent gentlemen from drowning themselves!" Molière, who perceives that the wine is still acting on them with all its strength, severely scolds the peasants and orders them to retire. Then addressing his guests—"You want to drown yourselves, gentlemen, egad! you are right; it is a very good idea. I have, however, greatly to complain of you—I thought you were better friends. What! you nobly resolve to give up the game, and you go away without me! Ah! it is very wrong!"

"He is right," vociferated our drunkards; "but let us repair our fault, let us go, Molière, and drown ourselves together."

"Certainly, let us be off to the river."

"But, my friends, a reflection strikes me; is this a suitable hour for so fine and glorious an action? To-morrow, in Paris, they would say that we have chosen night from motives of timidity: they would perhaps say that it was a resolution of people who had just left the table. Will it not be much better, in order to have all the fame we deserve, to drown ourselves to-morrow morning in sober earnest, and in broad day-light? Our glory will then be immortal!"

"Why, he is right!—he is always right, ce diable de Molière!"

"Now, my comrades, go to bed; to-morrow the great feat."

"Yes, To-morrow—To-morrow."

Next morning, at ten o'clock, the breakfast bell was heard. The boon companions were awakened from a very sound sleep. The fumes of the wine had subsided, and they felt themselves more disposed to eat a hearty breakfast than to take their last bath in the Seine.

The reader will pardon this digression, in as much as it serves to characterize the life and the mind of Molière.

"*Le Bourgeois gentilhomme*," soon followed "*L'avare*." How droll is

Monsieur Jourdain, who takes into his head to play the marquis! and is so glorious to have learned that "*Nicole apporte moi mes pantoufles*" is prose. Though the piece is full of merriment the king, who witnessed the first representation, having at the time his mind occupied with state affairs, remained serious. Such being the case, the courtiers would not laugh at all, and even found the comedy sorry and poor. At the second representation Louis XIV. said to Molière, "*Vous n'avez encore rien fait qui m'ait tant diverti, et votre pièce est excellente*."\* Immediately the echoes of the court of Versailles repeated "*excellente! excellente! excellente!*"

Good sense predominates in the "*Femmes Savantes*," and is the greatest charm of the piece. How *piquante* is the grammatical irritation of the pedantic ladies, Philaminte and Belise, against the poor servant Martine, the simple girl who only speaks as people speak in her village!

MARTINE.

Mon Dieu! je n'avons pas étugué comme vous,

Et je parlons tout droit comme on parle chez nous.

PHILAMINTE.

Ah! peut-on y tenir!

BELISE.

Quel solécisme horrible!

PHILAMINTE,

En voilà pour tuer une oreille sensible.

BELISE.

Ton esprit, je l'avoue, est bien matériel.

Je n'est qu'un singulier, *avons* est pluriel; Veux-tu toute ta vie offenser la grammaire?

MARTINE.

Qui parle d'offenser grand—mère ni grand—père!

PHILAMINTE.

O Ciel!

BELISE.

Grammaire est prise à contre sens pa toi, Et je t'ai dije dit da ou vient le mot

MARTINE.

Ma foi!

Qu'il vienne de Chaillot, d'Auteuil ou de Pontoise,

Cela ne me fait rien.

BELISE.

Quelle âme villageoise!

La grammaire, du verbe et du nominatif.

\* You have not yet done anything which has given me so much pleasure; your piece is excellent.

Comme de l' adjectif avec le substantif  
Nous enseigne les lois.

MARTINE.

J'ai, Madame à vous dire  
Que je ne connais point ces gens-là.

PHILAMINTE.

Quel martyre !

The "*Malade imaginaire*," is the last play of Molière. Argan, by dint of taking physic, delights so much in medicine (the author himself did not at all !) that he finally becomes a member of the corporation of physicians. The burlesque ceremony of his reception is the last scene. Although Molière felt himself in very bad health, he persisted in his wish to perform, in order not to cause loss to the comedians. He acted the part of *Le Malade*, who is made a doctor. In the moment when to the ludicrous Macaronic latin questions of the president, Molière, the Bachelor, was answering "Juro," he was seized with convulsion. They carried him home ; one hour afterwards, he was no more.

Louis XIV. said one day to Boileau, "Which is the writer who most illustrates my reign ?"

"Sire, c'est Molière."

This opinion of the legislator of French Parnassus is at least some justification for having so long dwelt on Molière. "L'Académie Française" not giving way to established prejudices did not admit this illustrious man among their members because he was a comedian ; but after his death his memory received a brilliant reparation. His bust was inaugurated in the most conspicuous place of the Hall where the Academy held their sittings ; and this inscription was written under it : "Rien ne manque à sa gloire, il manquait à la nôtre."\*

PIERRE CORNEILLE, the father of French tragedy, was born a little before Molière, and died after him. The hero of the celebrated Spanish ballads, the *Cid*, was the subject of his *chef-d'œuvre*. This tragedy excited general enthusiasm ; so much so, that "Cela est beau comme le *Cid*," became a standing sentence of encomium. Cardinal de Richelieu, while crushing the French aris-

tocracy, amused himself with the innocent mania of composing wretched tragedies,—Richelieu was jealous of the success of the *Cid*, and ordered the "Académie Française," which he had founded, to write a critique on Corneille's drama ; but it was in vain :—

"En vain contre le lid un ministre se ligue  
Tout Paris, pour Chimène a les yeux de Ro-  
drigue."

After the *Cid*, appeared the *Horaces*. The Roman father is informed that his son has fled, and they try to justify him. Julia tells him—

"Que vouliez vous qu'il fît contre trois ?"

"Qu'il mourût !"

exclaims the magnanimous old man.

With such "traits" are interpersed *Cinna*, *Polyeucte*, *Rodrogune* ; they drew tears from the eyes of the great Condé.

If Lucan was the favourite author of Corneille, Racine's was Virgil, whose sweetness he reproduced in his verses. *Andromaque*, who would save her son *Astyanax*—*Andromaque* which Napoleon on the rock of St. Helena, remembering his own distant son, called the tragedy for fathers ("la pièce des pères"), is written altogether in a Virgilian style. It has never been better appreciated in Paris than in the present time, when a young actress full of talent, Madlle Rachel, knows how to bring all its beauties in relief.

What shall be said of *Britannicus*, "la pièce des connoisseurs," of *Iphigénie*, "la tragédie des tragédies," according to Voltaire? Of *Athalie*, the finest work of Racine, according to Boileau? It is only necessary to follow the advice of Voltaire, and write at the end of each page—"Beau, pathétique, harmonieux," admirable, sublime !

Here, perhaps, objection may be made to the unmeasured use of high-flown terms of praise, as if incense were continually burnt ; but this essay having for its object the statues of the GREAT men of French literature, how otherwise can it be ?

In a few words shall be compared the characters of the two great tragic authors : Corneille had an heroic, Racine a tender heart ; the one shows men as

\* Nothing is wanting to his glory—he was wanting to ours.

\* "What," says Julia, "would that he should do against three?—Die !"

they ought to be, the other as they are. The former is the French Sophocles, the latter Euripides.

The poetical talent of "le Molière de la Fable," JEAN LA FONTAINE, developed itself rather late; it was on hearing an ode of Malherbe. He then began to study with ardour, at first, Malherbe, Marat, Rabelais. A friend, a connoisseur, having told him that nothing good could be produced in literature without a knowledge of the ancients, he set himself to work. During a short journey, the coach stopped for dinner. While it was being prepared, Lafontaine draws from his pocket a volume of Livy; he begins to read, is interested, goes on, and at last remembers the dinner,—just time enough to pay for it, and he mounts the diligence—to digest Livy. This is but one, and a little one, of the numerous mental absences of "Le Bon Homme." From Château-Thierry, his native place, he was taken to Paris, where he composed his delightful fables, so natural, that they appear as if they were spontaneous productions. It was for this, that la Duchesse de Bouillon called him her *fable-tree*, "mon fablier."

Such was his simplicity, that Lafontaine was incapable of taking care of himself. Thus, his excellent friend, Madame de la Sablière, wishing to save him from the effects of his carelessness, gave La Fontaine an asylum in her own house, of which he became a natural inhabitant; and so much so, that his patroness and friend having made some great changes in her household, said—"I have only preserved about me my three animals, mon chien, mon chat, et La Fontaine."

Hence, remembering his benefactress, see how he speaks of friendship:—

"Qu'un ami véritable est une douce chose  
Il cherche vos besoins, au fond de votre cœur.  
Il vous épargne la pudeur  
De les lui découvrir lui-même. \*

A writer says, "Elle s'était chargée de son bonheur, il se chargea de sa gloire."

Lafontaine wished to be a member of L'Académie Française, but he had rea-

son to fear some opposition from the king. He writes a petition, and goes speedily to Versailles. He presents himself to his majesty, searching all his pockets for the petition. They are empty.

"Ce sera pour une autre fois,"\* said Louis XIV., smiling, to the confused "Fablier."

So Lafontaine portrayed himself in his epitaph:—

"Jean s'en alla, comme il était venu,  
Mangeant le fonds avec le revenu,  
Jugeant trésor chose peu nécessaire.  
Quant à son temps, bien sut le dispenser  
Deux parts il fit, dont il voulait passer  
L'une à dormir et l'autre à ne rien faire."†

Here is only *one*, but a *very* grave failing, the naïf La Fontaine calls "ne rien faire" the composition of his inimitable apologues, which, with the comedies of Molière, and the letters of Madame de Sévigné, rank among the principal treasures of French literature. Certes, they are precious, those letters which an affectionate heart, joined to an acute mind and a prepossessing grace dictated to a most tender mother. The unpretending pages of Madame de Sévigné bore only the address of her daughter;‡ Posterity claimed them as its own. The following lines may be considered as a specimen of her easy style. She writes to her daughter: "Je vous donne avec plaisir, le dessus de tout les paniers, c'est à dire la fleur de mon esprit, de ma tête, de mes yeux, de ma plume, de mon écritoire; et puis le reste va comme il peut. Avec vous je laisse trotter ma plume, je lui mets la bride sur le cou, et je me diverts autant que je laboure avec les autres."

Madame de Sévigné died in 1696, at Grignan, in Provence, where she was on a visit to her daughter. Six years before, a lady was born in England whose letters, although in a different style, are also of great interest—Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

\* This will be for another time.

† John went away as he came, eating the capital and income together, thinking property of little value. As to his time, he knew well how to dispose of it, he divided it into two parts, one he passed in sleep, the other in doing nothing.

‡ See the *Memoirs and Portraits of Madame de Sévigné* and her beautiful daughter, Madame de Grignan, March and April, 1836.

\* What a delightful thing is a real friend; he seeks your wishes at the bottom of your heart, sparing your modesty from making them known.

The sketch of the 17th century has been opened with Malherbe, the deep working poet and grammarian, and it is now closed with Madame Sévigné, —not an authoress—she was far from the thought of being so; but with Madame de Sévigné the charming woman, who, letting her pen run on, “la bride sur le cou,” traced naturally, without effort, and it might almost be said, un-awares, the models, the *chefs-d’œuvres* of the epistolary art.

#### PERIOD V.

##### *Eighteenth Century.*

In this sketch, the chronological order having principally been adhered to as less arbitrary than any other, the date of each author’s death has been chosen as a basis, his death being generally nearer than his birth to the climax of his glory: Laurels grow but slowly! Pursuant to this order, there are some literary luminaries who, shining at the court of Louis XIV. in the seventeenth century, belong by the date of their setting to the following age. These are Bossuet, Boileau, Fénelon, and Massillon.

Bossuet displayed the most eloquent genius in his *Oraisons funèbres*, his *Sermons*, and his *Discours sur l’Histoire Universelle*. How majestically he shows generations, empires, ages, following each other with rapidity, and falling into the darkness of death! Death, life, eternity! what words are these in the mouth of Bossuet! The “Discours,” in which all the past events of the world are made to submit to the unity of the religious idea, has just claims to be called the Christian philosophy of history. Vico in Italy, Herder in Germany, Condorcet in France, have since treated the same subject in other points of view. But none of these have been able to draw a picture, if not more true, at least so well harmonized and so majestic. Bossuet, the “Aigle de Meaux,” died in 1704, the same year as the English metaphysician, John Locke.

Pope was about to write his poem on Criticism when France lost her great critic, BOILEAU DESPREAU, the happy imitator of Horace. Some lines of his have already been quoted. His principal works, as those of the Poet of

Tibur, are *Satires*, *Epistles*, and the *Poetic Art*.

The most admirable imitation of antiquity, but an imitation spiritualized by the sublime purity of Christian ideas, is *Télémaque*, written for the education of the Duc de Bourgogne by FÉNELON. This venerable Archbishop of Cambrai possessed as much modesty as merit, and as much merit as tender affection for his friends and mankind. In the latter part of his life he complained that he survived all those whom he loved, and would say with a sigh: “Il faudrait que tous les bons amis s’attendissent, pour mourir ensemble.”\* The queen Marie Leckzinski† thus expressed her impression with regard to Bossuet and Fénelon: “M. de Meaux prouve la religion, M. de Cambrai la fait aimer.”‡

MASSILLON, to a certain extent, did both—he convinced and persuaded; an harmonious suavity is, however, the prevailing tone of his predications. The Sermon on Prayer concludes with these words, which contain its substance: “La prière est la langage de l’amour; et nous ne savons pas prier parceque nous ne savons pas aimer.”§

Can there be a greater eulogium of Massillon’s eloquence than what Louis XIV. said to him, after a sermon? “Mon père, j’ai entendu plusieurs grands orateurs, j’en ai été content; pour vous, toutes les fois que je vous entends je suis très mécontent de moi-même.”||

With Massillon terminates the period of Louis XIV., the golden age of French literature.

After the death of *le Grand Roi*, his throne is filled by a minor, Louis XV.; a rake, the Duke of Orleans, is Regent. At this epoch, French society becomes as unruly as a school which the master

\* All good friends ought to wait for each other, in order to die together.

† See this Portrait and Memoir, February, 1839.

‡ M. de Bossuet proves religion, M. de Fénelon makes it lovely.

§ Prayer is the language of love; and we do not know how to pray, because we do not know how to love.

|| Father, I have heard many eloquent men, and I have been content with them; as to you, whenever I hear you, I am very dissatisfied with myself.

has just left. The spirit of liberty, which had been compressed for a length of time, bursts its shackles, but soon degenerates into licence. Writers, nobles, middle classes, people, government itself, every sphere of society, seems agitated with feverish desires for change. The time of Louis XV., the king himself, when he was not in the boudoir with Madame de Pompadour, or frying pancakes with Madame Du Barry, was spent by him in amusing himself in printing the theories on political economy by his physician, QUESNAY, the principal thought in which was to establish only a land-tax, to be supported of course by the land-owners, "la noblesse!" President Malesherbes corrected himself proofs of *L'Emile* by J. J. Rousseau! Of what weight on public opinion could then be the decision of the old and consistent wigs of "la Sorbonne," which condemned the book to be burnt by the hand of the executioner, "en place de Grève!" The impulse once given to fervent ideas, no contradiction could stop it.

In the preceding period, Literature, which, as Madame de Staël says, is the expression of society, Literature—had an air of gravity and stately grandeur; in the present (the 18th) century, it assumes a lighter demeanour; its arms are principally wit and raillery; it savours of wrangling and broils.

Although LESAGE lived until 1747, two years after the death of Gulliver-Swift, he but slightly belongs to this battling disposition of mind. In his *Gil Blas*, that true panorama of all conditions of life, and which Spain would wrest from France,—in this novel, which the reader would fain believe a true history, Lesage has known how to show most abundantly that sort of quiet wit, that humour which never produces satiety. How comically, and (it must be confessed) how little charitably, he portrays his poor uncle, "le chanoine Gil Perez!" "Représentez-vous un petit homme haut de trois pieds et demi, extraordinairement gros, avec une tête enfoncée entre les deux épaules: voilà mon oncle."\*

If the adventures of *Gil Blas de Santillane* strike the reader as true, some of those related in the *Mémoires du Duc de SAINT-SIMON* appear like tales. However, the veracity of the author is certain.

Apropos of St. Simon, let it be observed that *Memoirs* form an interesting part of the literature of France. Among others may be cited those of CARDINAL DE RETZ, MADAME DE MOTTEVILLE, MARMONTEL, and MADAME ROLAND.

\* The first sharp attack against the manners, the institutions, the establishments of France and Europe in general, is that of the *Lettres Persanes* of MONTESQUIEU. The plan of these letters is of the same nature as Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*. In spite of the success the *Lettres Persanes* met with, Montesquieu did not continue in the same career. A member of a family belonging to the magistracy, himself a president in the "Parlement de Bordeaux," he abandoned light literature to dedicate himself to the grave studies of law. He took in the laws such an interest, principally in their relation to history, that in order to have leisure for the production of some future work, he left his presidency and retired into his estate of "La Brède." Other motives also induced him to withdraw from the "Parlement" (court of justice). He did not possess all the dispositions necessary for a tribunal; he was deficient in readiness of mind. He could do nothing without meditation. "Cette continuelle présence d'esprit," says M. Walckenaer, "ce jugement prompt et facile, cette patience attentive qui suit dans tous ses détails les détours de l'intérêt privé; cette facilité d'élocution qui fait ressentir aux yeux des autres la vérité et la justice qu'on n'a qu'un instant pour discerner, qu'un instant pour faire triompher; toutes ces qualités indispensables dans un juge manquaient entièrement en Montesquieu."\*

a little man of three feet and a half high, wonderfully large, with his head sunken between his two shoulders—behold my uncle!

\* Continual mental watchfulness, prompt and easy decision, attentive care, which follows in all its windings the selfish details of private interest: a flow of words which sets clearly the truth

\* The canon Gil Perez! Picture to yourself

He travelled through Italy, Switzerland, and Holland. At the Hague he met Lord Chesterfield who offered him a place in his yacht to cross over to England. Here the Royal Society elected him one of their members. He professed to conform himself to the disposition of every nation. "Quand je suis en France," said he, "je fais amitié à tout le monde; en Angleterre je n'en fais à personne, en Italie je fais des compliments à tout le monde; en Allemagne je bois avec tout le monde."

Montesquieu returned to La Brède, and published his *Considerations sur les causes de la grandeur et de la decadence des Romains*, written with the pen of a Tacitus. Fourteen years afterwards appears his *Esprit des Loix*, an extraordinary monument of reason, erudition, and terseness of style; in which he endeavours to show what has been the essence, the spirit of laws public and private, among all nations, and at every period.

A part is dedicated to the analysis of the constitution of England, of which he shows himself a great admirer. The work begins with this broad definition of the Laws: "Les lois, dans leur signification la plus étendue, sont les rapports nécessaires qui dérivent de la nature des choses, et dans ce sens tous les êtres ont leurs lois: La Divinité a ses lois, les intelligences supérieures à l'homme ont leurs lois, les bêtes ont leurs lois, l'homme a ses lois."\*

This work produced a great sensation, and was translated into every European language.

BUFFON, a great naturalist and a great writer, kept apart still more than Montesquieu from the passions of the times, and devoted all his life to the composition of his beautiful *Histoire Naturelle*, of which, on account of its elaborate though beautiful style, Vol-

taire said, "*Pas si naturelle.*" Buffon died before it was completed, but he has had worthy continuators in Cuvier and Lacépède. It is Buffon who, having deeply meditated on the art of writing, has said this truth: "Le style est l'homme;"—the Man is in his style.

VOLTAIRE's style was, like himself, light, poignant, witty, sarcastic. Such was the literary sovereign of the 18th century! Endowed with more perspicacity and versatility than any other man, he employed these gifts principally in waging war against what he deemed were prejudices. His friends D'Alembert, Diderot, Helvetius, and many others, followed the same direction. They all, with the habits of Baron d'Holbach's suppers, contributed to raise that edifice of the doctrines of the times, "L'ENCYCLOPÉDIE."

The principal works of Voltaire are *La Henriade*, an epic poem, the hero of which is—"LE BERNARDIN,"

"Qui fut des ses sujets le vainqueur et le père."

*Merope*, a tragedy, which he imitated from the Italian of Maffei, *Zaire*, which makes the reader sensible that Voltaire knew Othello, *Alzire*, *Mahomet*, *Tancrède*, are beautiful compositions.

The *Siècle de Louis XIV.* and the *Histoire de Charles XII., Roi de Suède*, are terse, interesting, and instructive writings. Robertson spoke of them with the highest praise. Perspicuity is the great quality of Voltaire's style. He was used to say "Ce qui n'est pas clair, n'est pas Français."

In the same year (1778) died Voltaire and J. J. Rousseau. Jean Jacques was a native of Geneva; in his early career he was apprenticed to watch-making and declared to be stupid; being ill-used he quitted abruptly and was successively footman, music-master, and clerk; he passed on to forty years of age, when one day he read in *Le Mercure* this question proposed by the academy of Dijon, "Les sciences et les arts ont elles contribué à épuiser ou à corrompre les mœurs?" These lines produced in him an electric commotion; waves of thought followed each other, he fell for a certain space of time into a state of mental intoxication, and was transformed into a new man—in a word into Jean-Jacques Rousseau. But mo-

and justice of the case before the eyes of others, when there is but an instant to arrive at the truth—one moment to make truth triumphant, all these qualities so indispensable in a judge, were entirely wanting in Montesquieu and, by the bye, so conspicuously displayed by the Hon. Mr Justice Erskine.

\* Laws, in their most extensive meaning, are the necessary relations derived from the nature of things; and in this view all beings have their laws. Divinity has its laws, intelligences superior to man have their laws, the beasts have their laws, man has his laws.

rose melancholy marked him as her own; yet so eloquent are his writings that they gained him a sceptre as powerful as that held by Voltaire. If in the latter wit predominates, in J. J. Rousseau sentiment and enthusiasm, with a perfect knowledge of the workings of the human heart and passions prevail. In *L'Emile* he develops the plan of education, by which, according to his view, man is to return to nature. Nature is a very favourite word in the literature of the eighteenth century. After all, frequent appeals to nature were not perhaps amiss in an age when the architects were obliged to widen and heighten the door-ways in order to allow free ingress and egress to the hoops and towering powdered coiffures of the ladies! But to return to *Emile*. This work produced some improvements. Mothers had generally discontinued suckling their own children; J. J. Rousseau wrote, and mothers became mothers in every sense of the word. In *La nouvelle Heloise*, a novel which has for its epigraph, "J'ai vu les mœurs de mon siècle et j'ai donné ces lettres," there is very little action; but the personages speak and write at length on all subjects that engaged J. J. Rousseau's thoughts. These are indeed oftentimes very peculiar; but his object, his intention must be followed closely until the sad issue and *morale* are clearly developed and finally wrought out. His must be regarded as the pen of nature which exhibits two totally different characters, even under nearly similar circumstances, but with passions and feelings as different as light and darkness, as the scorching heat of the sun to the soul-congealing cold produced from surrounding icebergs in the winter season—souls which had none of the heart's sentiments and affections in common, save that there dwelt in each a firm and indestructible friendship.

With these two firmly conceived models he has blended the thoughts of a philosopher, but the utmost caution must be used in the perusal of this work. Its *morale* must be the first care of the reader and not regarding it as a light or trivial work, he must look upon it as a treatise on human passions, human feelings, human failings; and

of prudence the result of physical organization—that coldness of temperament where the flame of passion knows not how to burn—and taking it as a beacon—it may light with safety the footsteps of many a perilled traveller. It may teach the too ardent, the too susceptible mind how to chain fancy and moderate feeling, and read a lesson of humility to others whose less susceptible hearts have alone saved them from dangers and ills which may have wrecked the friends and companions of their earlier years; while to both, the results of departure from duty are shewn to be, MISERY. Living in such an age as he did, he has caught the follies, laid hold of the *sentiment* of the times—and chosen for his title the apt saying, "I have seen the manners of the age in which I lieve. and I have published these letters." The age in which he wrote, must then be always borne in mind, no less than the manners then prevalent, but the same feelings—the same passions of which he tells and of which he wrote, are the passions and feelings of every age under various modifications, the circumstances, those only of the period in which he wrote.—Read then all or none

The *Contrat social* is the work in which he has explained his ideas on politics. This book had the greatest influence, since a few years after, it was adopted as the political creed of France, and the bust of J.J.R., occupied a conspicuous place in the hall of the Convention Nationale.

The basis of the *Contrat Social* are, the hypothesis of a primitive compact between society and its government, and the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people—"La Souveraineté du peuple! . . . It was a cry which like a dark speck on the horizon portended storms; and those storms and tempests which every thing seemed to prognosticate did not tarry. The air is fevered and agitated; black clouds gather with the utmost rapidity, distant and threatening moans are heard; the winds as set free, and

"Quà data porta ruunt et terras turbine perfant!"

the roaring thunder approaches—light-



nings flash across the horizon—bolts fall in every direction—millions are struck—all is overthrown by the terrible hurricane; the whole land is inundated with a sea of human blood. In the midst of this tremendous ruin, some noble, some generous voices are heard, cries of executioners, and groans of victims: Mirabeau! Barnave, Vernaud! Marat! Robespierre! André Chenier, Madame Roland, Charlotte Corday!

#### PERIOD VI.

##### NINETEENTH CENTURY.

By degrees the tempest subsides, and a comparative calm ensues.

Napoléon Buonaparte—General—Consul—Emperor *reestablishes* order. The muses begin to show themselves, but the great captain mistrusts them; he allows them words, but he does not like them to think. After having received from the new Charlemagne that which the past devastation rendered so necessary, order and glory—France thirsted for a moderate liberty. This, the great soldier refused. Napoléon performed only half the necessary task; he knew how to give order; liberty he willed not. He fell.

Since that period France has, in the midst of many vicissitudes, progressed at last in her desired career. Literature, of course, has felt the influence of this direction. It was, in an æsthetic point of view, divided at first into two camps—partizans of the literary forms of the age of Louis XIV., called "*Classiques*;" and innovators, or imitators of the free forms of foreign literature, called "*Romantiques*." But now the liberal minds of the two parties are no longer adversaries; they have agreed to admire and love the good and the beautiful wherever it may present itself, either in Racine, in Dante, Shakespeare, Schiller, or Calderon.

Some persons, only partially acquainted with the actual state of Literature in France, have imbibed unfavourable prejudices. Their dislike is generally derived from having perceived that some French modern novels have an injurious tendency. But what literature, what period, is entirely pure, entirely exempt from bad or tedious

books? Is it just to condemn all for the faults of a few?

Let it be allowed to give a statistical survey of the actual state of "*Belles Lettres*;" it is the best means that an advocate in the cause of French literature could employ.

In the beginning of the present century, after Delille,—the Thomson of France; after Bernardin de St. Pierre, the author of *Paul et Virginie*, and the *Chaumière Indienne*, two spotless pearls; after Madame de Staël, who with so noble a hand wrote *Corinne*, *Delphine*, *De l'Allemagne*, and her *Considérations sur la Révolution*, comes the resplendent name of M. de Chateaubriand, twice the guest of England, as refugee and as ambassador—the venerable chief of French literature, which he has adorned with *Le Génie du Christianisme*, and *Les Martyrs*.

In POETRY must be mentioned Lamartine, whose meditations are so pure and so celestial, Béranger, the national songster, the bold Victor Hugo, Mesdames Tastu, Valmore, Ségalas.

In the DRAMA, the names of Casimir Delavigne, Duval, Lemercier, Dumas, Scribe, are known, and their writings carried over all Europe.

In HISTORY, what minds are those of Guizot, the author of the History of European Civilization; of Thierry, who has written the History of the Conquest of England by the Normans; of Barante, the chronicler of the Dukes of Burgundy; of Sismondi, Michelet, who have written on the history of France; of Mignet, Thiers, who have traced that of the Revolution; of Villemain, who has given such a charm to the history of Literature!

In the MORAL SCIENCES must be quoted the eclectic Cousin, Jouffroy, the representative of the Scotch school of Reid and Dugald Stewart; de Gerando, Tocqueville, Damiron, Jullien—who has written so well on education; Lamennais, St. Simon, Fourier, Balanche, Reynaud; Mesdames de Saussure, Belloc; the eloquent Barrot, Berryer, Cormerin, Dupin.

As NOVELISTS, Nodier, Balzac, Janins, Latouche, Masson, Saintine, Mars, Souvestre, Alfred de Vigny, have they not charmed by their writings?

In the PHYSICAL SCIENCES, what



# THE WOOD GIPSY'S NIGHT SONG,

BY GOETHE.

Where the fog broods lowest, where the snow drifts highest,  
In the wild woods' depth at night I lie,  
Listening the wolf-cubs' hunger-howl  
Mocking the owl's boding cry !

Singing—Willi, wau, wau, wau !  
Willi, wo, wo, wo !  
Wito hu !

I caught a witch's cat one eve  
In the hedge snares I laid for pillage,  
That night seven wehr-wolves came round me,  
They were seven seven wives from the village,\*

Crying—Willi, wau, wau, wau !  
Willi, wo, wo, wo !  
Wito hu !

\*  
I knew them all, I knew them well !  
There was Madge, Urse, Eve, and Libby ;  
There was Kate ; there was Ruth ; there was Barbara ;  
And they all came ramping round me,

Crying—Willi, wau, wau, wau !  
Willi, wo, wo, wo !  
Wito hu !

I shouted out their names aloud ;  
" What would'st thou, Madge, what wouldst thou say ?"  
They shudder'd for fear at the sound of their names,  
And fled hurtling† and howling away !

Crying—Willi, wau, wau, wau !  
Willi, wo, wo, wo !  
Wito hu !

## DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

No. 759.—*Carriage Costume and Toilette d'Interieur*.—Hat of pink, *poux de soie*, covered and trimmed with *crêpe lisse*. The hat is not large, but even more *évasée* than we have yet noticed, the front being so much thrown up that nearly the entire of the top of the head is visible (see plate) ; there is a double border round the edge, the outer one *crêpe lisse*, the inner *poux de soie*, and the front of the bonnet is rounded at one side and square at the other. The crown is by no means high, and is rather smaller than usual at top. The trimming is of *crêpe lisse*, two long strips cut the crossway and twisted go

across the front (see plate) and from the *brides* (strings) ; a similar piece goes along the top of the bavolet ; a bunch of roses placed in a drooping position is put quite at the left side of the hat. Dress of white cashmere, *merinos blanc*, or white muslin (according to the season), corsage low. The skirt is ornamented with five flounces, each little more than a finger in depth, and edged with a *liséré* or piping ; the lower flounce covers the hem at the bottom of the dress, and the remaining four are placed close, one above the other, and are put on rather plain. Green velvet spencer ; this new-fashioned spencer is

\* Original—Waren sieben sieben weiber vom Dorf.

† This Shaksperean word seems derived from the German ; it means a swift noisy flight.

made to fit the bust as plain and tight as possible. It is like a corsage *demi-décolletée*, and shaped *en cœur*, low at the back, and open in front (see plate). It is fixed by a rich cameo brooch, from whence a row of small gold buttons reaches to the waist. The spencer is without band or ceinture, and cut a little longer in the waist at the centre of the front and back. The sleeves are perfectly plain at the shoulder, with three puffings beneath; the remainder full to the wrist (see plate), which is finished by a deep embroidered ruffle. Hair in long ringlets, gold necklace and cross, yellow kid gloves, black shoes, embroidered handkerchief, and parasol of *broché gros de Naples*.

Second, or Sitting Figure (same plate).—*Toilette d'Interieur*. Dress of light grey *gros de Naples*, corsage tight, low and *en cœur*; precisely the same make as that of the spencer on the other figure. The back, as may be seen by the plate, is cut so as to form a little plain jacket at the waist, the front is like that of the spencer; the sleeves are also similar. Hat of *gros de Naples* trimmed with *crêpe lisse*, same as that already described. *Berthe* (tucker) of *guipure à l'antique*; white fan.

No. 764.—*Ball Dress and grande Toilette de Promenade*. Dress of crape over satin. Corsage *à la Grecque*, looped down in front, and upon each shoulder with cameos (see plate). The ceinture is formed by the dress itself, being merely set in the two small rouleaux of satin which mark the waist; this kind of ceinture is not adapted to any thing

but crape, as it would effectually destroy the elegance of the form of the waist. Sleeves *à l'enfant*, perfectly plain and as short as possible, with a turned-up cuff, edged with a narrow blonde. A deep hem marked by a very small *liséré*, is at the bottom of the skirt, and just above it, a light running border of flowers is embroidered in floss silks. *Coffure à la jeune personne*, (see plate); the hair, all of a length, is parted down the centre of the head and taken to the back, where it is formed into braids, which are fastened up in coils like a serpent; a drooping branch of lilac is over the left ear, pearl necklace, demi-long mittens made of black silk netting. Bouquet.

Second Figure.—*Grande Toilette de Visites or Promenade*.—Drawn capotte of crape, trimmed with the same, and ornamented with flowers. The front is very open and round to the face, coming low at the sides where it is rounded (see plate); the crown is small and sits very flat; the trimming is nearly similar to that of the bonnets in the other plate (see No. 759), with the exception of the flowers being placed differently, they form a small bouquet at the left side of the crown, and crossing the front droop over the opposite side of the *passé* (front) of the capotte; the *brides* or strings are of crape. Dress of lilac *gros de Naples*, with one immensely deep flounce at bottom. Shawl of *soie glacé* (shot silk), lined with amber silk, and trimmed with deep white lace; white kid gloves.

## THE NEWEST MODES OF PARIS.

BY OUR OWN PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Paris, May 25, 1839.

At length *chérie* I am enabled to give you spring fashions; for winter seems now to have taken leave of us in reality. The weather has set in delightfully, and our *élégantes* are vying with each other in their display of novel and *gracieuses toilettes*. To begin *à l'ordinaire* by the dresses. Corsages of ball dresses are not made so universally *à pointe*, as they were some time since, when any other form of corsage looked quite antediluvian. Several are made *à la Grecque*, slightly looped down in the centre of the front, and on the shoul-

ders with cameos, or other ornaments; this style of corsage is well adapted to many figures, and is in itself both elegant and simple. Some dresses made in this manner, have the corsage and skirt all in one piece; the ceinture is merely gathered in two places, and a satin *liséré* confines it at the top and bottom of the waist; of course a dress so made must be composed of blonde, crape, or gauze, for any other material would utterly destroy the *contour* of the waist. These light materials are also best adapted to the corsages *à la Grecque*. The corsages of satin dresses are still *à pointe*,

Many of various materials are made *en cœur*, and several to cross in front. The sleeves are excessively short. Some *à l'enfant* quite plain and tight, with a turned-up cuff of blonde or *guipure*; others are in one or two small sabots, with rows of lace or blonde between, and ruffles at the elbow, *à la Louis XV.* Others have the new ruffles *en guipure*, called *engageantes*; and a great many have Venetian sleeves over the short plain inner ones. The mode of flounces is still optional. Some dresses have five narrow ones, others one deep flounce, or perhaps two, a very deep one below, and one half the depth over it. Many dresses have from three to five tucks cut the cross way, and put on with a very small satin *liséré*; and very many have neither flounce nor tuck. I have been a few with a hem about a finger in depth, marked by a satin *liséré*. On some ball dresses the flounces descend from the waist at each side, *entablée* are rounded below, and only go round the back of the skirt, leaving the front breadth without, to form the *tablier*. In many instances flowers supply the place of lace and blonde, and look light and elegant in dancing costume.

I will conclude my notice of ball dresses, by describing a few of those I saw at the late presentation at court, on the occasion of the king's *fête*.

The Duchess of Orleans wore a dress of *organdie*, (book muslin) over a *poux de soie*, *blanc mat*. The skirt of the dress was ornamented with three rather deep flounces embroidered in gold, with a *guirlande* of the same, forming a heading to the upper flounce. The short inside sleeves were of *poux de soie*, and those of the dress *à la Vénitienne*, embroidered in gold to match the dress; a gold tassel finished the lower point; and delicate gold cords and tassels looped up the sleeves on the shoulders. The *coiffure* of the duchess was composed of a diamond diadem; on her neck she wore a Turkish scarf of white silk, richly embroidered in gold.

Several dresses were of *gaze guipure*, white, pink, amber, and blue, ornamented with tucks or flounces of the same, or looped up with bouquets of natural flowers.

There were many dresses of black lace over pink and blue satin. Some with flounces, others ornamented with

bouquets, and several plain. Some very elegant toilettes were composed of pink, blue, light green, and amber satin, or *poux de soie*. The front breadths of these dresses were covered with a *tablier en guipure*, which reached as far down as the heading of a deep flounce of the same. A wreath of small flounces, a narrow frill of *guipure*, or a continued puffing of satin ribbon, intermixed with little bows or small bouquets placed at distances, ran down each side of the *tablier*. The corsages had a *Berthe* round the bosom, and *engageantes*, likewise of *guipure* round the bottoms of the sleeves.

The *coiffures* consisted mostly of *barbes* (lappets) of lace embroidered in gold or silver, and intermixed with the back *rouleaux* of hair; to many of these *coiffures* was added a moss rose, a sprig of geranium, or a camellia *Japonica* placed just at the back of the left ear in a drooping position. The front hair was in ringlets or smooth bands. The more matronly *coiffures* consisted of *Odalisque turbans*, *Dianes de Pourciers*, of light blue velvet, with silver fringes, or green, or ponceau velvet, with gold fringes and tassels. There were many caps *à la Marie Stuart*, of velvet and blonde; and numbers of dress hats, ornamented with birds of paradise, or rich plumes of ostrich feathers. There were likewise several Spanish and other fancy hats, ornamented with *aigrettes* of diamonds.

The dresses for *toilette d'intérieur*, as well as carriage and walking costume, are made only half high, either to cross, or *en cœur*. Some are worn without collar or frill; others with small collars *à la duchesse*, open in front, and composed of *guipure*. Some of these dresses have flounces, others tucks. Some are plain, and many have a quilling or puffing down one side of the front and round the bottom; the sleeves, tight on the shoulder, in one or two small puffings, the remainder full, with a deep wrist.

Spencers, I have already described, besides, I send you the pattern of one of the newest to be seen.

Hats.—There is but one form of hat worn at present; it is *évasté*, quite rounded to the face, showing as much of the hair as possible, and coming low at the sides of the face, where one side

is rounded, the other square. The crowns are rather small at top, not high, and sitting a good deal back. The trimming of hats of *gros de Naples*, and *poux de soie*, is of *crêpe lisse*. Many of these hats are entirely covered with this material. *Pailles de riz* are coming in; they are trimmed with gauze, and ornamented with marabouts or the most delicate flowers; in fact, they look so light, that one would suppose that the slightest breath of air would blow them away; *demi-voiles* of gauze are a good deal worn now *ma chère*; if you have a *demi-voile* to your bonnet, mind it must not be deep, but it must be very wide, sufficiently so to turn up in front, and be drawn to the sides, and knotted carelessly under the chin. This *chérie* is the quintessence of elegance at present, probably introduced by one of our belles afflicted with that very troublesome companion the toothache. *Mais je t-assure que les femmes sont ravies avec cette coiffure!*

Shawls and Mantelets.—Long mantelets are out of fashion. Short ones have just been introduced, which are light and pretty, and particularly adapted to younger ladies. In form they are like the very large pelerines worn three or four years ago—they reach below the waist, both at back and front; the back round, and the two points in front rounded. They sit open at the neck in front (not by any means concealing the throat), and are sloped away sufficiently to sit perfectly flat; they have a small collar, *à la duchesse*, coming down in front. These mantelets are made of the same kind of black silk as that used for shawls, or of black ribbed silk, called *gros d'Afrique*; they are lined with rose colour, amber, paille, or any coloured silk; a thickish *liseré* of the same colour goes round the edge, and a black lace, deep as you please, is put all round both pelerine and collar; at the neck it is fastened by a brooch or bow of ribbon. These mantelets are made of colours as well as black, and of shot silks; but the black ones are certainly preferable to all others. Some are making of *guipure*, lined with coloured silk, of course for the very hot weather.

A few of the black scarf mantelets are still to be seen.

Large black silk shawls, plain or

ribbed, are extremely fashionable. Some are square, not lined, and trimmed with very deep lace. Others are more than half square, sufficiently sloped out to the neck to sit perfectly flat upon the shoulders. Some of these shawls have a *capuchon*, or hood; others, what is infinitely prettier, a cape cut out like the collars, *à la duchesse*. They are lined throughout with rose, amber, or cherry-colour, outside the hem of the shawl, which is little more than an inch deep. A border of the lining, cut on the cross way, and on the double is seen; this coloured border may be the entire depth of the lace which trims the shawl, or it may be only about one inch in depth, beyond the hem of the shawl; and I have seen a few where it was only the depth of a thick gauze. The lace is put over this, and its beauty thus shown off to the greatest perfection. I have done my utmost to describe this clearly to you.

Many very elegant shawls have the lining only as far as the inside of the hem. Not visible beyond.

Shawls of *poux de soie glacé* are very fashionable; these have deep silk fringes.

Shawls of white cashmere wool, embroidered in white floss silk, with long goat's hair fringe, are very elegant.

There are others of white cashmere, with a deep straw-coloured silk fringe all round. At about the space of every half inch the silk threads are gathered into a cluster, and knotted together in a single knot; even upon a close inspection this fringe has the effect of being composed of straw.

Black cashmere half shawls have a fringe of black cashmere goat's hair; the fringe with heading composed of black silk and gold threads.

Shawls have never been so fashionable as at present. Some of apple-green and lilac *poux de soie*, shot with white, and others pale pink, are lined with white and trimmed with white lace.

Colours.—For hats white, pink, and paille; for dresses every shade of grey, drab, *poussière*, light cedar, and various shot silks of the richest shades. For linings cherry, rose, amber, and apple-green. *Adieu ma belle!* I have only room to say *combien je t'aime*.

L. de F——

## THE MAID'S CONFESSION.

Upon a bank beside a silent stream  
 Two lovers sat amid the sombre shade  
 The branches of an old elm-tree had made.  
 It was a spot for some elysian dream,  
 For which the full, broad blaze of day would seem  
 Too bright. The cheeks, so sinless, of the maid  
 Like summer rose-leaves blush'd, as though afraid  
 So soon to meet the first, sweet, startling gleam  
 Of love ; her eyes 'neath ivory lids found  
 Refuge, one white hand with coy concession  
 Lay trembling in the youth's ; whose arm around  
 Her virgin waist, in fond, mock-oppression  
 Twined—save her heart's throbs, faint zephyr caught no sound,  
 Yet Cupid chronicled her dumb CONFESSION.

TENNANT LACHLAN.

## BRITISH MUSEUM.

### SCULPTURES FROM THE ISLAND OF EGINA.

*(The following is a continuation of the able article from "THE TIMES," the first portion of which appeared in our last number.)*

In the temporary building attached to the fifth room of the British Museum, which contains the casts from the metopes of the Temple of Jupiter Selinus in Sicily, and of which an account was given in this paper some time since, one was omitted—viz., the fifth, the execution and design of which are equal, if not superior, to the others. It represents a combat between a warrior and an Amazon or a divinity not known. The warrior is represented in a kneeling posture, yielding to superior force ; the body, which is bent, is entirely covered with the leathern armour. Two guards which are made to represent metal are adapted to protect the shoulders, and a belt of peculiar shape crosses over the left shoulder guard and passes down the right thigh. There are straps which are joined to the "spalos" at the waist, and underneath is seen the tunic drawn tight by the position of the leg ; the scabbard of the sword is suspended by the thigh, or belt, crossing the breast. The large round shield is placed behind the warrior for a relief to the figure, and part of the helmet is seen. The female figure has the stiff tunic and *peplum* in parallel folds, the earliest representation of drapery ; she resembles in some degree Minerva, whose exploits are sculptured on part of the metopes. Within the same apartment, placed under glass cases, in proportions of half an inch to a foot, are four models of what are vulgarly called Trevelthy stones. As the monuments of which these are the exact representations are by antiquaries supposed to be among the most ancient remains of

human labour now existing in our island, a brief account of them may not be unacceptable to the general visitor of the Museum, as there is none to be found in the published synopsis.

These structures are in general found at the tops of hills, or if on the plain at the highest part, probably because they should be visible at a distance ; stones placed upright, and standing at regular distances, are sometimes placed around them. The cromlech, the name by which they have been for ages known, consists of one large stone placed on three supporters ; this is done probably because it is easier to place a superincumbent weight on three than on four or five, because in the latter case all the supporters of the weight must be brought to bear equally on all, and this is not requisite when there are but three ; accordingly the covering stones are never found horizontal, the weight subsiding where the lowest support is found. These monuments are also frequently called quoits, from the upper stone resembling the ancient discus. What nation or religion they belonged to it is difficult to say ; they are met with in Sweden, Denmark, Norway, France, and the island of the Mediterranean, but more especially in the Celtic kingdoms of the North of Europe. If they can be attributed to the Druidical priests, they must have been among the earliest of their works, as the simplicity both of the plan and form declare them to have been the work of men far less advanced in knowledge of architecture than the founders of the classic struc-

tures of Stonehenge. The Irish historians say, that Jeguinias, King of Ireland, the author of idolatry in that country, died in the year of the world, 3,034, in the plain of Magh Steadh'd, while sacrificing there to "Crom Creach." It is not likely that they could have been used as altars, for sacrifice, as it is difficult to get atop of them, and more difficult to make a fire large enough to burn a victim without scorching the officiating priest; Crom Quoits are so shaped that no one could stand on it to tend the fire or oversee the victim. As, therefore, they are not likely to have been designed for altars, they were probably erected for sepulchral monuments, as the sarcophagus of the Greeks, and the altar tombs of the present day, are but a more regular cromlech. In general they are situated in the neighbourhood of barrows, and some of them, by the way in which the stones are placed, closing in the sides, are called "Kist-va-en," and would serve, as was the first and common usage of mankind, to defend the body therein deposited from exposure to the weather or the attacks of beasts of prey. Rowland derives the name from the Hebrew "Corem Cruaich," a devoted or consecrated stone; according to Wormius they were sometimes called "aræ" or altars; he supposes they were first altars and afterwards tombs, and there is an account of one in Denmark in which King Harold was interred. The great similarity which prevails in the manner of their erection seems to prove that the use to which they were devoted must have been the same both in Britain and in Denmark. In Wales they are known by the name of "Calne Arthin," Arthur's Quoits, and by some antiquaries, the name is supposed to be derived from the Armorican "crum," crooked, or having a top stone.

Chun quoit, or cromlech, one of the models in this room, stands about 500 yards to the south-west of Chun Castle, in the parish of Movah, Cornwall; the covering stone is 12½ feet long, and 11 wide; it is supported on three stones pitched on an edge, which with the fourth one form a pretty regular kist-en-vaen; the top of the quoit is convex, and the monument is surmounted with a low barrow or heap of funeral stones. Layon Quoits, another of which the perfect representation is here shown, is near Penzance; the area described by the supporters of this is 70 feet, but it does not stand, as is generally the case, east and west, but north and south, as does also a similar monument in Denmark mentioned as the tomb of Heraldus by Wormius; to this of Layon there is no kist-va-en, nor any area marked out by side stones; the quoit, which is more than 47 feet in girth, is 19 long, and its thickness

in the middle of the eastern edge is 16 inches, and at each end not quite so much, but at the western edge it is two feet; the chief supporters do not stand at right angles with the front line, as in the others, having been forced from its position by the weight of the superincumbent quoit; its height is such that a man on horseback can stand under it. Some years since it was dug under to the depth of eight feet, and a cavity was found in the original earth in the shape of a grave, which had been rifled of its contents; it stands on a bank not more than two feet higher than the soil. At the south end are many upright stones, among which human bones and those of horses and deer have been found, and a rod made of clay baked red; those stones might have been the Kibla, the sacred place of assembly for sacrificing to the manes of the dead.

The means by which these immense masses have been placed on the supporting stones it is difficult to conjecture; a people the perfection of whose architecture is shown in such rude structures as those cannot be supposed to have been acquainted with mechanical power sufficient to have effected it; the plan which Mr. Rowland, in his *Mona Antiqua*, conjectured to have been made use of to place the transverse stones at Stonehenge was probably the way in which it was done. The powers of the lever and the plane being some of the first things understood by mankind, it is easy to conceive that they were made use of to erect these prodigious monuments; where a small mound was found, it was shaped into an inclined plane, or a small agger or mound of solid earth was found, flatted and levelled at the top, up the sloping sides of which the stone intended to be placed as the covering of the cromlech was moved by the help of levers and rollers, and when adjusted on the upright stones previously erected, the earth of the mound or artificial agger being cut away, the fabric was complete. It must have been by this means that the rocking stones poised so nicely that the smallest touch puts them in motion, which are found in Cornwall and in Anglesea, were in all probability adjusted. The other two models in this room are one of a cromlech at Duffin, in South Wales, and one which has a very perfect and double kist-va-en in Anglesea, near Plas Newydd.

In the courtyard of the Museum is an object which excites much attention from the visitors, and of which no further account is to be obtained than that it was presented by the late Lord Egremont. It is an ancient vessel or canoe, which was discovered near Petworth, in Sussex, at the village of North Stoke, on the left bank of the river Aron, three miles from Arundel, near the South Downs, in a meadow where



the river takes a turn towards a creek that runs into it. This vessel was found imbedded in the mud; one part was completely buried, the other part was visible about two feet under water; from time immemorial it was considered as part of the stump of an old tree, and allowed to remain there; it was used as a support for one end of a flat wooden bridge, connecting two meadows, such as are commonly employed in these situations; thus situated it afforded no impediment to the flow of water which passed in front; about twenty years ago a farmer who rented the land cut away part of it to give an easier flow to the water, and a bridge having been built higher up, it was thought proper to remove this piece of old tree, as it was supposed to be: the labourers employed finding it much larger than they had reckoned on, attached eleven horses to it by an iron chain, and with great difficulty drew it to land. Its real form and character were then discoverable, viz., one half of the stem of a large oak, cut into the shape of a boat. The toughness of its substance is shown; that, although but  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches in thickness at the bottom of the vessel, when its stem, to which the chain was fixed, was drawn up the sloping bank, and elevated four feet, while the opposite end was in the water, with its load of mud, it was drawn entire to the flat surface. The length of this vessel is 35 feet 4 inches; the depth 1 foot 10 inches; the width in the middle is 4 feet 6 inches; the thickness in the bottom,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches; the sides 5 inches to  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ; of the stem, 1 foot 8 inches; of the stern, 2 feet 2 inches. There are three bars left at the bottom, at different distances, which served to strengthen the whole, and gave a firm footing to those who worked it; there is no appearance of its having had a rudder, but there is a notch which might have been for an oar to guide it. The extreme simplicity of its construction indicates its having been the product of an early and rude condition of man; it is undoubtedly of much greater antiquity than the vessel found some years ago in the bed of the Rother, as it has the appearance of having been hollowed out by fire. The ancient forest of Anderida, within whose precincts it was discovered, was famed for the luxuriant growth of its oaks. From a combination of circumstances, it may safely be regarded as a relic of the aboriginal Britons, wrought before, or soon after, the arrival of the Romans. We are told by Cæsar and Tacitus that the vessels with which the ancient inhabitants of our island passed into Gaul were formed of wicker, and covered with skins, or fabricated by a single tree hollowed out by fire. This vessel probably lay on the bank of the creek ready for use,

and being swamped by a sudden flood of the river, might have been accidentally lost to view, for it was found turned in the direction such a flow of water would have given it: remaining thus unseen for months, it might have been forgotten by the owner, and nothing but accident would have revived the knowledge of it. Several vessels resembling this have been found in morasses in Scotland—one at Loch Kernos in 1736, seven feet long, with a seat at one end and a paddle in it; another at Kilblain, eight feet three inches long; and in 1720, several of the same kind were dug up in the marshes of the Medway; and one so well preserved as to be used as a boat some time afterwards; at Moreton Lake, in Lancashire, eight were found, each made of a single tree, and shaped like the American canoes, but this we have described by far exceeds all the others in its dimensions. Although, with regard to its antiquity, there are perhaps no certain means of judging, yet its blackened condition and fibrous texture, resembling that of wood found buried in bogs, prove that it must have for many years been immersed in water.

Upon the walls of the room which contains these antiquities, there are three paintings which have been lately placed—views of Stonehenge, and the cromlech at Duffin, South Wales. They are exceedingly well executed, and give, as far as pictures can, a true representation of that gigantic Druidical pile, but to those who have an opportunity of seeing the original, nothing brings to the mind so clear a notion of their real appearance, and what they are, as the models we have described.

The Elgin marbles, broken and scattered as they appear, render to the public in general but a faint idea of the beauty and magnificence of the fabric of which they formed a part, and consequently they are stared on with wondering admiration, that such vast sum<sup>s</sup> have been expended, and such spoliation should have been made, for what appears as only so many defaced and broken stones. To the antiquary and the artist and the connoisseur they are invaluable; but it may be doubted if the taste of the public has been much improved by their inspection. If a model of the Parthenon, upon such a scale as that in the University library at Oxford, or larger, were placed in the saloon, the beauty and magnificence of that celebrated temple would strike the most unlearned; the shattered fragments and headless statues would no longer be objects of false enthusiasm or ignorant contempt, and the eye having the exact representation of the original before it, the imagination, by speedily restoring the whole of the now mutilated parts, would fully appreciate their value.

## Monthly Critic.

*The Fergusons; or, Woman's Love and the World's Favour.* 2 vols. Colburn.

We have been much pleased with the tone of refinement and high-breeding which pervades this work, and do not hesitate to pronounce "*The Fergusons*" one of the best of the novels *de société* we have lately read. Like the manners of a true gentleman its style may be noted for the absence of assumption and good feeling is apparent in every observation and incident. These volumes are attributed to the Hon. Mr. Phipps, Lord Normanby's brother. We think a similarity of talent may be perceived, but the moral aim of the author of "*The Fergusons*" is certainly far higher than the author of "*Matilda*."

The story is simple; its chief spring of action the mutability of purpose and action of Arthur Ferguson, a young man of fortune aiming at universal admiration, very anxious to win the heart of every young lady he happens to dine with; who goes on amusing himself in this *laudable* manner till he meets with the double misfortune of losing his own heart and destroying the happiness of a brother very dear to him. As the lady who has inspired Arthur with a lasting and passionate attachment is not sufficiently captivated by him to approve of his faults, poor Arthur is obliged to undertake the hard task of curing himself of being a coxcomb before she will consent to have him. Whether such a miracle was ever effected in real life we are not prepared to say from experience or observation, it is, however, an encouragement to patients afflicted with the same mental malady as Arthur Ferguson to find that an author who has evidently drawn his pictures from life pronounces their cases not altogether hopeless. The ladies really owe a great deal to the distinguished author of this novel, for he points out with great tact the manner in which the foolish vanity of an idle man may interfere not only with his own happiness, but with that of his friends and dearest kindred. Such

matters seldom end well when the scene is played out on the stage of the world, for it is much easier for a vain man to act the marplot and do mischief, than find a cure for the evils resulting from his conduct.

A few extracts will show the style of this pleasing novel, which certainly owes its chief attraction to the power of the author in developing character and his natural and unaffected analysis of feeling. Speaking of the stupidity and silence of men really attached he says—

"While the duet was going on; there was an excuse, though perhaps not a very good one, for his silence; but, after that was over, he found himself still unable to take advantage of the opportunity afforded him for making further progress in Lady Jane's good graces. It might be that he was unused to the scene in which he now met her, and painfully sensible of the inferiority under which, in some points, he must necessarily labour; it might be, that he detected a slight, though the slightest possible change, from the usual openness and cordiality of her manner; it is, however, more probable, that it was merely what has been so well described as '*l'adorable stupidité que donnent à l'âme les premiers troubles de l'amour vrai*.'

"To Lady Jane it was unluckily by no means '*adorable*,' perhaps, because she did not know, perhaps because she did not care, about its being one of the undoubted signs of true love. And here it may be as well to suggest, for the information of such young ladies as are unobservant on such points (if any such there be), some signs by which true love may be distinguished from what the old poet calls—

"Unreal love,  
Such as kindles hearts that rove."

It is the more necessary to do so, as in their outward marks, the latter kind has to the hasty observer greatly the advantage over the former.

Unreal love, then, as it is met with in the London world, is smooth-faced, smooth-tongued, smooth-tempered; will withdraw with a smile when some more agreeable person approaches the lady of its admiration, and return with a smile when he is gone; will be always cheerful, always agreeable, always good-humoured; will stay by you

all the evening if there is nothing more agreeable to attract him elsewhere; will be full of little attentions, of little presents, of little compliments, and will take care that his ardent admiration of you is evident to the eyes of the whole world. Its more sincere brother, on the other hand, true love, as long as he is at all in a state of doubt (which some will tell you is almost up to the time of his death, and certainly during the most vigorous period of his life), is too apt to be tetchy, and easily annoyed; he therefore can never be for a long time very smooth-faced, smooth-tongued, or smooth-tempered, but is disposed to be irritated if another occupies much of his mistress's attention, and can then hardly do himself justice when his own turn comes. His cheerfulness and good-humour will be at your command; and, therefore, you have on that point nothing to complain. His little attentions will be so much a matter of course, that you will hardly remark them; his little presents he will hardly venture to offer; and his little compliments will be utterly wanting; while his most eloquent language will often be a glance. Lastly, instead of exhibiting his admiration to the whole world, he will try to convey it in such a way as shall be addressed to, and if possible, understood by you alone.

Among Arthur's other misdeeds, he can never help establishing a flirtation on his own account when he seeks an interview with the Lady Jane, and this too from the benevolent purpose of recommending his brother, thus he unsettles the young lady's heart when he has no heart of his own to give in return.

But we must quote a specimen or too from a lighter portion of these pages; the following contains a remarkably good hint which all musical persons will do well to remember.

"The duet proceeded. Miss Conolly, a most accomplished musician, performed her part to admiration; Mr. Jones, on the other hand, was perfectly inaudible. True it is, he went through all the pantomime of exertion, getting very red in the face, nodding his head up and down, and from side to side, and advancing and retreating at different points of the air. Still all these exertions, though very impressive in their way, could not quite compensate for the absence of any sound beyond the precincts of the piano-forte. The piece was of course utterly ineffective; for Miss Conolly's part, which was little more than a running accompaniment, could not do by itself; as unfortunately, although half a loaf is said to be

better than no bread, the same can by no means be predicated of half a duet.

"At the conclusion, the company were polite enough not to laugh; but, though it certainly had 'a dying fall,' there was no cry of 'that strain again,' as few felt inclined

" 'To tax so had a voice,  
To slander music any more than once.'

It may be well here to mention that Mrs. Conolly was never again known to call upon Mr. Stephenson Jones for a song; and this may suggest to those who are often pestered to sing, and who, conscious that they cannot do so with credit to themselves, are anxious to refuse, the propriety of making a bargain before they assent, that the requester or her daughter shall *join them in a duet*. It may be predicted with all the confidence, and none of the ambiguity of a Delphic Oracle, that if the gentleman is really a bad performer, he will never be troubled again.

Here is another scene founded on intimate knowledge of the best and worst points in the female heart. The aunt of Lady Cecil, who is the enemy of Arthur, knowing the extreme disgust her niece feels for his coxcombical pretences to female favour, gets up an anecdote or two for the amiable purpose of depreciating him in the eyes of his right-minded beloved.

"Mrs. Aston was too good a general to make a direct attack; she began, therefore, by lamenting the want of proper dignity which was shown now-a-days by mothers, in trying to procure dancing partners for their daughters.

" 'They really sometimes,' said she, 'throw them, as one may say, at the heads of the dancing gentlemen.'

" 'To the great annoyance and indignation of their daughters, I have no doubt,' said Lady Cecil.

" 'Oh, yes! my dear, of course, when there is a proper feeling; but then it is generally unnecessary to do it with girls of that sort; you know men generally find out those who do not seek them; they generally reverse the line of the poet and 'must unsought be won.' But the women don't know that.'

" 'My dear aunt, even when they are what you call sought, it is only to make use of them to dance with. They have no reason to be conceited about that.'

" 'Oh, no! my dear Cecil, of course not; but then, you know, they are such conceited creatures. Talking of mothers getting partners for their daughters, what do you think that pushing Mrs. Harburton did

about her tall stupid daughter—and with Mr. Ferguson, too? To be sure, she would find her match there."

"I am sure," said Lady Cecil, "Mr. Ferguson would be the last person to do anything rude to a young lady on account of the mother's fault."

"No, no—not he—he is too well-bred; but he did it *so well*—so decidedly. You know, Mrs. Harburton came up to him with her daughter on her arm, saying, 'Oh, Mr. Ferguson, are you looking for a partner?' 'No, I can't say I am,' said he, in a *distrain* tone. 'Are you engaged for this dance?' 'I am afraid I am,' 'Perhaps not for the next then?' she continued. 'I rather think I am.' 'For the one after?' inquired the persevering Mrs. Harburton. 'I am afraid, ma'am,' he answered, very gravely, 'I have made a rule not to engage myself so deep; but if you will come and ask me at the time, I shall be able to give you an answer.' Was not that good?—so like him!"

"Lady Cecil gave no answer. If she had said what she thought, it would have been, that though the first part of the story might be correct, yet the latter part only merited the answer Dr. Paley gave to improbable relations,—'Its a lie, and that's the solution!'"

"Mrs. Aston continued, without noticing her silence—'I thought it a capital story, and so like the man. He has the most fearless way of saying things of that sort. And then the best of it was, that he went about telling every body of it, till I fancy they almost pitied poor Miss Harburton, who you know was not to blame after all. But then it was so like him!'"

"I am afraid, my dear aunt," said Lady Cecil, almost angrily, "that the latter part of the story must have been an addition, made by somebody whom Mr. Ferguson had offended. I think it does not sound at all like him."

"Oh, my dear! if you mean to allude to that little tiff between us the other night—which, by-the-bye, you must have heard—I have forgotten all that long ago. The fact is, I was in the wrong at first; but I thought that as he is said to make himself so universally agreeable, to be one thing for one person, and another thing the next minute for another (here Lady Cecil for the first time looked a little annoyed), I thought, I say, that he might also act a little for my amusement too. However, he did not seem inclined, and that vexed me. Do you know, I think nothing is so amusing as his versatility, when he is fairly *en train*. I should like to follow him about from one person to another. I should think Matthews, though he certainly did change his disguises very quickly, not half so clever."

The scene at Ascot is amusing and opportune for our pages, where the hero is admirably punished for a previous flirtation without the slightest temptation (excepting that which sprung from his own busy folly) with a girl many degrees beneath him in station.

"With a view of varying all this, Arthur had, on the Thursday, crossed to the other side, and was walking along the line of carriages, when he heard a female voice say, 'How do you do Mr Ferguson?' He looked up, and in the face of the speaker he recognized the fair young lady with dark eyebrows—the Miss Linton, who had been his neighbour at dinner a short time before. She introduced him to her mother, Mrs. Linton, who occupied with her their large open landau, and to two Miss Larkins, who had attained a very elevated situation in life, being seated on the box, from which they commanded a very good view of the company on the course, while, on the other hand, it must be confessed, that the company on the course commanded a very good view of them.

Arthur made a low bow to Mrs. Linton, and as high a one as he could throw in the direction of the Miss Larkins, and then, at the invitation of Miss Linton, entered the landau, the steps of which were most invitingly left down, and the door open. He was then advised to stand on the front cushions, and by this manœuvre, found himself about midway between the two divisions of the ladies. When he looked up, his eye rested on the Miss Larkins, glistening like the sun in yellow silks; and casting a glance downwards, it fell upon the parterre of blue and pink flowers which adorned the Lintons.

"Well, Mr. Ferguson," said Miss Linton, "we want you to tell us which is to win. I hope it will be the pink-jacket. I'm sure you know all about it; you look like a sporting man in that coat. As for my brother, and his friends, they don't look at all like legs, do they?"

"Arthur turned in the direction indicated by her glance, and saw three or four young men, either seated on the dickey, or clinging like flies to the back part of the carriage, and all engaged in a combined and well-directed attack on a large meat-pie, maintaining, at the same time, an active fire of champagne corks. As Arthur marked their *bran-new* green surtouts, from which the bloom on the velvet, and glass on the cloth, had only been in places removed by the alternations of dust and rain which they had gone through in their journey from town, he could not but acknowledge that they looked more like city dandies than legs.

" 'Mr. Ferguson will take some luncheon I hope?' said Mrs. Linton; and forthwith ample stores were produced from a large hamper, and set before him. The young ladies declared they must take a bit more to keep him company; and then there were all sorts of jokes and laughing, while Arthur Ferguson held a plate for one Miss Larkins, and Miss Linton for the other, as those young ladies chose to eat in that somewhat constrained position, half turned round on the coach-box, rather than, as they expressed it, feed before all the company.

" It was in the midst of all the laughing caused by this arrangement, and when Arthur's feelings (always particularly sensitive about female delicacy) were beginning to be not a little shocked, that Miss Linton exclaimed, 'Oh, there she is again! Do tell us, Mr. Ferguson, who is that handsome lady who has just past, and who looked up this way. I am sure she is some very great lady?'

" Arthur followed the direction of the finger with which she thought it necessary to indicate the object of her inquiry, and saw and recognised the distinguished figure of Lady Cecil Glencoe, as she crossed the course in the direction of the stewards' stand."

The chief defect of the novel is the utter destruction of its concentrativeness by the dispersion of the characters. The author is unskilful enough to follow William Ferguson abroad, where he goes on the usual errand of traveling gentlemen (in novels at least) to forget a disappointment of the heart, and is unmerciful enough to afflict both himself and his reader with *ennui* by listening to the prosing adventures of an Italian signora (a troublesome supernumerary) who has nothing to do with the action of the story excepting in the capacity of bore, and it seems an established rule that every novel is to have its bore. William Ferguson, whose situation is very interesting and effective while revolving round his brother as his satellite, becomes tedious and intolerable when he is set up as the principal person; nor can our author with any success join his broken threads when he endeavours to collect his *dramatis personæ* into the former focus; his spell is lost—his wand broken.

Still he is an author of great promise, and if he observe closely where his work ceases to be interesting and the cause of it, he will gather the usual good fruits of experience. Violent change of place and scene is in fact as

destructive to a novel which possesses the high merit of well-defined character as it is to a drama. Among the minor faults we note a multiplication of common-place mottoes to each chapter, three or four in a page; we never see authors of merit resort to this practice, consequently it gave us a presentiment of trashiness before perusal which the novel did not deserve. The sooner our author abates this custom the better. Mottoes are really in place nowhere but on the title-page: their adoption to every short chapter can scarcely be defended by any rational argument, and they are only endurable when remarkably terse and *à plomb* to the subject. Perhaps the authors of the Elizabethan and Stuart era are seen to the best advantage when served up as these *entremets*. But common-place quotation, the drain supply fitted only for empty pates, is one of the faults of the Fergusons, and a bad and vulgar fault it is, as may be seen in a most intolerable wretch, a Mr. Crichton a Shakespeare quoter, introduced for a page or two, but fortunately for the work soon dropped. The author has also brought forward the character of a Mrs. Freeman whose disposition he has defined in a well-written passage, but he has not made the character consistent as the remarks and conversation of this person are brilliant and sensible. But these are the mere errors of inexperience. The book is of the Tremayne class, but we think the powers of the author in regard to entertainment are far superior to those of Mr. Ward, for the former is better tempered, and wholly free from a certain pedantic bias, which is rather unpleasant, in the works of the latter.

The Fergusons will be well received in the higher circles as an effective picture of the manners of their class, and as such we can recommend it. Party periodicals have already employed themselves in tearing it to tatters, because it is attributed to a brother of Lord Normanby, but as it has no party bias this is a piece of gratuitous injustice; we have given an honest analysis of its contents, have freely blamed where we thought blame was deserved, but we frankly declare that its merits far counterbalance its defects, let it be written by whom it may.

*The Life and Correspondence of M. G. LEWIS. Author of the Monk, Castle Spectre, &c.* In two volumes. COLBURN.

The publication of these letters and biography will do much toward placing in proper light the character of a man, who, in his boyhood committed one fault which, though redeemed by a thousand good actions, cast a blight on his whole career. Lewis in his twentieth year published a romance which justly offended the moralists of his day; for this dereliction he was called to a very severe account by the public press, and notwithstanding the advantages of fortune, station, a blameless life and much beneficence of conduct, he never required the good opinion of the public. His example is a beacon for authors of genius against the danger incurred by planning works of fiction unfit for the perusal of females.

An uneasiness of mind is apparent in these letters, and indeed throughout his whole life, which doubtless sprung from this source, and there is a moral justice in the fact that all the private goodness of a man's life and conduct cannot redeem a public error of the kind, for many imbibe poison from a popular publication who are remote from receiving the antidote arising from the good conduct of the writer.

The life of Lewis, however, is not only deeply interesting, but a complete study for those who are curious in analysing the peculiarities of human character, and are willing to draw lessons of life by tracing the career of others; never did the heart of any man unclose itself more fully to the view of his friends than here are disclosed the workings of the head of Lewis. His letters are among the best of his compositions, and those which are written in earnest, shew a depth of thought and a propriety of action we should scarcely have expressed from the tenor of his writings. He possessed genius, without which the works of no anonymous author can be popular, but he wanted depth, individuality and sternness; he was "one of the class of gentlemen who wrote with ease." And chanced to be so circumstanced that he felt not the necessity of gain which forces young

authors to correct their faults. Every author requires some stimulus to the work of correction and improvement, without which he cannot command sufficient public favour to become a professional writer, whose works can be sold to booksellers, and will be purchased by the public. The vindictive spirit of Byron, desirous of vengeance on his reviewer, made him encounter this needful toil, after publishing a volume of little merit, which in these days would not have been even mentioned by any quarterly review, he started up not only a giant of genius, but brandishing all the accessory weapons of talent, needful for the discomfiture of those whose reviews had displeased him, and of a whole host who had never dreamed of vieing among which last class Lewis was one. But the excess of benevolence and veneration of Lewis (as apparent in his portrait as in his life) would not suffer him to inflict wound for wound even if his enemies had been in his power, he amended his writings on the defective score of morality, but he was not found to infuse into them that earnest concentrativeness, without which, the most popular productions are but the ephemera schools of a limited period. We consider that the genius of Lewis was considerable, but that it never produced the fruits which would have been forced out of a mind under the stimulus of urgent necessity, or that desire of vengeance which suddenly impelled Byron to the full exercise of all his mighty faculties.

But the present volumes unfold a romance of real life far more entertaining, and many degrees more instructive than any that fell from the fluent pen of this once celebrated author. Few novels de société depict the manners of the higher classes, as well as this life and correspondence. Literary distraction connected Lewis with a class still higher than even those in his father's station. As under secretary at war he commanded, and his letters are replete with anecdotes of many of the distinguished characters of his day. He was placed in a situation of much domestic difficulty from his early youth, between parents who were separate, apparently more from incompatibility

of temper, than from any notorious cause of wrong.

His father was deputy Secretary of War when he married Francis Maria, the daughter of Sir Thomas Sewell, Master of the Rolls, a lady of great beauty and inconsiderate conduct, which it appears led to a separation after the birth of Matthew Gregory Lewis and three other children. From what we can gather from the letters, it appears that the inconsiderate conduct of Mrs. Lewis, chiefly arose from great extravagance and an aptitude for running in debt, by the indulgence of a profuse benevolence, and that there were the chief faults of this unfortunate lady. She carried her passion for music to a mania, and was, it appears, always surrounded by a mob of needy professionals of that calling. The attachment of Lewis for his mother was of as extraordinary as exemplary a kind; no urgency of interest with his father, no gaieties of the world, no pleasures of youth ever seem to have broken the hold his mother possessed over his faithful heart; while to supply her imprudent extravagance with funds appears to have been the first stimulus which urged him to the toils of authorship. His father allowed him a thousand pounds yearly, half of which sum he seems to have devoted to his mother besides the whole of his earnings, and out of the remainder he educated and maintained an orphan, besides performing many deeds of charity which were unknown to the world while he lived. The mother of Lewis is certainly the leading character in his life and works, and to her we first introduce our readers.

"Ere many years Mrs. Lewis was the mother of two sons and two daughters—Matthew, the eldest: Barrington, whose early death we shall hereafter record, Maria, lady of the present Sir Henry Lushington, Bart.; and Sophia, the late wife of Colonel John Sheddon. Little Mat soon became his mother's pet companion, and he accordingly imbibed her tastes, ideas, and even expressions, which he early acquired the habit of repeating with amusing gravity.

"Frequently present at portentous toilette debates, he was always remarkably attentive to them, and often amused visitors by the impression which they made. On one occasion, Lady S— having called by ap-

pointment to take up Mrs. Lewis on her way to the opera-house, she was ushered into the drawing-rooms, which was already occupied by the little sentimentalist. 'Well, Master Mat!' said the lady, perceiving that the child gazed at her dress, 'I hope, sir, you approve?'

The young gentleman shook his head in token of dissent, and after a pause observed, 'My mama never wears a blue ribbon with a yellow head-dress.'

" 'I declare,' exclaimed the lady, laughing, 'I did not think of it. Your mamma is perfectly right, Mat. But, come, now tell me how is she dressed? In all her diamonds, eh?'

" 'No, no,' replied Mat: 'Fanny,—the familiar appellation he usually gave his mother—'looks very pretty, with nothing on her head (remembering his mother's words), but a simple fold of plain white tiffany.' "

"Mrs. Lewis was extremely near-sighted; and owing to this defect, once ran the risk of making a very ridiculous blunder at one of her musical soirees. She had procured the professional assistance of Signor Pozzi—then recently arrived—for an evening concert at her own house; the predilection for foreign artists, among persons of rank, being a mania no less of that period, than of our own. The soiree was numerously attended, and the lady having predetermined to make her golden acknowledgments in a delicate and handsome manner, before the signor should have made his escape, contrived, at the close of the concert, to meander her way through the throng of guests; till at last she congratulated herself on perceiving a dark-whiskered foreigner standing near the orchestra, who, she decided, must be Pozzi. She accordingly approached him with a gracious smile, having the *douceur* folded up, ready to be slipped into his hand, accompanied by some appropriate compliment; when, at the moment, some one accosted the supposed Pozzi with, 'My dear count!' and they walked away together, just in time to prevent a ludicrous and perplexing result to Mrs. Lewis. She used, laughingly, to observe, that the noble foreigner, having arrived in this country only a short time before, might have been led to form a very singular opinion respecting English manners and hospitality."

"We shall here give a childish, but not uninteresting anecdote, related by himself in maturer years, which, however trifling, serves at least to show that the boy's early religious education had not been neglected. On the night of his arrival at school, wearied and dispirited by the tormenting reception which is sure to await a 'new boy,' poor

little Mat, with a sense of desolation he had never before felt, on retiring to his neat white-curtained crib, in the dormitory appointed for him, added to his usual infant orison the following words:—'God bless me now, in a strange place, among strange boys, away from mamma, with nobody to love me!' And having so commended himself to heaven, the little fellow lay down and sobbed himself to sleep."

The firmness and good sense which distinguish even his early school by letters to his mother, so beloved in infancy, will meet with the approbation of all who can feel for the difficulties of persons placed in such unfortunate domestic circumstances. Lewis' heart must have been sorely racked between his tenderness for his mother, and his respect for his father.

In the midst of a train of thought, which often led him to the most correct results in actual life, Lewis in his twentieth year, published the romance which drew before him such lifelong odium. It is strange that a person whose ideas were full of rectitude, in regard to practical life, should write a work open to moral condemnation in the degree of the *Monk*, and it really leads us to suppose that this notorious romance was only a translation from the German, as all his romantic tales really were, though as little acknowledged in one instance as the other. Never did literary vanity lead a man to father a more ill conditioned or mischievous literary bantling.

Lewis was as unfortunate in the single attachment of his life, as in his domestic connections, he appears to have loved but once, and with a degree of tenacity, of which the masculine mind is seldom capable,—he loved for ever. The object of his passion was a lady of the highest rank, who since his death, has obtained a considerable degree of literary celebrity, this is Lady Charlotte Bury.

"At Inverary Castle, the ancient seat of the noble family of Argyle, Lewis first felt the influence of a 'bright particular star,' which, if it did not entirely rule his destiny, certainly held a powerful influence over his future life. It was Lady Charlotte Campbell, the daughter of his host,—a lady no less celebrated for the graces of personal, than she has since been for the charms of mental beauty,—at whose shrine the incense

of the poet's heart was offered, and to whom he addressed some of the most touching effusions of his lyric pen.

"The votaries of love are so seldom influenced by the dictates of reason, that they rarely weigh the probabilities of success, or they yield themselves to the absolute dominion of passion. Even when anticipating the miseries of disappointment, the lover seldom pauses to think of results, but welcomes the delusion for delusion's sake. Experience, too often fatally purchased, alone proves that in absence from the object lies the secret of curbing a growing affection. Flight is the hopeless lover's best resource; since if he once enter the lists with the enemy, defeat is certain. Such, had he been wiser than the ordinary generation of lovers, should have been the conduct of Lewis, instead of lingering with silent and hopeless devotion near the object of his passion, like the ill-fated flutterer whose charmed wing hovers round the flame—at once its fascination and its grave.

"Many were the summer rambles taken by the young poet in the woods surrounding Inverary Castle, with her whose companionship made the picturesque scenery still more beautiful; and it was during the

"'Stolen sweetness of those evening walks,  
When panted turf was air to winged feet,  
And circling forests by etherial touch  
Enchanted, wore the livery of the sky,'—

that the encounter with a poor maniac occurred, which gave rise to the well-known ballad of 'Crazy Jane.' The alarm naturally excited in the breast of the lady, at a meeting so startling—possibly exaggerated by the imagination of Lewis—threw an air of romance over the adventure, which, infused into the poem, gained for it a degree of popularity scarcely yet abated.

"We subjoin the original version, copied from an MS. in the handwriting of the author:—

#### CRAZY JANE.

- 'Stay, fair maid! On every feature,  
Why are marks of dread imprest?  
Can a wretched, helpless creature  
Raise such terrors in your breast?  
Do my frantic looks alarm you?  
Trust me, sweet, your tears are vain:  
Not for kingdoms would I harm you—  
Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.
- 'Dost thou weep to see my anguish?  
Mark me, and escape my woe:  
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,  
Think them false—I found them so!  
For I loved, Oh! so sincerely,  
None will ever love again;  
Yet the man I prized most dearly  
Broke the heart of Crazy Jane.



“ Gladly that young heart received him,  
Which has never loved but one,  
He seemed true, and I believed him—  
*He was false*, and I undone,  
Since that hour has reason never  
Held her empire o’er my brain  
Henry fled!—With him, for ever,  
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane .

“ Now forlorn and broken-hearted,  
Still with frenzied thoughts beset,  
Near the spot where last we parted,  
Near the spot where first we met,  
Thus I chant my love-lorn ditty,  
While I sadly pace the plain,  
And each passer by, in pity,  
Cries ‘ God help thee, Crazy Jane !’

“ The ballad has been wedded to music by several composers, but the original and most popular melody was by the celebrated Miss Abrams, who introduced and sung it herself at fashionable parties. After the usual complimentary tributes from bariet organs, and wandering damsels of every degree of vocal ability, it crowned not only the author’s brow with laurels, but also that of many a youthful beauty, in the shape of a fashionable hat, called the ‘ *Crazy Jane hat*’. The circumstance is worth mention, because it shows the extraordinary popularity which one of the meanest trifles from Lewis’s pen was then capable of obtaining.”

The best of the occasional poems preserved in these volumes, is an epilogue spoken by Lady Charlotte after the performance of the tragedy of *Barbarossa*, before the Duke of Aigyle, at Inverary Castle. this is full of wit and those of the aristocracy, who remember Lady Charlotte as the *beauty*, and not as the *blue* of their class will be delighted with it.

#### EPILOGUE TO BARBAROSSA

“ Till now, all who glow’d with theatrical flame,  
Love of money inspired, or else love of fame,  
But none of these motives, ’tis clearer than light,  
Have produced the dramatic attempt of to-night.  
No shillings for entrance were dropt at the door,  
No voices, applauding, bawl ‘ Bravo! ‘ Encore!’  
And our ardour for glory it surely must quench,  
To think that we play to three chairs and a bench  
When Selim, the tyrant, presumed to rebuke,  
All he wish’d was obtaining a smile from the Duke,  
And when the Queen said the King’s cruelty shock’d her,

She hoped for some little applause from the Doctor.

But our utmost ambition was stretch’d to its tether,  
If the Duke and the Doctor cried ‘ Bravo!’ together.

Yet the fame of our mirth confined shall not be

To a circle so small as the one I now see .

No, I’ll tell all the world, in the ‘Times’ and the ‘Sun,’

How much we have dared, and how much we have done ,

And inform the whole kingdom, by means of the papers,

That we’ve just had an access of tragical vapours.

In fancy already I see, with delight,

‘ Inverary Theatricals,’ full in my sight

‘ Barbarossa was lately (they cannot say

Perform’d at the Duke’s with the greatest

success ,

The scenes were well painted, the dresses were fine ,

The orchestra well fill’d, and the acting—divine

In truth such perfection in women and men Was ne’er seen before, nor will e’er be again ,

Captain Campbell gave Othman with strength and effect,

Mr Trafford was graceful—Lord John was correct ,

Lord Lorne’s easy air, when he got in a passion,

Proved a tyrant must needs be a person of fashion

He seem’d much at home thro’ the whole of the play,—

He died in a style which was quite *déçagé*,  
And his orders for murder, declared by their tone,

Was the same if he gave them, or let them alone

The worst (we are sorry to say, but it true is)  
Was the epilogue, written, we hear, by one

Lewis ,

’Twas terrible trash, but in justice we tell,  
It was thought to be *spoken* uncommonly well

Indeed, Lady Charlotte, all own’d with delight,

Outdid all her former outdoings that night.

When she got her high prancing theatrical pony on,

Her voice, air, and action, how truly *Sidonian*!

How wisely she said she’d not marry her brother,

And, having one spouse, not just then take another.

And when, in the midst of her griefs and vexations,

’Twas needful to rap out a few execrations,  
Her oaths were as truly deserving of praise,

As she had done nothing but swear all her days.'

"Perhaps some may think, but the fact I deny,

My own merits are rated a little too high.  
But if in our play any merit is shown,  
I assure you, my friends, that the whole is my own.

I made up the dresses, I painted the scenes—  
For constructing the playhouse, invented machines;

And made all the actors rehearse, which I swear,

Was without great exertion no easy affair.  
For when to rehearse the fifth act I was wishing,

I was told Barbarossa was just gone a fishing

Out of tune, while Irene was straining her throat,

That Othman was busy in building a boat,  
However, I scolded, and hustled, and storm'd,  
Till the parts were all learnt and the play was perform'd.

And now Barbarossa's heroics are o'er,  
Should you chance, as is likely, to vote him a bore,—

Should you think our performance deserving no praise,

And our play the worst thing you e'er saw in your days,

As your judgments must err, and an audience is scarce,

We condemn you for penance to sit out the farce."

The 'Duchess of York's visit to the residence of Lewis at Barnes, will be read with pleasure: but every page in this most amusing work presents us with a temptation to extract. We cannot resist the raffle at Lady Cork's.

"Having one day taken into her head to have a 'raffle,' or lottery, for a charitable purpose, she mentioned her idea to Lewis, who entered into the project with great willingness, and under his direction the whole affair was managed. As it was arranged that every body was to *win something* Lewis took care that the prizes should be of a nature that would create the most ludicrous perplexity to their owners. Accordingly, on the evening appointed (for the raffle took place at a *soirée*), the assembled guests were parading the brilliantly-lighted drawing-rooms, burdened with the most out-of-the-way articles the eccentric hostess could procure; while the inventor of this novel kind of *plaisanterie* was silently enjoying the joke at their distress. Gentlemen were seen in every direction, running about with teapots in their hands, or trays under their arms, endeavouring to find some sly corner, in which to deposit their prizes; while young

ladies were sinking beneath the weight, or the shame, of carrying a coal-scuttle or a flat-iron. Guinea-pigs, birds in cages, punch-bowls, watchmen's rattles, and Dutch-ovens, were perplexing their fortunate, or, as perhaps they considered themselves, unfortunate proprietors; and Lady C——'s raffle was long remembered by those who were present as a scene of laughter and confusion."

This passage is preceded by a good anecdote of Tom Moore, but we must refer our readers to the work for this and many other brilliant passages.

We are glad to find that this beneficent man did not fall a victim to his own kindness of heart; the common report goes, that he was poisoned by his emancipated negroes, and however calamitous his death, by the yellow fever on his homeward passage, there is something so revolting in the idea that benefits should ever be repaid by murder, that every philanthropic heart must feel rejoiced that this ameliorator of the sufferings of the slave, died by the visitation of God, and not by the ingratitude of man. Had Lewis remained with his affectionate negroes, who seem by his letters, to have been so tenderly attentive to his health, he might have got over the dreadful attack, and been at this very hour in an active state of beneficence.

The biographer quotes with just reprehension, from the pages of the Court Magazine, (previous to its incorporation in the past year, with our publication the Lady's Magazine, and not then under our guidance), a letter written by a lady, the daughter of a medical man, who had quarrelled with Lewis about his berth during the homeward passage. From the poor sufferer's delirious ravings, and from an accident which befel his coffin when committed to the deep, the most horrible inferences are drawn; human judgments are thus drawn from inquisitorial espionage of death-bed scenes, for which one or two Calvinistic sects are even now-a-days notorious, as many of old thought that personal deformity was a judgment from heaven, but we doubt not that the philanthropist, who had been lately employed in ameliorating the condition of his slaves, and giving them religious instruction, as well as

providing for their temporal wants, found a happy home for his released spirit, wherever the winds might drive his unconscious clay. Fortunately there was another witness of the last scene of this benevolent creature, an orphan with whom he became acquainted in his passage out in the same vessel, whom he had protected and assisted with more activity than many relatives bestow on those whom they are bound to aid.

We must premise that Tita who is mentioned in this narrative, was afterwards Lord Byron's well-known servant.

"I sailed from Jamaica, having again been placed under the care of Captain Boyes, on my homeward voyage to England, on the 4th of May, 1818, in the same vessel which had carried me out. Mr. Lewis was again my *compagnon de voyage*. Alas! it was destined to bear him to

———" 'that bourne  
Whence no traveller returns.'

"He had been previously suffering from a slight attack of yellow fever, and seemed for the first few hours after we went on board, restless and irritable. Our fellow-passengers were a Doctor and Mrs. P——r, their two children, and nurse; besides some other children coming over for education, and an Italian valet named Tita—whom I forgot to mention as having gone to Jamaica with Mr. Lewis—also returned with us. For this man he had a great respect, and used to relate a romantic adventure which first introduced them to each other. I believe it had reference to an encounter with banditti, when Lewis was travelling in Italy, from whom Tita had aided his escape.

"At the outset of our voyage, there was a slight disagreement between Mr. L. and the doctor, respecting a berth; it was, however, amicably arranged, though no great cordiality existed between the parties after. The passengers were all very ill, not only from sea sickness, but from other causes: the yellow fever having shown itself on board. Many of the crew were suffering from it; and the fright of seeing a sailor fall down when first attacked by it, threw me into so nervous and weak a state, that I continued an invalid during the whole voyage. On this account, I saw little of Mr. Lewis; and after the first few days he became himself so ill as to be confined to his berth. Advice and medicines were administered to him, but he grew obstinate and irritable, and instead of remaining in bed, and allowing the medicines to take proper effect, he would rush upon deck, walk for hours, and then return to his couch worse than when he left it. His

berth was next to my own, divided off from the state-cabin by a slight partition. Continued retchings seemed to rack every nerve in his body, and his groans of agony pierced my very soul. Indeed I could get no rest for his moanings. Tita and others sat in the state-cabin to be near and within call, and every attention was paid that kindness could devise. Captain Boyes was constant and unremitting in his assiduities, and Dr. P. attended Mr. Lewis, till himself became too ill to do so. We were all in a wretched state, and the extreme heat of the latitude in which we were increased our distress.

"At midnight, about the 10th of May, six days after we had sailed, Mr. Lewis, in a paroxysm of agony, had the ship's steward called up, and demanded a dose of an emetic, feeling, as he expressed it, 'an insupportable load at his stomach.' Remonstrance was useless—and in the hurry of the moment to comply with his impatience, a strong emetic was imprudently administered by the steward, who had the care of the medicine chest. From that time the retchings were incessant.

"I saw Mr. Lewis at mid-day on the 13th; his sufferings were fearfully distressing; he fancied laudanum would relieve him, but it was not deemed prudent to give it. I think he was aware of his danger, and some memoranda were written from his dictation, and sealed up; but they related, I believe, only to the payment to be made of Tita's wages, for a will had been left already in England.

"I last saw Mr. Lewis about nine on the same evening before I retired for the night, and promised to call out, to those who were watching in the outward cabin, the half-hours when he was to have a medicine given him. I did so: At two o'clock I heard him say, 'Thank you, thank you!' All that night his groans were dreadful; I could only lie in my berth and listen to them, for illness rendered me powerless. By degrees his moanings subsided into low convulsive sobs; they grew fainter and fainter, and became calmed into a gentle breathing, as though the sufferer slept. I was worn out, and lost all consciousness. From this state of stupor (for I can hardly call it sleep), I was roused by the steward, at a little past four on the morning of the 14th of May, calling me by my name. He came to inform me that '*Mr. Lewis was no more!*'

"It seemed he had requested to be left undisturbed, and appeared inclined to sleep when the last dose of medicine was administered, and the watchers remained in the outward cabin, leaving the door of his berth ajar. All continued still for some time: at four o'clock the steward approached, and thought he slept; he described him as

lying with his head a little thrown back on the pillow, his arms crossed upon his breast, as though attempting to suppress some internal convulsive feeling. The man approached his ear to the sleeper's lips to listen to his breathing, but that sleep was death; and, in a slumber gentle as the rest of childhood, the worn-out spirit had passed away for ever!

"I was summoned from the loneliness of my sorrow ere noon the same day upon deck, to witness, with the rest of the passengers and ship's company (ill as we all were), the committal of the body to the deep. And here, should it be asked, 'Why were not the remains of a man possessing the property and connexions of Mr. Lewis, conveyed to England for sepulture?' I answer, that it was out of no want of due respect on the part of the captain, or any one on board, but from pressing necessity; for the lives of the whole crew would, in all probability, have fallen a sacrifice, had the precaution of early burial been neglected. At all events, the risk was one which no captain could have been justified in running. And here I cannot resist a just tribute to a man, who has himself but lately paid the debt of nature; and must again eulogise the conduct of Captain Boyes on the trying situation in which he was placed during our homeward voyage from Jamaica: with sick passengers, and an invalid crew, he had much to contend with, and he discharged his duty to the utmost.

"With all the decencies that can be observed on such an occasion, the corpse of our lamented and regretted fellow-passenger, having been placed in a proper coffin, at that impressive sentence in the form of burial at sea, '*we commit our brother to the deep*,' was gently lowered into its ocean-tomb. Never shall I forget the sound of the splashing waters, as, for an instant, the engulfing wave closed over his remains!

"Oh! that sound did knock  
Against my very heart."

"The coffin, encased in its shroud-like hammock rose again almost immediately;—the end of the hammock having become unfastened, and the weights which had been enclosed escaping, the wind getting under the canvass acted as a sail, and the body was slowly borne down the current away from us, in the direction of Jamaica.

"I remained on deck straining my eyes to watch, as it floated on its course, the last narrow home of him who had, indeed, been my friend; till, nearly blinded by my tears, and the distance that was gradually placed between the vessel and the object of my gaze, it became like a speck upon the waters, and—I saw it no more!

"Such is the sketch I have been able to afford of my acquaintance with this warm-hearted man. It is an incident in my life that I shall ever recur to with feelings of the deepest gratitude, mingled with regret for the untimely loss of a friend, whose character, I think, was never duly appreciated or properly understood; and whose eccentricities were more frequently canvassed and wondered at, than the goodness of heart and benevolence of purpose acknowledged, which was hidden beneath the singularities of his genius.

"The above account refutes beyond all question the report so prevalent in England, at the time Lewis's death was announced, and for which it is, indeed, idle to suppose there *could* have been any just grounds, viz., that his negroes, impressed with the idea not only of receiving their own emancipation, but that important advantages would accrue to the whole sable community from Lewis's demise, had accelerated the event by subtly administering some of those poisons (for the preparation of which they have been celebrated), whose deadly power might lurk unfelt in the veins, and imperceptibly 'do the work of fate.'

"These rumours probably derived their foundation from some fancy in the mind of his bereaved mother, originating in an oft-repeated warning of Mrs. Blake, who had herself passed much time in Jamaica, that 'if Mat did not look well to what he was about in making his slaves more independent, they would one day be the death of him.'"

The biographer has with great tact, and proper appreciation of his duties, made Lewis as much as possible the narrator of his own life, from his letters, and in so doing he has done well, and deserves the gratitude of his readers. The weakest part of the work is a digressive essay on fiction, in which very unaccountably, while professing to trace the progress of English compositions in fiction, he has forgotten the works of our first and greatest writer in that line, Defoe. We would rather have heard some particulars regarding the publication of Lewis's first romance, than have had this essay.

The volumes are in fine, a valuable addition to any library, and a great treat to all those who like to combine wholesome amusement with the satisfaction of knowing that they are reading truth and facts; this is the favorite style of reading in the present day, and we do not wonder at the popularity which ever attends works of this class.

*The Phantom Ship.* By Captain Marryat, R.N. 3 vols.

In the "Phantom Ship" Capt. Marryat has steered to the coasts of downright romance. No digressive jest breaks from his light sparkling pen to mar the tone of reality so happily assumed. In this earnestness he shews his usual taste and judgment. Who indeed cares a straw for a ghost story if the narrator seem to disbelieve it himself? We ourselves have an utter hatred of the supernatural which is impertinently explained away by natural causes by the talent of a Brewster and other natural philosophers. When our hair would stand on end, or our cheeks wax pale at a good effective ghost story, or indeed at seeing something more than we can readily account for, we prefer these feelings to being elicited by a *bona fide* spectre or sociable vampire like the Pilot Schriften rather than be scared by the effects produced from a stupid magic lantern, a box of phosphorus, or a shabby white table-cloth left on a hedge by a forgetful washerwoman. We always gave Defoe as much credit for his excellent ghost story of "Mrs. Veal" as for his inimitable romance of "Robinson Crusoe."

In this romance of the "Phantom Ship" we find the story of the "Flying Dutchman," hackneyed as it is, converted by a bold stroke of imagination into a tale full of originality. The captain of this vessel was (as every seaman knows) doomed for high crimes and misdemeanours to beat round the Cape of Good Hope till the day of judgment. Captain Marryat has invented for this person, a son, Philip Vanderdecken, who, in obedience to a supernatural appearance of his father, undertakes to sail, perpetually, in order to find him, and bring him a relic, which is to relieve him of his doom. On the voyages of this Dutch Telemachus in search of this flying Ulysses the romance is founded. Four distinct and well-drawn characters are the chief actors in this work: there are Philip, his wife Amine, and her father the Dutch renegade, Van Poots; the Pilot Schriften is very well delineated, and is a good efficient supernatural. Philips' search for the letter, which the spectre

of his father had left, is one of the best passages in the romance. Capt. Marryat is always successful when he pauses to dwell on any passage, although he too often hurries on when his readers would wish him to tarry. The following passage is wrought up with great finish—

"It was about noon when Philip descended to open the chamber; the sun shone bright, the sky was clear, and all without was cheerful and joyous. The front door of the cottage being closed, there was not much light in the passage when Philip put the key into the lock of the long-closed door, and with some difficulty turned it round. To say that when he pushed open the door he felt no alarm, would not be correct; he did feel alarm, and his heart palpitated; but he felt more than was requisite of determination to conquer that alarm, and to conquer more, should more be created by what he should behold. He opened the door, but did not immediately enter the room: he paused where he stood, for he felt as if he was about to intrude into the retreat of a disembodied spirit, and that that spirit might reappear. He waited a minute, for the effort of opening the door had taken away his breath, and, as he recovered himself, he looked within.

"He could but imperfectly distinguish the objects in the chamber, but through the joints of the shutters there were three brilliant beams of sunshine forcing their way across the room, which at first induced him to recoil as if from something supernatural; but a little reflection re-assured him. After about a minute's pause, Philip went into the kitchen, lighted a candle, and, sighing deeply two or three times as if to relieve his heart, he summoned his resolution, and walked towards the fatal room. He first stopped at the threshold, and, by the light of the candle, took a hasty survey. All was still; and the table on which the letter had been left, being behind the door, was concealed by its being opened. It must be done, thought Philip: and why not at once? continued he, resuming his courage; and, with a firm step, he walked into the room and went to unfasten the shutters. If his hand trembled a little when he called to mind how supernaturally they had last been opened, it is not surprising. We are but mortal, and we shrink from contact with aught beyond this life. When the fastenings were removed and the shutters unfolded, a stream of light poured into the room so vivid as to dazzle his eyesight; strange to say, this, this very light of a brilliant day overthrew the resolution of Philip more than the previous gloom and darkness had

done; and with the candle in his hand, he retreated hastily into the kitchen to re-summon his courage, and there he remained for some minutes, with his face covered, and in deep thought.

"It is singular that his reveries at last ended by reverting to the fair daughter of Mynbeer Poots, and her first appearance at the window; and he felt as if the flood of light which had just driven him from one, was not more impressive and startling than her enchanting form at the other. His mind dwelling upon this beauteous vision appeared to restore Philip's confidence; he now rose and boldly walked into the room. We shall not describe the object it contained as they chanced to meet the eyes of Philip, but attempt a more lucid arrangement.

The room was about twelve or fourteen feet square, with but one window; opposite to the door stood the chimney and fireplace, with a high beaufet of dark wood on each side. The floor of the room was not dirty, although about its upper parts spiders had run their cobwebs in every direction. In the centre of the ceiling hung a quicksilver globe, a common ornament in those days, but the major part of it had lost its brilliancy, the spiders' webs enclosing it like a shroud. Over the chimney-piece were hung two or three drawings framed and glazed, but a dusty mildew was spotted over the glass, so that little of them could be distinguished. In the centre of the mantelpiece was an image of the Virgin Mary, of pure silver, in a shrine of the same metal, but it was tarnished to the colour of bronze or iron; some Indian figures stood on each side of it. The glass doors of the beaufets on each side of the chimney-piece were also dimmed that little of what was within could be distinguished; the light and heat which had been poured into the room, even for so short a time, had already gathered up the damps of many years, and it lay as a mist and mingled with the dust upon the panes of glass: still here and there a glittering of silver vessels could be discerned, for the glass doors had protected them from turning black, although much dimmed in lustre.

"On the wall facing the window were other prints, in frames equally veiled in damp and cobwebs, and also two birdcages. The birdcages Philip approached, and looked into them. The occupants, of course, had long been dead; but at the bottom of the cages was a small heap of yellow feathers, through which the little white bones of the skeletons were to be seen, proving that they had been brought from the Canary Isles; and, at that period, such birds were highly valued. Philip appeared to wish to examine everything before he sought that which he most dreaded, yet most wished to find.

There were several chairs round the room: on one of them was some linen; he took it up. It was some that must have belonged to him when he was yet a child. At last, Philip turned his eyes to the wall not yet examined (that opposite the chimney-piece), through which the door was pierced, and behind the door as it lay open, he was to find the table, the couch, the work-box, and the FATAL LETTER. As he turned round, his pulse, which had gradually recovered its regular motion, beat more quickly: but he made the effort, and it was over. At first he examined the walls, against which were hung swords and pistols of various sorts, but chiefly Asiatic bows and arrows, and other implements of destruction. Philip's eyes gradually descended upon the table and little couch behind it, where his mother stated herself to have been seated when his father made his awful visit. The workbox and all its implements were on the table, just as she had left them. The keys she mentioned were also lying there, but Philip looked, and looked again; there was no letter. He now advanced nearer, examined closely—there was none that he could perceive, either on the couch or on the table—or on the floor. He lifted up the workbox to ascertain if it was beneath—but no. He turned over the pillows of the couch, but still there was no letter to be found. And Philip felt as if there had been a heavy load removed from his panting chest. 'Surely, then,' thought he, as he leant against the wall, 'this must have been the vision of a heated imagination. My poor mother must have fallen asleep, and dreamt this horrid tale. I thought it was impossible, at least I hoped so. It must have been as I suppose, the dream was too powerful, too like a fearful reality, partially unseated my poor mother's reason.' Philip reflected again, and was then satisfied that his suppositions were correct.

"Yes, it must have been so, poor dear mother! how much thou hast suffered! but thou art now rewarded, and with thy God.'

"After a few minutes (during which he surveyed the room again and again with more coolness, and perhaps some indifference, now that he regarded the supernatural history as not true), Philip took out of his pocket the written paper found with the key, and read it over.—'The iron cupboard under the beaufet furthest from the window.' 'Tis well.' He took the bunch of keys from off the table, and soon fitted one to the outside wooden doors which concealed the iron safe. A second key on the bunch opened the iron doors; and Philip found himself in possession of a considerable sum of money, amounting, as near as he could reckon, to ten thousand guilders, in little yellow sacks. 'My poor mother?'

thought he; 'and has a mere dream scared thee to penury and want, with all this wealth in thy possession? Philip replaced the sacks, and locked up the cup-boards, after having taken out of one, already half emptied, a few pieces for his immediate wants. His attention was next directed to the beaufets above, which, with one of the keys, he opened; he found that they contained china, and silver flagons, and cups of considerable value. The locks were again turned, and the bunch of keys thrown upon the table.

"The sudden possession of so much wealth added to the conviction, to which Philip had now arrived, that there had been no supernatural appearance, as supposed by his mother, naturally revived and composed his spirits; and he felt a reaction which amounted almost to hilarity. Seating himself on the couch, he was soon in a reverie, and, as before, reverted to the lovely daughter of Mynheer Poots, indulging in various castle-building, all ending, as usual, when we choose for ourselves, in competence and felicity. In this pleasing occupation he remained for more than two hours, when his thoughts again reverted to his poor mother and her fearful death.

" 'Dearest, kindest mother!' apostrophised Philip aloud, as he rose from his leaning position, "here thou wert, tired with watching over my infant slumbers, thinking of my absent father and his dangers, working up thy mind and anticipating evil, till thy fevered sleep conjured up this apparition. Yes, it must have been so, for see here, lying on the floor, is the embroidery, as it fell from thy unconscious hands, and with that labour ceased thy happiness in this life. Dear, dear mother!" continued he, a tear rolling down his cheek, as he stooped to pick up the piece of muslin, 'how much hast thou suffered when—God of Heaven?' exclaimed Philip, as he lifted up the embroidery, starting back with violence, and overturning the table, 'God of Heaven, and of Judgment, there is—there is,' and Philip clasped his hands, and bowed his head in awe and anguish, as in a changed and fearful tone he muttered forth—"the LETTER!"

The introduction of the Pilot Schriften who is a live creature that the Flying Dutchman had tossed overboard is very well told.

"The party who thus addressed Amine was a little meagre personage, dressed in the garb of the Dutch seamen of the time, with a cap made of badger-skin hanging over his brow. His features were sharp and diminutive, his face of a deadly white, his lips pale, and his hair of a mixture between

red and white. He had very little show of beard—indeed, it was almost difficult to say what his age might be. He might have been a sickly youth early sinking into decrepitude, or an old man, hale in constitution, yet carrying no flesh. But the most important feature, and that which immediately riveted the attention of Amine, was the eye of this peculiar personage—for he had but one; the right eye-lid was closed, and the ball within had evidently wasted away; but his left eye was, for the size of his face and head, of unusual dimensions, very protuberant, clear and watery, and most unpleasant to look upon, being relieved by no fringe of eyelash either above or below it. So remarkable was the feature, that when you looked at the man, you saw his eye and looked at nothing else. It was not a man with one eye, but one eye with a man attached to it: the body was but the tower of the lighthouse, of no further value, and commanding no further attention, than does the structure which holds up the beacon to the venturesome mariner; and yet, upon examination, you would have perceived that the man, although small, was neatly made; that his hands were very different in texture and colour from those of common seamen; that his features in general, although sharp, were regular; and that there was an air of superiority even in the obsequious manner of the little personage, and an indescribable something about his whole appearance which almost impressed you with awe. Amine's dark eyes were for a moment fixed upon the visiter, and she felt a chill at her heart for which she could not account, as she requested that he would walk in."

The defects of this romance are those common to Captain Marryat's novels. His situations are generally well imagined, but he hurries over his scenes with a slovenly degree of rapidity. The perpetual changes remind one of the exhibition of a magic lantern where the slides are pulled through too quickly; the mind has not time to realise the representation before the attention is distracted to another flying object, and mental fatigue and dissatisfaction are the results. There is also a species of contradiction in the plan of the story. If Amine really could tamper with evil spirits, there is some degree of justice in her cruel death. It is, however, the impossibility of the crime of witchcraft which makes the punishments inflicted in the seventeenth century, both in Protestant and Catholic countries, so murderously atrocious. This part of

the story is drawn with little judgment, and with the exception of the finale the third volume is defective in interest and very carelessly written. It is to us very evident that Capt. Marryat always gets heartily tired of his task before he has finished his three volumes. Nevertheless he is a fine romance writer, and those scenes in the "Phantom Ship" upon which he chooses to throw the strength of his genius are proofs of his power over his reader's imagination. Nor is there the least tinge of that levity and tendency to coarseness which sometimes makes Captain Marryat's works avoided by ladies. The character of Amine is the best female character he has ever drawn. Capt. Marryat seldom gives himself up to the influence of poetic feelings, nor did we believe that a piece of ideal painting lovely as the following dream was within the compass of his powers—

" 'I thought,' replied Philip, mournfully, 'that I was sailing as captain of a vessel round the Cape: the sea was calm and the breeze light: I was abaft; the sun went down, and the stars were more than usually brilliant: the weather was warm, and I lay down on my cloak, with my face to the heavens, watching the gems twinkling in the sky and the occasionally falling meteors. I thought that I fell asleep, and awoke with a sensation as if sinking down. I looked around me; the masts, the rigging, the hull of the vessel—all had disappeared, and I was floating by myself upon a large, beautifully-shaped shell on the wide waste of waters. I was alarmed, and afraid to move, lest I should overturn my frail bark and perish. At last, I perceived the fore-part of the shell pressed down, as if a weight were hanging to it; and soon afterwards a small white hand, which grasped it. I remained motionless, and would have called out that my little bark would sink, but I could not. Gradually a figure raised itself from the waters, and leaned with both arms over the fore-part of the shell, where I first had seen but the hand. It was a female, in form beautiful to excess; the skin was white as driven snow; her long, loose hair covered her, and the ends floated in the water; her arms were rounded and like ivory: she said, in a soft sweet voice—

" 'Philip Vanderdecken, what do you fear? Have you not a charmed life?'

" 'I know not,' replied I, 'whether my life be charmed or not; but this I know, that it is in danger.'

" 'In danger!' replied she, 'it might

have been in danger when you were trusting to the frail works of men, which the waves love to rend to fragments—your good ships, as you call them, which but float about upon sufferance; but where can be the danger when in a mermaid's shell, which the mountain wave respects, and upon which the cresting surge dare not throw its spray? Philip Vanderdecken you have come, to seek your father!'

" 'I have,' replied I; 'is it not the will of Heaven?'

" 'It is your destiny—and destiny rules all above and below. Shall we seek him together? This shell is mine; you know not how to navigate it; shall I assist you?'

" 'Will it bear us both?'

" 'You will see,' replied she, laughing, as she sank down from the fore-part of the shell, and immediately afterwards appeared at the side, which was not more than three inches above the water. To my alarm, she raised herself up, and sat upon the edge, but her weight appeared to have no effect. As soon as she was seated in this way—for her feet still remained in the water—the shell moved rapidly along, and each moment increased its speed, with no other propelling power than that of her volition.

" 'Do you fear now, Philip Vanderdecken?'

" 'No!' replied I.

" She passed her hands across her forehead, threw aside the tresses which had partly concealed her face, and said—

" 'Then look at me.'

" 'I looked, Amine, and I beheld you!'

" 'Me!' observed Amine, with a smile upon her lips.

" 'Yes, Amine, it was you. I called you by your name, and threw my arms round you. I felt that I could remain with you and sail about the world for ever.'

There is a nautical ghost story less known than the "Flying Dutchman" which would admirably suit the pen of Capt. Marryat: this is the tale of Capt. Booty, whose widow brought an action for damages in the reign of Charles II. against two Deptford captains for the scandal of saying that they had seen Booty's ghost hunted into the crater of Etna when they were shooting curlews on the coast of Sicily. Now the judge refused to give the ghost's widow any damages, for he said the oaths of the captains and thirty of their men were evidence that could not be rejected; so though the poor man died quietly in his bed at Deptford his memory, by the decision of an English judge and jury, was burthened with the stigma of



his choosing the fiery depths of Etna for his spiritual abiding place. What crimes Booty had committed to give rise to this story are left to the imaginations of its hearers. The captains had entered the date of the apparition on their *log books*, which was proved by many Deptford people to have been the very day and hour in which poor Capt. Booty breathed his last in *their very town of Deptford*. Defoe, with all the earnestness of his grand concentrativeness, would have made a thrilling romance of this extraordinary trial; but it was too near his time to produce effect—and in those days, too, judges as well as the public partook alike of and believed in such things—and would, withal, have been considered an impious deed in the seventeenth century, when ghosts, instead of being entirely banished to the regions of romance, were part and parcel of so many persons belief and experience, and in every third house as common as household furniture.

Marryat could rival Defoe if he would not whirl the brains of his readers into such hurried changes; he is in truth far more powerful on shore than at sea; one sea scene in a romance is enough for the appetites of most of his readers. His "Jacob Faithful" and "Japhet" are far better than most of his wholly nautical novels, and with these hints we bid him heartily farewell.

*The Banished. A Swabian Historical Tale. Edited by J. MORIER, Esq.*  
3 vols. COLBURN.

This noble historical romance seizes upon the mind of its reader, with the strong grasp of genius, and holds it tenaciously while there remains one word to be read. Nor does the pleasant spell end with the conclusion of the tale;—loth to relinquish the charm the reader tries back, and peruses a second time, various passages full of wit and humour, which the grand onward sweep of the whole would not suffer him to relish sufficiently at the first onset. This was our mode of reading 'the Banished.' We think it will be a course pretty generally followed; and when we further declare

that the three volumes *may* be read *aloud* from beginning to end, we have paid the work the highest tribute that can be offered, and in fact authors, to whom it can justly be paid, are wholly independent of reviewers, and need only proclaimers of their merit.

The original German romance, called Lichtenstein, by Hauff, doubtless is a grand and popular romance, for as a proverb says, "there is no making a silken purse, &c. &c.," yet it cannot have decreased in value by passing through the clear brain of one of our first-rate English authors. Morier possesses the true alchemy of genius, all that he publishes is sterling metal, it will bear any touchstone a critic may apply, and no hope of profit induces *him* to write beneath himself.

Genius and moral rectitude do not always go hand in hand, but in 'the Banished,' we are happy to observe, they are united; the reader is not only pleased, but is conscientiously satisfied with being pleased.

The historical hero of the tale is Duke Ulric or Ulerich of Wurtemberg, who, in the sixteenth century, conducted himself somewhat in the manner that the banished Duke of Brunswick did in his inconsiderate boyhood in the present era, and like him was expelled by his incensed subjects. Duke Ulric's sins against the laws of his country are, however, committed when in the full vigour of intellect, and being indomitably obstinate, it is not till his second banishment that he is cured of the malady of despotism.

Ulric is drawn as Sir Walter Scott would have delighted to have sketched him, yet none but a German born and bred could have struck out the naturalness of the portrait. The author has avowedly lighted his torch from the fire of Sir Walter's genius, but only to apply and arrange his historical materials after the example of that great writer, and not to imitate his style and manner. Sir Walter has elicited the fire of kindred genius from Victor Hugo and Dumas in France, from Grossi in Italy, and from Valerian Thrasinski in Poland, this German writer, Hauff, may certainly be named in the illustrious list without derogating from its value.

Merier has left the point doubtful, whether or not he is the translator of the work, nor should we recognise his style exactly in its construction. And yet how well a style may be recognised, we have now a case in point before us in a tale called *Argentine*. From some whim the author has concealed all reference to his presiding works, yet can we fail to recognise him as the author of two former works, replete with beauty? he is in fact the best metaphysical novelist of the present day, therefore his light is not easily hid under a bushel.

To return to our 'Banished;' character, life-like and distinct, is its charm, the Fifer of Hardt rivals the Duke in interest; and George of Fronsberg, Max Stumpf and the hero and heroine themselves return to the memory as if they were real personages and old acquaintances. We regret we must conclude, first observing that the little wretch whose cavalry charge is so irresistibly comic, is the Duke's chancellor who has put all the mischief in his master's head, in regard to the extinction of the free constitution of Wurtemberg; we give the author's own words.

"A most extraordinary figure was seen to keep his station by the side of the Duke, in appearance more like a tortoise on horse-back, than a human being. A helmet, with a large feather, protruded high above a small body, upon the back of which sat an arched coat of mail. The little horseman's knees were bent high up on the saddle, whilst his hand kept a fast hold of the pommel. The closed vizor of the unknown knight concealed his face from Albert's observation; who, curious to ascertain who the ridiculous looking warrior might be, rode up to the Duke to satisfy himself, and said:

"Upon my word, your highness has provided yourself with a marvellous looking animal as a guide. Only observe his withered legs, his trembling arm, the enormous helmet between his shoulders;—who may this pigmy be?"

"Don't you recognize the hump?" asked the Duke, laughing. "Just observe the extraordinary coat of mail he has on; it is for all the world like a large nutshell, to protect his back, in case he has to run for it. He is my faithful chancellor, Ambrosius Bolland."

"By the holy Virgin! what an unjust opinion I have formed of him," replied

Albert; 'I never thought he would have drawn a sword or mounted a horse, and there he sits upon a beast as big as an elephant, and carries a sword as long as himself. I never should have given him credit for so martial a spirit.'

"Do you suppose it is his own free-will which impels him to attend me in the field? No, I have been obliged by force to make him follow me. Having pushed me to extremities against my will, in order to satisfy his wicked intentions, which I fear has placed me upon the brink of a precipice, he shall partake of the soup himself which he has cooked for me. He wept when I insisted on his coming with me; complaining of his gout, and other infirmities, saying his nature was not military; but I made him buckle on his armour, and put him on a horse, the most fiery beast in my stable. He shall have the bitters as well as the sweets of his counsel."

"During this discourse the knight of the hump threw open his vizor, and discovered his pale affrighted countenance. The eternal hypocritical smile had vanished, his piercing little eyes had swollen beyond their ordinary size, and assumed a staring look, turning slowly and timidly from side to side; a cold perspiration sat upon his forehead, and his voice had softened down into a trembling whisper. 'For the mercy of God, most worthy Albert von Sturmfeeder, most beloved friend and benefactor,' said he, 'pray say a good word for me to our obdurate master, that he may release me from this masquerading gambol. The ride in this heavy armour has most cruelly tormented me, the helmet presses on my brain, setting all my thoughts on the dance, and my knees are bent with the gout. Pray, pray do! say a kind word for your humble servant, Ambrosius Bolland; I will certainly repay it ten-fold.'"

"The young man turned away in disgust, from the cowardly sinner. 'My Lord Duke,' said he, whilst a blush of high-minded scorn and contempt coloured his cheeks, 'permit him to go. The knights have drawn their swords, and pressed their helmets firmer on their foreheads; the people shake their spears, impatient for the signal of attack; why, then, should a coward be counted among the ranks of men?'

"He remains, I say," replied the Duke, with a stern voice; 'the first step he makes to the rear, I'll cut him down from his horse. The devil sat upon your blue lips, Ambrosius Bolland, when you advised us to despise our people, and subvert the laws of the land. This day, when the balls whiz and swords clatter, shall you know whether your counsel has proved of advantage to us or not.'

"The chancellor's eyes beamed with rage, his lips trembled, and his whole countenance was fearfully distorted. 'I only gave you my advice,—why did you follow it?' said he; 'you are the Duke and master; you gave the orders for swearing the oath of allegiance,—how could I help it?'"

"The Duke, in anger at these words, turned his horse with such velocity towards him, that the chancellor, expecting his last moment was come, bent himself down in trepidation on his horse's mane. 'By our princely honour,' he cried, with a terrible voice, his eyes flashing fire, 'we are astonished at our own forbearance. You took advantage of the blindness of our anger, when first we re-entered our capital; you knew too well how to ingratiate yourself into our confidence. Had we not followed your counsel, thou serpent, we should have had twenty thousand Wurtemberg hearts as a wall to defend their Prince. Oh! my Wurtemberg! my Wurtemberg! Had I but followed the advice of my old friend! There is indeed a charm in the love of my people!'"

"'Away with these thoughts,' said the old knight of Lichtenstein. 'We are on the eve of battle; all is not yet lost; we have still time to repair the wrongs we have committed. You are surrounded by six thousand Wurtembergers, and, by heavens! they will be victorious, if you lead them with confidence to the enemy. We are all friends here, my Lord! forgive your enemies; dismiss your chancellor, who can be of no service to you, he cannot use a sword.'

"'No, remain by my side, thou tortoise! dog of a scribe!' said the Duke. 'Seated in your office, you wrote laws with your own hand, and despised my people, you shall now witness how they can fight; how a Wurtemberger can conquer or — die. Ha! do you see them on the height there? do you see the flag with the red cross? there's the banner of Bavaria; how their arms glisten in the dawn of the morning, and their helmet plumes wave in the breeze! Good morning, gentlemen of the Swabian League; that is a sight for a Wurtemberger! how my heart gladdens at it!'"

"'Look! they are preparing their artillery,' interrupted Lichtenstein; 'you must not remain on this spot, my Lord, your life is in danger; go back, go back; send us your orders from yonder tree, (pointing to one at a distance,) where you will be in safety; this position belongs to us alone.'"

"The Duke turned to him, and answered, with an air of proud dignity, 'Where did you ever hear that a Wurtemberger retreated when the enemy had sounded the attack? My ancestors never knew what fear was, and their posterity shall also, like

them, never betray the motto, 'Fearless and true!' Observe how the brow of the mountain becomes darker and darker with their numerous bodies of men. Do, you see that white cloud on yonder hill, tortoise? do you hear it crack? that's the thunder of artillery, that pours into our ranks. If you have a clear conscience at this moment, make up your accounts with this world; for no one would give a penny for your life.'"

How the poor tortoise got on is worth hearing; his horse choosing to make him the apex of a desperate charge of cavalry in the wedge form, is full of capital fun.

"Wurtemberg now burnt at every point, and her unhappy master witnessed the spectacle in ghastly despair. Both armies also noticed the burning castle. The Leaguists saluted the event with loud shouts of exulting joy, whilst the courage of the Wurtembergers sank in proportion, and viewed the sad sight as the setting sun of the Duke's prosperity.

"The drums of the army advancing in the rear were now heard distinctly approaching towards them; the armed peasantry, in many places, began to give way, when Ulrich said, in a firm voice, addressing those immediately about him, 'Whoever means honourably by us, follow me, we'll cut our way through their hosts, or fall in the attempt. Take my banner in your hand, valiant Sturmfeder, and charge their ranks with us.' Albert seized the flag of Wurtemberg, the Duke placed himself by his side, the knights and burghers on horseback surrounded them, and prepared to open a passage for their lord. The Duke pointed to a weak position in the enemy's line, which appeared the one most favourable to ensure the success of the daring project; if the attempt failed, all was lost. Albert volunteered for the desperate post of honour of leading the determined band; but the old knight of Lichtenstein, beckoning to him not to quit the Duke's side, placed himself boldly in front, and directing one more glance to his lord and son, closed his vizor, and cried, 'Forwards! Here's to good Wurtemberg for ever!'"

"About two hundred horsemen composed the resolute band, which moved on in a trot, arranged in the form of a wedge. The chancellor Ambrosius Bolland's heart beat lighter when they departed, for the Duke, amidst the anxieties of the moment, had quite lost sight of him, and he now held council with himself how he could most conveniently dismount from his long-legged steed. The noble beast, however, with upstanding ears and restless motion had noticed the departure of the cavalry. So long

as they moved on in gentle trot, he remained tolerably quiet. But when the trumpets sounded the attack, and the gallant crew broke into a gallop with Württemberg's banner waving high above the helmet plumes, this appeared to be the moment which the chancellor's high metalled steed had been anticipating, for with the rapidity of a bird, he stretched over the plain in the track of the other horsemen. His rider, almost deprived of his senses, and his hand seizing the pommel of his saddle in a state of convulsion, attempted to halloo, but the rapidity with which he cut through the air hindered all further utterance. Though the Duke and his friends had gained some considerable distance from him, the chancellor soon overtook, and then passing them, found himself, much against his will, the leading man in the desperate encounter which was about to take place. The attention of the enemy was riveted to the extraordinary figure of the chancellor, which appeared more like an ape in armour than a warrior on horseback, and before they could make out what he was, his steed had carried him into the midst of their ranks. The spectacle was so highly ridiculous, that the Württembergers, notwithstanding this moment was for them one of life or death, broke out into loud laughter, which, spreading confusion among the troops of the League, composed of those of Ulm, Gmünd, Aulen, Nürnberg, and other imperial cities, allowed the overpowering weight of the two hundred horses, carrying the chancellor along with them, to break through, and gain the rear of their enemies. They pushed on their march in haste, and before the Leaguist cavalry could be sent in pursuit, the Duke, with his followers, had already gained a long start, and turned off the field of battle by a side path."

"The mounted burghers having covered the retreat of the Duke, he effected his escape with a few faithful adherents, whilst they directed their route towards Stuttgart. The enemy's cavalry only came up with them just as they had reached the gates of the city, when great was their disappointment not to capture either the Duke or any of his principal partisans, whom they expected to find among them. Ambrosius Bolland was their only prize. He, more dead than alive from excessive fright and fatigue, was not able to dismount from his elevated position without assistance. After having peeled his body of its unaccustomed covering, the Leaguists vented their rage and disappointment upon the unfortunate man, by beating him and other ill-usage; for they attributed to his supposed bravery, which appeared to them to exceed all they had ever witnessed, the loss of a thousand gold florins, set as a reward upon the cap-

ture of the Duke. And so it happened that the gallant chancellor, not like his master beaten in battle, was beaten after it."

*The Gentleman of the Old School.* By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. 3 Vols.

Mr. James commences his romance by reviling and defying some critics, whose modes of reviewing displease him, a proceeding we think much beneath the dignity of an author of his standing.

Angry as he is, and vowing like George Withers,

"I will write as I shall please."

He has actually cuffed his critics—and taken their advice; scolded them—and mended the faults they complained of, and in consequence has now produced the best of his works of fiction.

Sir Andrew Stalbrooke, his *Old English Gentleman*, is a finely drawn character, and all the persons of the story revolve round him in an ingeniously written story, which is particularly attractive to those who like a good deal of bustle and business; it is a plot, like that of the old Spanish comedy, full of activity and intrigue. When character is combined with a well-constructed tale, success is certain, and Mr. James has trotted out no more persons than he can actively employ; no weak "phantasmagoria" here, but every character is efficient and distinct. He has skilfully shown in the 'two Forests' how bitter an aggravation ill temper is to villanous conduct, a point we never remember seeing discussed by any moralist before; the resemblance between the father and son, shows a master's hand. The observations on human life and feeling in the metaphysical and digressive portions are striking, and the character of Lady Mallory touched with genius, whose delicacy is almost feminine in the development of the feelings. The internal warfare in her heart between good and evil, is indeed wonderfully well defined. That Mr. James is always on the side of right and moral truth, is well shown in the following pages, which depict the struggle in Lady Mallory's mind, in the temptation to intrigue against the peace of Edith, who has won the heart of the man she loves.

"After having thus meditated for some hours, and inferred by distant sounds about the house that her domestics were risen, she rose and approached her dressing-table, where, amidst all the various adjuncts of the toilet—simple and unaffected adjuncts, for Lady Mallory in her dress used no other art but that of an exquisite taste, employed nothing meretricious to add to her own exquisite beauty—lay, covered with rich crimson velvet, and clasped with antique silver, that holy book, to whose precepts we can never apply in vain for counsel or direction. She took it up, as had been her usual habit in the morning; she undid the silver clasps, but as she did so, she fell into thought; her graceful head bent down over the book for a moment with a look of pain and shame. She then slowly fastened up the clasps again, laid down unread the volume that condemned her, and gave way to a few tears.

"Pride came to the aid of passion; 'I am weak,' she said at length; 'I am weak, and what poets call, "infirm of purpose;"' and rising from her chair, she rang her bell.

"One-half of human life is made up of wasted consideration. The highways of the world are strewn with the sand of thoughts cast away. The events over which we have no control affect our destiny a thousand fold more than the few that we can govern; and while we ponder over our decision, fate decides for us: and the game is played.

"Lady Mallory's maid entered her mistress's room with a face of wonder and importance; but the wonder had nothing to do with her mistress's ringing her bell at so early an hour in the morning, and was intended, in fact, less as an expression of her own feelings, than as a stimulant to curiosity on the part of her mistress. It was without effect, however, for Lady Mallory was wholly taken up with her own thoughts, and asked no questions, but simply seated herself in her chair, for the maid to brush her beautiful long dark hair.

"Reduced to speak without a question, the maid began by commenting upon her mistress's early rising, 'I'm afraid, my lady, you are doing too much,' she said. 'Here, yesterday, you were out quite early, and to-day you are up before eight o'clock, after having been so ill. Besides my lady, I do wish you had lain in bed to-day, for there is bad news stirring.'

"'Bad news!' exclaimed Lady Mallory, turning full upon her. 'What is it that you mean?'

"The woman was very well inclined to be paraphrastic, and began her reply by beseeching her mistress not to agitate herself, which, with all the *et ceteras* thereunto at-

tached, might have lasted for a considerable time, had not Lady Mallory exclaimed, with an eye and brow and tone which admitted no hesitation or delay, 'I insist upon your answering me directly, add at once. I know your folly, Margaret, in seeking to make much of a simple tale; but you must now speak instantly.'

"'Why, my lady,' replied the woman, who saw that her mistress would not be trifled with, 'the matter is soon told, at least as far as we know. The post-boy, passing over from Stalbrooke, told Hollis at the park lodge, that young Captain Strafford—'

"'What of him?' exclaimed Lady Mallory, starting up and turning very pale, while a sudden feeling at her heart—a fear as it were of retribution—made her apprehend that the object for which she was prepared to struggle with poor Edith Forrest, had been snatched from them both. 'What of him? what of Captain Strafford, Margaret?' she exclaimed, forgetting in the emotion of the moment that calmness which veiled her feelings from the eyes of those around her.

"'Oh, madam, he is quite safe,' replied the maid quickly, in possession from that very moment of her mistress's secret; but it seems, that after he had left your ladyship last night, he went straight to the common to fight a duel with a young gentleman named Forrest; and, as might well be with such a brave and fine young officer as the captain, this Mr. Forrest was killed on the spot.'

"Strange and extraordinary were the feelings which took possession of the bosom of Lady Mallory. Awe certainly was predominant; and grief also had its share, for she thought not so much of young Forrest, of whom she knew nothing—except that he was a wild unprincipled youth—as of his uncle, her own cousin, for whose deep grief and for the profound affliction into which she knew such a loss would cast him, she was really grieved and afflicted.

"But through it all, in spite of awe, in spite of grief, there were feelings of hope and of satisfaction in her heart. A momentary sense of shame crossed her mind for entertaining them; but they were the natural emotions of her thoughts and circumstances, and the shame soon passed away. The whole, however, agitated her much, made her heart beat fast, and her brain reel; and after fixing her eyes long and earnestly on the maid's face, as if she would fain have asked her again and again,—Is it—can it be true? she waved her hand, saying, 'Leave me, leave me; I will ring for you in a few minutes.'

"The woman obeyed with some surprise; and the moment she was gone, Lady Mal-

lory cast herself down into the chair, hiding her face upon her hands. Again the struggling emotions of her heart were too much for her self-command, and once more she wept. But what were the words that broke from her lips? 'It is spared me!' she said, it is spared me!—Deceit, and art, and degradation, and wrong—all are spared me! Fate has placed the irrevocable barrier between those two—fate has separated them. For ever—fate has saved me from what I apprehended! Whether successful or unsuccessful, I never should have forgiven myself. It is not in the death of this wretched youth that I rejoice. It is not that Strafford has stained his hand with his blood; but it is that, without sacrificing that which I feel to be more, far more than life itself to me, I am spared all that was dark, and pitiful, and unworthy; and casting herself down upon her knees by her bedside—now that the strong temptation to do wrong was taken away—she felt how wrongly she had nearly been tempted to act, and poured out her prayers to God with penitence and remorse.

"We may, perhaps, be painting a picture of human weakness; but where is the person who, if we could draw back the veil from his heart, as we now do from that of Lady Malloy,—where is the person, we say, whose bosom would not present, when moved by passions like hers, weakness as great, variations of feeling as remarkable.

From her bedside she rose again, approached the dressing-table, took up the book which she had before laid down, unclasped the silver clasps, and read long in that part where the crowned prophet and poet of Israel bewailed his own errors before God, prayed for help and for support, and sung of his hope, and confidence and rejoicing. When she had done, Lady Mal-

lory could reclasp the book in peace, and lift up her eyes to heaven."

Yet we strongly object, as a matter of taste, to the transformation of *Lucy*, it is unworthy of the rest of the tale; her agency is clumsy, and in a story where the tone of nature and truth is so carefully preserved, the situation glares in a still more improbable and melodramatic light, than it would in a worse written work. Even in regard to forwarding the progress of the story, *Lucy* is a far more efficient person under her real semblance, than in the unnatural one which she assumes. The clumsy adoption of this trick gives, moreover, a faded effect, to that which without it would be a most original tale. If Mr. James had read as many modern romances as we have been forced to do, which are be-pestered with gipsy fortune-tellers, he would vote them all bores, well as that of the general reader, and warn them forthwith off his manor, and for his sake, we wish this coarse common thread could be plucked out of a web, otherwise so well spun and brilliant.

Meakes, the poaching old soldier, on the contrary, cannot be praised too highly; his part is truly dramatic. The whole tale would make, if cleverly condensed, a very attractive play; and as a novel, we have only made one objection, and then we think the incident would tell better on the boards than on paper.

## THEATRES.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. — The entertainments at her Majesty's theatre have been remarkable no less for their variety than for their extraordinary interest, one principal source of which is the debut of Madlle. Pauline Garcia. But the warmest language of praise is due to the whole corps of vocalists for their admirable execution of the parts entrusted to them.

The "Nozze di Figaro" and "Don Giovanni," of Mozart; "La Prova d'un Opera Seria," by Gnecco; "Anna Bolena" and "Lucia di Lammermoor," by Donizetti; "La Gazza Ladra" and

"Otello," by Rossini, are all familiar and delightful to the *élite* who frequent the Queen's Theatre, and who constitute an assembly of judges possessing taste and power to appreciate the intrinsic beauties of the music as well as the manner of its execution by the different performers, each of whom attracts individual praise by some peculiar charm. — Rubini, by his touching sweetness; Lablache, by the omnipotence of his voice, and his *vis comica* and *tragica*; Tamburini, by the exquisite flexibility and mellowness of his voice; Grisi, by her extraordinary vocal power and

dramatic effect; and Persiani, by her perfect ease in the the most difficult styles.

With what exquisite skill — with what characteristic variety does Lablache represent the mischievous craft of *Figaro*, the exaggerated musical ravings of *Maestro Campanone*, the vengeance of *Podesta*, and the tragic jealousy of *Henry VIII.*! The very tone of his voice, as well as his manner of acting is quite different in each character. This versatility is one of Lablache's peculiar merits; when on the stage *il ne s'oublie jamais*—in fact, he is one whom all other dramatic artists would do well to imitate.

To Rubini we listen with great pleasure, but in "*Lucia de Lamermoor*," his singing seems to us not to be equalled; his manner is highly dramatic in delivering the words "*la mia Lucia*;" and in "*Bell' alma innamorata*," he combines a very musical expression with great beauty of style, and a power that is at once impressive and delightful.

In this Opera the flowing style of Mad. Persiani has an opportunity of displaying all its splendour; and her varied ornaments when she sings "*Verranno à te sull' ali*," are executed with a perfection and facility that show that no musical difficulty can be too great for such a singer. Tamburini also, in this opera displays all the brilliancy and pathos of his sweet and powerful voice.

Mad. Grisi seems as if she were born to sing and act in the opera of "*Anna Bolena*," in which all the power of her voice and all the energy of her impassioned soul are fully displayed. But these remarks are intended solely to render the justice due to these established performers for the zeal with which they always fulfil their theatrical duties.—Now we will speak of the first appearance of Madlle. Paulina Garcia, in the character of *Desdemona*.

The name of Garcia, the title of daughter of the celebrated Tenor, and sister of the admired and lamented Maria Malibran, constituted at once a source of encouragement and a weight of renown difficult to support. But Madlle. Paulina has made the first step of her theatrical career in the difficult

character of *Desdemona* in "*Otello*," and performed it with a degree of success that will form an epoch in the Italian Theatre of London.

The still vivid recollections of Maria Malibran, whom her sister resembles in countenance, excited much enthusiasm in the public, and afforded great encouragement to the first appearance of this new and interesting *Desdemona*. But the remembrance of Grisi, who sustained and sang in the same character of *Desdemona* with admirable effect, presented on the other hand a circumstance that might justly have intimidated Madlle. Garcia. But she moved on undismayed by these two ideas, and triumphed.

The first piece she sang was an aria composed by Costa, and intruded into the opera of Rossini. Now whilst we admire the talent of the director of Her Majesty's Theatre, we cannot approve — either in him or other composers — the liberty of introducing into operas, and especially those of established celebrity, the compositions of other persons. The difference of musical colouring will we think be always perceptible; and, above all, will be evident the want of that UNITY of conception which in musical compositions results from their being the production of one only mind; a unity that is the wellspring of truth, and not an ephemeral beauty. Thus it would be impossible to take a fine figure from the painting of one master, and insert it in the picture of another master.

We purpose in our next number to submit to our readers in a more extended article some ideas we have on the subject of music, and especially the opera. Meantime we will merely observe that Madlle. Pauline Garcia sang this difficult aria of Costa's with signal success; but this does not much surprise us, because her musical education was calculated to lead to such success, although the manner in which she executed the whole of this splendid but arduous rôle surpassed all the expectations of the public. In examining with reference to music the artistic merit of Madlle. Garcia we find a beautiful voice, an excellent method, and pure style; and with reference to the drama, much ease and intelligence. These qualities justify us in auguring that

Madlle. Pauline will rival her sister Maria Malibran. We shall speak more at large concerning her when we have seen and heard her in some other opera; and shall have occasion also to notice the new tenor, Maria de Candia.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—Power's admirable humour has had full scope during the past month in a wide range of parts judiciously given, with the addition of other varieties, in nightly alternation. He has enacted with great success the hero of Mrs. C. Gore's elegant little comedy, "King O'Neil," a gallant captain serving in the Irish brigade of Louis XV. who, when *bacchi plenus*, invariably exhibits a species of harmless monomania; leaving the merritable one night after a copious libation he encounters the majesty of France masked in the gardens of Versailles—boasts of his descent from the antideluvian kings of Ulster—and, humoured by the gay Louis, assumes all the prerogatives of royalty even in the very heart of the court—affects to patronize the monarch, and denies all knowledge of the vagabond Captain O'Neil, claiming a common descent from the same illustrious Milesian dynasty. It is a lively trifle, possessing no great claim to commendation on the score of dramatic construction, but its merit consists in neatness of dialogue and ludicrous situation. It is, moreover, very efficiently cast, and evinces in the matter of costume the marked improvement latterly made at this theatre in that important accessory. A broad farce by Lover, called the "Happy Man," has met with equal success through the exertions of Power, aided by the clever acting of O. Smith. Tragedy, too, has swept her pall across the scene, and introduced an American *debutante*, Miss Maywood, as Bianca in the declamatory tragedy of "Fazio." This youthful actress possesses handsome features, a rather *petite* person, a very sweet voice, though somewhat deficient in power for due enunciation of the deeper passions, and seems wholly devoid of the ordinary conventionalities of the modern stage. We can say little in praise of Cooper's "Fazio"—much of Strickland's

"Miser"—it is nature copied to the life. Charles Kean makes his appearance early in June and will be succeeded by Macready. The varied and excellent performances at this delightful theatre continue to draw crowded and fashionable audiences—and with the potent company the spirited lessee has at command cannot fail to realize a more brilliant season than the metropolitan stage has for some years past experienced.

The OLYMPIC and ST. JAMES'S THEATRES have just terminated their season;—the novelties produced at the former, almost without exception, have proved successful, and their general character reflects great credit upon the taste and judgment of the management; whilst at the latter the revivals of established favourites has invariably ousted the new pieces after a brief career. Mr. Hooper, the lessee, is entitled to great credit, equally for the many attractive *hors d'œuvres* with which he has almost weekly varied his dramatic bill of fare, as for having overcome numerous difficulties occurring from time to time throughout his first theatrical campaign:—With the experience of the past, however, added to the conviction of having done his best, we trust, that the ensuing will prove more propitious. It appears really extraordinary that a theatre so elegant, and so located as this house should lack patronage. Previous to the past season, indeed, it has rather been looked upon as a theatre for *debutants* and amateurs than for the play-going public generally. Among recent novelties, the Spanish dancers, from the elegance of their dress, and nationality of character, have attracted unusual attention; some features in their boleros bear a striking resemblance to those of the Bayaderes recently seen in London—clearly evincing the Eastern origin of these dances, and forcibly reminding one of Juvenal's well known lines (11th Satire, v. 162) so graphically descriptive of the peculiar characteristics of the Cadiz ballet-dancers, who exhibited in his day upon the Roman stage.



## EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"Parva sed apta tamen."

ACCORDING to our views, an exhibition of paintings is a temple dedicated to the fine arts in which artists deposit their offerings. But a more severe goddess must preside over the order of primacy suited to each of these offerings. This goddess is justice; and it is her duty, without the smallest shade of partiality—without calculating in what year the artist was born—if he has a title or not—if he has recommendations or not—to bestow on those who deserve it, a just portion of praise and preference, and consign the most worthy names to another goddess, much dearer to artists, namely, Fame. He who sees not in the arts the noble elevation to which the artist aspires, and in which he is to be judged, knows nothing about the dignity of the fine arts, and is, therefore, unworthy of seeing or talking of them. Obeying, then, only the impulse of our conscience, and the observations made on several works that have been rejected by the Committee of the Royal Academy of Arts, we recollected the beautiful institution that exists in some countries, which excludes all works of the judges who compose the committee, whose duty it is to select the paintings in a public exhibition. It prevents the possibility of their being suspected of partiality in their own favour, and of filling a room with their own productions, when that room ought to be dedicated to the works of artists, even younger, who spring forward boldly in the glorious and difficult race of the fine arts. We saw with pleasure the reflections suggested to the periodicals of Paris, by the refusal of several works, most worthy of being admitted among the most beautiful paintings of the exhibition; but the judicious reflections of the newspapers were not sufficient compensation to the young artists for seeing their productions repulsed from the threshold of this temple of the fine arts; but they were satisfied with the applause and judgment of the public, who is an impartial and invariable judge. And truly, with all the respect due to the judgment of the Academicians, it would be desirable to learn them Piron's epitaph:—"C'est

*Piron qui ne fut rien, pas même Académicien.*"

The disappointment we experienced in examining the pictures of the exhibition of the Royal Academy, has compelled us to write a few remarks on the productions of those artists, whose works are at present before the public, and to attack the gross injustice of the Royal Academicians in the choice of the works of art. Eight hundred pictures have been rejected this year by the committee appointed to hang the paintings in the gallery; and it is more than probable that a great number of them are superior to many that have been admitted by favour, undoubtedly, for they have nothing to recommend them. Is it not shameful to see five of the most absurd ridiculous productions of a mind in a state of mental aberration, such as Mr. Turner's works, occupying the most favourable position in the gallery, while others highly superior in all respects are in the darkest corners? The merits of a painting consist in graceful and pure outlines, whether in figures or landscape; brilliant, but true colouring, harmonious effects, and poetical but probable conceptions; and Mr. Turner's paintings possess none of these qualities. The art of painting is the art of imitating objects in nature; and we defy any one to tell us what those paintings imitate. Wherefore, then, do they occupy a space that might have been reserved for much better compositions? Because the artist is a Royal Academician, for they can have no attraction for the true and intelligent admirers of the fine arts. Mr. Howard's "Rising of the Pleiades" is a wretched production that is unfit for any exhibition; but the two powerful letters R. A. are a sufficient reason why his works must be received. The revolting meanness of those gentlemen is palpable, by the fact of their having placed those paintings, most worthy of public attention, in situations the least likely to attract notice, merely because they were afraid of being crushed. We allude to several pictures that we shall mention consecutively. One of these, that all unprejudiced artists who love

their art for its own sake, will consider the best painting, without exception, in the whole collection, is Mr. Horning's "Calvin on his death-bed." Never has any thing more perfect been exhibited; no Dutch painter ever more exquisitely finished his favourite masterpiece than this admirable painter his delightful picture. What a contrast between this wonderful production, and the gaudy and heterogeneous patches of discordant tones that are thrown right and left with the utmost disregard to the laws of nature on Mr. Turner's canvass. The beauty of composition, the accuracy of design, the variety of countenances and expressions, the admirable effect of light and shade, and the conscientious and scrupulous attention to the minutest details, render this painting worthy of all the praise that can be bestowed upon it, and place the artist among the most eminent geniuses of the present day. Another beautiful picture by Scheffer. No. 204.—"The Protestant preacher," though certainly inferior to Horning's, is, notwithstanding, an admirable production, though there are no dashes of vermillion and raw colours, such as adorn Mr. Turner's paintings. The composition is calm and grave, and suited to the subject—the figures full of dignity and expression—the effect brilliant and true to nature—and a softness pervades in the whole colouring that causes the eye to rest with complacency on it without any inclination to withdraw. Mr. Hollins.—No. 275.—"Margaret alone at her spinning-wheel," is also a very good picture in a dark corner.

As it is our purpose not only to point out the excellencies of those works of art that seemed to us really good, but also not to spare the Academicians who think that because they belong to that body they have a right to exhibit any trash in preference to other productions more deserving, we will draw the attention of the reader to Mr. Etty's, No. 241.—Pluto Carrying off Proserpine. Is it possible that such a painting should be tolerated in a National Gallery—a Royal Academy? When were such forms, such colour, ever seen in nature? Is it flesh that he intended to represent? It looks more like wax figures, and the steeds appear

to have been copied from rocking horses. Landseer's paintings deserve great praise, and although they are not equal to those he exhibited last year, they are the chief ornaments of the Gallery. When we came before Mr. Etty's Portrait of the Lady Mayoress of York, we were much amused by a remark of a bystander, who exclaimed, "Well, if this isn't the rummest thing I ever saw in all my born days." We were struck with the truth and *naïveté* of the expression, for it is impossible to see anything more ridiculous; the painter has shaded the face with all the different hues of the smoke and soot of the city. A gentleman who happened to pass before it a short time after, said to his friend, "My God, that is a woman in the last stage of strangulation." It is useless to proceed any further in the criticism of this portrait, for it is so bad that it baffles all description. Among the few men of talent that the Academy possesses, we class Sir Martin Shee, who has produced some very good portraits, and the only thing we have to say against them is, that they show too servile an imitation of Sir T. Lawrence. We shall name several pictures that do not deserve a place in the gallery; but not enter into any criticism upon them; they are too much below mediocrity. No. 26—*La recreatione*, by J. J. Chalon, R. A. No. 44.—Portrait of a Lady, by Reinagle, R. A. No. 57.—Who can this be? by C. R. Leslie, R. A. No. 165.—*Flora M'IVor*, by T. Phillips, R. A. *Diana and Endymion*, by W. Etty, R. A. No. 264.—*Rhyme of the Ancient Mariners*, by J. Severn. No. 388.—Portrait of a Lady, by R. R. Reinagle, R. A. No. 435.—*A Westmoreland Beck*, by Rention. No. 442.—*Gleaning near Sittingbourne, Kent*, by G. Harvey. No. 445.—*Delusion, a Moonlight Effect*, by S. J. Stumps (fatal delusion). No. 456.—*Maternal Anxiety*, by J. Pollard. No. 503.—Portrait of Master Robert J. Doune, by Sir David Wilkie, R. A. No. 529.—Portrait of Lord Viscount Goderich, by F. Stone. No. 531.—*The Seven Sons of Mr. Tubb*, by S. Drummond, R. A. Such pictures are admitted by the Royal Academy to the prejudice of those of other artists who have no connexion with its members.



## QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

## VIVAT REGINA.

April 27.—Her Majesty, after giving audiences to the Marquis of Normanby, Viscount Melbourne, and Lord Hill, rode out on horseback for two hours and a half; and, in the evening, accompanied by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, honoured the Italian Opera-house with her presence.

28, Sunday.—Her Majesty and her august mother attended divine service in the Chapel-royal, St. James's. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Strong, from St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, c. xiv., v. 17. Prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Hall; the lessons by the Rev. Mr. Dakins; the altar service by the Rev. Messrs. Hall and Dakins. The chant was Crotch's; the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* in C, Arnold; the *Sanctus* and responses, Arnold. The anthem "Ascribe unto the Lord," (Travers), was sung by Messrs. Hobbs and Welch. Sir G. Smart presided at the organ. H.R.H. the Princess Augusta was also present.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester visited Her Majesty.

29.—Audiences were granted to Earl Min- to and Viscount Melbourne; and Her Ma- jesty rode out on horseback.

30.—Her Majesty gave audience to Vis- count Melbourne; and in the evening, ac- companied by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, honoured the Italian Opera-house with her presence.

May 1.—Audiences were given to the Earl of Albemarle and Viscount Melbourne. Her Majesty rode out on horseback.

2.—Her Majesty held a Drawing-room at St. James's Palace.

The following presentations to the Queen took place in the *entrée* circle:—

Kinsky, Count, a young nobleman from Bohemia, by M. de Hummelau.

Langsdorff, Baron, Privy Councillor of the Grand Duke of Hesse, by Count Mandelsloh.

Potocka, Madame la Comtesse Arthur de, belle-sœur de Comte de Woronzoff, by the Baroness de Blome.

The following ladies were afterwards pre- sented to Her Majesty:—

Abercromby, Hon. Miss { by her sister, Hon.  
Mrs. Maule  
Alsager, Mrs. R.....Countess of Eldon  
Biddulph, Mrs. R.....Mrs. Biddulph  
Bruce, Mrs. C.....Duchess of Hamilton  
Bruce, Miss C...her mother, Mrs. C. Bruce  
Bankes, Mrs. G.....Countess of Palmouth  
Buchanan, Mrs. A., on mar...Lady Canning  
Blacker, Miss, & Miss J...Ctss. Huntingdon  
Bulkeley, Mrs.....Lady C. East  
Coulson, Hon. Mrs...her mother, Lady Byron  
Clifford, Baroness de Dow. Lady de Clifford

Clerk, Lady.....Countess of Man-field  
Clerk, Miss, and Miss I.....Lady Clerk  
Clayton, Miss B....Countess of Charlemont  
Carleton, Miss...her mother, Mrs. Carleton  
Collingwood, Miss .....Lady M. Monck  
Dickson, Mrs. L.....Lady G. Murray  
Dickson, Mrs. W.....Viscountess Forbes  
Dickson, Miss, & Miss H...Mrs. W. Dickson  
Douglas, Lady G. { her mother, Marchioness  
of Queensberry

Dashwood, Mrs.....Hon. Lady Dashwood  
Dunlop, Mrs., of Craigton...Duch. Somerset  
Duncombe, Lady I....Countess of Galloway  
East, Lady C.....Countess of Plymouth  
Evans, Miss, & Miss A...Countess of Surrey  
Earle, Mrs. W.....March. of Lansdowne  
Erskine, Miss, & Miss J.....Lady Mosley  
Etwood, Mrs...her sister, Mrs. H. Elphinstone  
Fountaine, Miss.....Mrs. H. Story  
Frankland, Mrs. C...her mo. Lady F. Russell  
Fawcett, Mrs. I.....Mrs. H. Story  
Gurdon, Mrs.....Countess of Albemarle  
Grosvenor, Ladies M. & E...Ctss. Grosvenor  
Hall, Lady.....Lady F. Howard  
Harrison, Mrs.....Lady Knightley  
Halton, Mrs. & Miss....Lady F. Egerton  
Hill, Miss.....Countess of Albemarle  
Hay, Lady T.....Lady Byron  
Hepburn, Lady B.....Hon. Mrs. Hope  
Hayter, Mrs. W. G....March. Lansdowne  
Jolliffe, Lady.....Mrs. B. Paget  
Kerneys, Lady.....Countess of Surrey  
Langdale, Hon. Mrs. }

Langdale, Miss, and Miss E. { Lady Petre  
Lister, Lady T.....Mrs. Villiers  
Maunsell, Hon. Mrs., on }  
being raised to the rank } Lady Knightley  
of a viscount's daughter }

Maunsell, Miss...her mo. Hon. Mrs. Mannsell  
Milton, Viscountess on mar...Lady M. Thompson  
Marjoribanks, Miss A. } Mrs. F. Marjori-  
Marjoribanks, Miss H. } banks

Miles, Miss E.....her mother, Mrs. Miles  
Mildmay, Miss M.....Mrs. G. Mildmay  
Mackenzie, Lady A. } her sister, Lady M.  
on marriage } Thompson

Merewether, Mrs....March. of Lansdowne  
Neale, Miss E. V...her mother, Mrs. Farrer  
Otway, Miss M. S.....Lady Otway  
Pakington, Mrs.....Lady H. Clive  
Petre, Hon. Mrs. E....Countess of Surrey  
Peyton, Mrs., on mar...her mo. Lady C. East  
Rivers, Lady.....Lady Stephenson  
Rivers, Miss, & Miss A.....Lady Rivers  
Repton, Lady E.....Countess of Eldon  
Reynardson, Miss E. B...Mrs. B. Reynardson  
Stewart, Lady C.....Countess of Galloway  
Sutton, Miss A. M...her mo. Mrs. N. Sutton  
Smyth, Hon. Mrs....Lady E. Smyth  
Scott, Mrs...her mother, Lady M. Stanley

Smith, Miss F. . . her mother, Lady E. Smith  
 Sudeley, Lady . . . . . Lady M. Stanley  
 Scott, Lady A. . . . . Countess of Beauchamp  
 Sykes, Miss . . . . . Countess of Albemarle  
 Starr, Mrs. J. L. . . . . March. of Normanby  
 Strutt, Mrs. . . . . her mother, Mrs. Otter  
 Teignmouth Lady . . . March. of Cholmondeley  
 Thompson, Lady M. . . . Countess of Morton  
 Tracy, Hon. Miss F. } their mother, Lady  
 Tracy, Hon. Miss H. } Sudeley  
 Tyssen, Mrs. D. . . . . Mrs. H. Storey  
 Thistlethwayte, Miss . . . Mrs. Thistlethwayte  
 Throckmorton, Miss . . . March. of Normanby  
 Vere, Misses S. H. & H. H. . Lady E. H. Vere  
 Winchester, March. of . . Countess Darlington  
 Walpole, Mrs. F. . . . . Lady M. Best  
 Wynne, Miss C. . . her mo. Mrs. C. F. Wynne  
 Watson, Lady, & Lady F. . . . . Plymouth  
 Windham, Lady S. . . . . Lady C. Jernyn  
 Wathen, Lady E. . . . Lady A. M. Courteney  
 Ward, Mrs. P. . . . . Countess of Rosberry

Her Majesty afterwards gave audience to the Earl of Belfast, the Earl of Albemarle, the Field-officer in Waiting, and the Captain of the Guard.

3.—The Queen held a Privy Council at Buckingham Palace; gave audiences to the Marquis of Lansdowne and Viscount Melbourne; and in the afternoon, accompanied by a numerous suite, honoured the exhibition of the Royal Academy with a visit, and afterwards took an airing in an open carriage in the parks.

4.—Court at Buckingham Palace for the reception of His Imperial Highness the Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia, and H.R.H. Prince Frederick Henry of the Netherlands. Audience granted to Viscount Melbourne.

5, Sunday.—H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and Lady Flora Hastings attended divine service at the Chapel-royal, St. James's. Her Majesty, attended by the Marchioness of Normandy, the Hon. Miss Lister, and Baroness Lehzen, took an airing in the parks in an open carriage and four.

6.—Audience was given to Viscount Melbourne. Her Majesty afterwards rode out on horseback.

7. Audiences given to Viscount Melbourne and Lord J. Russell.

8.—The Duke of Wellington, and, afterwards, Sir R. Peel, had audiences of Her Majesty.

9.—Audiences were granted to Viscounts Melbourne and Howick. The Duke of Wellington and Sir R. Peel had audiences of the Queen. Sir R. Peel afterwards visited the Duke of Wellington at Apsley House. His Grace returned with Sir Robert to Buckingham Palace, on leaving which His Grace attended a meeting at Sir Robert's in Whitehall Gardens.

T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge gave a state dinner at Cambridge House to the Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia and Prince Fredk. Henry of the Netherlands. After the dinner party there was a concert: the company wore court dresses.

10.—Audiences were given to Viscount Melbourne and Lord J. Russell. Her Majesty gave her first state ball for this season.

The Queen, after dancing with the Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia and Prince Frederick Henry of the Netherlands, danced in quadrilles during the night with the following noblemen:—Earl Mulgrave, Marquis Douglas, Prince Dolgoronky, the Earl of March, and Earl Bruce. Reels were danced in the north ball-room the last dance but one. Her Majesty danced the last quadrille with his Imperial Highness the Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia.

11.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. The Queen honoured the Italian Opera-house with her presence, accompanied by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent.

12, Sunday.—Her Majesty and her august mother attended divine service in the Chapel-royal, St. James's. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Maddy from St. Matthew, c. xi. v. 28, 29. The prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Povah, the lessons by the Rev. Mr. Packman, and the altar service by the Sub-dean and the Rev. Messrs. Povah and Packman. The musical service, *Sanctus*, and commandments were Travers in F. The anthem was "God is gone up" (Croft). Mr. J. B. Sale presided at the organ.

13.—The Marquis of Normanby, Viscount Melbourne, and Lord J. Russell had audiences of the Queen. Her Majesty afterwards rode out on horseback attended as usual; and in the evening gave a concert in which Signori Tamburini, Lablache, and Rubini, Mesdames Grisi, Persiani, and Madlle. Garcia performed.

14.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen. The infant daughter of Lord and the late Lady J. Russell was christened in Buckingham Palace by the Rev. Lord Wriothlesley Russell, Her Majesty standing sponsor. The ceremony was performed in the saloon in the presence of Her Majesty, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, Lord J. Russell, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, Earl Spencer, Lady Georgina Russell, Hon. Miss Lister, the Marchioness of Normanby, Lady F. Hastings, Hon. Miss Anson, Miss Davis, Baroness Lehzen, Earl of Uxbridge, Lord Byron and the Hon. C. A. Murray. The font of silver gilt formerly belonged to Geo. III. A *dejeuné* was afterwards served, to which all present at the ceremony remained except Lord J. Russell.

The Duchess of Gloucester had a grand assembly at Gloucester House, to which a large party of the nobility were invited to have the honour of meeting Her Majesty. The Queen arrived shortly before 11 o'clock, accompanied by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, and attended by Lady Portman, Hon. Miss Anson, Hon. Mrs. G. Campbell, Earl of Uxbridge, Lord Byron, Sir R. Otway, and Lord A. Paget. Lady F. Hastings was in waiting on the Duchess of Kent. Her Majesty was received in the entrance-hall by Lady C. Legge, lady-in-waiting on the Duchess of Gloucester, and Sir S. G. Higgins.

His Imperial Highness the Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia arrived immediately after the Queen, accompanied by Prince Fre-

derick Henry of the Netherlands, and attended by Viscount Torrington and Count Orloff.

15.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen.

16.—Viscount Melbourne and Lord Hill had audiences of Her Majesty.

17.—The Duchess of Gloucester visited Her Majesty. The Marquis of Normanby and Viscount Melbourne had audiences. The Queen, attended by Lady Portman, took a drive in the Park in an open carriage and four. Her Majesty, accompanied by H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, honoured the Italian Opera-house with her presence. Lady F. Hastings was in waiting on the Duchess of Kent.

18.—The Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace to receive an Address to the Throne from the Corporation of the city of Dublin, praying the protection of their rights and privileges in reference to the Irish Corporation Bill. Her Majesty gave audiences to the Earl of Ilchester, Viscount Melbourne, and Lord J. Russell.

The Queen rode out on horseback attended as usual.

19, Sunday.—Her Majesty and her august mother attended divine service in the Chapel-royal, St. James's. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of London, who took his text from 1st John, c. iii., v. 24. The prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Barham; the lessons by the Rev. Messrs. Haden and Packman, the altar service by the Bishop of London. The musical service was Boyce in C; the chant, *Sanctus*, and commandments were Sale's; the anthem, "Let God arise," (Green) was sung by Messrs. Wyld, Horn-castle, and Bradbury. Mr. J. B. Sale presided at the organ.

Lord Hill had an audience of the Queen.

Her Majesty, attended by Lady Portman, took an airing in an open carriage and four.

20.—The Earl of Minto and Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen. Her Majesty rode out on horseback attended as usual.

21.—Viscount Melbourne and Lord Hill had audiences of Her Majesty. The Queen rode out on horseback attended as usual; and in the evening honoured the Italian Opera-house with her presence.

22.—The Queen held a levee at St. James's Palace which was very numerous attended His Imperial Highness the Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia, accompanied by Prince Frederick Henry of the Netherlands, and attended by Viscount Torrington and Count Orloff came to the levee and entered the Palace by the Colour Court. The Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge were also present. In the diplomatic circle the following presentations to Her Majesty took place:—

Count Auguste Potozky and M. Hamee, Councillor of State to His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, by Count Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian Ambassador.

Major Van Buren, son of the President of the United States. Mr. C. Hughes, American Charge d'Affaires at the Court of Stockholm; the Bishop of Vermont and Mr. Sin-

gleton, of South Carolina, by Mr. Stevenson, the American Minister.

The Marquis de Breme, a Piedmontese nobleman, by Count de Pullon, the Sardinian Minister.

The Marquis Paul d'Adda (Chamberlain of the Emperor of Austria), the Marquis Litta Modignani, both from Milan, and Chamberlain to the Emperor; and the Princes Charles and Joseph Poniatowski, from Florence, by M. Hummelauer, Austrian Charge d'Affaires.

M. C. M. de Lima, Attache to the Brazilian Legation at St. Petersburg, by the Commandeur Marques Lisboa, the Brazilian Charge d'Affaires.

Count M. de Gneisesau, a Prussian nobleman, by Baron Werther, the Prussian Charge d'Affaires.

General Lopez, of New Granada, by M. Garro, the Mexican Minister.

Mr. B. Mary, Belgian Charge d'Affaires at the Court of His Grecian Majesty; and Mr. E. Conway, Secretary of His Majesty the King of the Belgians, by M. Van de Weyer, the Belgian Minister.

At the entrance, the Archbishop of Canterbury presented to the Queen the Report of the National Society for 1838 for the education of the poor in the principles of the established church.

The following Noblemen and Gentlemen were presented to the Queen:—

Earl of Caledon, on coming to his title, by Lord Stuart de Rothesay.

Earl of Listowell, on being invested with the Order of St. Patrick, and on being appointed Vice-Admiral of the Province of Munster, by the Marquis of Normanby.

Earl of Charlemont, to kiss hands on his appointment to the Lord Lieutenancy of the county of Tyrone, by Lord Melbourne.

Lord T. de Malahide, by Lord Morpeth.

Bishop of Elphin, by the Abp. of Armagh.

Hon. F. Craven, by the Earl of Craven.

Hon. E. Petre, by the Earl of Surrey.

Lord Leigh, on being created a peer, by Lord Shelburne.

Sir F. Shuckburgh, Bart., Deputy-Lieut., by the Right Hon. Sir G. Ouseley.

Lord J. Butler, by Lord Ormonde.

Lord Clements, by the Earl of Charlemont.

Earl of Mayo, by the Earl of Shaftesbury.

Sir T. Butler, Bart., by the Marquis of Ormonde.

Hon. H. Cholmondeley, by Viscount Combermere.

The Rev. C. Cator, M.A., Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, to present his sermon preached at St. Paul's Cathedral on the first Sunday in Easter term before the Lord Mayor, the Judges, the Aldermen, and Corporation of the city of London.

Dr. Burke, by Viscount Duncannon.

Mr. D. Selby, by Viscount Howick.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir C. Egerton, on appointment to the 89th Regiment, by Lord Hill.

Mr. C. H. C. Plowden, by Lieut.-Gen. Sir G. Anson.

Mr. Paynter, the High Sheriff of Surrey, by Lord Arden, Lord-Lieut. of the county.

- Mr. Selby, by Viscount Howick.  
 Mr. F. L. Price, on his appointment to Her Majesty's Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, by Lord Foley.  
 Mr. Waller, Secretary of Legation at Brussels, on his return from abroad, by Viscount Palmerston.  
 Mr. C. Lane, by the Dean of Hereford.  
 Mr. S. Smith, by the Bishop of Llandaff.  
 Mr. J. Stuart, on his appointment as Queen's Counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.  
 Mr. J. Wilson, by his brother, the Lord Mayor.  
 Mr. Milne, Commissioner of Woods and Works, by Sir B. Stephenson.  
 Mr. L. Thompson, by Viscount Milton.  
 Mr. E. M. Archibald, by the Marquis of Normanby.  
 Mr. Hodgson, by Rev. H. Caunter, B.D.  
 Lord C. Gordon, 42nd Highlanders, by the Earl De Lawarr.  
 Lord Bingham, by the Lord Chamberlain.  
 Bishop of Kildare, by Viscount Eastnor.  
 Lord Delamere, by Viscount Combermere.  
 Capt. Egerton, Rifle Brigade, by Sir P. G. Egerton.  
 Lord St. John, by Vice-Admiral Sir R. Hussey.  
 Lord Rodney, by Sir C. Morgan, Bart.  
 Earl of March, by the Duke of Richmond.  
 Hon. R. Curzon, jun., on his return from abroad, by the Hon. R. Curzon, his father.  
 Hon. Capt. Blackwood, R.N., by the Rt. Hon. Sir J. Graham.  
 Hon. W. R. Colborne, by his father, Lord Colborne.  
 Sir S. Graham, by Col. Sir A. Dalrymple.  
 Sir D. Brewster, K.H., by Lord Lausdowne.  
 Lieut. C. E. Law, on his appointment to the Rifle Brigade, by his father, the Hon. C. Law, M.P.  
 Lieut. G. O'Brien Ottley, 6th Regt. Bengal Native Infantry, by Sir J. C. Hobhouse.  
 Sir H. Compton, late Chief Justice of Bombay, on his return from India by Sir J. Hobhouse.  
 Sir R. Mowbray, K.H., by Vice-Adm. Sir R. Hussey, K.C.B.  
 Cornet Hon. W. S. Cotton, 7th Hussars, by the Marquis of Anglesey.  
 Rev. J. C. B. Warren, A.M., by the Lord Bishop of London.  
 Rev. C. Woodward, B.C.L., appointed Colonial Chaplain for Australia, by the Marquis of Normanby.  
 Rev. J. Coles, by Bishop of Winchester.  
 Lord Jocelyn upon going on service to India, by Lord Uxbridge.  
 Capt. Powell, R.N., by the Earl of Minto.  
 Lord Dunboyne, by Marquis of Ormonde.  
 Lord Colborne, on being created a peer, by Viscount Melbourne.  
 Lord Portman, on his appointment as Lord-Lieut. of the county of Somerset, by Visct. Melbourne.  
 Commander Hon. F. Pelham, by the Earl of Uxbridge.  
 Commander Hon. J. Denham, R.N., by Lord Denham.  
 Hon. B. S. Carew, by Earl of Huntingdon.  
 Rev. W. Temple, by Lord J. Russell.  
 Rev. R. W. Whitford, Assistant Chaplain at Madras, on his departure for India, by the Lord Bishop of London.  
 Principal Haldane, D.D., St. Mary's, St. Andrew's, by Lord Melville.  
 Archdeacon Venables, by the Dean of Hereford.  
 Rev. J. Davis, by Lord Saltoun.  
 Rev. R. Knox, by Viscount Northland.  
 Lord de Freyne, by Viscount Melbourne.  
 Rev. Dr. Bowles, on being appointed Chaplain to H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, by H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex.  
 Mr. Robertson, of Inshes, by Lord Glenelg.  
 Mr. Murray, of Broughton, by the Hon. Capt. Spencer, R.N.  
 Mr. C. Bruce, by the Duke of Richmond.  
 Mr. Beeder, Bengal Engineers, by Sir J. Hobhouse.  
 Mr. J. L. Pennefather, barrister-at-law, by Viscount Lismore.  
 Mr. B. Burke, by the Marquis of Ely.  
 Mr. Wright, by the Right Hon. F. Shaw.  
 Mr. M. Martin, to present his official work on the "Statistics of the Colonies of the British Empire," by Lord Glenelg.  
 Mr. Hanham, by the Earl of Ilchester.  
 Capt. Middleton, Rifle Brigade, by Col. Brown.  
 Lieut.-Col. Austen, K.H., by Lieut.-Gen. Sir T. M'Mahon, Bart.  
 Mr. Davidson, High Sheriff of Northumberland, by Lord Prudhoe.  
 Mr. A. Lambart, by Lord Oranmore.  
 Mr. J. Forbes, by the Marquis of Winchester.  
 Mr. C. Antrobus, by the Hon. E. Stewart.  
 Mr. Greenfield, High-sheriff for Anglesea, by Lord G. Somerset.  
 Mr. Vernon, by Lord W. Vernon.  
 Mr. Annasley, President of the Medical Board, Madras, by Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. Sir F. O'Callaghan, G.C.B., on his return from India.  
 Mr. J. T. Lyne, by the Right Hon. F. Shaw, M.P.  
 Mr. V. Jackson, by the Marquis of Sligo.  
 Mr. W. P. Hunter, by Mr. A. Mackinnon, M.P.  
 Mr. Beech, by the Earl of Lichfield.  
 Mr. S. Saunders, Her Majesty's Consul in Albania, by Viscount Palmerston.  
 Mr. D. W. Harvey, M.P., by Lord J. Russell.  
 Mr. E. Plunkett, on being appointed a Gentleman of Her Majesty's Privy Chamber, by the Earl of Fingall.  
 Mr. Pollen, by Marquis of Lansdowne.  
 Mr. Towneley, by the Duke of Norfolk.  
 Mr. D. S. Ker, by the Marquis of Londonderry.  
 Mr. Moreton, by the Hon. W. Herbert.  
 Mr. A. Leslie, on appointment to the 8th or King's Own Regt. by Major-Gen. Sir J. Buchan.  
 Mr. W. Ramsay, by Viscount Eastnor.  
 Mr. H. Walters, Bengal Civil Service, on return from India, by Sir J. Hobhouse, Bt.  
 Mr. Thoyts, High-sheriff of the county of Berks, by the Marquis of Downshire.

Mr. H. F. Wood, by the Marquis of Lansdowne.

Mr. W. Melville, by the Earl of Rosslyn.

Mr. Hussey, Royal Archers, by his father, Sir R. H. Hussey.

Mr. R. Bonfil, by Lieut.-General Sir A. Brooke, K.C.B.

G. S. Newbigging, A.M., M.D., by the Earl of Minto.

Mr. F. Sheridan, by Marquis Normanby.

Mr. H. St. Leger, by the Hon. E. Butler.

Mr. F. Grant, by the Marquis of Granby.

Mr. R. Lascelles, by Sir C. Morgan, Bt.

Mr. R. F. Maitland, on his return from Canada, by the Bishop of Llandaff.

Mr. R. Bourne, Royal Dublin Militia, by Lieut.-Gen. Lord Bloomfield.

Mr. Straubenzee, by Hon. Mr. Wrottesley.

Mr. T. G. Knox, by Viscount Castlereagh.

Mr. Boddington, by Lord Holland.

Lieut. Baker, Royal Engineers, by Sir F. Mulcaster.

Ensign P. Somerset, 33rd Regt., by Lord F. Somerset.

Major Farrant, attached to Her Majesty's Mission in Persia, on his return, by Viscount Palmerston.

Mr. E. B. Ray, by the Right Hon. Sir H. Hardinge, K.C.B., M.P.

Major Marshall, 91st Regiment, on promotion, by General Sir R. Ferguson.

Mr. Trafford, by the Hon. R. B. Wilbraham.

Mr. Hulton, on his re-appointment as constable of Lancaster Castle, by Lord Lilford.

Capt. Lord C. Paget, R.N., on promotion, by the Marquis of Anglesey.

Capt. S. Price, R.N., by Sir R. Price, Bt. Mr. Labalmondiere, 83rd Regt., by Gen. Sir E. Paget.

Mr. N. P. Leader, by the Hon. E. Butler.

Mr. E. Lee, by Lord Radstock.

Capt. S. Nicholson, 99th Regt., by Lieut.-Gen. Sir T. Arbuthnot, K.C.B.

Capt. Kelso, on promotion, by Lieut.-Col. Arbuthnot, 72nd Highlands.

Capt. Crosbie, 2nd Rifle Brigade, by his father, Gen. Sir J. Crosbie, G.C.B.

Capt. C. Symonds, on embarking for New Zealand, by Sir W. Symonds.

Capt. Edwards, 98th Regt., by Lieut.-Gen. Anderson, C.B.

Capt. W. Jones, by the Earl of Stamford.

Capt. J. S. Hodson, 12th Bengal Regt., by his father Gen. Hodson, Col. of the King's Own Infantry.

Capt. L. Fawcett, 55th Regt., by Gen. Sir W. H. Clinton, G.C.B. and G.C.H.

Capt. Martin, 76th Regt., by Sir B. Martin.

Lieut. J. T. Daniell, Bengal Army, by Major-General Sleigh, C.B.

Lieut. G. Fisher, 1st Bengal Regt., by Gen. Hodson, Col. of King's Own Infantry.

Dr. R. Henley, Staff-Surgeon, by General Callendar.

Dr. Cox, on his return from Naples, by Sir E. Disbrowe.

Alderman Hyndman, of Dublin, by the Right Hon. F. Shaw, M.P.

Mr. S. Grace, Deputy-Lieut. of the County of Sussex, by Sir J. Hamilton, Bart.

Mr. Blackett, M.P. for South Northumberland, by Viscount Howick.

Mr. J. Wheble, Capt. Royal Berks Militia, by his father, Mr. Wheble.

Mr. E. Disney, by Viscount Maynard.

Mr. V. Tuthill, Queen's Dragoon Guards, by Col. Sir R. Armstrong, C.B.

Mr. Wedderburn, 2nd Life Guards, by Colonel Greenwood.

Major E. W. Drewe, by Lieut.-Gen. Sir C. Halkett.

Lieut. Rodney, on his appointment to the Scotch Fusileer Guards, by Lord Rodney.

Lieut.-Gen. Travers, by the Marquis of Thomond.

Capt. Dolphin, Rifle Brigade, by Sir P. G. Egerton, Bart.

Mr. C. Buller, M.P., by the Right Hon. T. P. Courtenay.

Mr. G. J. Knox, by Viscount Northland.

Capt. W. F. Hulton, 3d Royal Lancashire Militia, by Lord Lilford.

Lieut. Fitzhugh, Grenadier Guards, by Col. Lambert.

Mr. E. Wheble, Ensign Royal Berks Militia, by his father, Mr. Wheble.

Mr. C. T. Stanley, by his brother, Capt. F. Stanley, R.N.

Mr. J. Maxwell, Yorkshire Hussars, by Earl de Grey.

Mr. T. Harrison, by Capt. the Hon. W. H. Percy, R.N.

Mr. J. Taylor, British Paymaster in Hanover, by the Right Hon. Sir H. Parnell.

Capt. C. Vereker, on promotion, by Viscount Gort.

Capt. C. Seymour, Scots Fusileer Guards, on promotion, by Col. Sir J. Hope.

Lieut.-Col. Kearney, on appointment to command the Queen's Drag Guards, Lieut.-Col. S. Campbell, C.B., H.P., 1st Foot; and

Lieut.-Col. Cooke, C.B., by Lord Hill.

Lieut.-Col. Puske, Madras Army, on his return from India; and Brevet-Colonel W. Miles, Bombay Army, by Sir J. Hobhouse.

Major G. M. Stevenson, Rifle Brigade, by Col. Brown, C.B.

Capt. M. Hughes, 12th Regt. Bombay army, by Gen. the Hon. Sir C. Colville.

Capt. J. G. Richardson, Royal Marines, on return from foreign service, by Col. Wingrove, R.N.

Major Bayley, East India Company's Service, by Sir R. Jenkins, G.C.B.

Mr. A. Codd, 63d Regiment, by H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir P. Maitland, on his return from Madras, by the Duke of Richmond.

Mr. J. Wood, on appointment as Chairman of the Excise, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mr. S. Flood, by Capt. Sir A. Green, R.N.

Lieut.-Col. Schreiber, on promotion, by Major-General Sleigh, C.B., Inspecting General of Cavalry.

Lieut. Stewart, 33d Regt., by Sir W. Pym.

Major Elliot, Adm. Sir H. Heathcote, on returning from Germany; Sir J. Lawford, on being invested with the order of K.C.B.;

Lord A. Beauclerk, on leaving the command at Devonport, and Sir J. A. Gordon; Captains Julius, J. F. Newell, on promotion and return from the Mediterranean, W. F. Lapidge, on receiving permission to wear the Laurelled Cross of San Fernando, Waldegrave on being appointed to the *Revenge*, E. H. Scott, on promotion, Bowles, on nomination to C.B.; Commanders Halstead, Dunn, H. F. Peake, and Haultain; Lieuts. C. Grey, on promotion, T. D. Stewart, Mends, on appointment to the *Blenheim*, G. Snell, on appointment to the *Kite*, Skipwith, J. O'Reilly, E. Le Mesurier, B. Haines, on return from India, and G. Spong, on return from the West Indies, by Lord Minto.

Major-Generals Frederick, C.B., and Sandwich, C.B., on promotion, and his being appointed Companion of the Bath; Captains L. Maclean, M. White, on his return to India, G. A. Smith, H. Jacob, A. Younghusband, J. Cooper; Lieutenants W. Master, H. Woodward, H. P. Voules, and C. E. Goad, by Sir J. Hobhouse.

Messrs. Seymour, Fenton, G. R. Corner, and A. Pellatt, by Lord J. Russell.

Generals Wyndham, Sir W. Johnston, on promotion, Hull, C.B., on promotion and appointment to Companion of the Bath, Sir J. Straton, on being appointed Colonel of the 17th Lancers, Shadforth, on being appointed to the Board of General Officers, Sir J. Buchan, on being appointed Colonel of the 95th Regt., and Sir H. Watson, on promotion; Majors Kelly and Spong, on promotion, by Lord Hill.

Lieuts. Riddell, Grattan, A. S. L. Hay, and S. T. L. Nicholl, on his return from foreign service, by Sir H. Vivian.

Capt. Biddulph, Lieut. W. M. Smyth, and Messrs. J. Farrer and J. T. Clifton, on their appointment, by Lord Combermere.

Capt. E. Stanley, on his promotion and return from India, and Mr. Fielden, by Lord

Captains Taylor and Jervis, Surrey Militia, by Lord Arden.

Capt. Smith and Mr. C. Crewe, by Lieut.-Col. Badcock.

Major Trevelyan, by Sir J. Maclean.

Lieut. H. Snythe, by Lord Rodney.

Major J. Hall, by Adm. Sir E. Codrington.

Lieut. W. Herries, 43rd Light Infantry, by Mr. Herries.

Mr. P. J. Morris, on his return from India, by the Earl of Huntingdon.

Capt. Trafford, King's Cheshire Yeomanry Cavalry, by the Hon. R. B. Wilbraham.

Lord W. Thynne, by the Earl of Cawdor.

Ensign F. Walker, Madras army, by Lieut.-Col. Sir C. Hopkinson, C.B.

Lieut. H. C. Mulca, East Devon Yeomanry Cavalry, by Mr. E. N. Parker, M.P.

Lieut.-Gen. Marriott, on promotion, by the Hon. General Lygon.

Capt. H. Purvis, Grenadier Guards, by Col. Lambert, Grenadier Guards, on promotion.

Col. Delap, on his appointment to the Colony of the 1st Royal Surrey Militia, by Lord Arden.

Col. Martin, on promotion, by Lord J. Somerset.

Col. Calvert, on being appointed a Companion of the Order of the Bath, by the Earl of Limerick.

Lieut.-Col. Cox, Madras army, by Major-General Frazer.

Col. Sir J. M. Doyle, K.C.B., on receiving the star of the Order, by the Marquis of Normanby.

Mr. K. Harvey, Deputy-Lieut. for Norfolk, by the Right Hon. Major-General Sir H. Hardinge, K.C.B., M.P.

Col. Sir R. Williams, on being invested with the star of the Order of the Bath, by Major-General Sir J. Savage.

Col. Free-tun, on his return from Spain, by Viscount Palmerston.

Col. W. Barnett, on appointment to the 5th Dragoon Guards, by Gen. Sir R. Ferguson, M.P.

Lieut. J. Homfray, 3d West York Militia, by Lieut.-Gen. Sir R. Barton.

The Accountant-General of the Court of Chancery, by the Lord Chancellor.

Ensign F. Brockman Morley, 90th Light Infantry, on his appointment, by the Earl of Munster.

Mr. G. H. Bainbridge, Bombay Native Infantry, on his marriage, by Lieut. Col. Harvey.

Lieut.-Col. H. R. Hartley, by Lieut.-Gen. Lord F. Somerset.

Mr. B. Doyne, Deputy-Lieut. for the county of Bucks, by the Marquis of Downshire.

Mt. Batard, by Lieut.-Gen. Sir R. Barton.

Mr. Savage, 91st Regt., by the Earl of Cawdor.

Lieut. J. Ewart, 55th Regt. of Bengal Infantry, by Sir R. Jenkins, G.C.B., M.P., Chairman of the East India Company.

Capt. W. O'Connor, 25th Regt., by Sir F. Campbell, K.C.B.

Mr. J. Scott, East India Company's Medical Service, by the Earl of Belfast.

Lieut. Hicks, 60th Royal Rifles, by Col. Sir W. Herries.

Lieut. Calley, 19th Regt., by Gen. Sir H. Turner, G.C.H.

Lieut. A. Tod, 42nd Regt. of Madras Infantry, by Right Hon. Lord J. Stuart M.P.

Major G. Higgins, Royal Artillery, on his promotion, by General Viscount Beresford, G.C.B.

Capt. Sir Le F. Senhouse, on his appointment to the command of Her Majesty's ship *Blenheim*, by Sir J. Pechell.

Capt. Santhill, R.N., on his promotion and return from foreign service, by Capt. the Hon. F. M. Berkeley, R.N.

Commander J. R. R. Webb, Her Majesty's ship *Ocean*, on his appointment, by Sir R. W. Otway, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief, Sheerness.

Lieut. Senhouse, R.N., by Sir G. F. Seymour, R.N., G.C.H., and C.B.

Ensign Crofton, 77th Regt., on his appointment, by Col. Maberly.

Ensign Purvis, 52nd Regiment, by Major-General Sir A. Dickson.



Commander H. V. Huntly, on his return from Africa, by Vice-Admiral Sir P. Campbell, K.C.B.

23.—The Queen held a drawing-room at St. James's Palace, in celebration of her Majesty's birth-day.

The Yeomen Guard wore the coronation costume.

The principal Knights of the several Orders of Knighthood wore their respective collars, and the Cabinet Ministers, and the officers of the Royal Household, appeared in the full dress costume.

The Lord Chancellor came in state, attended by his macebearer and pussebearer; and the other Equity Judges also wore their state robes.

This birth-day reception was at once numerous, as marked, and brilliant, the entire suite of state rooms being filled with the nobility and gentry an hour after the doors were opened.

State dinner parties, in honour of the day, were given by Viscount Melbourne, Lord John Russell, Viscount Palmerston, and the Attorney-General.

24.—Her Majesty received congratulatory visits from their R. H. the Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge.

The Queen, attended by the Hon. Miss Pitt, the Baroness Lehzen, and Lord Alfred Paget, visited her Majesty the Queen Dowager at Marlborough-house.

Viscount Melbourne and Lord John Russell had audiences of her Majesty.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager and suite arrived in three carriages, at half-past four o'clock this afternoon, at Marlborough-house, from Portsmouth. Her Majesty was attended by the Countess of Sheffield, lady in waiting; the Hon. Miss Hudson and Hon. Miss Mitchell, Maids of Honour in waiting; Earl Howe, Earl and Countess Denbigh, Rev. J. R. Wood, the Hon. Capt. Curzon, and Sir D. Davis.

The Queen gave a state ball this evening at Buckingham Palace.

In the south yellow drawing-room a moveable orchestra was erected for a quadrille band; over the orchestra was suspended a large cut glass chandelier. Five cut glass chandeliers, and a number of candelabra and branches, illuminated this room in the most brilliant manner. On the arrival of the company they were ushered into the adjoining room, the grand saloon, and on either side of the saloon. The north yellow drawing-room was also prepared for dancing. Both ball-rooms contained canopies of rich yellow satin, lined with white, embroidered with flowers, and trimmed with silver bullion fringe. Beneath these canopies were placed seats for her Majesty and her Royal and illustrious visitors.

The Picture Gallery was thrown open, and the valuable collection, selected chiefly from the Flemish, Dutch, and English schools, ex-

hibited to the company. Among the numerous paintings were: "The Death of Dido," Sir Joshua Reynolds; "Eusebius," Gainsborough; "St. George destroying the Dragon," Rubens; "The Barge-master, Pascoe, and his Lady," Rembrandt; "Christ healing the Sick," Vandyke; "Cattle in a Landscape," Cuyp; "Cymon and Iphigenia," Sir Joshua Reynolds; "Blind Man's Buff," Sir David Wilkie; "Interior of the Florence Gallery," Zoffani; "The Crucifixion," Venusti; "Horse Fair," Wouwremans; "Dutch Boors," Ostade; "Shipbuilder and his Wife," Rembrandt; "Marriage of St. Catherine," Vandyke; "Interior of a Convent," Granet; "The Hay-field," Wouwremans.

Groups in marble of "the Parting of Hector and Andromache," and "Venus reclining," together with other works of sculpture, were placed at one end of the gallery.

A profusion of flowering shrubs and plants decorated the marble-hall and the grand staircase; they were tastefully arranged on the steps and in the various niches.

Refreshments were served to the company, during the evening, in the throne-room.

The Band of the Grenadier Guards attended in the marble hall, and performed favourite selections during the evening.

The hall was lined by the Yeomen of the Guard.

The company began to arrive about half-past nine o'clock.

The Princess Sophia Matilda arrived at ten o'clock. The Duke of Sussex and the Duchess of Gloucester, attended by Lady C. Somerset and Sir S. Higgins, followed soon afterwards.

The Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia arrived at half-past ten o'clock, accompanied by Prince Frederick Henry of the Netherlands, and attended by Visct. Torrington and Count Orloff.

The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, came attended by Miss Kerr, Baron Knesebeck, and Col. Jones.

Their Royal Highnesses were received in the marble hall by the Hon. Miss Spring Rice, Hon. Mrs. George Campbell, Hon. Col. Cavendish, and Lord Alfred Paget, who conducted the Royal party to the north ball-room, where her Majesty received her illustrious visitors. The Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, the Prince and Princess of Leiningen, and her Royal guests, passed through the grand saloon to the large ball-room. Her Majesty was attended by the Ladies in Waiting, the great officers of state, the principal officers of the household, and Masters Cowell, Cavendish, Chichester, and Wemys, Pages of Honour.

Her Majesty opened the ball in a quadrille with his Imperial Highness the Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia. The Queen danced the second quadrille with his Royal Highness Prince Frederick Henry of the Netherlands.

The Duke of Wellington and other noblemen present wore the collars of their respective orders of knighthood.

Prince John Bontas, Greek Charge d'Affaires, appeared in his national costume.

The Marquis of Douglas wore a Highland dress.

The Duke of Cambridge wore a Field-Marshal's uniform, with the Stars of three Orders of Knighthood and the Riband and Jewel of the Order of the Garter, the latter splendidly set in diamonds.

His Royal Highness Prince Frederick Henry of the Netherlands danced the first quadrille with the Princess Augusta of Cambridge.

Weippert's Quadrille Band in the large ball-room performed during the night the "Moscow," and "Leiningen" waltzes, and the "Muscovite" quadrilles, expressly arranged for the ball.

At one o'clock the Queen entered the dining-room, where supper was served on tables extending round three sides of the room.

The beaufet of gold plate at the end of the apartment contained a number of the finest shields and salvers, and the most beautiful tankards and cups in the Royal collection, illuminated by gold candelabra and sconces, and reflected by a very large mirror at the back of the sideboard.

The supper-room was hung with a series of full-length portraits. In the middle was a portrait of Geo. IV., in the robes of the Order of the Garter, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. This portrait was hung between those of Geo. III. and his Consort, Queen Charlotte, both by Gainsborough. The other paintings were those of George II., by Ramsay; of Queen Caroline, his Consort, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, of Frederick Prince of Wales (1742), by Vanloo, and of Augusta, his Consort, also by Vanloo.

Her Majesty returned to the ball-room after supper.

25th.—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, attended by the Countess of Mayo, visited the Queen at Buckingham Palace.

The Marquis of Normanby and Viscount Melbourne had audiences of her Majesty.

The Queen, accompanied by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent and their Serene Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Leiningen, honoured the Italian Opera-house with their presence.

Sir James Clark was in attendance during the week, in consequence of the indisposition of Prince Edward, the younger son of Prince Leiningen. The young prince is much better.

Sunday, 26.—Her Majesty and her august mother attended Divine service in the Chapel-royal, St. James's. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, and the Princess Augusta, also attended the service. The service was preached by the Hon. and Rev. R. Eden, from the General Epistle of Jude, verses 20, 21. The prayers were read by the Rev. Dr. Wesley, the lessons by the Rev. H. Barham, and the altar service by the Sub-Dean. The chaunt was Dr. Crotch's; the musical service was Nares, in F; the sanctus

in F, Hawes; the commandments, Nares. The anthem, "Behold how good and joyful," (Nares), was sung by Messrs. Wyld and Bradbury. Mr. J. B. Sale presided at the organ.

27.—Viscount Melbourne and Lord Hill had audiences of her Majesty.

The Queen left town in an open carriage and four, with outriders, in the afternoon, for Windsor Castle. Her Majesty had a large dinner party at the Castle.

28.—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, attended by the Countess of Mayo and the Hon. Miss Hope Johnstone, took a carriage drive to Kensington in a barouche and four.

Viscount Melbourne left town after the Cabinet Council, on a visit to her Majesty at Windsor Castle.

29.—The Queen Dowager visited the Princess Augusta at Clarence House, St. James's. The Princess Augusta afterwards accompanied her Majesty in a drive in a barouche and four.

State balls will, it is understood, be given at Buckingham Palace on Friday, June 17.

#### GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, May 4.  
H.S.H. the Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia, May 4.  
H.R.H. Prince Frederick Henry of Orange, May 4.  
Viscount Melbourne, May 2, 3, 4, 6, 13, 16, 18, 29.  
Earl of Albemarle, April 29, May 15.  
Earl of Surrey, April 29, May 1, 3, 4, 6, 9, 15, 16.  
Viscount Falkland, April 29.  
Lord Byron, April 20, May 6.  
Mr. Brand, April 29.  
Lord Leveson, May 1.  
Lord Brabazon, May 1.  
Hon. W. Cowper, May 1.  
Col. Buckley, May 1, 2, 3, 18, 20.  
Col. Wemyss, May 1.  
Earl of Mulgrave, May 3.  
Lord Edward Howard, May 3.  
Lord George Paget, May 3.  
The Russian Ambassador, May 2, 4.  
Duke of Argyll, May 2, 4.  
Earl and Countess Grev, May 2, 4.  
Lady Georgina Grev, May 2.  
Earl and Countess Bruce, May 2.  
Count and Countess Woronzow, May 2, 4.  
Sir Henry Wheatley, May 2.  
Hon. Fred. Grey, May 2.  
Count Pozzo di Borgo, May 4.  
Baron Bentinck, May 4.  
Count Orloff, May 4.  
Marchioness of Lansdowne, May 4.  
Marquis and Mar. of Normanby, May 4, 20.  
Earl and Countess of Albemarle, May 4.  
Earl of Belfast, May 4.  
Countess of Surrey, May 4.  
Viscount Palmerston, May 4.  
Viscount Torrington, May 4.  
Count Charles, and Countess Pozzo di Borgo, May 4.  
Captain Arriens, May 4.

Lady Flora Hastings, May 4.  
 Hon. Miss Lister, May 4.  
 Lady Harriet Clive, May 4.  
 Miss Davis, May 4.  
 Baroness Lehzen, May 4.  
 Earl of Uxbridge, May 4, 13, 16, 22.  
 Col. Armstrong, May 4.  
 Lord Alfred Paget, May 4, 6.  
 Marchioness of Breadalbane, May 6.  
 Sir Fred. Stovin, May 6, 9, 23.  
 Rt. Hon. G. S. Byng, May 9, 13, 18.  
 Mr. Rich, M.P. May 9.  
 Ladies Eleanor and Constance Paget, May 13.  
 Earl of March, May 15.  
 Lord Fitzroy Lennox, May 15.  
 Mr. and Lady Theresa Lister, May 15.  
 Sir G. Anson, May 15.  
 Lord Clarence Paget, May 16, 23.  
 Viscount Morpeth, May 18.  
 Mr. G. and Hon. Mrs. Anson, May 18.  
 Earl and Countess of Sandwich, May 18.  
 Earl of Fingal, May 20.  
 Earl and Countess Cowper, May 20.  
 Lord and Lady Ashley, May 20.  
 Hon. John Ponsonby, May 20.  
 Hon. Major Keppel, May 23.

*The following accompanied Her Majesty in her Rides and Drives and visits to the Theatre.*

H.R.H. Duchess of Kent, April 27, 58. May 11, 17.  
 Hon. Miss Murray, April 27, May 6, 18, 20.  
 Baroness Lehzen, April 27, 29, May 1, 6, 13, 18, 20, 21.  
 Marquis of Headfort, April 27, 29, May 6.

Earl of Uxbridge, April 27, 30, May 1, 3, 6, 11, 13, 17.  
 Earl of Surrey, April 27, 29, 30, May 1, 3, 24.  
 Lord Alfred Paget, April 27, 29, May 1, 3, 6, 11, 17, 18, 20, 21, 25.  
 Right Hon. G. S. Byng, April 27, May 13, 18.  
 Hon. W. Cowper, April 27, 29.  
 Col. Buckley, April 27, 29, 30, May 1, 13, 18, 20.  
 Countess of Charlemont, April 27.  
 Lady Flora Hastings, April 27, 29, 30, May 11, 17, 25.  
 Mrs. Brand, April 27.  
 Viscountess Forbes, April 29, May 1, 13, 21.  
 Miss Quentin, April 29, May 1, 6, 13, 18, 20, 21.  
 Marchioness of Normanby, April 30, May 3, 11.  
 Hon. Miss Anson, April 30.  
 Hon. Miss Anson, April 27, May 3.  
 Lady Harriet Clive, April 30, May 11.  
 Sir George Quentin, May 1, 18.  
 Hon. Miss Lister, May 3.  
 Earl of Albemarle, May 3, 24.  
 Earl of Belfast, May 3.  
 Sir Fred. Stovin, May 6, 13.  
 Hon. Miss Anson, May 11.  
 Lord Byron, May 11, 13, 17, 18, 20, 21, 25.  
 Lady Portman, May 17, 21, 25.  
 Hon. Miss Spring Rice, May 17.  
 Sir Robert Otway, May 17, 18, 20, 21.  
 Hon. C. A. Murray, May 18, 21.  
 Hon. Miss Spring Rice, May 21.  
 Hon. Mrs. G. Campbell, May 21, 23.

## OPINIONS OF THE EASTERNS ON THE ORIGIN OF MUSIC.

BY PROFESSOR CARLO PEPOLI.

The eastern nations, who in all things mingle truth with fable, refer the origin of music to a date anterior even to the formation of man.

God, say they, after having formed the universe and imparted to it the perfection and magnificence which bespeak it the work of divine power, and having in his immutable decrees resolved to people the earth with inhabitants, created at one moment and before the formation of man, all the souls which, in the succession of ages and in the limits of time, should animate the bodies of mortals. These souls, effluxes from the Divine immensity, were no sooner called into being, than they were made to hear the admirable harmony produced by the measured movements and symphonious

revolutions of the celestial bodies—of the innumerable multitude of spiritual beings present at this planetary concert, some felt the enchantment of the harmony more keenly, some less, and a few, very few, were altogether insensible to it. Whence arises, according to these orientals, the general taste for music manifested by the majority of mankind, as well as the opposite taste of some, who on that account are looked upon as deficient and without sentiment. Happy he, whose body has been made the receptacle of one of those fortunate souls that loves music and delights in harmony!

In this manner the easterns attempt to account for the origin not only of music, but also of musicians—a chimerical notion, serving merely as the ve-

hicle of an expression of the love of music, which we almost all entertain, even from our birth. Such, however, they pretend to have been the model or prototype of the divine art imparted to souls at the period of their creation, but which human kind have acquired only by insensible degrees. The melodious song of the birds, the soft breathing of the zephyrs, the gentle ripplings of the streamlet, indeed all objects with which nature has surrounded man, tend to awake in him his inborn love of harmony, and have given rise successively to the various instruments of music.

We will not, however, stop here to determine the epoch of each instrument, or to give an account of their several inventors. Neither will we, at the present moment, occupy ourselves in tracing the progress of music from its birth, or in exhibiting its alternating variations and successive gradations of improvement. It is not our purpose here to penetrate the profound mysteries of antiquity, or to lift the thick veil which time has thrown over the origin of all things. But, with light and rapid step overleaping the interval of ages passed since the birth of music, we will come at once to the epoch when Persia was rendered illustrious by one of the greatest men it has ever produced, and who was the father or restorer of oriental music.

Hodgia was the name by which he was called, and he lived in the fifteenth century, in the reign of Hussein Beïcara, king of Persia, whose taste and love for the fine arts procured for him the title of the "*Mecænas of the east.*" Hodgja devoted himself especially to vocal music, for which he was endowed by nature with peculiar aptitude, possessing a voice of extraordinary flexibility, the delight and wonder of the court of Persia. He was the first to introduce or at least re-establish the *solfa* in Persia, and gave to song its proper variation of tone and movement. He selected verses from the best poets, and set them to music; but no one except himself could sing it, and he was so jealous of this talent, that he would not communicate it to any one—a defect of character common to oriental musicians, who deem as a loss to themselves the instruction they give to

others. History records an anecdote of Hodgja illustrative of this, which we think we should do wrong to omit.

Hussein Beïcara had a slave in whom he had discovered a natural talent and decided taste for music. He resolved that he should have the advantage of Hodgja's instruction; but aware of the peculiar character of the latter, who would never have consented to impart his knowledge to another, he conceived an expedient which succeeded even beyond his most sanguine expectations. He offered as a present to Hodgja, a slave deaf and dumb, but robust and laborious, such was exactly the description of attendant desired by our musician. Suspicious of every one, the continual fear of being robbed of his music had until that moment deterred him from ever practising in the presence of a second person.

He accepted the offer of the king, and received the slave into his house. Previously, however, to admitting him into his service, he subjected him to a trial in order to assure himself of the truth of what had been stated. The young Arabian (Gulam) instructed in the part he was to perform, underwent every examination without the least deviation from the character of one actually deaf and dumb. Hodgja was no longer under any restraint, and in the belief that he had in his presence only an ocular witness, entertained not the slightest distrust.

Gulam profited by the credulity of his master, and in a short time made considerable progress in music. Gifted with an extraordinary memory he retained in his mind all the airs which he heard sung, and speedily acquired all the knowledge possessed by Hodgja. As soon as he perceived that he could gain no further information he communicated with the king, who under some plausible pretext requested from Hodgja the return of the slave he had presented to him. The musician resigned him, and Gulam returned to court, where he displayed the *spolia opima* of his master. The soft tones of his voice enchanted every one; he contested the palm with even Hodgja himself.

Hodgia, ignorant of what had happened, in crossing one day the royal

apartments of the seraglio, was surprised by the sound of a most melodious voice. He approached, stopped, listened. But what was his astonishment when he recognised one of his own airs ! He entered precipitately and saw his former slave, whom he had believed deaf and dumb, surrounded by a numerous assembly listening to him in evident admiration. He thus discovered, but too late, the artifice by which he had been imposed upon, nor was it possible to doubt that in Gulam he had a formidable rival. He sought the king, and petitioned that either he might be permitted for ever to quit Persia or that Gulam should be banished. His majesty had the right to make his selection, but both could not be retained about his person.

Hodgia possessed considerable ascendancy over the mind of the king, who on his part felt towards the musician all the esteem and consideration he really deserved. Hussein therefore commanded Gulam to leave Persia ; he obeyed and took refuge in a distant island, situated at the confluence of two rivers, the Oxo and Tassarta, called by the Arabs *Geihun* and *Seihun*. The inhabitants of the country give it the name of Island of Camels from the number of those animals it contained.

There, ignorant of the lot reserved for him by destiny, the unhappy Gulam prepared to pass the remainder of his days. But that same music which had been the cause of his misfortune was also to restore him to happiness. The hours of his solitude, occupied and amused with song, flew peacefully by ; the enchantment of music softened the rigour of his exile. The only companion of his solitary life was, say the orientals, a young camel which had become attached to him, and which he had so completely domesticated that the animal, though by nature indocile, obeyed all his commands. He had begun by regulating the movements of the camel's feet according to the airs he sang, and at last succeeded in teaching it to beat time.

Mounted upon his camel Gulam was one day travelling to a village a few miles distant from his own habitation, when he met by chance some Persian merchants, unknown by him, but who knew Gulam

well. They had left their country previously to his banishment, and being quite ignorant of what had occurred were greatly surprised at the meeting. Having inquired respecting his circumstances, and learning the cause of his misfortunes, they promised to obtain his pardon from the king and said he might venture to return with them to his country ; they would be answerable for the result.

Gulam departed upon his camel, the willing companion of the merchants. Upon their arrival in Persia, the merchants informed the king of Gulam's return, and solicited his pardon. Hussein Beicara, who had exiled Gulam solely for the gratification of Hodgias, had already entertained the thought of recalling him, and was rejoiced to hear that he was again within his dominions. He commanded him to be immediately conducted to court. Gulam presented himself, mounted as usual, and singing an air composed for the occasion. The camel, excited by the music, began beating exact time by the alternate movement of his feet. The whole court ran to behold this novel spectacle, and Gulam was received with the liveliest applause. The feelings of Hodgias upon seeing the triumph of his rival may be easily imagined. Dissimulation was his sole resource, nor could he refuse an apparent reconciliation ; and his death occurring soon after, left to Gulam the free and tranquil possession of that glory in which there was then none other to participate, and which immortalized his name throughout the East. To him is ascribed the perfection of the time of music, as it now exists.

Gulam was succeeded in Persia by Myz-Har, Myz-Abdullah, Myz-Ali, and several other great men, who have upheld the honour of music. In the progress of time, the Turks learnt it from the Persians, and acquired considerable skill. The Sultan Selim, the first of this name, in his wars against the Persians, first brought into Constantinople musicians from that nation. Soliman, his son and successor, imitated the example of his father ; and, subsequently, all the emperors who have visited Persia have brought thence men possessing every variety of skill.

## NEW MUSIC.

*Vocal Beauties of Strauss. No. 3.—*  
*"I've a Cot of my own."*

What new mode of praise can we find for the immense variety and exquisite beauty of Strauss's music in general? or how express the softness and sweet melancholy of the present composition? It is a poetical conception,—an idea, which, through all its modifications, changes of form, and developments, still preserves its identity, and thus presents an *ensemble* of beauty.

So from the division of the rays of

the sun arise the various colours, which have their peculiar beauty; and from their recombination results the grand resplendent beauty of LIGHT.

Such were the reflections suggested by reading and hearing this beautiful song, "I've a cot of my own;" a very elegant composition, that seems to us, like the month of May itself, to be crowned with flowers. Dalmaine and Co. manifest real taste, and to them must Dilettanti resort when they wish to have an opportunity of choosing from a good collection.

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### PARLIAMENTARY EXPLANATION.

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In a matter wherein the Ladies are made to take so prominent a part, it is our province to put the same on record; we have followed this with a letter of comment from the *Spectator*, which seems to treat the subject with discretion and fairness—for the rest we say to all, mark carefully from the events of past times so amply journalized by us in our Memoirs of celebrated women, and which we trust we have fairly given, how sometimes matters of apparently slight importance bring ruin and misery as well upon Royal heads as upon a whole kingdom. We have amply given the explanations of each party.

"It is beside the real question to pretend that regard to the Queen's private friendships ought to bar a Minister from altering the composition of the household. Her private friendships are in no way interfered with. If Her Majesty has an affection for the Duchess of Sutherland, she may invite her to the Palace every day; their social intercourse needs not to be interrupted for an hour in consequence of the appointment of another Mistress of the Robes. The Baroness Lehzen may remain at the Palace as the Queen's friend, though the Ministry were changed every week. Why? because she holds no public office, performs no part of the state ceremonial, and is not paid, as the Duchess of Sutherland is, by the country, in order to keep up the dignity of the Court. If such facilities exist for private communication, why, it may be asked, make such a point of removing the near connexions of political opponents from the

household? There are two reasons. First, to deny the power of appointing to the household indicates a want of confidence in the Sovereign towards the Minister: it would, undeniably be so deemed by his public, and *pro tanto* would weaken the Government. Secondly, the refusal deprives him of very valuable patronage. This reason has not been alleged, but that it exists is certain.

With respect to the constitutional principle, we are informed that the highest living authority on such questions pronounces the Queen and her Ministers in the wrong. The household appointments are state appointments, for state purposes, and for them the Minister is held responsible. This reason, were there no other, is sufficient for placing the household under his control. Lords Melbourne and J. Russell virtually admit that the constitutional principle is against them, when they undertake the responsibility of the Queen's refusal to allow changes in the household. Were it a matter relating strictly to the Queen's private affairs or predilections, in which the Minister had no right to meddle, there would have been no need of the Cabinet "minute." It is as much on interference to prevent, as to effect changes; and very promptly did the Whigs make that an affair of state which they declared to be one in which the state had no concern. By their own act they are out of court.

But "usage," according to Lord J. Russell, is against Sir Robert Peel's course. On the contrary, the "usage" has been for the principal members of the household to "go out" with the Ministers who put them "in." There have been exceptions, which only prove the rule; and Lord John Russell

did not strengthen his case when, on going back for a precedent to Queen Anne's reign, he found that two ladies had not resigned offices in the household till some time after their lords had retired from posts in the Government. It has not been the practice in more modern times to make a clearance of the Palace on a change of Administration; but the control of the household has rarely been withheld from the Minister of the day. The accident of the Sovereign being a female does not alter the case. The law and constitution recognize no such distinction as that which Lord John Russell would set up. The Sovereign's powers are not extended or privileges curtailed according to the variation of sex.

Sir Robert Peel's justification rests chiefly, after all, upon the reasonableness of the demand. It was most unreasonable to expect that he should acquiesce in the continuance of the wives and nearest relatives of his political enemies in public appointments of the first distinction and great influence at the Queen's Palace. Would the Whigs be altogether satisfied to see Lady Graham, Lady Stanley, and Mrs. Goulburn, in the places now occupied by the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Normanby, and the Countess of Burlington.

The position in which the Queen has been placed excites unpleasant reflections. Had she yielded to the requisition of the Tory leader and permitted some changes amongst the ladies of her household—not the friends of her youth, but the decorations of her establishment—no offence could have been taken by the Liberals; and had there been, which we see there was not, any harshness or domineering behaviour on the part of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, public sympathy would have been strongly excited in her favour, and a speedy delivery from Tory thralldom effected. As it is, she will soon find that the false excitement of the hour has passed away with the delusions on which it rested, and all that remains is the resentment of a powerful party, whom her Ministers themselves have recently acknowledged as their legitimate successors. The Queen has not thrown herself into the breach to protect a popular or respectable Administration, but one which the great majority of her subjects distrust, and many despise. These are not times for stretching the Royal prerogative; and the disposition to exercise questionable powers does not promise a happy reign.

#### PARLIAMENTARY EXPLANATION.

Lord J. Russell rose, and the most profound silence ensued. He said—"Since I last addressed the house, stating the resignation of Lord Melbourne and his col-

leagues, the right honourable gentlemen opposite," (loud cries of "Hear," "hear,") "Sir, since I had last the honour of addressing the house, the right hon. baronet, the member for Tamworth received Her Majesty's authority to present to her a plan for the formation of a new Administration. That attempt having failed, Her Majesty has been most graciously pleased to grant to the right hon. gentleman her full permission to state all the circumstances of that negotiation. What I now propose is, that the right hon. gentleman should take the opportunity of making his statement; and when he has done so, I shall state to the house the reasons which have induced me and my right hon. friends to take back those places which we recently tendered to Her Majesty."

Sir R. Peel then addressed the house to the following effect—"Mr. Speaker, I have reserved to this place and to this occasion the explanation which I feel it my duty to offer with respect to the circumstances that have induced me to relinquish the attempt at forming an Administration for conducting the government of the country. In the outset of this explanation, I trust that it is not necessary for me to disclaim any sanction on my part of statements which have appeared before the public relating to this subject. Such statements were made without my sanction and without my wishes, if my wishes could have prevented them. (Hear, hear.) I could most willingly forego all personal considerations on this occasion, and willingly bear any obloquy that might perhaps attach to me by my silence as to recent circumstances, but some of those circumstances were of so important and interesting a character, connected as they were, with a pending change in the whole administration of the country, and the practice has so long prevailed of informing the house of such matters, that my private feelings give way to what I feel to be the duty of entering into explanations of them in the face of this house and the country. (Hear, hear.) I am fully aware of the difficulties which attend all such explanations, and there are some which are peculiar to the present case. From a portion of these, which would otherwise be insuperable, I have been relieved by Her Majesty's most kind and gracious permission to give explanations of the circumstances under which I relinquished the attempt to form an Administration. For such permission I applied yesterday to Lord Melbourne. It is unnecessary for me, I presume, to read my own letter on the subject. The answer to it I received from Lord Melbourne. dated South-street, May 12, was—"Lord Melbourne presents his compliments to Sir R.

Peel, and having already, in expectation of such a request, taken Her Majesty's pleasure on this subject, he feels himself authorized at once to signify to Sir. R. Peel Her Majesty's full permission to explain the circumstances under which he relinquished the attempt to form an Administration, and with that view to make use of the correspondence with Her Majesty that took place on the 10th of May.'

"After this gracious permission, no one will, I presume, doubt that I am fully authorized to enter upon this explanation. In doing so, my chief anxiety is, that I may be fully mindful of the sacred obligation under which I am placed, to act with entire justice and impartiality towards the illustrious lady who is connected with these transactions. Sir, under any circumstances I trust that I should feel the full force of that obligation; but if anything could add to the strength of that feeling, it would be the relation in which I have so recently stood to my Sovereign, and the intercourse I have been graciously permitted to hold with her. Sir, it is well known that in the progress of an attempt to form an Administration much communication will pass, and many circumstances will occur, which need not necessarily enter into such an explanation as I am now making to the house: it is not, therefore, necessary for me to interrupt the statement of the more important facts of the case, by introducing matters which do not bear on those facts; but if, in the course of my statement, I should be thought to omit any important circumstance, or if the noble lord (John Russell) or any other member of the house will invite further explanation on any point, I shall most readily give it, for I am most anxious that this house and the public mind should be most fully informed as to every material fact that has occurred. If the noble lord will put any question or suggest any further elucidation as to any part of my statement, I shall most readily, after the gracious permission I have received, answer any question or give any explanation that I can, without any reserve or qualification whatever. Sir, I will now proceed, therefore, to state those facts which appear to me to have the slightest reference to any matters requiring to be explained. I waited on Her Majesty by desire at 2 o'clock on Wednesday, the 8th of May. Her Majesty had previously seen the Duke of Wellington, and had invited him to assist her in the formation of a Government. The Duke of Wellington had informed Her Majesty that the chief difficulty of a Government would be in the House of Commons, and therefore, partly on other considerations, but chiefly on that, advised Her Majesty to send for one who would have the advantage of being heard in the Commons

as Her Majesty's Minister, and at the same time he suggested my name; I waited on Her Majesty in consequence, and was asked whether I was willing to assist Her Majesty in forming a new Administration? Her Majesty observed to me at the same time that she had parted with her late advisers with great reluctance and regret. ("Hear, hear," from the Ministerial benches.) Her Majesty added, that her late Ministers had in all respects given her entire satisfaction, but that in consequence of their resignation, it became necessary to take steps to form a new Administration. It is unnecessary for me to go into a detail of all that was said, but I must say that no one could have expressed more fully, more naturally, or more becomingly, the high sense she entertained of the services of her late Ministers, and her regret at their loss, nor at the same time could any one have expressed principles more strictly constitutional with respect to the formation of a new Government. I did not hesitate to state to Her Majesty that I was not insensible of the great difficulties with which I had to contend in the performance of the task she had been pleased to confide to me, but that having been a party to the vote of the House of Commons which had led to the necessity of forming a new Administration, I felt it a paramount obligation on me to render Her Majesty every assistance in my power, as much as if I myself had been the cause of the difficulties in which she had been placed. I therefore, at Her Majesty's command, undertook to form an Administration, and I proposed to Her Majesty that I should return on the following day, hoping that in the interim I should be able to arrange such a list as would secure the administration of the chief executive offices of the state, and to show to Her Majesty and to the country that I was prepared promptly and energetically to perform the duty I had undertaken. (Hear.) I conferred in the course of the day (on Wednesday), with those with whom I had the more immediate opportunity of so doing, and I requested that they would permit me to submit their names for Her Majesty's approval as constituting a part of the Government. The names I referred to were eight. They were the following.—The Duke of Wellington, Lord Lyndhurst, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, Mr. Goulburn, and Sir Henry Hardinge. On the following day I waited on Her Majesty and submitted those names for her approval, and at the same time stated to Her Majesty, that while the Duke of Wellington placed his services entirely at Her Majesty's disposal, his own inclination would be more gratified if he were permitted to hold a place in the Cabi-



not without office, he taking the lead in the House of Lords. Her Majesty expressed a particular wish that the Duke of Wellington should hold some important office. I told Her Majesty that I should of course convey her wish to the noble duke, at the same time assuring Her Majesty that I had no doubt he would readily forego any private inclination of his own, and consent to take any office, however important, at Her Majesty's wish. (Hear, hear.) No question arose up to this time, either as to the formation of the government, or as to its conduct, on which I feel it necessary to remark; but, as I have already said, if I should have made any omission, and that the noble lord will remind me of it, I shall at once supply it.

"It was on Thursday the difficulty or misconception arose which led to my relinquishing the attempt at forming the Administration. The difficulty related exclusively to that portion of the Royal household which is filled by ladies. Her Majesty conceded at once, and without reserve, all that could be wished or expected as far as related to offices in the household filled by noblemen or gentlemen holding seats in this or the other House of Parliament. The difficulty, as I have said, related altogether to the situations in the household filled by ladies. In reference to this point, I think it much better, on mature consideration, that I should, in the first instance, enter into no statements as to impressions of what passed, but that I should confine myself exclusively to what actually did pass. Because if I were here to state impressions, I should be stating only those which were my own, and arising from communications that passed where two parties only were present, and I must bear in mind that I alone am here to tell them. (Hear, hear.) I now propose to address myself to the point out of which the difficulty arose; and here I repeat that I shall confine myself altogether to what passed. I shall give nothing—no version of my own—as to any circumstance, unless I am pressed to it by the noble lord. I shall readily charge myself with blame if any misconception has arisen, and admit at once that it arose out of my imperfect mode of explanation; but I may speak of what my intentions were, for of those I am the best judge. On the Wednesday evening, then, I had an opportunity of consulting at my own house with those friends whose names I was to present for Her Majesty's approval on the next day. I stated them, and there are now four of them present, who heard what passed. They are my noble friend the member for North Lancashire (Lord Stanley), my right hon. friend the member for the Cambridge University (Mr. Goulburn), my right hon.

friend the member for Pembroke (Sir J. Graham), and my right hon. and gallant friend the member for Launceston (Sir H. Hardinge). I stated to them, and to the other friends already named, the course which I intended to take with respect to the household. In fact, before this I had very little considered the household, and had very little information respecting it.

"I now speak of that portion of its offices which were held by ladies. I took the Red Book and there saw the several departments of the household. I said to those who were intended to be my future colleagues, that with respect to all those ladies of the household who were below the rank of a lady of the bed-chamber, I should suggest no change to Her Majesty (cheers from the Opposition benches), but with respect to the superior class of ladies holding office, I expressed a hope that those of them who were in immediate connexion with my political opponents would immediately relieve the new government from any further trouble on the question by voluntarily resigning. (Loud cheering on the Opposition side of the House.) At the same time I stated that I did think it of much importance, as conveying an intimation of her Majesty's entire confidence and support, that some change should be made with respect to some of the higher offices of the household filled by ladies, and I did express the names of the ladies of the bed-chamber. I said, that even in some instances of these, where there was not any strong political connexion, I did not think any change would be necessary. This passed on the Wednesday evening: and I mention it merely as an indication of my willingness that any blame arising from any imperfection of my explanation, or from any misconception as to that explanation, should attach to me only. I saw Her Majesty on the Thursday, and here I repeat, that I shall confine myself, unless pressed to it, to the letters that passed between Her Majesty and me. Early on the Friday morning, May 10th, I had the honour to receive the following letter from Her Majesty:—

"Buckingham Palace, May 10, 1839.

"The Queen having considered the proposal made to her yesterday by Sir Robert Peel to remove the ladies of her bed-chamber, cannot consent to adopt a course which she conceives to be contrary to usage and which is repugnant to her feelings."

"In three hours after the receipt of Her Majesty's note, I addressed the following letter to Her Majesty:—

"Whitehall, May 10, 1839."

"Sir Robert Peel presents his humble duty to your Majesty, and has had the honour of receiving your Majesty's note of this morning."

"In respectfully submitting to your Majesty's pleasure, and humbly returning into your Majesty's hands the important trust which your Majesty had been graciously pleased to commit to him, Sir Robert Peel trusts that your Majesty will permit him to state to your Majesty his impression with respect to the circumstances which have led to the termination of his attempt to form an Administration for the conduct of your Majesty's service.

"In the interview with which your Majesty honoured Sir Robert Peel yesterday morning, after he had submitted to your Majesty the names of those whom he proposed to recommend to your Majesty for the principal executive appointments, he mentioned to your Majesty his earnest wish to be enabled, with your Majesty's sanction, so to constitute your Majesty's household, that your Majesty's confidential servants might have the advantage of a public demonstration of your Majesty's full support and confidence, and that at the same time, as far as possible, consistently with that demonstration, each individual appointment in the household should be entirely acceptable to your Majesty's personal feelings.

"On your Majesty expressing a desire that the Earl of Liverpool should hold an office in the household, Sir Robert Peel requested your Majesty's permission at once to offer to Lord Liverpool the office of Lord Steward, or any other which he might prefer.

"Sir Robert Peel then observed, that he should have every wish to apply a similar principle to the chief appointments which are filled by the ladies of your Majesty's household; upon which your Majesty was pleased to remark, that you must reserve the whole of these appointments, and that it was your Majesty's pleasure that the whole should continue as at present, without any change.

"The Duke of Wellington, in the interview to which your Majesty subsequently admitted him, understood also that this was your Majesty's determination, and concurred with Sir Robert Peel in opinion that, considering the great difficulties at the present crisis, and the expediency of making every effort, in the first instance, to conduct the public business of the country with the aid of the present Parliament, it was essential to the success of the commission with which your Majesty had honoured Sir Robert Peel, that he should have that public proof of your Majesty's entire support and confidence which would be afforded by the permission to make some changes in that part of your Majesty's household which your Majesty resolved on maintaining entirely without change.

"Having had the opportunity, through

your Majesty's gracious consideration, reflecting upon this point, he humbly submits to your Majesty that he is reluctantly compelled by a sense of public duty, and of the interests of your Majesty's service, to adhere to the opinion which he ventures to express to your Majesty.

"He trusts he may be permitted, at the same time, to express to your Majesty his grateful acknowledgments for the distinction which your Majesty conferred upon him, by requiring his advice and assistance in the attempt to form an Administration; and his earnest prayer that whatever arrangements your Majesty may be enabled to make for that purpose may be most conducive to your Majesty's personal comfort and happiness, and to the promotion of the public welfare.

"Sir, although I may not be allowed to enter into any statements as to what occurred at that time, yet I may be permitted to refer to the reports that have arisen as to the individuals whom I proposed for offices in the household. (Hear.) Sir, I can only say that these are the single names which I submitted to Her Majesty for any appointment in Her Majesty's household. The first was the Earl of Liverpool, whom Her Majesty had wished to hold some office in the household, and the only two other names which I proposed, and which I declare I did exclusively from an impression that they would be most acceptable to Her Majesty, were those of my noble friend the member for Dorsetshire, if I could persuade him to lay aside his strong sense of public duty and accept office, and of my noble friend, Lord Sidney, with the same motive. (Hear.) I have also heard it said, Sir, that I proposed an universal dismissal of the ladies of the household, and amongst them of one of the earliest friends of Her Majesty—the Baroness Leichen. I heard that stated, Sir, on the evening of Friday; but my answer to the person who informed me of the report was, that this was the first time for the last four years that the name of that lady had occurred to me, and that I had never mentioned it to Her Majesty (cheers from the Opposition); and I must refer with respect to my intentions—still, however, charging myself with all blame for the intentions which I held as to constituting Her Majesty's household—to the testimony of my hon. friends who are now sitting near me. Sir, I did decline to undertake the duty of forming an Administration on the understanding that the whole of the appointments in Her Majesty's household that were held by ladies should without exception continue unchanged. I did come to that conclusion (hear, hear); but I did it on public considerations, and from a sincere belief that it was impossible to encounter the difficulties

with which I was encompassed in attempting to conduct public affairs, unless I had the most unequivocal proofs of Her Majesty's confidence. (A loud cheer from Colonel Sibthorp, which created a general laugh.) Sir, it appeared to me, that never was there a time when a demonstration of that entire confidence and support was more absolutely necessary than the present. (Cheers from the Opposition.) The duties of the office of Prime Minister, are as I conceive, the most arduous, the most important, that any human being can be called upon to perform; it is the greatest trust, almost without exception, in the whole civilized world, that can fall on any individual. (Cheers.) Sir, I was ready to undertake that office; but could I look around me in the present position of public affairs, and not see that it was my absolute duty to myself, to this great country, and above all to Her Majesty, to require every aid that could possibly be given to me? (Cheers from the Opposition.) What were the questions, Sir, that immediately presented themselves for my consideration? The state of India, the state of Jamaica, and the state of Canada would all require my immediate consideration, and would call, perhaps, for some proportion of legislative measures. I should have had also to consider the state of this country, with insurrection rife in many of its provinces, rendering it necessary, according to the letter recently published by the noble lord, that all the respectable persons in the country should unite in endeavouring to suppress these disturbances. But, in addition to these public questions, was there ever a time when such duties were so peculiarly arduous? (Cheers from the Opposition.) Sir, on seeing the present agitated condition of the country, I considered that it would be my duty to endeavour to conduct public affairs through the intervention of the present Parliament. I did not think it would be advisable to follow the course pursued in 1834, and have a dissolution of Parliament. On considering the state of the country, notwithstanding the balance of parties in the house, I thought it my duty in the first place to try the present House of Commons. But what is my condition in the present Parliament? I should begin the Government with a minority. (Cheers, and counter-cheers.) I did not shrink from the functions that were proposed to me, but could I be unequal to the difficulties with which I must have to contend, or overlook this fact, that in the House of Commons I did not commence with a majority? If, then, I began the administration of public affairs without the confidence of the House of Commons, could I ask for less than that I should have the entire and unqualified confidence of the Crown? (Cheers and counter-

cheers.) Her Majesty's Ministers retired on the question of Jamaica, with a majority of five. I should have had to undertake the settlement of the affairs of Jamaica with a minority of five; and that minority consisting, among others, of ten gentlemen, on whose support I could not place much dependence in future. (Cheers and laughter.) The first conflict I should have had to fight would have been the selection of a Speaker. On the very first day on which I took my seat as Prime Minister of this great country, and as a member of the House of Commons, I should have had perhaps to risk the fate of the Government, or been driven to a dissolution of Parliament, on the choice of Speaker. Sir, all these considerations impressed me with the deepest conviction that it was my public duty, that it was an indispensable duty on my part, a duty I owed to the Queen, to seek for every possible demonstration that I possessed Her Majesty's entire confidence: and I confess to you, Sir, without reserve or hesitation, that it did appear to me that if some of the chief offices of the household were held by relatives of those Ministers whom I had displaced (vociferous cheering from the Opposition, returned by the Ministerial side), and who are my rivals for political power (continued cheering)—I say, Sir, it did appear to me that I never could impress the country with a conviction that I possessed Her Majesty's confidence. (Cheers and counter-cheers.) Let me take that particular question on which my difficulty would chiefly rest. Who can disguise from himself the conviction that my difficulty would not be the state of Canada—not the state of Jamaica; but that it really would be the question of Ireland? No, Sir, I admit it fully. What would have been the facts? I should have undertaken the office of Prime Minister, wishing to carry on public affairs through the intervention of this House of Commons, if possible, in order to save this country from the agitation, and perhaps the perils, of a dissolution, and on the question of Ireland I should have begun with a minority against a majority of twenty-two, who decided in favour of the policy of the present Irish Government. The chief members of the present Irish Government, whose policy was approved of by a majority of this house, were the Marquis of Normanby, and the noble lord opposite, the Secretary for Ireland. Sir, the two chief offices of the household that are filled by ladies are held by the sister of the noble lord and the wife of the Marquis of Normanby. (Cheers, and counter-cheers.) I say not one word in reference to these ladies that is not prompted by every feeling of respect, for they are persons that cast the highest lustre on the Court, less by their rank than by their own

eminent merits; but I ask you whether they think it would be possible that I should safely undertake the conduct of an Administration and the management of Irish affairs in this house, consenting as a previous stipulation that the whole of the ladies who now form a part of the household should continue to fill their present offices? Sir, the policy of these things depends not upon precedents, not upon what was done at other times, but mainly rests on the consideration of the present period. The household has assumed a political character (cheers from the Opposition), on account of the appointments that have been made to it by Her Majesty. I do not complain of it, it may have been wise to place in the immediate offices of the household ladies connected with the members of the Government, but when a change of that Government takes place, it does embarrass the Government if those ladies are to remain. (Cheers) I do not mean to say that any unfair use may have been made of such opportunities, those ladies may have attended only to the duties of their office, but does not that question equally apply to the Lords of the Bedchamber? (Cheers) The true question is, whether, in point of public impression, it would be considered that a Minister had the confidence of the Crown when the near relatives of his immediate political opponents were in the highest offices of the household? (Cheers) My impression was, that according to public opinion I should not have the confidence of Her Majesty. It has been said moreover, that in the event of any change in the Government the Marquis of Normanby is a candidate for the office of Prime Minister (hear, hear), and the noble lord has been designated as the leader of the House of Lords (hear, hear), and I know not whether the talents of the noble marquis might not justify his holding that position (cheers), but, Sir, I ask you to look to former times—take Mr Pitt, Mr Fox, or any other Minister, and let me ask this question—during the severity of contest should you, being Prime Minister, not object to the wife of your chief political opponent holding an office that placed her in immediate contact with Her Majesty? (Cheers and counter-cheers.) I felt, Sir, it was impossible that I could contend successfully with all the difficulties by which I was surrounded, unless I had a proof of the entire confidence of the Crown. As I said before, I should begin without any certainty of commanding a majority in the House of Commons, and I should have to rely on an appeal to the good sense of many members for their support, and to the forbearance of others to enable me to carry on the government, being perfectly prepared, on the failure

of my attempt to govern with the present House of Commons, to advise Her Majesty to resort to the only means which might enable me to retain my post. But if the agreement, if the understanding upon which I was to enter upon office, was that I should encounter all those difficulties, and yet that the ladies of those who preceded me, or those with whom I was to be in daily contact, were to be in immediate contact with the Queen, and considering the political character given to the household, that I was to acquiesce in that, there was something still stronger than any personal consideration. And it was this, Sir, that although the public would lose nothing by my abandonment, although the public would perhaps lose nothing by my eternal exclusion from power—yet the public would lose, and I should be abandoning my duty to myself, to the country, and above all to the Queen, if I permitted as an understanding on my acceptance of office that the ladies connected with my warmest political opponents should continue to retain offices in the household—there was something that told me I must not undertake the office of Prime Minister of this great country (Cheers) Sir, I have attempted to give this explanation in as fair and unexceptionable a manner as I can, and I owe it to truth to state that intervening reflections have only confirmed my previous impressions” (The right hon. baronet resumed his seat amidst loud cheering.)

Lord J. RUSSELL said—“I feel in addressing the house on the present occasion most peculiarly the difficulty to which the right hon. baronet has adverted, that he has been obliged in his explanation to make reference to conversations which he had held with Her Majesty, and to letters which he had read to the house as a summary of his impressions with regard to those conversations, and that he was the only person in Parliament who can state what his impressions were on that occasion. I am, therefore, rejoiced to find that the right hon. baronet has endeavoured as much as possible to avoid allusion to particular parts of his conversations with Her Majesty, and that although there appears to me to have been some misconception as to what took place on the part of the right hon. baronet, yet I am glad to find it was not a misconception on a point on which the right hon. gentleman thought it right to insist, and on which Her Majesty was not willing to accede. Sir, it is a great consolation to me to say this, because I am sure that it is far better, whatever may be the opinion of the Parliament or of the country, that this difference should be not as to the misconception of conversations and of facts that took place, but a difference as to the principles

on which an Administration should be formed during the remainder of Her Majesty's reign. I will state some points to which I am authorized to refer, and I will mention one particular instance on which certainly there was a different impression on the mind of Her Majesty from that which the right hon. baronet has stated to the house, leaving it to him, if he thinks proper, to re-assert or to explain any thing he has already said. The last time I had the honour of seeing Her Majesty before I addressed the house on Tuesday last, I had informed Her Majesty that the members of the Cabinet had agreed to tender their resignations. Lord Melbourne had not then seen Her Majesty, and it was through Lord Melbourne that the resignations were to be officially tendered and formally accepted. Lord Melbourne, on that occasion, thought it proper to mention to Her Majesty some things which had been usually done on changes of a Ministry, and which seemed to be the established practice, and likewise informed Her Majesty, that he thought Her Majesty's best course would be to send for the Duke of Wellington, and to take his advice respecting the steps that Her Majesty should take. (Hear, hear.) It has been stated that Lord Melbourne gave that advice to Her Majesty, and it is perfectly true. It has been stated also, that I gave similar advice to Her Majesty, but I did not do so; because I did not think, from the situation which I held, that it was competent to me to offer any advice to Her Majesty on the subject. Her Majesty accordingly sent for the Duke of Wellington, and he referred Her Majesty to the right hon. gentleman opposite. It has been stated that in the first interview between the Duke of Wellington and the right hon. baronet the question respecting the ladies of the household was raised. They were then informed that Lord Melbourne had acquainted Her Majesty that of late years it was usual, when an Administration was changed, to change also the great officers of the household, and likewise to place at the disposal of the person intrusted with the formation of the new Administration those situations in the household which were held by members of either house of Parliament. (Hear, hear.) With respect to the ladies of the household, Lord Melbourne did not tender any advice to Her Majesty, as it did not occur to him that any question on that point—"Hear," laughter, and cries of "Order." I am now only stating the circumstances as they took place. (Hear, hear.) The right hon. gentleman had alluded to many things stated out of doors, and to impressions which have gone forth to the public, and therefore I think I had better mention the facts as they have been com-

municated to me, being perfectly convinced that with respect to them there will be found in the end no material difference between the right hon. gentleman and myself. (Hear, hear.) The right hon. gentleman saw Her Majesty on Wednesday last, and had stated what took place at that interview. He afterwards met his own political friends, and again saw Her Majesty on Thursday, and mentioned the names of some persons with whose assistance he intended to inform a cabinet. I am informed that Her Majesty, while expressing to the right hon. gentleman her exceeding regret at the change of Administration, at the same time stated her determination to act towards him with perfect frankness and fairness; and that such was the character of Her Majesty's conduct on conferring on him the distinguished honour of intrusting him with the formation of a new Cabinet the right hon. baronet has this night admitted. The right hon. baronet has said, that with respect to the formation of the Administration, and the appointment to political offices, and to the great offices of the household, and to others held by members of Parliament, Her Majesty made, I will not use the term 'concession,' but gave all the powers which the right hon. gentleman could desire, in order that he might be able to render his Administration efficient. There then occurred the question with respect to the ladies of the household. The right hon. gentleman has stated in his own letter what took place on that point, to which I beg again to call the attention of the house, omitting that portion of it which refers to Lord Liverpool, in order that the house may see more clearly the principle on which the right hon. gentleman's proposals were founded. The right hon. gentleman says—"In the interview with which your Majesty honoured Sir R. Peel yesterday morning, after he had submitted to your Majesty the names of those whom he proposed to recommend to your Majesty for the principal executive appointments, he mentioned to your Majesty his earnest wish to be enabled, with your Majesty's sanction, so to constitute your Majesty's household, that your Majesty's confidential servants might have the advantage of a public demonstration of your Majesty's full support and confidence, and that at the same time, as far as possible, consistently with that demonstration, each individual appointment in the household should be entirely acceptable to your Majesty's personal feelings." (Here, in consequence of an observation from Sir R. Peel, the noble lord also read the following passage:—"On your Majesty expressing a desire that the Earl of Liverpool should hold an office in the household, Sir R. Peel

requested your Majesty's permission at once to offer to Lord Liverpool the office of Lord Steward, or any other which he might prefer.' The passages which I have read illustrates, I admit, the principle on which the right hon. gentleman was prepared to act, which was to recommend to offices in the household such persons as were connected with him in party politics, and at the same time personally acceptable to the Queen. (Hear, hear.) But now I must refer the attention of the house to the passage I first read. (The noble lord read the passage over again.) After this there occurred the following passage — 'Sir R. Peel then observed, that he should have every wish to apply a similar principle to the chief appointments which are filled by the ladies of your Majesty's household, upon which your Majesty was pleased to remark, that you must reserve the whole of those appointments, and that it was your Majesty's pleasure that the whole should continue as at present, without any change.' With respect to this, which constitutes the main statement of the right hon. gentleman, and on which point, viz., the power of changing the household, and particularly that part with which the ladies of the bed-chamber and some others were connected, the whole matter turns—with respect, I say, to this statement, that the right hon. gentleman made a proposal to which her Majesty declared her unwillingness to accede, there exists no doubt or difference. The right hon. gentleman had stated that he might not have sufficiently explained his meaning; but that his meaning was that it was expedient to make some change with respect to the ladies of the bed-chamber; still the impression on the mind of Her Majesty was, that the right hon. gentleman required the power to constitute that part of the household which relates to the ladies of the bed-chamber, and that with respect to the women of the bed-chamber and other subordinate appointments he would wish to make some changes. The letter states — 'The Duke of Wellington, in the interview to which your Majesty subsequently admitted him, understood also that this was your Majesty's determination, and concurred with Sir R. Peel in opinion that, considering the great difficulties at the present crisis, and the expediency of making every effort, in the first instance, to conduct the public business of the country with the aid of the present Parliament, it was essential to the success of the commission with which your Majesty had honoured Sir R. Peel, that he should have that public proof of your Majesty's entire support and confidence which would be afforded by the permission to make some changes in that part of your Majesty's household which your

Majesty resolved on maintaining entirely without change.' These words might apply to a particular set of appointments in a particular part of the household; but, as I have stated, this might be an intension which was not sufficiently explained on the part of the right hon. gentleman, or if explained, not understood by Her Majesty, and I think an end was at once put to any proposition either of an entire change, or a partial change, of the household by Her Majesty's declaration that she wished the whole to remain unchanged. After the right hon. gentleman had signified his desire to be so authorised, and after Her Majesty had declared that it was a concession she could not make, Her Majesty again sent to Lord Melbourne and consulted him as to the form of the answer she should make to the proposition of the right hon. baronet. Lord Melbourne, finding that Her Majesty was not disposed to agree to the proposal of the right hon. gentleman, and to submit to any change of the household with the exception of those officers consisting of noblemen and gentlemen who were officers of either house of Parliament, thought proper to consult those with whom he had politically acted as to the advice it was expedient to tender Her Majesty in reference to the form of answer to be given to the proposition of the right hon. baronet. The answer sent by Her Majesty has likewise been read by the right hon. baronet, but I will take the liberty of again reading it to the house — 'The Queen having considered the proposal made to her yesterday by Sir R. Peel to remove the ladies of her bed-chamber, cannot consent to adopt a course which she conceives to be contrary to usage, and which is repugnant to her feelings.' The question then is, as I conceive, whether it was essential, in order to enable the right hon. gentleman to form a Government, that the Queen should accede to the proposal made by him. Now, in the view of Her Majesty, that the proposal, whether it was for a total change of the ladies of the bed-chamber or for a partial change, would have been equally repugnant to her feelings and destructive of her comfort; because it appeared to Her Majesty, and as I take it most justly, that if in pursuance of the powers granted to the right hon. baronet, he should propose the removal of some of the ladies of the household, and if afterwards any one or two more changes should be proposed, the right hon. gentleman being then Prime Minister of the country, and this principle having been conceded to him (cheers), it would have been utterly impossible for Her Majesty to say that for the sake of any one particular lady or friend she would risk the breaking up of the Ad-

is contradiction to a principle, as much with that frankness with which she would always wish to act, she had given her consent. (Cheers.) Her Majesty, then, feeling so strong an objection to this proposal, the question is, whether Her Majesty was authorized in saying that it was a course which she conceived to be contrary to usage and repugnant to her feelings? (Hear, hear.) I cannot on this occasion admit—I do not think I should be in the least justified in admitting—that if the practice proposed by the right hon. gentleman is contrary to former usage—if the Queens and Kings of this realm have not acted in conformity with it, I am not prepared, I say, to admit that her present Majesty was to consent to that course, which at the same time was repugnant to her feelings. What had been the usage in this respect? It would be difficult to find a precedent exactly suited to the case of a queer regnant; but in the reign of Queen Anne there is a precedent on this subject. In 1710 Lord Sunderland was removed from the office of Secretary of State, and Lord Rialton from the office of Controller of the household, but Lady Sunderland and Lady Rialton, both daughters of the Duke of Marlborough, remained ladies of the bedchamber from the time when their husbands were dismissed in 1710 until the end of 1711, when they resigned their offices, in consequences of their father (the duke) having been removed in a manner which they thought unjust to that great man. Since that period there was no precedent exactly in point; but from time to time changes have been made in the household, on occasions of a change of Ministry, but far more limited in extent than has been required in the present instance. In 1782 Lord Rockingham allowed the nobleman who held the Mastership of the Horse to remain in that office, and the appointments in the Queen's household were then changed; and in 1783 the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Steward, and the Lord Treasurer were removed, but not the Ladies of the Bedchamber. (The noble lord also referred to the year 1806, but, owing to the noise occasioned by a number of members quitting the house, we were unable to catch his observation.) In 1812 there arose a question with respect to the household, Lord Moira having stated to Lords Grey and Grenville that he was authorized to form a Government, and the question then arose whether this full liberty extended to the consideration of new appointments to those great officers of the household which have been usually included in the political arrangements made on a change of Administration. It will be here observed that the power asked by Lords Grey and Grenville,

and on which depended the formation of a new cabinet failed, was the power of changing the great officers of the household, and it does not appear that they required any change with respect to the Lords of the Bedchamber. After 1812 to the present period there have been several changes of Administration, and on these occasions the great offices held by members of Parliament were refilled; but with respect to other offices in the household, the practice has been to allow the persons holding them to retain them, as in the case of Sir W. Fremantle. It therefore appears that the power demanded by the right hon. baronet was greater than had been given by any sovereign of the realm to any person charged with the formation of an Administration on any former occasion. (Cheers.) I cannot, therefore, put out of consideration these facts with respect to the usage; and I do think that Her Majesty—having, as the right hon. baronet says, given him full power for the formation of an Administration as far as relates to political appointments and offices in the household held by members of either house of Parliament, the failure of the attempt to constitute a Cabinet cannot justly be laid either to Her Majesty or to those who have consented, on the circumstances being stated to them, to support Her Majesty on the present occasion. (Hear.) With respect to the other part of Her Majesty's letter, in which she states that the course proposed to her is repugnant to her feelings, it certainly did appear to Her Majesty that the placing at the disposal of the Minister who was to form the Administration, and afterwards, to be Prime Minister, the disposal of every office held by ladies with whom Her Majesty must be in daily communication would be a proceeding destructive of her personal comfort, and would lead to continual changes in the persons of those with whom she must be immediately connected. (Hear.) Upon this subject I do think that cases occurring under a Queen consort, though not formally in point, are in a matter of feeling really applicable. In the late King's reign, the right hon. baronet is aware that the ladies of Queen Adelaide's household generally consisted of persons whose husbands voted constantly in opposition to the Government, and I do not remember, except upon one occasion, ever hearing the idea uttered that the ladies holding those situations might be removed. I certainly recollect, that in 1832, when the Ministry had resigned on the Reform Bill, and when there was so strong an excitement in the country as induced those who undertook to form a new Administration to relinquish the task, and allow the former Ministry to be reinstated—I recollect being told that

there was an apprehension that some of the ladies of Her Majesty's household would be removed by Lord Grey. That was all I ever heard of the matter, and I stated at once that it must be a groundless apprehension, because I was sure that noble lord would never desire to do so needless a violence to the Queen's feelings. (Hear, hear.) The right hon. baronet has stated, that he had great political difficulties to contend with, in reference to Canada, India, Jamaica, and more especially Ireland. Undoubtedly, that statement is true enough, but it appears to me that the right hon. gentleman would have gained no strength to encounter those difficulties by imposing on Her Majesty conditions which were repugnant to her feelings. (Hear, hear.) I do not say that the right hon. gentleman, in making the proposal he did, might not have remarked to Her Majesty that places in the household being held by those connected with his immediate opponents would be a disadvantage to him in carrying on his administration; but I do think that when the right hon. baronet found that a change in the household was repugnant to Her Majesty's feelings, he should have felt that such a change, so far from being a source of strength, would have been a source of weakness to the new Administration. This is a matter entirely of delicacy of feeling; and supposing that Her Majesty had, against her will, consented to the removal of certain of those ladies, it would have been quite impossible for the right hon. gentleman to insist on Her Majesty receiving the newly-appointed ladies with the same grace and favour as she might have bestowed on those who were removed. I think, therefore, that in point of policy immediately the right hon. baronet found there was an objection made, it would have been far better for himself if he had at once withdrawn his proposition (laughter), because I am of opinion that the knowledge of a condition imposed on Her Majesty without her consent must have been for a long time a source of irritation and discontent in the mind of the Sovereign with whom he had to act; and, on the contrary, if that condition had been relinquished, Her Majesty was more likely to treat the right hon. baronet with every confidence, because Her Majesty being herself of a high and generous spirit, would fully have appreciated the generosity which dictated such conduct. (Hear, hear.) This, too, be it remembered, was a proposition to a Sovereign of no mature age, who is indeed yet very young, but of whom it may well be supposed that she is not deficient in courage. I am sure that the country and the world will be convinced that neither the sex of Her Majesty will prevent her from

being possessed of courage, nor does the age of Her Majesty prevent her from great discrimination and a sound and clear understanding. (Hear, hear.) I state this, not because the right hon. gentleman either in the manner in which he made his proposition to Her Majesty, nor in what he has said to-night, has either said or done any thing except upon public grounds, or what he was not entitled to state as a public man: but I am stating the circumstances in which the proposition of the right hon. gentleman might be expected to excite what must make an impression on what has been done. Her Majesty was pleased on Friday last, after she had received the letter of the right hon. gentleman, resigning at once the commission with which Her Majesty had honoured him, to order my attendance upon Her Majesty. Her Majesty stated the circumstances to me very much as the right hon. gentleman has stated them; with respect to herself, exactly as the right hon. gentleman has stated them; but with regard to the proposition of the right hon. gentleman, Her Majesty certainly had not gathered the precise nature of the manner in which the right hon. gentleman was prepared to use the power which was to have been granted Her Majesty, after making these statements to me, was pleased to ask whether she was justified in making that refusal, and when I stated that I thought Her Majesty was justified, Her Majesty was then pleased to observe, that as Her Majesty, while in the possession of the powers of the Crown, had given her firm support to the Administration, she hoped I would conceive myself now bound to support Her Majesty in the choice of her personal attendants. On the next day a Cabinet Council was held in Downing Street, and Her Majesty's confidential servants, after consideration expressed their opinion with regard to these matters in a minute, an extract from which I will now read,—"Her Majesty's confidential servants having taken into consideration the letter addressed by Her Majesty to Sir Robert Peel on the 10th of May, and the reply of Sir Robert Peel of the same day, are of opinion that for the purpose of giving to an Administration that character of efficiency and stability, and those marks of the constitutional support of the Crown which are required to enable it to act successfully for the public service, it is reasonable that the great officers of the Court, and situations in the household held by members of Parliament should be included in the political arrangements made on a change of Administration; they are not of opinion that a similar arrangement should be applied or extended to ladies in Her Majesty's household. The reading of the letter addressed to the



which up to that moment had been listened to with marks of grave attention, elicited a hearty shout of laughter from the Opposition benches.) "I have now stated," continued the noble lord, "that what Her Majesty conceded was as much as was ever conceded by any sovereign to a person honoured with the task of forming an Administration. ("Hear hear," from the Ministerial benches.) I have also stated, that what was further proposed by the right hon. gentleman was not conformable to any usage, and that it was a proposal which was at the same time repugnant to Her Majesty's feelings. The question was, whether Her Majesty's former Ministers, notwithstanding the difficulties which made them tender their resignations, were willing so far to meet Her Majesty's wishes as to state their concurrence with Her Majesty in this refusal, and to become constitutionally responsible for this refusal of Her Majesty. I see that hon. gentlemen opposite seem to think it a subject of great derision that Her Majesty's servants should have come to this decision. I am for my own part, prepared to say, that great as those difficulties may be, in consequence of which I felt myself compelled by a sense of duty to tender my resignation to Her Majesty, I do conceive it to be no matter of derision, but a matter of great public importance, that those who conceive that Her Majesty was justified in what has been done, should not refuse to assume the responsibility which belongs to their opinion, and that they are bound neither to conceal nor evade the avowal of it, and to trust to the opinion of Parliament and the country for the result. (Loud cheering from the Ministerial benches.)

Sir R. Peel said, that "the speech of the noble lord had relieved his mind of the greatest load of anxiety which he had ever felt in his life, so essential did he consider it, that he should not for a moment be supposed to have acted with anything like injustice towards Her Majesty. There was so little difference between his own statement and the statement of the noble lord, that upon the whole he doubted, whether it would not be more desirable, and more respectful to Her Majesty, to abstain from offering any further explanations. The noble lord had asked him whether Her Majesty did not state that it was her intention to act towards him with perfect openness and candour. He had thought that he had covered that fact, by stating that Her Majesty had behaved towards him in the most becoming manner. Her Majesty certainly did state that he (Sir R. Peel) would find her act with perfect openness and fairness, and he was prepared to make a more important declaration than that—that he conceived that Her Majesty did act with perfect openness and candour.

On the whole, although the noble lord invited discussion on some points, he thought it would be better not to make any further observations on the subject."

Lord J. RUSSELL said "that it would be as well that he should state, although it was not necessary, yet for the satisfaction of the right hon. gentleman, that for his own part, he had nothing to complain of in the statement which he had made."

VISCOUNT MELBOURNE said, he believed that he owed their lordships some excuse or apology for the silence he had maintained on former occasions, when some explanation was expected from him on the subject of the Ministry. He felt that he had to throw himself upon the consideration of their lordships for having, after the announcement which he made on Tuesday last of his having tendered to Her Majesty his resignation, of Her Majesty having accepted of the former, and of Her Majesty having been graciously pleased to request himself and his colleagues to retain their offices until Her Majesty had made such arrangements as were necessary for the appointment of their successors, and for carrying on the government of the country—he repeated, that he felt that he owed some apology to their lordships for having appeared one single night, as a Minister of the Crown, upon that bench, without at the same time seizing that opportunity of explaining what had taken place, and the grounds upon which he had departed from his previous intention, as he had announced it to their lordships. But it certainly appeared to him not unnatural that those negotiations, of which an account was to be given, which were conducted by other persons, and of which he was necessarily ignorant, those negotiations being only known to two persons, one of whom alone, as had been well expressed, being in Parliament—he repeated, it was not unnatural for him to expect that those engaged in such negotiations, or some person on their part, should have explained those portions of the transaction with which they were acquainted. He had, indeed, some expectation that such a course would, in the first instance, have been pursued in that house. He was almost certain, from the communications that had taken place, that it would have been pursued, as it had been satisfactorily pursued in another place; and he thought that it would tend to the calm, the deliberate, the comprehensive, and dispassionate consideration of the subject, that the statement of those parts of the transaction which had taken place should be made by those who were perfectly cognizant of them; because, from the statements made, and the documents produced, he might be enabled to judge how far it might be necessary for him

to make a supplementary statement, or to produce any other document, or to consider what was proper to be done in order to place the matter before their lordships in the fullest, clearest, and most satisfactory manner. It was in consequence of these reasons that he was induced to delay any explanation upon former occasions, and for which omission he now begged their lordship's pardon. The permission given by Her Majesty to Sir R. Peel and the Duke of Wellington to lay the whole of the proceedings before either house, as it relieved them from the obligation of the oath which they had taken as Privy Councillors, placed it in their power to make those explanations when and how they pleased, and to use those documents which had passed between the parties in that manner which might appear to them to be fit and proper. He should now make a very succinct and short statement of the part which he had borne in those proceedings. On Tuesday morning the House of Commons came to the vote on the Jamaica Bill, which induced him and his colleagues, in the course of the day, to tender their resignations to Her Majesty—a fact which, on the meeting of the house in the evening, he announced to their lordships. On Wednesday the Duke of Wellington was sent for by Her Majesty, and, by the noble duke's advice, application was made to a right gentleman who fills so conspicuous a situation, and takes so extremely prominent a part in the other house of Parliament, and who had several interviews with Her Majesty. On Thursday evening, about six o'clock, he (Viscount Melbourne) was again summoned to attend Her Majesty, and being admitted to Her Majesty's presence, Her Majesty informed him that the negotiations with Sir R. Peel were in fact closed and terminated. Her Majesty stated that Sir R. Peel had had two audiences, that the right hon. baronet had an audience that morning, that the principal arrangements had then been made, but that towards the close of the audience Sir R. Peel made a proposition to Her Majesty that he should have power to dismiss the ladies of the household—not stating to what extent he would go—not stating how many—not stating whom it was his intention to remove, but claiming the power to remove those ladies as he might deem it proper or expedient. Most unquestionably the strong impression left on Her Majesty's mind was, that the right hon. baronet meant to employ the power thus called for, to a very great extent—to the extent of removing all the ladies of the bedchamber, as well as some of those who filled inferior situations in the household. Such certainly was the impression on Her Majesty's mind—an impression, which, from what has since trans-

pired, appears to have been erroneous. No doubt such was the impression on Her Majesty's mind; but Sir R. Peel having distinctly stated that no such intention existed, he was entitled to full credit for the accuracy and truth of that statement. Her Majesty, however, considering the negotiation to be at an end, stated that she would send Sir R. Peel a final answer. Prior to taking that step, Her Majesty had, however, recourse to his (Viscount Melbourne's) advice and assistance. Her Majesty requested him to give her his advice as to the form of the answer by which she should announce her determination as to the point on which the difference with Sir Robert Peel arose. It was evident that the question was of too grave a nature for him alone to decide on. He, therefore, summoned his colleagues, and having laid before them the whole case, they were unquestionably of opinion that it was not advisable—that it was not fitting—that it was not proper, that either by Her Majesty's present Ministers, nor by any future Cabinet, the ladies of Her Majesty's household should be subjected to the changes and vicissitudes of political movements. Entirely agreeing with the opinion laid down by Her Majesty, that it was not expedient to apply the principle which Sir R. Peel would apply, and which there is no objection to his applying, to other parts of Her Majesty's household, we so completely concurred, for reasons into which I abstain from entering at present, with Her Majesty, that it was inexpedient to apply that principle to the ladies of Her Majesty's household, and to remove them or any part of them, on every change of Administration, that we felt ourselves bound as men and as Ministers to come to the determination to support and maintain Her Majesty on the present occasion. I know very well that in coming to this determination and conclusion, all my colleagues, and more particularly myself, expose ourselves to all kinds of insinuation and obloquy. I know that we expose ourselves to the charge of intrigue, to the charge of personal considerations, to the imputation of a preconcerted plan, to the insinuation of having beforehand settled this objection to render abortive any attempt to form another Administration. I know very well that there are situations in which a man must expose himself to these insinuations. I do not expect that they will be made against us here, as they do not appear to have been made against us in the other house of Parliament; but they have been made against us in other quarters of considerable weight and influence, and therefore I cannot allow them to pass altogether unnoticed and uncontradicted. It is a bad thing to have nothing to oppose to charges and imputations of this

kind but one's own mere personal assertion. But when I parted with Her Majesty on the morning of Wednesday last, I thought it my duty to tender to Her Majesty such advice as I gave her with respect to the parties to whom she ought to apply, and to the course which it was incumbent on her to follow. I thought it, I say, my duty to tender such advice to Her Majesty, considering the novelty and difficulty of the situation in which she was then placed. But I most distinctly assure your lordships, not using any asseverations and protestations, for mere asseverations and protestations may produce on the minds of your lordships the same effect which they produce on my mind, and may induce a doubt of the veracity of the party using them.—I most distinctly assure you, that as to the ladies of her household, I gave Her Majesty no advice whatever, for I fairly declare to you, my lords, that I did not expect, I did not anticipate, I could not conceive that this proposition could be made to Her Majesty. ("Hear, hear," from H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex.) Unquestionably I had not anticipated it, and most undoubtedly I never mentioned the subject to Her Majesty. There are many reasons why this proposition should not be made to Her Majesty. They are so obvious, that I need not particularize them. I say nothing of the prudence, nothing of the policy, nothing of the expediency of such a proposition. It is not for me to instruct the noble duke opposite, nor the right hon. baronet who holds so distinguished a situation in the other house of Parliament, nor the noblemen and gentlemen usually acting with them, who have greater experience than I have in the practical conduct of affairs. I have, however, some experience too, and from the construction of the court of our late revered Sovereign, and from the relations which existed between him and his Ministers, I have some experience to bring to bear on this matter; and I can assure your lordships that these personal matters, these strokes of force are never worth while. They give a tone and character at the commencement of a career which cannot be productive of good. They produce a feeling of irritation and alienation, which is ten times worse than the evil which they are intended to obviate. I have some experience, and I publish this as my opinion to the world. I do not mean to deny that such is my feeling. I know where the difficulty lies. I do not mean to deny that there might be some suspicion felt among the supporters of the noble duke, as I know by experience was felt among my own. But the experience I have had, leads me to the conclusion that those inconveniences, imaginary as they sometimes are, and exagger-

ated as they always are, are nothing as compared with the inconveniences generated by that sort of force adopted here. As there has been no angry feeling exhibited on the present occasion, I abstain from further argument on this part of the case. I reserve, however, to myself the power of replying to the observations of the other side, if indeed any should be made. My lords, there are many accusations—unfortunately, those are the most usual and general—to which I am exceedingly callous. There are some accusations, however, which I feel deeply.

I am insensible, for instance, to all observations respecting tenacity of office, and desire of place, and to any imputation of being actuated by motives either of ambition or of avarice. I do not deny those accusations, because I care little about them, but I should be exceedingly sorry if I could be accused with justice of running from my post on account of the dangers and difficulties of the country, or of abandoning any party in it by whom I had been encouraged and sustained. I own that I have a strong feeling on that subject, and I should indeed be sorry if that reproach were cast on me with any show of justice. When I took office in the year 1835, I declared, when addressing my fellow-subjects, that it was disunion among the members of our party which had destroyed the previous Administration, and that nothing but their complete re-union could re-establish that Administration or maintain it when re-established in power. I thought that that union had recently been broken up. I thought that there were such seeds of disunion among the members of it as made it impossible for me to conduct the government of the country with any hope of success, or to take the measures which I deemed necessary for its well doing. I resigned my office, not because I was abandoned—no, I will not use that harsh expression—by those who usually supported me, but because there had arisen among them a certain amount of doubt, which led me to suppose that I could not any longer conduct the government either with honour to myself, or with advantage to the country; and I now *frankly declare that I resume office solely because I will not abandon my Sovereign in a situation of difficulty and distress, when demands are made on her with which she ought not to comply—demands which are inconsistent with her personal honour, and which, if acquiesced in now, would establish a precedent which would render her liable during all the remainder of her reign to all the variations of party politics* ("hear hear," from the Duke of Sussex), and *would make her domestic life one continued scene of discomfort and unhappiness.*

## General Monthly Register of Marriages, Births, and Deaths at Home and Abroad.

[The plan of this Register was originally proposed to Lord John Russell and the government by the Rector of the Kensall Green, or Harrow Road Cemetery and the new system of ex-urban burial in England.]

### MARRIAGES.

**BATE**, Elizabeth, eld. dau. of Thomas B—, Esq., of the Laurels, near Stourbridge, Worcestershire, to **B. LITTLEWOOD**, jun. Esq., of Belle Vue House, Old Sainford; May 1.

**BERKELEY**, Mina Elizabeth, only child of the late Thomas B—, Esq., of the Island of Grenada, to **Frederick BELSON**, Esq., Rifle Brigade, at the British Embassy, Frankfort-on-the-Maine; May 4.

**BLACKBURN**, Catherine, only dau. of the late C. C. B—, Esq., formerly of Puttyghur, to **A. A. DUNLOR**, Esq., Cosmopore Factory, Calcutta; Jan. 23.

**BLUNT**, Elizabeth Maria, eld. dau. of Edward Walter B—, Esq., of Kempshott's Park, to the Rev. Harris Jervoise Bigg **WITHER**, rector of Worthing; at Dummer, Hants, May 8.

**BOWEN**, Mary Ann, 3rd dau. of Maj.-Gen. B—, to **R. N. FARQUHARSON**, Esq., C. S. Bhaugulpore, *E. I.*; Jan. 18.

**BROOKE**, Anna Maria, ygst. dau. of Arthur B—, Esq., C. S., to Lieut. (Brev. Capt.) **A. C. ANDERSON**, H. M. 4th regiment, Madras; Jan. 17.

**BURGHAM**, Miss Catherine, of Upper Montagu Street, Montagu Square, to **Charles PHELPS**, Esq., of Much Marche, Gloucestershire; at St. George's, Hanover Sq., May 2.

**CLARKE**, Louisa, ygst. dau. of the late John Henry C—, Esq., to the Rev. Richard **SMITH**, vicar of New Romney, Kent; at St. George's, Bloomsbury Square, May 9.

**CLARKE**, Elizabeth, ygst. dau. of R. C—, Esq., of the Green, Stoke Newington, to **Henry H.**, 2nd son of Thomas **PIPER**, Esq., of Denmark Hill, Surrey; at St. Mary's, Stoke Newington, April 30th.

**COLLINS**, Ellen, ygst. dau. of the late Edward John C—, Esq., Richmond, Surrey, to **Robert GIBSON**, Esq., jun., 62nd regt., eld. son of Robert G—, Esq., Upper Tooting, Surrey; April 30.

**COOPER**, Ellen, ygst. dau. of the late Thomas C—, Esq., to **Alfred HEAD**, Esq.; at Henley-on-Thames, May 7.

**DE WIND**, Catherine Maria, eld. dau. of **J. De W—**, Esq., to Lieut. **J. FERRIER**, 48th M. N. I., Malacca; Jan. 6.

**DANBY**, Emma Jane, dau. of the late John Harvey D—, Esq., of Honiton, Devon, to **Allan WEBB**, Esq., Med. Ser., Calcutta; Jan. 10.

**DAVISON**, Eliza, dau. of John D—, Esq., of Surrey Square, Kent Road, to Capt. **George KILLICK**; at St. Mary's, Newington, April 27.

**DE LIMA**, Miss, grand-dau. of the late Sir Miguel de L—, to **Joseph FERNANDES**, Esq., Bombay; Feb. 4.

**DUTTON**, Elizabeth Holloway, 2nd dau. of the late John Vaughan D—, Esq., of Ryton Street, London, to **W. T. W. JONES**, only son of the late W. J—, Esq., of Toller-hunt D'Arrey, Essex; at St. Mark's, Kensington, May 8.

**DANVERS**, Harriette Elizabeth, 3rd dau. of the late John D—, Esq., H. M. Attorney-Gen. for the Isle of Jersey, to Lieut. **E. U. S. COTTON**, 41st N. I., Secunderabad, *E. I.*; Jan. 14.

**Du BOULAY**, Susan Maria, widow of the Rev. James Du B—, late rector of Headington, Wilts, to the Rev. **G. I. MAJENDIE**, vicar of Stanton St. Bernard, Wilts., and Fellow of Magdalen Col., Oxford; at Camberwell, May 2.

**EDWARDS**, Martha, eld. dau. of R. E—, Esq., of Heyresham, Somerset, to **Robert Hughes**, son of S. P. **THOMAS**, Esq., Camberwell, Surrey; Bycullah, *E. I.*, Jan. 21.

**EAMES**, Charlotte Ann, dau. of the late Sir John E—, of Bedford Square, to the Rev. **Dr. CLAXSON**, of Eastgate House, and of Wotton Lodge, near Gloucester, at Brighton, April 30.

**EMMETT**, Ellen, ygst. dau. of the Rev W. J. E—, of Cranhill House, near Bath, to **John FENTON**, Esq., of Hart Street, Bloomsbury Sq.; at Walcot Church, Bath, May 2.

**ENGLAND**, Elizabeth Mary, eld. dau. of Col. R. E—, H. M. 41st regt. comm. the station, to **William B. HAWKINS**, Esq., C.S., nephew of Sir J. Hawkins Whited, Bart., Belgaum, *E. I.*; Jan. 22.

**FARWILL**, Anna Maria, widow of the late Capt. F—, R.N., of Totness, to **William BROCKEDON**, Esq., at Bury Pomeroy, Devon; May 7.

**FRANCIS**, Amelia, eld. dau. of Samuel F—, Esq., of Ford Place, Stifford, to **John FRANCIS**, Esq., of the Manor House, Swavesey, Cambridgeshire; at Stifford, Essex, May 9.

**FRASER**, Everilda, 2nd dau. of Gen. Sir John F—, G. C. H., to Lieut.-Col. **CHESNEY**, R.N.; at Brighton, by special license, April 30.

**GRAHAM**, Elizabeth Catherine, eld. dau. of W. G—, Esq., M.D., of Calcutta, to **G. I. MCCLINTOCK**, Esq., C.S., Calcutta; Jan. 12.

**GRAUGE**, Caroline Ann, only dau. of the late Rochford G—, Esq., formerly of Norton Street, Portland Place, to **Robert SMITH**, Esq., of Richmond, Surrey; at Richmond, April 30.

**GODFREY**, Frances Catherine, 2nd dau. of Major G—, 30th regiment N. I., to **C. E. BARWELL**, Esq., ygst. son of E. R. B—, Esq., C.S., Calcutta, Jan. 24.

**GUNSTON**, Elizabeth, only dau. of William

G—, Esq., of Picadilly, to Robert DANE, Esq., of Bolton Street, ygst. son of the Rev. C. B. D—, rector of Denver, Norfolk; at St. George's, Hanover Square, May 9.

HART, Sarah Elizabeth, ygst. dau. of Robert H—, Esq., to Robert Mitford DOWKER, 5th son of Miles B—, Esq., of Tharfield; Glen Avon, C. G. Hope, Dec. 19, 1838.

HOLLOWAY, Lydia, ygst. dau. of the late George H—, Esq., of Two-waters, Herts, to William WELLS, jun., Esq.; at Amersham, May 7.

IRVING, Matilda Rebecca, eld. dau. of Thomas J. —I, Esq., R.N., to Richard BELLE, Esq., Inner Temple, 4th son of the late Lieut. Col. B—, H. E. I. C. service; at St. Giles's Church, Camberwell, May 1.

JEFFREYS, Lucy, 2nd dau. of the late John J—, Esq., to Major Picton BEETE, 21st Fusiliers; at St. Pancras Church, May 7.

JONES, Margaret, dau. of the late William J—, Esq., of Seebore, to James SAVI, Esq., Calcutta; Jan. 23.

JONES, Frances Elizabeth, ygst. dau. of the late Francis J. J—, Esq., of Seapoint, county of Dublin, to Major WORMAN, E. I. C. service; at St. Mary's, Cheltenham, April 16.

LE GERT, Rose Mary, 3rd daughter of Capt. G. Le G—, R.N., to Lieut. St. Vincent FITCHER, L.C., Madras; Jan. 12.

LOGAN, Catherine, ygst. dau. of Robert L—, Esq., of Edinburgh, to Capt. W. FRANKETH, 55th regt. N. I., Cawnpore, E.I.; Jan. 21.

MEADOWS, Charlotte Augusta, 3rd dau. of the late Rev. Phillip M—, rector of Great Bealings, Suffolk, to William Matthew WOOLEY, Esq., of Upper Clapton; at Thatch, Suffolk, May 1.

MOLLE, Anne Inglis, 6th dau. of William M—, Esq., of Berwickshire, to Major A. LAWE, Engineer, Ootacamund, E.I.; Jan. 12.

MURRAY, Lady Emily Mary, ygst. dau. of the Earl of Mansfield, to Capt. Francis Hugh George SEYMOUR, Fusilier Guards, eld. son of Capt. Sir G. S—, R.N.; at All Souls' Church, Langham Place, May 9.

NAPIER, Lætitia Mary, eld. dau. of the late Gerard Berkeley N—, Esq., of Pennard House, Somersetshire, to Frederick, son of Joseph CAIFFS, Esq., M.P. for Cirencester; at St. Clement's Danes, May 2.

NAYLOR, Stella, eld. dau. of the late Thomas N—, Esq., of Standard-hill, Nottingham, to the Rev. Herbert N. BEAVER, vicar of Gringley; at Gringley-on-the-Hill, Notts., May 8.

OLE, Eliza, eld. dau. of the late Col. O—, of Brixtable Lodge, Surrey, to R. H. Graham Foster PIGOTT, Esq., son of the late Col. G. F. P—, M.P. for Kinross; at St. George's, Bloomsbury, May 4.

PACKER, Louisa Frances, ygst. dau. of Charles P—, Esq., of Reading, to George HOLLOWAY, Esq.; at Amersham, May 7.

PARNELL, Augusta, dau. of John P—, Esq., of Bennett Street, St. James's, and of Waltham Abbey, Essex, to George, 2nd son of the Rev. John SMITH, late vicar of Bices-

ter; at St. George's, Hanover Square, May 9.

PIERARD, Eliza Caroline, only dau. of Francis P—, Esq., late District Judge in the Presidency of Bengal, to Henry TREMENEERE, Esq., Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, 2nd son of Col. T—, K.H.; April 30.

PIGOTT, Anna, eld. dau. of John Hugh Smyth P—, Esq., of Brockley Hall, Somersetshire, to Thomas PLATT, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law, 3rd son of Samuel P—, Esq., of Keppel Street, Russell Square; at Brockley, May 2.

POLE, Anna, 2nd dau. of the Rev. Henry P—, of Waltham Place, Berkshire, to Lambert, ygst. son of Charles POLE, Esq., of Wyck-hill House, Gloucestershire, and Craig's Court; at White Waltham, May 8.

PRATT, Margaret Caroline, dau. of the late Lieut. P—, I. N., to Richard Lockington, son of Capt. COLE, formerly H. M. 12th Dragoons, Bycullah, E.I.; Jan. 26.

PUCKLE, Mary Catherine, eld. dau. of Thomas P—, Esq., Clapham Common, Surrey, to J. W. KAYE, Esq., Bengal Artillery, Calcutta; Jan. 16.

RICHARDS, Caroline, eld. dau. of George R—, Esq., of Mornington Place, Regent's Park, to John WAEICK, Esq., of the same place; at St. Pancras New Church, May 1.

RICHARDSON, Henrietta Nelson, 3rd dau. of C. R. R—, Esq., Kumtoul, Tirhoot, to H. J. W. POSILETHWAITE, Esq., H. M. 26th regt. foot, Calcutta, Feb. 2.

RIDGE, Caroline, ygst. dau. of the late Major Charles John R—, 4th L. C., to John GRAHAM, Esq., Assistant Surveyor, Calcutta; Jan. 22.

ROLLAND, Frances Mary, ygst. dau. of the late Capt. Peter R—, H. E. I. C. service, to William, eld. son of William SHAND, Esq., of Craigellie, Aberdeenshire; at Bromley, Kent, May 2.

SHAW, Maria, eld. dau. of the late Rev. William S—, of Edmonton, Middlesex, to Colin ROGERS, M.D., of Dorset Square, Regent's Park; at Tottenham Church, May 2.

SINTON, Catherine Anne, 3rd dau. of R. S—, Esq., of Cashel, Ireland, to J. C. M'CASELL, Esq., 51st N. I., Secunderabad; Feb. 2.

SLANEY, Mary, 2nd dau. of Robert Aglionby S—, Esq., M.P., of Hatton Grange and Walford Manor, Salop, to W. W. E. WYNN, Esq., of Peniarth, Merionethshire; at Baschurch, Shropshire, May 8.

THACKWEL, Mary, 2nd dau. of the late John T—, Esq., of Wilton Place, near Dymock, Gloucestershire, to James Avery GRIFIN, Esq., of Dixon's Green, Dudley; at Dymock Church, April 25.

TYSER, Louisa, eld. dau. of Robert T—, Esq., M.D., to the Rev. James GAILLARD, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, and Vicar of Kirklington, Oxfordshire; at St. John's, Hackney, Middlesex, April 30.

VANSANDAN, Julia, only dau. of the late Capt. V—, 68th N. I., and grand-dau. of the late Col. Forbes, to John Robert M'MULLIN, Esq., Calcutta; Jan. 16.

WALLWYN, Miss Mary Ann, of Hellens, Much Marche, Herefordshire, to Robert Duffield COOKE, Esq., of Doughty Street, at St. Pancras New Church, May 4.

WARD, Mary, widow of the late B. W—, Esq., of Camberwell, to Thomas Sunderland HARRISON, Esq., M. D., of Brighton; at Clapham Church, May 2.

WATTS, Charlotte Louisa, ygst. dau. of late Joseph W—, Esq., to Henry Gloster FRENCH, Esq., Calcutta; Jan. 26.

WATTS, Mary, 2nd dau. of the Rev. Robert W—, of Sion College, Rector of St. Alphage, and Prebendary of St. Paul's, to Joseph Thomas MILLARD, ygst. son of the late John M—, Esq., of Cordwainers' Hall; at St. Alphage's Church, May 2.

WATTS, Emily, ygst. dau. of the Rev. R. W—, of Sion College, to Thomas BURDON, son of the late John B—, Esq., of Winchester, May 2.

WEITJIE, Matilda, relict of the late Louis Augustus W—, Esq., of the Upper Mall, Hammersmith, to Sidney, eld. son of Edw. CHERRILL, Esq., of Hammersmith; at St. Pancras New Church, May 9.

WILLIAMSON, Louisa, 3rd dau. of Major W—, comm. 41st regt. N. I., to Christopher G. FAGAN, Esq., 8th L. C. and Paymaster, Benares; Jan. 30.

WILSON, Helen, eld. dau. of Thomas W—, Esq., Haarlem, to M. Jule VAUTIER, barrister, at the British Ambassador's, Brussels, May 4.

WILSON, Elizabeth, ygst. sister to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Calcutta, to Percival WHITE, Esq., of Clapham; at St. Luke's Church, Old Street, April 30.

YOUNG, Eliza, eld. dau. of C. A. Y—, Esq., of Southwark and Battersea, to Wrightson Robert BRYANT, Esq., of Exning Lodge, Suffolk; at St. Mary's, Battersea, May 2.

#### BIRTHS.

ALIFREY, the lady of Robert A—, Esq., of a son; in Bryanston Square, April 30.

BATEMAN, the lady of J. W. B—, Esq., of a dau.; at Malda, *E.I.*, Dec. 27, 1838.

BOILEAU, the lady of S. H. B—, Esq., of a dau.; Calcutta, Feb. 7.

BROCKELBANE, the lady of Lemuel B—, Esq., of a dau., stillborn, at Greenwich, May 2.

BROOKE, the lady of Lieut. G. T. B—, H. M. 55th regt., of a son; Secunderabad, Jan. 15.

BROWELL, the wife of Edward M. B—, Esq., of a dau.; May 4.

BROWN, the lady of G. F. B—, Esq., C.S., of a son; Bhagalpore, *E.I.*, Jan. 8.

BROWN, the lady of Henry B—, Esq., C.S., of a dau.; Thornhill, Mahabuleshwur, *E.I.*, Feb. 5.

BURGESS, the lady of Daniel B—, jun., Esq., of a son; at Clifton, May 6.

BURLTON, the lady of Maj. B—, Com.-Gen., of a dau.; Chowringhee, *E.I.*, Jan. 20.

BURNARD, the lady of George B—, Esq., of a son; in Bedford Place, Russell Square, May 5.

CARDOZO, the lady of B. C—, Esq., of a son; St. Thome, Jan. 18.

CARLYLE, the lady of Thomas C—, Esq., Advocate, of a dau.; at Berlin, April 19.

CARR, the lady of the Rev. T. W. C—, of a dau.; at Southbrough, April 29.

CHARLES, the lady of Dr. C—, M.D., of a son; at Putney, April 29.

COLABAH, the widow of his late Highness the Augria of, of a son and heir; Bombay, Jan. 29.

CUBITT, the lady of Major C—, Assistant Sec. to Government, of a dau.; Chowringhee, *E.I.*, Jan. 15.

CUNLIFFE, the lady of R. E. C—, Esq., of a son; at Patna, *E.I.*, Jan. 17.

CROWDER, the lady of F. R. C—, Esq., of a dau.; at Chelsham Lodge, Surrey, May 3.

CURTEIS, the lady of W. C. C—, Esq., L.L.D., of Doctor's Commons, of a dau.; in Montagu Street, Russell Square, May 7.

D'ALMEIDA, the lady of J. D'A—, Esq., of a dau.; Singapore, Jan. 16.

DEARIE, the wife of Charles D—, Esq., of a son; Garden Reach, Calcutta, Jan. 5.

DICKSON, the lady of J. B. D—, Esq., C.S. Gyah, of a dau.; at Saugor, *E.I.*, Dec. 16, 1838.

DOUGAL, the lady of George D—, Esq., of a son; Garden Reach, Calcutta, Jan. 29.

DUNN, the lady of Capt. D—, of the Queen's Bays, of a dau.; at Manchester, May 6.

EVANS, the lady of Capt. John E—, late 15th regt. Bengal Infantry, of a son; at Chudleigh, Devon, April 28.

EWART, the lady of J. K. E—, Esq., of a dau.; Pooree, Jan. 22.

FORSTER, the wife of Capt. B. F—, of a son; Wynbery, Jan. 10.

GORDON, the lady of E. M. G—, Esq., of a son; Dacca, *E.I.*, Jan. 23.

GREENING, the wife of Henry G—, Esq., of Clarence Street, Regent's Park, of a son; May 4.

GUMM, the lady of Lieut. G—, Artillery, of a dau.; Cannanore, *E.I.*, Jan. 20.

HAINES, the lady of Capt. H—, I.N., of a son; Bycullah, *E.I.*, Feb. 10.

HALL, the lady of Lieut. E. J. H—, 3rd L. C., of a son; Sholapoor, *E.I.*, Feb. 7.

HANDS, the lady of Capt. Frederick W. H—, 38th N. I., of a son; Bangalore, *E.I.*, Jan. 3.

HARRINGTON, the lady of Henry Byng H—, Esq., of a dau.; Allahabad, *E.I.*, Jan. 1.

HAY, the lady of Lieut. Samuel H—, 35th N. I., of a dau.; Secunderabad, *E.I.*, Dec. 30, 1838.

HELME, the lady of Robert H—, Esq., of a son; Walthamstow, April 28.

HIGGINSON, the lady of James M. H—, Esq., Bengal Army, of a dau.; at Ferahill, Berks, May 4.

HORNE, the lady of Col. H—, C.B., of a dau.; Vellore, *E.I.*, Jan. 31.

HOWDEX, the lady of Major James A. H—, Europ. Regt., of a son; at Kamptee, Madras, Feb. 7.

HODGSON, the lady of the Rev. George

H—, of a son; at the Vicarage, St. Peter's, Thanet, May 4.

HOULTON, the lady of G. F. H—, Esq., C.S., of a dau.; at Ghazepoor, *E.I.*, Jan. 21.

JACKSON, the lady of the Rev. Thomas J—, M.A., Incumbent of St. Peter's, Stepney, of a son; at Mile End, May 5.

IRVING, the lady of Major I—, C.B., Engineer, of a dau.; Chowringhee, Jan. 10.

KERR, the lady of Lieut. A. B. K—, 24th N. I., of a son; Palaveram, *E.I.*, Jan. 19.

LAMB, the lady of James L—, Esq., late of Calcutta, of a dau., in Tavistock Sq., May 5.

LAWLER, the lady of Arnold L—, Esq., of a son; in Pembroke Square, Kensington, April 25.

LECHLER, the lady of the Rev. J. M. L—, of a son; Kilpank, *E.I.*, Feb. 6.

LESCART, the lady of Lieut. L—, comm. the Gen. Depot, of a son; Cuddalore, Dec. 22, 1838.

LEWES, the lady of Capt. J. L—, 50th regt N. I., of a son; Cawnpore, Jan. 3.

LITCHFIELD, the lady of Capt. L—, 6th L. C., of a son; Bowenpilly, near Hyderabad, *E.I.*, Jan. 8.

LYONS, the lady of Capt. H. L—, 23rd N. I., of a dau.; Sholapore, *E.I.*, Feb. 3.

MAINWARING, the lady of G. M—, Esq., C.S., of a son; Spence's Hotel, Jan. 31.

MALAY, the lady of the Rev. S. C. M—, of a son; Bishop's College, Calcutta, Jan. 29.

MAYNARD, the lady of Herbert M—, Esq., Bengal Army, of a dau.; at Ivy House, Stranraer, Wigtonshire, April 4.

M'CAUSLAND, the lady of Capt. M'C—, of a dau.; at Sabbathoo, *E.I.*, Nov. 18, 1838.

MICHELL, lady of Lieut. H. J. M—, 72nd N. I., of a dau.; at Mhow, Nov. 29, 1838.

MINER, the lady of Charles M—, Esq., of a dau.; at Hevers, Seven Oaks, April 28.

MYLNE, the lady of Lieut. and Qu. Mast C. D. M—, 6th N. I., of a dau.; Deesa, *E.I.*, Jan. 20.

ORCHARD, the lady of Lieut.-Col. C. B. O—, European Regt., of a son, at Allahabad, *E.I.*, Nov. 14, 1838.

POWDEN, the lady of E. W. C. P—, Esq., 5th L. C., of a dau.; at Kurnaul, *E.I.*, Jan. 11.

POWELL, the lady of the Rev. C. C. Beaty P—, of a dau.; at the Vicarage, Milton Ernest, Beds., May 7.

PRESCOTT, the lady of Major P—, of a son; at the Government House, Fort William, *E.I.*, Jan. 20.

REVELL, the lady of Capt. J. I. R—, 7th N. I., of a son, stillborn; Cawnpore, *E.I.*, Jan. 30.

RICHARDS, the wife of Capt. George R—, of a son; in the Albany Road, Camberwell, May 4.

ROBERTS, the lady of Col William R—, Oude serv., of a dau.; at Lucknow, *E.I.*, Jan. 19.

ROOME, the lady of R. Victor R—, Esq., of a son; at Killeentia, county of Cork, Apr. 25.

SALOMONS, the lady of Philip Joseph S—, of a dau.; in Upper Wimpole Street, May 7.

SCOTT, the lady of Capt. John S—, 55th N.I., of a dau.; at Lucknow, Jan. 18.

SEAY, the lady of James S—, Esq., of a son; Madras, Feb. 2.

SHAMPEER, the lady of Capt. Robert S—, Dep. Asst. Adj. Gen., of a son; at Moulmein, Dec. 22, 1838.

SMITH, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Henry S—, 15th N.I., of a dau.; Madras Feb. 8.

SPEEDE, the lady of G. T. F. S—, of a son, Berhampore, *E.I.*, Jan. 20.

STEPHENSON, the lady of William H. S—, Esq., of a son; in Bolton Row, May 9.

TAYLOR, the lady of Robert T—, Esq., of a dau.; Mootipoor, *E.I.*, Jan. 20.

TAYLOR, the lady of Capt. R. T—, 65th N.I., of a dau.; at Kyook Phyou, *E.I.*, Dec. 3, 1838.

TIMINS, the lady of Douglas T. T—, Esq., C.S., of a son and heir; at Allahabad, Jan. 11.

TRAIL, the lady of D. T—, Esq., Asst. Surg 31st N. I., of a son; Ellore, *E.I.*, Jan. 13.

TUCKER, the lady of Henry Carr T—, Esq., C.S., of a dau.; Azimghur, Jan. 6.

UNDERWOOD, the lady of W. E. U—, Esq., of a son; at the Presidency, Madras, Jan. 18.

WARD, the lady of Brev. Maj. J. W—, 39th N. I., of a dau.; Secunderabad, Jan. 8.

WIGRAM, the lady of the Rev. Joseph W—, of a son, in Argyll Street, May 8.

WILSON, the lady of Maj.-Gen. F. W. W—, C.B., Comm. the Ceded Districts, of a son, Bellary, Jan. 14.

WILSON, the lady of the Rev. Daniel W—, of a dau.; Barnsbury Park, Islington, May 3.

WINTLE, the lady of Capt. E. W—, 71st N. I., of a dau.; Neemuch, *E.I.*, Dec. 28, 1838.

WISE, the lady of George W—, Esq., of a son, Dacca, *E.I.*, Jan. 20.

WOOD, the lady of the Rev. R. Mountford W—, of a son; at Latimer Rectory, May 2.

WOOD, the lady of Lieut. H. W. W—, 4th N. I., of a dau., Cannanore, *E.I.*, Jan. 10.

YOUNG, the lady of Capt. J. S. Y—, of H. M. the Nizam's Cavalry, of a son, in Hans Place, May 4.

#### DEATHS.

ALISON, Emma, aged 69, relict of the late William A—, Esq.; at Kennington, May 8.

ANCELL, Mrs Mary, aged 77, ygst. dau. of Thomas A—, Esq., late of Downing Street; at Twickenham, April 28.

ARROW, W. C., Esq., aged 22; at Chiswick, Feb. 10.

AVELINE, William H., Esq., of Lyme Regis, Dorset; April 28.

BANKS, James Langley, Esq., in Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, and previously (on the 2nd inst.) at the same place, his sister-in-law, Elizabeth, ygst. dau. of Robert Lloyd, Esq.; May 4th.

BARLOW, Richard Wellesley, Esq., aged 25, Hon. *E.I.C.*, Bengal C.S., son of Sir Geo. Hilary B—, Bart., G.C.B.; at Malta, April 14.

BATEMAN, wife of J. W. B., Esq., aged 36; Malda, E.I.

BORROW, John, Esq., aged 69; at Enfield-wash, May 3.

BOYD, Frances Mary Catherine, aged 6 years, ygst. dau. of Robert B., Esq., of Plaistow-lodge, Kent; at Paris, May 5.

BROWNE, George Griffin, Esq., late of Madras; at Southwood Lodge, Cheltenham, April 28.

Budd, Mary Susannah Louisa, eld. dau. of Capt. W. H. B., in camp, near Yedatora, Mysore, E.I., Jan. 27.

Bunjeejee, Janusettee, Esq., aged 26, of spasmodic cholera; in the Fort, Bombay, Feb. 18.

BURGESS, H. W., Esq., aged 48, distinguished alike by his talent as an artist, his virtues as a man, and his piety as a Christian, in Sloane Street, May 8.

BURNOWS, John Parker, Esq., aged 52, solicitor, of Austin Friar's, and Gower Street, Bedford Square, April 18.

CHARDONNAY, the Marquis de. His only son, now in his 20th year, succeeds to his title; in Stratford Place, March 19.

CLUTTERBUCK, Caroline, aged 29, wife of Peter C., Esq.; at the Grove, Stanmore, Middlesex, May 8.

CODD, Lieut. H. M., 55th Foot, of dysentery, lately.

COESBELT, William Gordon, Esq., jun., only son of William Gordon C., Esq., of St. Leonard's, Essex; at Montpellier, in France, April 20.

DAIZELL, Henry Charles Sutton, Esq., aged 33; in Weymouth street, Portland Place, April 30.

DRNNY, Mary Patience, dau. of Anthony D., Esq., May 2.

DICK, the Rev. William, M.A., of Clare Crescent, Windsor; in Albany Street, Regent's Park, May 9.

DICALB, William, Esq., aged 72; at Moretonhampstead, near Exeter, April 29.

DORABJEE, Sapoorjee, Esq., aged 66, one of the partners in the firm of Hormuzjee Dorrjee, Sons and Co., Bombay, Jan. 19.

DUPIN, Lieut.-Col. Adam, comm. the 2nd regt. L.C. with the Army of the Indus, on the Satledge, off Bhawulpore, Dec. 28.

DUMERGUE, G. P., Esq., aged 25, Madras C.S., 4th son of C. D., Esq., of Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, lately.

EVELYN, Lyndon, Esq., of Keynsham-court, Herefordshire, and late of York Terrace, Regent's Park; at Richmond, Apr. 30.

FENNELL, George, Esq., aged 80, formerly accountant to the Treasurer of the Navy; at Fareham, May 1.

FISHER, Thomas, Esq., aged 93, banker of Cambridge, a Deputy Lieutenant, and 37 years Treasurer of the county of Cambridge, May 3.

FITZPATRICK, Margret Isabella, aged 22, wife of J. F., Esq., Assist. Revenue Survey; at Balasore, E.I., Feb. 6.

FOWKE, William, Esq., aged 85, at his residence, the Grove, Great Saling, Essex, May 9.

FLEMING, George, Esq., aged 23, Indian Navy, nephew to the late John F., Esq., M.P., and formerly Physician-General of the Bengal Establishment; Colombo, Dec. 18.

FORD, Sir Francis, aged 52, of Barbadoes; at Charlton King's, April 13.

FREER, the son of the Rev. Temple F., Prebendary of Westminster, aged 10; at Warfield Vicarage, Berks., where the Rev. Mr. Furling had a large school, which was wholly burnt down by a sudden fire. This one boy perished in the flames, March 15.

GOA, the Archbishop of; Bombay, Feb. 18.

GORDON, Mrs. Agnes, aged 63, relict of the late David G., Esq.; in Euston Sq., May 1.

GREGORY, Frances, wife of Dr. George G., in Weymouth Street, May 1.

HARRIS, Pns. at H of H. M. 55th regt. Foot; Secunderabad, E.I., lately.

HATHWAY, surgeon, aged 46, late 21st regt. N. I.; Bombay, Feb. 1.

HATSELL, James, Esq., aged 24, of the Inner Temple; April 29.

HICKEY, Lieut. John, 10th regt. L. C., suddenly; at Muttra, E.I., Jan. 20.

HOLFORD, George Peter, Esq., aged 71, late of Bolton Street, and Westonbert, Gloucestershire; in Grosvenor Sq., April 30.

HORNER, Samuel C., Esq., aged 32, of cholera; Calcutta, Jan. 19.

HUNTLEY, Edward, Esq., 5th son of the late Rev. Richard H., of Boxwell Court; Gloucestershire, May 2.

HUNTER, John, Esq., aged 81; at Brixton, May 8.

INCE, Amelia Sophia, ygst. dau. of Thos. I., Esq., aged 5 years and 3 months; in Argyll Street, May 2.

KEMBLE, Rebecca, wife of William K., Esq.; at Quebec, March 28.

KERR, Christiana, lady of Maj. J. K., comm. Madras European regt.; near Kampeter, E.I., Jan. 16.

LAING, Isabella, ygst. dan. of David L., Esq., of Kingston, Jamaica; in St. Andrew's Place, Regent's Park, May 9.

LAMBE, Augusta, aged 76, widow of Capt. John L., formerly F. I. C. service; in Upper Baker Street, April 27.

LANGHORNE, Henry, Esq., aged 65; in Grove Lane, Camberwell, May 1.

LANCASTER, Mr. Joseph, aged 68 (in consequence of being run over by a waggon), the successful promulgator of the system of mutual instruction known by his name; New York, Oct. 24, 1838.

LANCE, Josefa Antonia, aged 38, wife of Thomas L., Esq.; at Birkenhead Priory, Cheshire, April 29.

LOHNAZAR, the Maha Rane, or grandmother of Maharajah Kalikrishna Bahadur, aged 80.

MAUN, Samuel, Esq., aged 43, of Rodney Terrace; May 5.

MONRO, Mrs. Jane, widow of Charles M., Esq., late of Chandos Street, Cavendish Square; in Avenue Road, Regent's Park, May 1.



MANUE, Astwachtloor, M., aged 19, 3rd son of the late Malcolm M—, Esq., Calcutta, Feb. 2.

MOON, Elizabeth, aged 54, widow of the late Henry Isaac M—, Esq., of Kirby Hall, Kent, and of Cheshunt, Herts.; at Lee-hill Cottage, Blackheath, April 29.

MOXLEY, Edward Barnet, aged 19 months, son of Charles M—, Esq., Mount Pleasant; at Liverpool, April 22.

NICHOLLS, Mary, the wife of John Geo. N—, Esq.; at East Moulsey, Surrey, April 30.

OLDHAM, Adam, Esq., aged 57, of Upper Tooting, Surrey; April 30.

PALMER, Maj. John F., 2nd N. Vet. Bat.; Wallajahbad, Jan. 23.

PEARSON, Ens. George, H. M. 9th regt. Foot; at Hazareebaugh, of fever, Jan. 11.

PENNEY, the Rev. J. G., aged 47, superintendent of the Benevolent Institution; Calcutta, Feb. 2.

PERCIVAL, James, Esq., of spasmodic cholera; at Horarrah, *lately*.

PETRIE, Henry, aged 19, son of the late Capt. P—; C. G. Hope, Jan. 23.

PHILLIPS, William Hollingworth, Esq., aged 82; at Weymouth, May 9.

RICHARDS, Carolina, the beloved wife of the Rev. J. R—, and 2nd dau. of the Rev. Samuel Pitman, of Oulton Hall, Norfolk, ten days after giving birth to her third child; at Guildford, May 5.

ROBERTS, Lieut. Arthur, aged 28, Adj. of the 7th regt. the Nizam's Infantry; at Hinglo, *E.I.*, Jan. 20.

ROBINSON, Edward, son of John R—, Esq., of Doughty Street; at Harrowby, in New South Wales, Nov. 16, 1838.

RULE, Jane, wife of George R—, Esq., of Guilford Street, Russell Square, May 1.

SAMLER, Fanny, the beloved wife of Wm. S—, Esq., of Blackheath Park, Kent; May 5.

SEATY, Baldwin, Esq., grandson of the late Dr. Atterbury, of Christ Church, Oxford, and late Her Brit. Maj. Consul at Macao, Brazil; at Walcot Place, Lambeth, April 13.

SIORDET, Louisa, aged 36, the wife of James Mark S—, Esq.; at Chambery, near Geneva, April 27.

SLOCOCK, Alfred, Esq., of Donnington Cottage, near Newbury, Berks., one of H. M. Justices of the Peace, and a Dep. Lieut. for Berks.; April 29.

SMITH, Mrs. Susannah, aged 86, relict of Richard S—, Esq.; at the residence of her son, Glebe House, Camberwell, May 8.

STEWART, Capt. Henry, aged 65; C. G. Hope, Jan. 7.

SWETH, Philadelphia, eld. dau. of the late Walter S—, Esq.; at Stopham House, Sussex, May 5.

SPARKE and NIXON, Lieuts., and Dr. HIBBERT, all of H. M. 2nd or Queen's Roy. Regt. They perished in an awful way, while shooting in a *Shikur Caith*, or game preserve, where they were suddenly overwhelmed and destroyed by the flames of the jungle, which, it is supposed, had been set fire to by some hostile natives.

STAUNTON, Elizabeth, wife of William S—, Esq., of Longbridge House, near Harwich, April 30.

STODDART, Major G. D., 8th regt. Bengal L. C.; Stellenbosch, C. G. H., Jan. 21.

SWINTON, Samuel, Esq.; at Swinton, his seat, in Berkshire, April 24.

TAYLOR, J. C., Esq., sub-collector and magistrate for the district of Salem; Feb. 4.

THORNTON, Francis Mary, aged 22, wife of the Rev. Charles T—; at the house of her father, Clapham Common, May 2.

TODD, David, Esq., late superintendent Surgeon H. E. L. C., Bengal Mil. serv.; at Winchmore-hill, May 5.

TURNER, Charles Knapp, the infant of the Rev. Charles T—; at Norwood, May 9.

VERNELL, James, Esq., after a long and painful illness; in Tavistock Square, May 3.

WALLIS, Mrs., aged 68; in Torrington Square, May 1.

WARDLAW, Capt. T., Bengal Engineers; at the Horse Artillery Camp, Delhi, *E.I.*, Feb. 3.

WATSON, John, aged 9 months, son of Capt. John W—, 14th Foot; at Brecon, April 28.

WATSON, Lewis J., Esq., Assist. Surg. 4th Bat. Artillery; at Agra, Dec. 29, 1838.

WATSON, Eliza, aged 26, the beloved wife of Capt. James W—, 14th Foot; at Brecon, April 29.

WAUGH, Mrs. Frances; at Mecklenburgh Street, May 7.

WHITE, Lieut.-Col. A., comm. the Assam L. Infantry. He fell whilst defending the place, from an unexpected attack made by a party of Singphos, instigated, it is supposed, by the Burmese; at Suddya, in Assam, *lately*.

WILLIAMS, Miss Elizabeth, aged 62, in Upper Belgrave Place, Pimlico, April 28.

WILLINGTON, Joanna Elizabeth, widow of the late Lieut.-Gen. W—, Roy. Artill.; at Woolwich Common, April 30.

WRIGHT, Miss, of Hatton Grange, Shifnall, Shropshire; May 2.

XIMENES, Lieut. M. F., aged 21, 10th regt. L. C.; Jan. 20.

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